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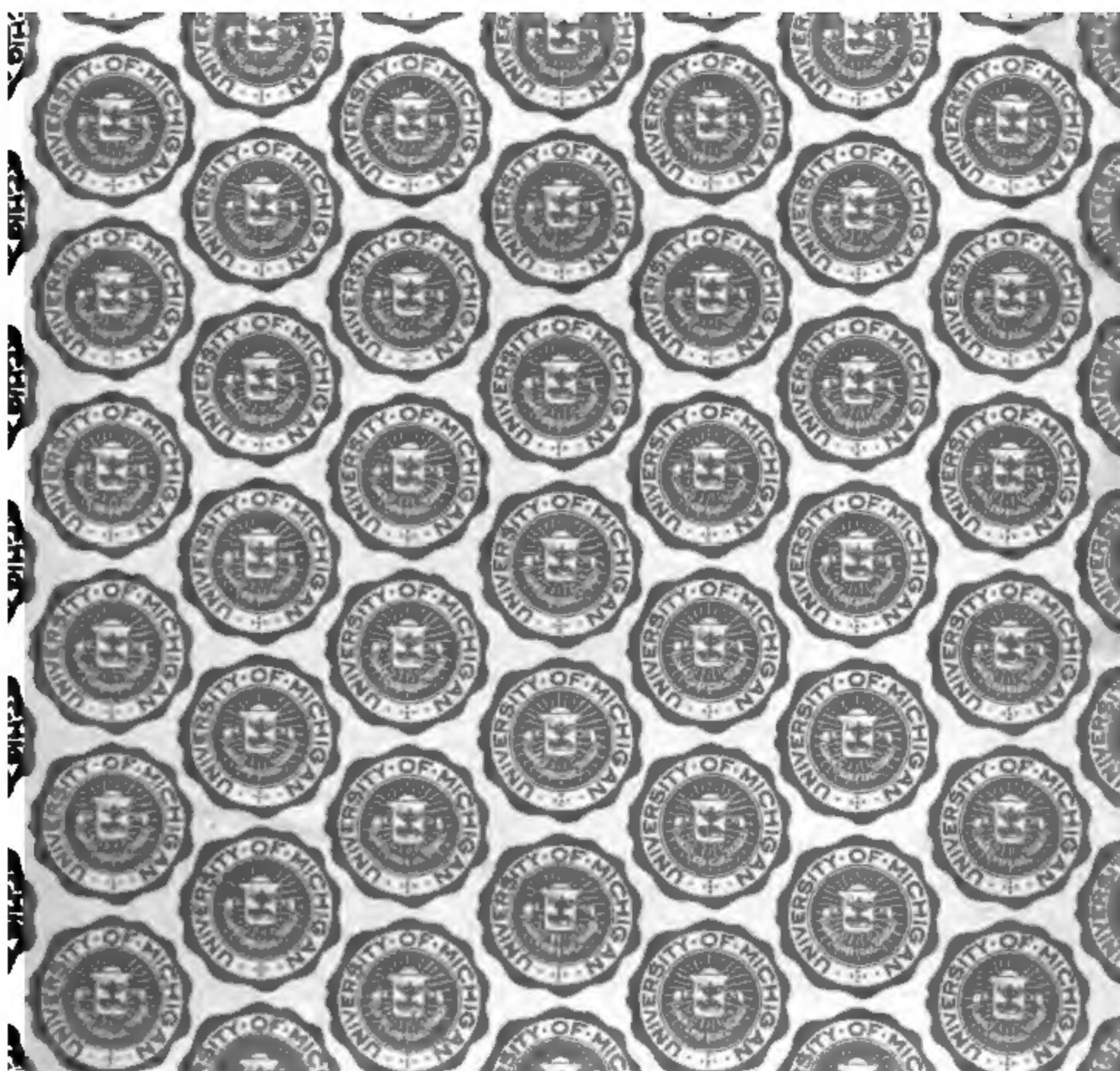
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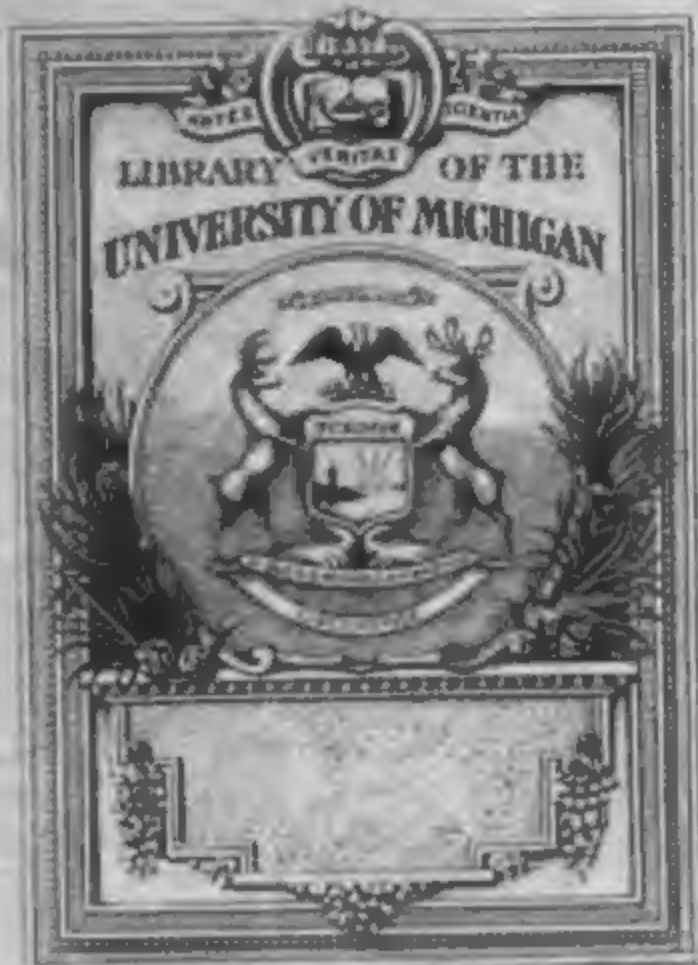




















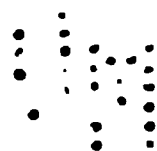
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THE  
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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JANUARY—JUNE.

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Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικου-  
ρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἐκάστη τῶν αἵρεσίων τούτων  
καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ  
ἙΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

NEW SERIES.

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1852.

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*Amos*

THE

# Eclectic Review.

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JANUARY, 1852.

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ART. I.—*The Works of John Robinson, Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers. With a Memoir, and Annotations.* By Robert Ashton, Secretary of the Congregational Board, London. 3 vols. London: John Snow. 1851.

THE story has been recently well told of the success which attended the efforts of Major Ludlow, a political agent of the British government, to procure the voluntary abolition of 'widow-burning' among the Rajpoots of India. The movement that led to it is described, and justly, as 'one of the most remarkable recorded in Eastern annals.' The method adopted would have appeared, to any other person than the agent himself, as unsuitable and absurd as in the end it proved to be efficacious.

For a period of two thousand years the rite of Suttee had been observed by the Hindoos. It was, therefore, at the time when Major Ludlow assailed it, 'a rite strong in remote antiquity, in venerated records, in a hierarchy at once ignorant and unscrupulous, and in the associations with which innumerable traditions of womanly courage and constancy had ennobled it in the eyes of the Hindoo people.' Notwithstanding this imposing array of obstacles, the astute and philanthropic agent was wholly resolved to make the attempt. He felt himself strong enough to cope single-handed with the hoary superstition. Armed with truth and reason, and with these alone—for the government and his superiors in office knew nothing of his intentions or his measures until they had been crowned with success—he patiently and

skilfully instituted his plans for the destruction of this enormous evil. All that he did, however, was to bring the Rajpoot mind round to the truth, that for a period of two thousand years the Hindoo people had been deluded by superstition, and had run counter to reason and religion. Working from a centre of influence outward, and using his opportunities well, Major Ludlow convinced the high priest of Jypore that the rite of Suttee was unsanctioned by the earliest and most authoritative Hindoo scriptures; that the code of Menu prohibited it inferentially in the denunciations contained in that work against suicide, while it promised *eternal* felicity with their husbands to those widows who lived chastely,—whereas the later writings, which countenanced the sacrifice, limited the duration of the recompence to the comparative *bagatelle* of forty-five millions of years; that the Suttee did but mock the Deity with the unclean sacrifice of a selfish bargain; and that the rite itself was the evident invention of some degenerate race whose women were worthless, and whose widows, if they survived, would bring reproach upon the memory of their lords. The high priest not only listened to and adopted these arguments, but put forth a document in which he declared authoritatively that the self-immolation of widows was less meritorious than their practising the living Suttee of chastity and devotion. The battle was thus half gained. The influence of this decision spread in ever-widening circles, and in the course of a few months *the council of regency at Jypore led the way among the great independent Rajpoot states, in declaring Suttee penal on all parties engaged in it, principals as well as accessaries.*

This narrative, of which we have given only the bare outline, is fraught with the deepest interest to every benevolent mind, for its own sake, and simply as the record of one of the most remarkable conquests ever effected over superstition. What British authority dare not even attempt, moral suasion, well concerting its plans and skilfully and patiently hoarding up and applying its successes, accomplished in a comparatively short period of time. And when the work was thus done, it was done effectually, without possibility of reaction or reversion, because done through the operation of the convinced, and therefore willing minds of the Rajpoots themselves.

But who can fail to perceive the great moral lesson of many aspects, involved in this remarkable event? Let our readers understand that it is no fiction, though possessed of more than all the charms of fiction, but a well accredited fact. It is an 'over true story,' and worth telling, with its many applications, for a long time to come. We turn to it—as these beautiful volumes of John Robinson's works lie before us, on the same

table with the Review that gives the details of this achievement\*—with mingled feelings, in which assurance and encouragement predominate. Here, also, we exclaim, is a case of superstition that has had an existence, and a fearfully appalling one, too, when viewed in the results that have attended it, for the best part of two thousand years; a superstition ‘introduced by a degenerate race,’ and for selfish and sinister ends, that spread itself age after age until, as Milton has it, the ‘huge train of error’ put out all the lights in the firmament, and involved in utter darkness the entire face of Europe; a superstition that has ministered corruption to the priesthood of a better religion than that of Menu, and bondage—physical, moral, spiritual—to whole nations of men; a superstition that, in the name of religion, and during the entire course of its history, has been the death of millions, not ‘widows’ merely, but men, fathers, wives, and children; a superstition that still exists, although modified through causes foreign to itself, and for which, therefore, no credit can be taken to itself; decrepit through age, but still breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and growling out vengeance from those gloomy dens to which an advancing light has driven it. Need we say that we refer to the superstition which has permitted the force of human authority and of the temporal power to meddle with matters pertaining to conscience and religion. From the days of Constantine until now has this great evil grown up along with the nominal advancement of the religion of Christ and his apostles, corrupting and emasculating its doctrines, formalizing its worship, rendering its clergy the hireling functionaries of the civil power, doing its best to stifle the voice of truth and free inquiry, giving exclusive privileges to such as subserviently fall into the ranks of a state-appointed and state-paid hierarchy, excommunicating all who think for themselves and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, coercing the people into submission wherever they have not been strong enough to conduct an effectual resistance, using the rack, the screw, the axe, the stake, the dungeon and the sword, to effectuate its selfish and despotic ends. We call for witnesses to the truth of our allegations, and from ten thousand places, and issuing from every age during which this superstition has existed, the cry is, ‘We come! we come!’ Scarce a spot in Europe that is not hallowed by the dust of martyrs, not self-immolated, as in the case of the Suttee, but compelled to suffer under this tremendous evil. The so-called heretics and Cathari of an early period, the Vaudois, Waldenses, and Albigenses, the Leonistae, Patarini,

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\* See the ‘Quarterly Review’ for September, for the account of which the above is an abridgment.

and Turpelini, the Picards, Lombards and Beghards, the Paulicians and Lollards, the Wickliffites and Hussites, the victims of the Inquisition in Rome, Spain, and Portugal, the Huguenots of France, the Puritans and Nonconformists of England,—these are but a portion of those who rise at our invocation to testify to the injustice, misery, and woe which this superstition has engendered. And yet we are not without hope, that it will be undermined and destroyed by the very weapons of truth and reason that abolished the sacrifice of Suttee in India. Is the mind of England, of France, of Europe, more impervious to the light of truth than the Rajpoot mind? We will not believe it. The superstition may be more inveterate with us than with them—here than there—and its ramifications may be more subtle and complicated, entrenched amidst a thousand prejudices of the worst kind; yet are we convinced that well-laid plans and patiently-conducted measures will in the end be crowned with success. The appeal of the lovers of truth, and of the friends of a perfect religious liberty, must be made from the superstitions of a later and corrupt age to the earlier Scriptures of our holy religion; from the inventions of monarchs and the traditions of priests to the writings of the New Testament; from edicts of Constantine and Acts of Parliament to the code of Jesus Christ. This apparently absurd and unsuitable mode of assault, like that of Major Ludlow, when put to the test of practice, will vanquish every obstacle and liberate the millions of Europe from one of the most tremendous forms of evil that ever degraded and oppressed mankind. And when once the work is done by such methods as these, it can never be undone, because accomplished through the operation of the enlightened, convinced, and therefore willing mind.

It is because we have confidence in the power of truth to accomplish these and similar ends that we rejoice in the existence of anti-state-church and other associations, whose object is to disseminate knowledge, and bring the mind of England round to just principles in reference to the sustentation of religion; and for the same reason we hail the appearance of these volumes, comprising all that remains of the mind and heart of 'the Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers.' Robinson was a man of the right stamp, raised up in an age of overbearing superstition and formality, to begin the great work of leavening the public mind with that early religious truth which came into the world with Christ and his apostles. Two centuries and a half have passed away since he commenced his career as the resolved advocate of religious freedom. His name not only survives, but gathers around it the truest of all fame. The representative of principles that have received the suffrages of millions since his decease, and that are certainly destined to spread as time rolls on, his

honours are likely to be ever accumulating ; neither do we despair of seeing the day when his memory shall be celebrated by a whole nation as that of one of England's worthiest sons—the early pioneer of religious freedom in an age when corruption and spiritual tyranny all but universally prevailed.

We do not forget either the predecessors or coadjutors of Robinson in this noble enterprise. How is it possible to do so ? Wyckliffe, and Browne, and Harrison, and Barrow, and Greenwood, and Penry, and Roger Rippon (whose name is embalmed in English history through the inscription which his fellow-prisoners carved upon his coffin), are not likely to be forgotten so long as the genius of Liberty presides over the destinies of England. Neither can the story of Robinson's labours be told without honourable mention of Johnson, and Jacob, and Ainsworth, and Smyth, and Helwisse, and Murton, and Busher, and last, but not least, of Brewster, and those brave pilgrim fathers who transplanted English piety and manners, together with no small share of England's native love of liberty, to the virgin soil of the new world.

Moreover, we are not unmindful of the fact—for it is now admitted even by his warmest admirers, and has been faithfully acknowledged by the editor of the volumes before us—that, theoretically, the views of Robinson were imperfect in reference to one item in the general question of religious freedom ; nor the additional fact, that he differed from nearly all modern congregationalists in several important respects.

Without overlooking any of these points, we think it no difficult task to make out a case in favour of Robinson's claims upon the gratitude and veneration of posterity. The advocate of just principles may be an able expositor of their nature and importance—may be fearless in their maintenance, and suffer in their behalf—may be free from every imputation of fanaticism and inconsistency—may in every respect be worthy of honourable notice by contemporaries and successors ; and yet may fail to secure a conspicuous place in the temple of fame through the absence of other qualities essential to the composition of a great leader. Many were the coadjutors of Wyckliffe and Luther, whose names have been dropped altogether from the page of history, or mentioned only to be forgotten. The reason is obvious. Although holding the same views, and suffering in the same cause as those great reformers, there were wanting in the former the intellectual and moral qualities, and the circumstances of position and influence, that gave the latter their prestige and renown.

The same remarks apply in the present case. To form a proper estimate of John Robinson, his character must be regarded



as a whole, and in connexion with the position he occupied, not amongst the men of his own day merely, but in relation to all coming time. There was in him a rare union of many admirable and noble qualities; and the meekness of his wisdom was rewarded by his becoming, in no figurative or trivial sense, the father intellectually, morally, spiritually, of a great nation. Like Moses, he was not permitted to enter the land of promise; yet, like Moses, his memory was sacred to thousands who had derived through him those principles, institutions, and manners, which fitted them in so large a measure for their novel position in a strange land. To this day the name of Robinson is a household word in New England; and, instead of dying out, is rising in reputation throughout the United States generally, wherever pure and undefiled religion prevails, and wherever the enterprising citizens of the greatest republic the world ever saw have leisure to trace the first beginnings of their nation's glory. The fact mentioned in the preface of this first collected edition of his works, that 'a large body of subscribers' has been obtained 'in Great Britain and in the United States,' while it is no measure of the reverence with which the memory of Robinson is regarded, affords nevertheless good augury for the future. Another hopeful circumstance is the announcement of a new Life of Robinson, from the pen of the Editor of the 'American Biographical Dictionary,' Dr. Allen, of Northampton, Massachusetts. This rivalry, or rather co-operation of the two countries, in reviving the memory of the dead, is gratifying evidence that the seed which Robinson sowed so diligently was living seed, and reproductive in both hemispheres; and is, possibly, an indication at the same time—for the providence of God prepares the way for great events by raising up the means auxiliary to their accomplishment—that the time is drawing near, when, in the conflict of opinion, such principles as those which the pastor of the pilgrim fathers so nobly vindicated, both by his life and his writings, will be greatly in request.

We have no space to enter at length into the various incidents in the life of this truly great and good man—a life, which, notwithstanding the carefully compiled memoir prefixed to these volumes, and many briefer or larger notices in other publications, still remains to be written. A few particulars, however, will assist the reader in forming a proper opinion of the man and his times.

John Robinson was born, probably in Lincolnshire, in 1575. At the early age of seventeen he entered upon his studies at Cambridge, matriculating and taking his degree as master of arts at *Corpus Christi* College, of which he became a fellow in 1598. He resigned his fellowship in 1604, on account of the new views he had embraced in relation to ecclesiastical matters.

In one of his writings Robinson has given some details respect-

ing his conversion to Separatism. It is much to be regretted that such incidental references are so rare. At the same time, we are convinced that the future biographer may gather more from this source than has hitherto been done. But this by the way.

In his reply to Bernard, in justification of his separation from the church of England, he informs us, that 'a long time' before he left the church he had read several of the treatises of the Brownists and Barrowists, and was convinced by them that the constitution and working of the church were unscriptural. He also mentions, as he says to his 'own shame,' that the reverence he had for many of the pious clergy, was the only reason why he did not sooner follow out his own conviction of duty. Every one who knows how difficult a thing it is even now, when dissent presents so different an aspect from what it had in the days of Elizabeth and James, for a clergyman to relinquish his position in connexion with an establishment in which he has been brought up, will readily appreciate the difficulties under which Robinson laboured. It is true the Independents, both baptist and pædobaptist, are still in a minority; but how different the minority of this day from that of the early part of the seventeenth century! To *be* in a minority then was to *feel* it—at every turn—and in one's nearest and most cherished interests. It involved more than the loss of *caste*—reputation—respectability. It was to become an outcast and an outlaw, and to put oneself at the mercy of the bishop and his agents, in a day when even the 'tender mercies' of bishops were cruelty itself.

Robinson had the courage to join the minority of that day. He left Norwich, where he had officiated for a short period, resigned his fellowship at Cambridge, as we have already stated, and became an avowed separatist. Some new information is given in the "Memoir" before us respecting this part of his life.

After stating that Robinson proceeded to Lincolnshire, where he found a considerable number of separatist brethren, with Smyth and Clifton at their head, who had constituted themselves into a church, by solemn covenant with the Lord, "to walk in all his ways made known, or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavours, WHATEVER IT SHOULD COST THEM,"—the Memoir proceeds:—

'The location of this first [?] separatist church has long been an object of investigation and doubt. The difficulty appears to be solved by Joseph Hunter, Esq., in his valuable 'Collections' concerning the first colonists of New England. The following is a summary of Mr. Hunter's proofs, identifying Scrooby, Notts, as the village, and Mr. Brewster's house as the manor, in which, when practicable, they worshipped. Governor Bradford, who was originally one of the church, and whose birthplace and residence were at Austerfield, in the vicinity, states distinctly, that Mr. Brewster's house was a 'manor of the bishop's.' This

description of the house furnished the key to the difficulty. Scrooby is about one mile and a half south of Bawtry, in Yorkshire, and from which Austerfield is about the same distance north-east, and both not far distant from the adjacent county of Lincoln. Mr. Hunter says, 'I can speak with confidence to the fact, that there is no other episcopal manor but this, which at all satisfies the condition of being near the borders of the three counties.' The Brewsters were residents at Scrooby: the manor place which they occupied originally belonged to the Archbishops of York, and had been leased to Sir Samuel Sandys, son of Dr. Sandys, the archbishop, in 1586. The Brewster family were now tenants of Sir Samuel, and were occupants of the mansion of the Sandys. This fact serves both as an identification of the place, and as an explanation of the circumstance that the Sandys took great interest, at a subsequent period, in promoting the settlement of the pilgrims, under the direction of Mr. Brewster, on the shores of the Atlantic.

'Scrooby must henceforward be regarded as the cradle of Massachusetts. Here the choice and noble spirits, at the head of whom were Brewster and Bradford, first learnt the lessons of truth and freedom. Here, under the faithful ministration of the pastors, they were nourished and strengthened to that vigorous and manly fortitude which braved all dangers; and here, too, they acquired that moral and spiritual courage which enabled them to sacrifice their homes, property and friends, and expatriate themselves to distant lands, rather than abandon their principles and yield to the attempted usurpations on the liberty of their consciences.'—Vol. i. pp. xxi., xxii.

This information is most interesting, and supplies a great *hiatus* in the history, not of Robinson merely, but of the exiles and pilgrims generally. Perhaps further research may lead to the discovery of papers relating to this obscure portion of English history, similar to those that have thrown so much light on the times of Cromwell, and later still, on those of William and Mary. The letters recently published by Lord Mahon and Mr. Manners Sutton, are probably specimens only of the literary treasures stored up in the old manorial and other houses of our country. We should like to have learned from the editor of these volumes whether any inquiries have been made at Scrooby and its neighbourhood, for the purpose of confirming Mr. Hunter's conjectures. Be this as it may, it is pleasant to believe, and on such good evidence, that Robinson found a retreat in the home of his college-fellow and after-associate Brewster, there to mature his views, and lay the foundation of that religious life the fruits of which have been so enduring.

But neither Scrooby, nor any other place, was secure from the inquisitorial interference of the high church functionaries. The spy and the informer were abroad. No place of meeting could long remain a secret—whether manorial halls, shopkeepers' store-rooms, barns, hay-lofts, or the broad shadows of forest and copse.

Go where they would, the conscientious worshippers were sooner or later detected, and dragged as culprits before bishop or magistrate. But the chief objects of vengeance at this period were the separatists. The nonconformists (for, contrary to the opinion sometimes expressed on this subject, there were nonconformists, known by that name, long before there were separatists and independents) were at first dealt with in a comparatively gentle manner. They were censured, suspended, and, in some obstinate cases, imprisoned. Afterwards, as they multiplied and became more out-spoken, greater severity was exercised towards them. But never were the nonconformists regarded in the same light, or treated in the same spirit, as the separatists. To object to the vestments and the ceremonies of the church, as the livery of antichrist, was held to be extremely censurable and worthy of punishment; but to separate from the church altogether, and renounce all ecclesiastical allegiance, was an unpardonable offence. The nonconformists generally agreed in this latter judgment, and frequently compounded for their own sins of omission by speaking and writing against their brethren of the separation. There are many proofs of this. We refer the reader who requires further information on this subject to Stillingfleet's elaborate treatise on 'The Unreasonableness of Separation,' published in 1681. The first part of that work is devoted to 'an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Controversie about Separation,' and contains many references to persons, events, and writings that have been too much overlooked. Of course, as might be expected, there is much in Stillingfleet's account that requires correction. His prejudices against the separatists were strong, and have led him into several errors. But it is no very difficult task to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and the result will amply repay all the labour of the process. So far from having the sympathy of the nonconformists or puritans, the separatists were pursued by them with greater virulence, in tracts, pamphlets, and larger publications, than by the bishops themselves. The circumstance is not inexplicable. It has had its parallel in every succeeding period, down to the present day. The nonconformists of modern times—the evangelical clergy of the church of England (for the *old* word described those who remained *in* the church, but did not conform in all respects to its prescribed ceremonies)—the men who put their own construction on the Prayer-book, and explain away the plain meaning of the Baptismal and other offices,—have always been found the most bitter opponents of a conscientious and consistent dissent. There are tendencies in human nature, not of a very recondite order, on which the fact may easily be accounted for.

This fact, in relation to the actual position of the exiles and

pilgrims, is too important to be overlooked. It is an additional justification of their conduct. If the nonconformists had sympathized with them to any extent, on the ground of their agreement respecting evangelical doctrine, they might have been induced to remain at home, enduring the violence of the storm which beat upon their devoted heads, in the hope that it might abate in time through their influence. But when they found their bitterest foes and foulest slanderers were these very men, it seemed time for them to seek a home elsewhere.

The remainder of the story of Robinson's life must be briefly told. He passed over to Amsterdam, with the third and last portion of the Scrooby separatists, in 1608; Smyth and Clyfton having passed over with the two other portions successively, about two years before. Mr. Ashton has narrated the event in the following words:—

‘Mr. Robinson was now left with the remnant of the flock. Month after month rolled away, and no abatement of the fury of the dominant party was visible. His church, with himself, resolved on following their companions to the United Provinces, where toleration, if not perfect freedom, was allowed to all natives and foreigners.

‘Thrice was the attempt made at expatriation before they could succeed. They first resolved to sail from Boston. They formed a common fund and hired a vessel. To avoid suspicion they embarked at night, and at the moment when they expected the vessel to be loosed from her moorings, they were betrayed by the captain and seized by the officers of the town. They were plundered of their goods and money, arraigned before the magistrates, and committed to prison till the pleasure of the lords in council should be known. They were dismissed at the expiration of a month, seven of the leading persons being bound over to appear at the assizes.

‘The following spring a second attempt was made. They hired a small Dutch vessel, and agreed to meet the captain at a given point on the banks of the Humber, near Grimsby, Lincolnshire. After a delay of some hours, a part of the company, chiefly men, were conveyed to the vessel in a boat. When the sailors were about to return for another portion of the passengers, the captain saw a great company of horse and foot, with bills and guns, in full pursuit of the fugitives on shore. He immediately hoisted sail, and departed with the men he had on board, leaving their wives and children, and the remainder of the pilgrim company, with Mr. Robinson, to the tender mercies of their pursuers. A few of the party escaped, the others were seized and hurried from one magistrate to another, till the officers, not knowing what to do with so large a company, and ashamed of their occupation in seizing helpless, homeless, and innocent persons, they suffered them to depart and go whither they pleased.

‘Other attempts at expatriation were subsequently and successfully made. The persecuted separatists at length reached the hospitable shores of Holland, and rejoined their families and friends in the land of



strangers, thankful to their Almighty Father that they had escaped, in safety, from the "fury of the oppressor," and the perils of the deep.'—Vol. i. pp. xxiii., xxiv.

In 1609, Robinson and his people removed to Leyden, where he spent the remainder of his days, building up his people in the truth, laying broad and deep in the minds of the pilgrim fathers those principles which fitted them to become the founders of America's future greatness, and writing those works which, collected as they are in these volumes, constitute his noblest memorial, and have yet a mission to fulfil in our own and succeeding ages.

The fame of Robinson rests principally on three things :—first, his relation to the pilgrim fathers; secondly, his personal and public character; and lastly, the force—we had almost said genius—displayed in his various publications. The first of these has been so often referred to, and is so well known, that we need not further advert to it. On the other points, a few hints are all that we can find place for.

The 'character' of Robinson, as described in the Memoir, is on the whole fair and faithful; yet is rather under than over the mark. Mr. Ashton cannot certainly be charged with undue enthusiasm.

The peculiarity of Robinson's character may be described by one word, completeness—*totus atque teres rotundus*. The united testimony of admirers and opponents bears witness to his integrity, purity, courtesy, prudence, and charity. But he possessed other qualities beside these. He was chiefly distinguished by what we venture to call a very rare characteristic, in the sense in which we understand it,—an intense love for the truth, which ever stimulated him to search after it as the chief part of his 'being's aim and end,' and which never permitted him to swerve one hair's breadth from it in practice. This made him a non-conformist, a separatist, an exile, an independent. This made him a growing Christian, a profound theologian, an able controversialist. This made him a student at Leyden University, although he had previously graduated and held a fellowship at Cambridge; a diligent attendant on the lectures of both Polyander and Episcopius, at a time when all Leyden was agitated by the rival theories of the two professors on the subject of Arminianism; and an avowed advocate of the principle, that though Christian men were confirmed in their own doctrinal and ecclesiastical principles, it was their duty to hear what their opponents had to say, even if it should lead them to the parish church.

This love of truth was both a principle and a passion. It grew with his growth, strengthened with his strength, and was

the chief source of all his excellence. It made him learned in a learned age, and wise in the knowledge of human nature and the experience of the world, at a period when such wisdom was rare. It fitted him to be the counsellor of his fellow-exiles in the emergencies of their strange position, and the statesman-like adviser of the pilgrims when they went forth to clear the wilderness, and lay the foundations of civil life afresh in a new world. In a word, he may be said to have lived in the spirit of his own aphorism:—  
*‘He that knows not in his measure, what he ought to know, especially in the matters of God, is but a beast amongst men; he that knows what is simply needful and no more, is a man amongst men; but he who knows, according to the help vouchsafed him of God, what may well be known, and so far as to direct himself and others aright, is as a God amongst men.’*

It is impossible to do justice to the writings of Robinson in a brief notice like the present: yet it is on these writings that we are disposed chiefly to rest his claims to future regard. They are not like those of Milton, ‘one perfect field of cloth of gold;’ nor like those of Taylor, enlivened by figures and images that captivate the fancy and impress the heart; but they have what to some possesses an equal charm, in the full orbéd light they cast on some of the most abstruse doctrines, and on some of the most controverted questions of revealed and practical religion. Excepting a few obsolete expressions here and there, the language is perfectly clear and comprehensible after more than two centuries; indeed, more clear and comprehensible to ordinary readers than that which pervades a large portion of the so-called ‘elegant literature’ of the past and present age. It is the language of Shakspeare and Bacon, without the measure of the one, or the involution of the other—that language which has ever been the vernacular of the people of this country, and to which our best writers are coming back—clear, terse, good old English.

Some may take exception to the *form* of these writings, because they are chiefly controversial; but no objection can be more futile. Our land has become glorious through controversy, and nowhere has the mind of England put on more of might than on the battle-field of truth. The greatest works our country can boast of take this very form. What were left to us of our Hookers and Barrows, our Taylors and Miltons, if their controversial writings were excepted? and, indeed, what would become of our Nonconformist literature itself, if the objection in question were allowed to have practical weight? The truth is, whosoever would have knowledge respecting doctrines and principles that are still unsettled, whether in religion or in science, must seek it through this form or be altogether disappointed.

We venture to say, that nowhere will the nonconformists and



dissenters of England find more of truth—and in some particulars of *new* truth—in relation to their own principles and duties, than in these volumes. Even the independents have still much to learn from this ‘master in Israel.’ While on some points we hold Robinson to have been altogether wrong; on others—and these not trivial, but important points—we hold that he is nearly as much in advance of the present age as he was of his own, because he adheres more closely than even religious men are ordinarily wont to do, to the spirit and genius of those older Scriptures which have yet to liberate a world from all but invulnerable superstitions.

A few words on the contents of these volumes, and we conclude. Besides the Memoir, the first contains an account of the descendants of Robinson, from the pen of Dr. Allen, of Northampton, Massachusetts, from which it appears that they are ‘very numerous, scattered over New England and other states of the Union, and occupying respectable and useful stations in life.’ Then come ‘New Essays; or Observations Divine and Moral, collected out of the Holy Scriptures, ancient and modern writers, both divine and human; as also out of the great volume of men’s manners; tending to the furtherance of knowledge and virtue.’ We give the title in full, because it is the best and briefest description we can give of the work itself. The most cursory perusal is sufficient to show the erudition of the author, and a comparatively slight examination is enough to raise our estimation of his sagacity and wisdom. These essays, the last production of his pen, are not unworthy of circulation along with those of Lord Bacon, of which they frequently remind us by their apt allusions, sententious definitions, clear-headed distinctions, and sharp antitheses, no less than by their profound insight into the workings of human nature. We had marked several passages for quotation, which we find our limits will not permit. One, however, we must cite, for the sake of the incidental light it throws on the character of Robinson as a speaker and preacher. We are not aware that any of his contemporaries have remarked upon the peculiarity thus recorded; but it accords with the judgment otherwise formed of the man. The essay from which we extract is entitled, ‘Of Speech and Silence,’ and contains the pith and marrow of all that Carlyle has written on the subject, without any of his exaggeration:—

‘Both length and shortness of speech may be used commendably in their time; as mariners sometimes sail with larger-spread, and sometimes with narrower-gathered sails. But as some are large in speech out of abundance of matter, and upon due consideration so the most multiply words, either from weakness or vanity. Wise men suspect and examine their words ere they suffer them to pass from them, and to speak the

more sparingly ; but fools pour out theirs by talents, without fear or wit. Besides, wise men speak to purpose, and so have but something to say : the others speak everything of everything, and, therefore, take liberty to use long wanderings. Lastly, they think to make up that in number, or repetition of words, which is wanting in weight. But above all other motives, some better, some worse, too many love to hear themselves speak ; and imagining vainly that they please others, because they please themselves, make long orations when a little were too much. Some excuse their tediousness, saying, that they cannot speak shorter ; wherein they both say untruly, and shame themselves also : for it is all one as if they said that they have unbridled tongues, and inordinate passions setting them a-work. *I have been many times drawn so dry, that I could not well speak any longer for want of matter : but I ever could speak as short as I would.*—Vol. i. p. 105.

The remainder of this volume is occupied by ‘ A Defence of the Doctrine propounded by the Synod at Dort ’—an able treatise, full of close reasoning and Scripture exposition, and worthy of careful perusal, whether the conclusions of the writer be admitted or not.

The second volume is wholly devoted to Robinson’s greatest controversial work—‘ A Justification of Separation from the Church of England,’ &c. It is most elaborate and complete ; and, besides vindicating the separatists of that day, pronounces upon many questions on which dissenters have yet to make up their minds.

In this work he classes himself with the Brownists ; from which it may be inferred, that his advice to the pilgrims, to ‘ shake off the name of Brownist,’ is not to be interpreted too largely, as has sometimes been the case. It is the *name* that he chiefly abjures. The following passage from the introduction will illustrate the manner in which Robinson vindicated his co-religionists from the misrepresentations of that age :—

‘ The difference you lay down touching the proper subject of the power of Christ, is true in itself, and only yours wherein it is corruptly related, and specially in the particular concerning us, as, that where “ the Papists plant the ruling power of Christ in the Pope ; the Protestants in the Bishops ; the Puritans,” as you term the reformed churches and those of their mind “ in the Presbytery ;” we whom you name “ Brownists,” put it in the “ body of the congregation, the multitude called the church :” odiously insinuating against us that we do exclude the elders in the case of government, where, on the contrary, we profess the bishops or elders to be the only ordinary governors in the church, as in all other actions of the church’s communion, so also in the censures. Only we may not acknowledge them for lords over God’s heritage, 1 Pet. v. 3, as you would make them, controlling all, but to be controlled by none ; much less essential unto the church, as though it could not be without them ; least of all the church itself, as you and others expound. Matt. xviii.’—Vol. ii. p. 7.

The third volume contains four treatises and some shorter pieces, chiefly letters. The first treatise is the celebrated 'Apology,' originally published in Latin, in 1619, and afterwards translated into English by Robinson himself, although not published in the last form until 1625. It is to the use of the word 'independently,' in the first chapter, that some have attributed the origin of the name independent, as the designation of the party of which Robinson was so eminent a member. It appears, however, that Jacob had used the same term, for the same purpose, as early as 1612; and the denominational title had become fixed before 1622, since Bishop Hall speaks of the 'anarchical fashion of independent congregations' in one of his publications of that year. The principle of congregationalism, as opposed to nationalism and catholicism, is nowhere more fully established than in this admirable work.

The remaining treatises are on 'Religious Communion,' 'Exercise of Prophecy,' and the 'Lawfulness of Hearing Ministers of the Church of England.' The first discriminates between personal and public fellowship, and lays down the position that the former is allowable between all Christians, recognising one another as such, whatever their differences respecting minor points and church polity. The second is a scriptural exposition of the subject of lay-preaching, as it is now termed. The third is a defence of those who occasionally, and merely for the sake of hearing, attend upon the ministrations of the established clergy.

An appendix to this volume contains an interesting account of the congregational church in Southwark, of which Henry Jacob was the first pastor, from the pen of the present pastor, the Rev. John Waddington; a sketch of the exiles and their churches in Holland, by the editor; and an index of subjects and authors referred to.

We cannot conclude this notice without congratulating the editor and his numerous coadjutors on the satisfactory manner in which these volumes have been prepared for publication, and on the success that has attended the undertaking. We need scarcely say, that on some of the topics discussed in these works the well-known principle of the 'Eclectic' forbids our pronouncing any opinion. Enough remains, however, to justify us in giving our hearty approval to this attempt to revive the memory of Robinson and his associates. May the spirit of those worthies be perpetuated among their descendants until the very names of separation and dissent are forgotten in the enjoyment of a full and impartial liberty; until, looking back upon these days of ours, men shall return thanks to God for rescuing conscience from the grasp of pope, prelate, and parliament, thereby perfecting the measure of a nation's religious freedom!

ART. II.—*The Organon of Medicine.* By Hahnemann. Headland, London.

‘A TOPIC of the day,’ the title might belong to any one of many different subjects:—emigration, or papal supremacy; mesmerism, or the health of towns bill; the condition of the working classes, or the results, social and political, of the recent gathering of all nations. But on no one of these do we mean to encroach in the present article; what we propose is, to offer a few remarks on homœopathy, viewed in those aspects which may interest the general reader. Beyond such limits, as our title implies, we shall not pass. To do so would be out of place in our pages, where a medical disquisition would hardly be looked for. On Homœopathy, then, we will make some general observations; homœopathy, that word of varied acceptance in different quarters; in some, standing for a deep and dangerous imposture; in others, merely for shallow quackery, of a mild and painfully feeble description. Some view its progress as betokening a satisfactory revolution in medical practice; others, as a revolution indeed, but such only as might belong to Chaos come again. What one party hails as the day-star of a new and better era, another regards as the cloud no bigger than a man’s hand, which, if not speedily dispersed, will expand until the sun of medical truth is veiled irremediably from our unworthy eyes. With how many more is this question, so extensive in its bearings, so important as to its truth or falsity—in reality nothing more than ‘a topic of the day.’ To a large, and we believe a gradually augmenting class, the contradictory theories circulating among us induce a total loss of confidence in all medical systems whatsoever. A spirit of inquiry on most subjects is abroad. Whether the intellectual habits and mental training of the masses be such as to qualify them for its successful direction, may be a question, but one we are not called to enter upon here. Suffice it that we notice its practical results. A state of uncertainty is so painful to the human mind that men will often seek refuge in a stony scepticism from the pressure of questions whose pertinacious adhesion disturbs and disquiets them. And as such disquiet must be in proportion to the magnitude of the question agitated, it need not surprise us that it is precisely on all the most important of these that disbelief finds exercise. The ordinary results of such defeated inquiry, are,—internally, scepticism; externally, inaction. We think that man must be either above or below the common standard who escapes these consequences. Some one has said that ‘a misanthrope is only an honest man who has been a bad



seeker;' he is misanthropical not because he has gone too far, but because he has not gone far enough. A parallel observation might be made on most important subjects of inquiry; but though we have had unsuccessful searchers in plenty, and honest men, we maintain, not a few, how small a portion, even of these honest, will acknowledge that they have indeed been bad seekers. Such a recognition appears to belong to the intellect; and many will feel that they have failed, for one who sees that the cause of error has been in himself. It is worthy of notice how often we find the results we have alluded to—scepticism and inaction—in those characters where the moral nature is *proportionally* higher than the intellectual capacity. It would seem as if the felt needs of the former were greater than the ability of the latter to meet them. We are sensible that this is not in accordance with the common opinion, which inclines to look on disbelief in *any* generally-received doctrine, as proof of active intellectual power; and, however unreasonably, of defective moral feeling; but while we are far from intending to generalize on the statement, we believe it is one that would repay investigation. The inquiry would be interesting, but unsuited to our limits, and we must pass on; only protesting against being suspected for one moment of favouring that pernicious tendency common in our day, which would place the intellectual above the moral. Our belief is simply that they act favourably the one on the other; that both may be cultivated together; and that each loses by separation. The truth seems to be, that a high intellectual development is the best medium through which a high 'moral' can be correctly seen and shown. Other media mislead. The sun is *the* thing; but we only benefit by it *viâ* the atmosphere.

With respect to the discussions now going on between the allopathic and homœopathic schools, we may confess that we occupy neutral ground. That the theory and practice of medicine leave room for improvement, few will deny; that homœopathy supplies that improvement we do not take upon ourselves to affirm. In fact, the system is one that professedly bases itself on experience; as such, it must of necessity be very gradual both in its conquests and in its developments. We must, likewise, expect that in this, as in all other systems of human origin, the errors will precede the truths. In what has been written on the subject, we find on each side the usual mixture of the valuable and the valueless, with the usual proneness to argue from premises that still require to be proved. In this respect, medical discussion only shares the fate of most controversy. Take the mass of public disputation on any subject, say politics in any one of its numberless branches, and see how much of it is argument and how much declamation. We are favoured with vehemence

of assertion when we should prefer closeness of reasoning, and indulged with unimpeachable deductions from assumed premises when, as we have said, it is the very existence of those premises which is most often the actual point in question. We all have a leaning to the summary mental process of the preacher who had to define orthodoxy, probably no easier task in past days than it is now. He said, 'Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy,' which had at least the merit of brevity, and of embodying, without loss of breath, a very general sentiment; and one far from being extinct in the discussions of the present day. Then, again, personal feelings, habits, and interests come in, and altogether the voice of Truth is often lost amid the outcries of her self-constituted defenders. As to medical science, it is to be regretted that, invaluable as are its gifts, it should yet assume so much of infallibility. Such a position is destructive of all progress. It is a true word of Isaac Barrow's, that infallibility is the mother of incorrigibility. In the present question, we hold that we, the uninitiated, have been rather hardly dealt with by the professional world. We have been waiting in suspense to learn if, on the first symptom of illness in ourselves, or those about us, we are to rush to infinitesimal doses, globules not appreciable by the organ of taste (we had almost written, nor by those of sight or touch), or, on the other hand, to revert to the long-accustomed, very nauseous, but very tangible concoctions of the *ancien régime*. Wait we do, and apparently wait we may, while the members of the profession are settling their private differences, and in some cases indulging in those personalities of eloquence which are more natural than efficacious, and probably more satisfactory to the employer than salutary to the receiver, or conclusive to any unprejudiced third party. May we hint, that in treating of the opposite faction, we find both parties rather addicted to daguerreotype portraiture, they give us *only the shades*.

Perhaps the members of the profession are hardly in a position to judge of the effects we have alluded to, as produced on the public mind by their dissensions,—system against system, practitioner against practitioner within each system. It is already much to have belief shaken in long-accustomed medical treatment; and such doubts need no aggravation. If this goes on much longer, the only conclusion we, the unlearned, can arrive at, is the extreme irrationality of being ill at all, in so unsettled a state of medical politics. It is a privilege we must be satisfied to bequeath to future generations, a luxury unsuited to the times we live in.

We have said that our age is one of inquiry: it is also, and essentially, one of reaction. We find this in politics, in religion,



in medicine, in everything. Because we have gone far, perhaps too far, in some particular course, we suddenly draw up, and dart into the opposite one. Some question arises as to the path we are pursuing, and immediately we press to leave it, one faster than another. To hesitate is weakness; to inquire, is to betray our ignorance; to take counsel is totally repugnant to the uncontrolled and 'independent' tone of the day: in short, 'to wait awhile that we may make an end the sooner,' though a suitable maxim for Lord Bacon and other fusty philosophers, is an exploded precept not worthy of attention in the nineteenth century. *Nous arons changé tout cela.* Short cuts are what we demand,—short cuts to science and wealth, as to Canton and California. To have a doubt, is to assume the opposite certainty; to suspect a deficiency, is to detect a radical error; and we are off at a tangent, as if the world-mind's express, 'half-an-hour behind time,' were coming our way, and would infallibly crush us to pieces if we hesitated to clear the barrier on one side or the other; and in justice be it admitted, they can be no trifling impediments that stop us. In short, that reverse of wrong, is right—in itself no novelty—appears to be one of the cherished fallacies of the day. Practically carried out, it often merely amounts to meeting one wrong with another,—as if two wrongs were equal to one right; two fogs as good as one sunshine! Thus, War is discord, then War is wrong; wrangle and fight about putting it down, and this is Peace. Priests abuse, have abused, or may abuse influence; abuse yours by decrying them all *en masse*, and lo! you have abolished the abuse of influence. To trust in religious forms and services, is a falsity,—do away with all such, and you must be true. Do not give yourself another thought about it, it is sure to be all right; just as if your not going to Kamschatka were a pledge for your reaching Peru! And so in medicine,—we, who as a nation have long been ridiculed for our pains-taking health-cares, are now becoming distrustful of all scientific medical treatment. Our fears and anxieties on the score of illness,—from cholera, down to 'the English disease of catch-cold,'—have always been of a lively description; and as a necessary consequence, the accredited practitioners of the healing art have hitherto always been in request, and held an important position amongst us. Whether our love of life, or our fear of death be the origin of this, we cannot say; but such is the fact. There is no country where medical men hold a higher position than in England; we should hesitate to affirm that in any it is equally high. In France, for instance, their social footing is quite different, nor have they, speaking generally, the *entrée* into the corresponding class of

society. We presume the French constitution—we are not talking politics—to be as frail as ours, and as liable to ‘all the ills that flesh is heir to,’ yet they certainly do not make so much of their doctors in France as we do in England. Then, as to the domestic standing as friends and family counsellors, that ground is, in most Roman-catholic countries, pre-occupied by the clergy. There, when affliction of any kind enters the homes of the upper and middle classes, the word always is (or used to be), ‘Send for the priest;’ with us, it is generally, ‘Send for the doctor.’

If some there be, who hardly deserve this confidence, yet by a large majority we are happy to think it is well merited. There are ignorant and mercenary physicians, it is true,—for ignorance and mercenariness are of no special calling,—but they must indeed have been unfortunate, who, having had much intercourse with the profession, cannot bear a cordial and grateful testimony to the uprightness and benevolence, the scientific attainment, and disinterested zeal, to be found in its ranks. Let us be just,—let us guard against an error similar to that we have already referred to; and because medical practitioners, being finite, are not omnipotent, being human are not infallible, let us not ungenerously suspect, or needlessly and harshly derogate from their utility. Further, all such unjust depreciation re-acts on the depreciators; what we assume any class of men to be, that we assist to make them; where we put them, there we shall find them. In this case, particularly, as we lower them we lower also their standard of attainment, and depress their influence for good towards ourselves, which so much depends on the candour and confidence with which their exertions are met. The absence of such is paralyzing even to the most earnest minds, and by thus acting we shake one of the most influential relations of our present state of existence; one too, which, while we may succeed in hampering and depreciating to something like inutility, we assuredly have no prospect of being able to dispense with. Let us add, as bearing on this part of our subject, that we can never attribute the dislike a part of the profession evince to homœopathy to interested motives. That ‘their craft is in danger’ is an explanation of their conduct, which however often reiterated, we decline to accept. The honest convictions of a man’s lifetime cannot be loosely held, and ought not to be lightly abandoned. In fact, as Dr. Johnson would have said, it would not be possible, even if it were desirable, and it would not be desirable, even if it were possible; and such bias may, and probably does, influence even the liberal in opposing what they deem to be error. What we could wish, would be, that they should recognise in themselves such

leanings, and bearing them in mind, make due allowance for their existence, in deciding on subjects which oppose every habitual and educational tendency.

On the other side, no accusation of affectation, or would-be notoriety, can affect our judgment of those who, often at personal sacrifice, are led to embrace and practise homœopathy. Their convictions may be erroneous, but having such convictions, how could their conduct be other than it is? What rational ground is there for imagining that they do not act on conviction? If we must again refer to those narrow personal interests which some persons,

‘With that half wisdom half experience lends,’\*

are ever seeking out as the hidden mainspring in any unusual course of conduct, we can only say that, even granting some might be so influenced, here as elsewhere, it would be difficult, with any plausibility, to lay such to the charge of homœopathists as a body. If they professed to hold some important uncommunicated discovery, some secret by which disease should be cured, the mystery might attract and the monopoly might profit. But where we find outward appliances few, simple, and unattractive, no mixed compounds, (not even a hieroglyphic prescription,) and means explained, investigation courted, hospital and other professional data thrown open, we are driven to the conviction that if these men be, what they are so often and so vulgarly called, “quacks,” they have their trade yet to learn. We feel it almost a disgrace to pen any notice of such language; how much more disgraceful is it that prejudice can have gone so far as to leave any opening for such comments, which unfortunately are only too well called for. If homœopathists are either deceiving or deceived, they are sacrificing their professional prospects to a present of reproach and ridicule, with a future of unlimited contempt. One point seems overlooked; if we grant, for the sake of argument, that homœopathy is a truth, what other, or better course could its advocates have followed than that they have adopted? or if it be even a possible truth, how else could its claims be satisfactorily adjusted? or supposing it an error, what shorter way to explode it, than exposing it to the test of experience? In all this we owe them thanks, yet they too have something to guard against; for they are exposed to the temptation of being drawn as far from the truth, by the charm of novelty, as their opponents by the charm of habit.

Something of mutual concession would be no bar to the pro-

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\* Wordsworth.

gress of science, while it would further those higher interests—the development of liberality and liberty, candour and equity—in comparison with which, or deprived of which, even the advancement of science is a poor thing. Why may there not be an honourable rivalry, stimulative to both parties, beneficial to the public, and favourable to the elucidation of truth? Why do we still see in some quarters something very like a determination, not only that homœopathy has not been proved a truth, but moreover, that it *shall not* be proved such? Why should some parties oppose inquiries which, on their own statement, could only demonstrate the infallibility of their own positions. It is curious that intolerance and impatience of opposition are often found precisely in an inverse ratio to the amount of conviction. It would seem as if the mind sought to convince and establish itself by means of the very vehemence and stringency of assertion employed towards others. But why may not ‘truth, substance of the world,’\* be trusted in virtue of its own immutability to survive any amount of investigation?

However, amid the prejudices which may affect all parties, we readily attribute to the profession, as a body, a sincere desire for the establishment of the truth, and that result is best promoted by free inquiry and open discussion. The present subject has already excited great attention in our own and other countries, and certainly is one that cannot be summarily suppressed. In Prussia, and other of the German states, in France, Belgium, Italy, and the United States, homœopathy has many proselytes,—is in short a ‘recognised’ agency, and the footing it has gained would of itself, without other claims, entitle it to notice and inquiry. Let us now look a little more closely into the matter.

The origin of homœopathy, it is pretty generally known, dates from the close of last century. Hahnemann, its founder, seems recognised by all parties as having been a man of large intellect, earnestly studious habits, and by all accounts, emphatically a truth seeker. On his personal character, and on the many high qualities attributed to him, we will not dwell; important as these were, and eminently qualifying him for the office of a reformer, we would not seek to ground any argument thereon. Such arguments are in fact more popular than philosophic; it would be difficult to name any system of error which could not boast some great men. Homœopaths are unceasingly extolling the character of their founder, but we have no sympathy with their process of deification, and assuredly will not aid in it. We prefer waiving that point, and addressing ourselves directly to the

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\* Schiller.

system, which, after all, must stand or fall by its own merits. This we shall endeavour to do in the briefest and simplest manner that the subject admits of.

The essential characteristics of Hahnemann's system may be reduced to four; of these four characteristics others are but the development.

First.—It is (speaking properly) a system of symptom treatment. To use his own words,\* 'for the physician the disease consists of the totality of the symptoms'—'the collection of symptoms is the only guide to the choice of a remedy.' He deals less with causes than with effects,—cares more for the 'what?' than the 'why?' The symptoms are not the disease, but they are, as it were, its voice; as it speaks, so he answers; as it guides, so he follows.

Secondly.—Hahnemann affirms that medicines tend to cure diseases similar to those they tend to produce,—a principle which has long had a (limited) *practical* acceptance in ordinary medical treatment—as bark in ague, and other familiar examples,—but which has only been thoroughly systematized in the homœopathic school.

Thirdly.—He enjoins the employment of a single medicine at a time; the effects—direct and relative—of a plurality being beyond our possible calculation.

Fourthly.—That such medicine be in such quantity only, as shall not permanently affect the patient after the cure is accomplished.† In connexion with this we may remark, that he considers a cure can only take place by *the reaction of the vital force* against the remedy employed, consequently, severe medicines, pain, depletion—all that can weaken, he greatly deprecates.

From these four principles is homœopathy developed; other points, such as diet, infinitesimal doses, &c., should not be confounded with the above, which are binding on all conscientious homœopaths, while their development is susceptible of, and receives, modification from different practitioners.

Having thus stated the leading characteristics of homœopathy, we may as well notice some of the objections most frequently brought against it. In this we can hardly offer much novelty. Every philosophic objection can have but its one philosophic answer; where such are produceable, homœopaths have not been backward to produce them. To us, there appear difficulties

\* Organon.

† The usual homœopathic doses are too minute to disturb healthy functions: it is only the morbid sensibility of disease that renders the system open to such action. Accordingly, in Hahnemann's experiments on the healthy individual, medicine was employed in larger quantities.

yet to be solved ; but on the other hand there are some objections so carelessly made, so frequently brought forward, and so uncandidly persisted in, that we cannot pass them over in silence, though on other grounds they would hardly deserve much notice.

One grave error in the attacks on homœopathy is that of treating the infinitesimal doses as the essential characteristic of the system.

Now this is not the case. We know that every greater revolution brings in its numerous lesser ones, which to many become the most important part of it, and are substituted for the primary aim and true essentials. For example, the object of the reformation was not the destruction of images, but to a large party in this country that became the chief pursuit, and the name of iconoclast equivalent to that of reformer. Again, religion inculcates temperance, but temperance societies do not constitute religion. Temperance is Christian, but it is not Christianity. Such illustrations abound, and always will, for there is a certain class of minds apparently unable to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials. They have no sense of proportion, no perception of perspective ; the great and the little, the far and the near, are all one to them ; such minds are like the paintings on Chinese screens, where the man is as big as the house he is entering, and an obtrusive butterfly, in a supposed background, bigger than either.

In the present case, what are the facts ? The assertion is so far from the truth, that it appears Hahnemann had formed his theory for a length of time on his primary principles (already stated), ere he considered this reformation, as to amount of dose, necessary ; and even now, great differences exist among his disciples as to the strength of the doses to be employed. In Germany, homœopathic medicines are oftener given in larger quantities, that is, in appreciable doses ; it is said, with less successful results than among ourselves ; but as to this we are not prepared with any definite statement ; nor is such in any degree requisite to our point, which is merely as we have stated, that the infinitesimal dose is no necessary constituent of homœopathy.

This has been stated repeatedly, but apparently to little purpose ; nor do we expect to be more fortunate than our predecessors, for the popular mis-statement affords shelter to a whole colony of jokelets, which must be all ceded, if the simple truth and justice of the assertion are to be attended to. A sacrifice like this we are not so unreasonable as to expect ; and as such a treatment of such a subject can injure none but the perpetrators, we need not be very severe on this point ; only, speaking æsthetically, a little novelty of attack would now be a great relief.



Again, we find that to some the fact that homœopathy is, as they remonstratively observe, 'a new thing,—quite a new thing,' is conclusive. What shall we say to this? We will only remind them that every now-established truth, has once been new to the world. We will not go back to the days of early Christianity, nor even dilate on the wrongs of Galileo, the ridicule showered on Columbus, or the profaneness attributed to Jenner, because these instances have been so often brought forward, that every one is tired of them (only it is a pity people should be tired of a truth, ere they have benefitted by its teachings). We would merely maintain the obvious assertion, that novelty is not in itself ground for condemnation. Let any one, whose convictions on this point need deepening, just refer to the reception given in our country and in our day, that is, within the last quarter of a century, to the subject of railways. Their proposed rates of speed, their magnitude of plan, their magnificence of disbursement, their expected returns, were all treated as visionary, and met with the most bitter hostility from the narrow, and the calmest contempt from the liberal, that can well be conceived. Of a surety truth must be a foreign product, and must come from a far country, for we take good care it shall pay heavy import duties, ere it be suffered to circulate in this our lower world.

Another objection brought against homœopathy is its apparent unreasonableness. Of this, those who have never studied the subject, can hardly be constituted judges, nor by any should it be admitted as an *a priori* argument. In this case the question is not, do they, or we, or does any one, consider the means sufficient to the result proposed; but, does the result substantiate the adequacy of the means? If we are to reject all that does not seem in accordance with what we already know, his majesty of Siam was not so far wrong when he pertinaciously repudiated the statement of the 'outside barbarians,' that water under certain atmospheric conditions could become solid. Now, as his majesty had never beheld icicles, and ignored the joys of skating, some may consider that he displayed a judicious reserve and a dignified scepticism on the occasion. The race of Siamese philosophers is not extinct; but we trust that they at least do not preponderate amongst us. The attitude in which truth is to be successfully acquired is that of inquiry, not of assertion. Foregone conclusions are ruinous to investigation, and must be laid aside ere we can assume to be single-minded inquirers. The earnest mind finds modification of its opinions in every year's teachings. Of late years science has made gigantic strides, as in geology, astronomy, chemistry, and why not in other things? We must not be misled by the prestige attaching to great names of the past. We would give them all due reverence, but we

would distinguish between the men and their work. A great man is a great man for ever; the mind-scale remains, but the rating, or value of the produce, alters. There is no sliding-scale for the mind, it keeps its permanent place in all ages; it is, in its way, complete: not so the value of mind product, that is affected by what is to come afterwards. A great mind shall think greatly, and from the given premises justly; but let future discoveries overturn those premises, and what becomes of the deduction? As we have said, the mind-rank remains, but its conclusions, its outward work, falls. It must ever be so, for incomplete data are only known to be incomplete by the accession of that light which makes their darkness visible. No century elapses without leaving science in a very different state to that in which it found it; and in no science but medicine have we felt ourselves irrevocably pledged to the past. It is matter of notoriety how much reform has ever been opposed in medicine, and while enough alterations have been effected in its theory and practice to show that it can lay claim to no papal infallibility, no exemption from the universal law—progress, or death—yet the spirit in which all such change has been met, affords a serious warning, and an impressive lesson to the present day. Homœopaths bring us their statements, and we content ourselves with crying ‘absurd.’ ‘Inquire,’ say they; ‘by no means,’ say we. ‘Examine;’ ‘not to be thought of.’ ‘Try it for yourselves;’ ‘do you mean to insult us?’ Opinions that might fairly have weight if they were the result of earnest inquiry, are worse than valueless given as pre-judgments. We cannot have those who have never even been up to the starting-post, claiming to have reached the goal.

Another objection, or rather opposition raised, is that the cures of homœopathy are effected through the imagination; and people go on talking of belief and unbelief, ‘faith,’ and ‘want of faith,’ as if they spoke of some mysterious abracadabra, some mystic incantation, which could only take effect upon the faithful. As to this imagination hypothesis, it must surely have been a lively one which originated it. Anything more unpretendingly simple, never was propounded in medicine. What the imagination can find to feed on in homœopathic globules, rather than in the potent pill-boxes, and many coloured draughts of allopathy, we confess ourselves unable to discover. But it is something that the cures are admitted, and only the means questioned; while such a suggestion from the administrators of ‘those precious simples,’ laudanum and calomel, comes strangely. If imagination can cure disease, by all means let her work, and give her all the credit, but *don’t* give her the calomel, for you



see she does not need it. If globules, or bread pills suffice, anything more becomes superfluous cruelty.

At any rate there is one class of patients who cannot well be supposed to be victimized by the freaks and vagaries of the imagination—that of young children, in the treatment of whom homœopathists have always laid claim to signal success. Let this be looked into. If correct, there is at once a moral gain in the absence of irritation and annoyance, and consequent habits of peevishness, which we too often see superinduced in them under severe medical treatment.

But, in fact, we suspect imagination has favoured allopathic practice far more than the homœopathic may venture to expect. Many people like the formalities and etiquettes of invalidism, its fuss, and sympathy, and importance; and if they do not positively enjoy their miseries, they do most indubitably like something of excitement and outward appliance in getting out of them. We once heard an invalid lady gravely founding her distrust of the efficacy of homœopathy on the absence of all suffering. ‘Why,’ said she, with the manner of one stating an unanswerable argument, ‘I never should know I was really cured in that way.’ We ventured with becoming diffidence to suggest, that a fact of that kind might be allowed to speak for itself. ‘No, no,’ said she, with an air of logical acuteness, ‘there is no *satisfaction* in that sort of thing.’

We agree with her, that there is to the many so little satisfaction in ‘that sort of thing,’ that it is not calculated to attract. It is certain, that be homœopathy true or be it false, it would be far more rapid in progress, find a far readier and more general acceptance, if it dealt more in tangibilities. Something refreshingly nauseous, re-assuringly unpalatable, would find more favour, absurd as the assertion may appear; for to many, in medicine as in morals, good is not good until it has been duly absinthiated. It is somewhat to the credit of homœopathists that they have so strictly abstained from playing into the popular weakness. To communicate something of colour, taste, and substance to their medicines would be the easiest thing in the world—but what then?

‘And why should witless man so much mis-ween  
That nothing is but that which he hath *seen*?’\*

Glasses of what looks like pure water, and tiny boxes of fractional globules may seem weak agents, but if the retreat of a malady is effected, and its return prevented, then the absence

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\* Spenser.

of a more marked agency need not act more unfavourably on our serenity than the fact that we do not see the grass grow nor hear the snow fall. The effects may be gradual, and thus less striking, but they are so far in accordance with those of Nature, which does not generally work by convulsions. All her more usual and most beneficent operations are silent, gradual, and progressive. To the same class of objectors or demurrers belong those who would refer the cures of homœopathy to superior attention to minor rules, simplicity of diet, &c. If this be so, why was it not sooner found out and acted upon? How thankful we may be for the innovation; but if diet can cure disease, what becomes of allopathy?

After all, let success be the test. To use the words of a German writer, though in a sense which he certainly never contemplated, 'Everything through which we are *bettered* is true.' Whether this test would prove favourable to homœopathy we cannot decide, nor are we solicitous to do so in this place. We have only entered on the subject as one belonging to our day, and which calls for investigation. We have no favour to one party more than the other, and have wished to show none, unless something of a desire to befriend the oppressed, *as* 'oppressed,' rather than the oppressor *as* 'oppressor,' should be so construed. We have sincerely desired to keep simply to the truth, and all we wish is the examination of the subject by competent inquirers. In objective science there is not the same ground, or shadow of a ground for opposing inquiry, which some minds find for disliking its incursions into the regions of speculative philosophy. In science, inquiry and error must ever act antagonistically—one will and must extinguish the other. Errors in science, in their very nature, have a limited life. By allowing their free development we secure their removal; by suppressing it we prolong their existence, and cherish a vital energy which their natural growth would never have supplied. Let homœopathy be investigated in a spirit and manner suited to the subject. It may be a mixture of truth and error, if so let us accept the good without caring whence it comes, and reject the evil in the same way; or it may be a great truth, in which case let us have it by all means. Or, finally, it may be altogether erroneous; if so, in the name of common sense, let that be made clear, and the whole concern swept into nonentity, to leave the path clear for something better.

- ART. III.—1. *Addresses and Charges of Edward Stanley, D.D., late Bishop of Norwich. With a Memoir.* By his son, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. London: John Murray.
2. *Brief Memoir of Edward Stanley, D.D., Bishop of Norwich.* By John Alexander, Minister of Princes'-street chapel, Norwich. Norwich: Josiah Fletcher, and Jarrold and Sons. London: Jackson and Walford. 1850.

WE presume that Mr. Stanley's elevation to the episcopal bench must have surprised his friends as it evidently did surprise himself. For the clerical office generally, he had no strong predilection. His son tells us

‘It was obvious that, under ordinary circumstances, the clerical calling would not have been deemed his natural vocation.’—p. 6.

For the episcopal office he appears to have had a strong personal distaste. In his case we verily believe that the *nolo episcopari* was a profession accordant with truth. We are not sure that he would have appeared on the hustings in Anglesey to aid a ministerial candidate on an emergency, had he imagined that his efforts there would conduce to his promotion to the episcopate. From an entry in his journal in 1842, it is certain he still repented having taken on himself the office of Bishop.

However, we find reason in the volumes before us to rejoice that he did so. His elevation provided the opportunity for ascertaining how far an upright and simple-minded man could render the occupation of a bishopric subservient to the furtherance of charity and truth.

That Mr. Stanley would surely aim to further them, might have been known from his previous clerical career. Not many country clergymen have used their influence as the Rector of Alderley had been accustomed to use his. Introduced to his parishioners with all the advantages connected with a valuable “family living,” he devoted himself assiduously to their welfare, and for nearly thirty years spared no pains to promote their temporal and spiritual good.

We have rarely been more interested than by some of the incidents of the rector's life. The following is a specimen:—

‘To repress the great evil of drunkenness he spared no personal sacrifice.’ “Whenever,” such was the homely expression of the people, “whenever there was a drunken fight down at the village, and he knew of it, he would always come out to stop it—there was such a spirit in him.”’

On one of these occasions, tidings were brought to him of a riotous crowd which had assembled to witness a desperate prize fight, adjourned to the outskirts of his parish, and which the respectable inhabitants were unable to disperse.

“The whole field,” so one of the humbler neighbours represented it, “was filled, and all the trees round about—when, in about a quarter of an hour, I saw the rector coming up the road, on his little black horse, as quick as lightning, and I trembled for fear they should harm him. He rode into the field, and just looked quick round to see who there was who would be on his side. But it was not needed—he rode into the midst of the crowd, and in one moment it was all over: there was a great calm: the blows stopped; it was as if they would all have wished to cover themselves up in the earth—all from the trees they dropped down directly—no one said a word, and all went away humbled. The next day he sent for the two men, not to scold them, but to speak to them, and sent them away each with a Bible. The effect on the neighbourhood was very great.”—p. 140.

The influence he exerted when an emergency arose was a very natural consequence of the course which his biographer thus describes:—

“He made himself not only the minister but the friend of his parishioners. Without losing, for a moment, the advantage which birth and station always give to an English gentleman in his dealings with the poor, he yet descended to the level of their tastes and pursuits—he entered into their humour, and tried to make them enter into his—he caressed their children, and through them won the hearts of their parents—he accommodated his addresses in the pulpit, and his conversation in the cottages, to their simple apprehensions . . . . When he looked into the schools it was not merely to glance round the classes, nor to ask a few formal questions, but he had something to say to each individual scholar, of encouragement or rebuke. In his rides round the parish the children used to run out of the houses to catch the wonted smile or gesture of the rector as he passed . . . . In the winter evenings he lent out books to read; and generally for anything that was wanted, whether in the way of advice or relief, his house was the constant resort of all who were in difficulty.”—pp. 12, 13.

But though thus actively employed in his parish, he was not indifferent to more public and general claims. He became known as a church reformer, and published several pamphlets on matters of passing interest. He travelled, and wrote most graphic accounts of his travels. He took a highly reputable position amongst our scientific men. Nothing indeed seemed wanting to render him the *beau ideal* of an English rector. Philanthropy, intelligence, and moral excellence were remarkably blended with ample resources and honourable rank. It must be allowed us to record also, that in Mr. Stanley’s conjugal and



parental relations, there was all which even such a heart as his could wish for. His domestic circle was amongst the happiest in the land.

It was from such a sphere that in 1837 he was removed to the diocese of Norwich, then vacant by the death of Bishop Bathurst. We learn that something had been said to him at a former period about making him a bishop. When Lord John Russell first contemplated the creation of the see of Manchester 'to prevent' as he scornfully said 'the people from lapsing into dissent,' overtures were made to the Rector of Alderley to accept the projected bishopric. Those overtures were declined; and now the Bishopric of Norwich was nearly declined also. It was with extreme reluctance Mr. Stanley accepted the renewed offer of the government of the day. In an interview with Lord Melbourne on the subject, he so far gave way to his feelings that 'the good natured minister' was moved most unofficially to express concern for the anxiety under which he laboured. 'He spoke of the like feeling which he had himself experienced on taking office.' The Bishop elect, however, was far more deeply moved than ever the premier had been. The office was to him as the burden of the Lord. This may be gathered from his journal.

'I accepted a situation, for which in every other point I feel myself so unqualified and unfit, not to make it a source of profit to myself, or patronage to others, it being my unshaken determination to expend not only the whole proceeds of the diocese, but the greater part of my private fortune also. By night, in my many waking hours, the working of my mind is how and what can be done to promote . . . the spiritual and temporal welfare of my diocese.'

In due time, Dr. Stanley, as he was now academically designated, entered on the duties of his episcopate, bringing to them as honest and kind a heart as ever breathed. It was really a fine thing to observe the simplicity and godly sincerity with which he addressed himself to his task. Never was an aspect more genial than his—never was a bearing more generous. He arrested attention as soon as he reached his diocese. It was felt at once that he would certainly signalize himself. With everything in his manner that was becoming his position, there were the unmistakable indications of a large-hearted and genuine man. We see him now, as he passed along the streets of the episcopal city, recognising everybody and looking around him for opportunities to evince his sympathy with mankind. Mr. Alexander well describes him when he says:—

'Measured by the standard of some prelates, he was certainly deficient in lordly arrogance; in love of ease, and rank, and money; and in pre-

tensions to apostolic succession and priestly domination; he rested his claims to respect and confidence on the man, rather than on the lawn or the mitre.'

He found the diocese in a deplorable condition. His son speaks of:

'Non-residence, pluralities, one instead of two services, once a week, or, sometimes, once a fortnight—an abuse which had reached such a pitch, as to have produced one instance, happily rectified before the time now described, in which *fifteen churches were served by three brothers*; carelessness in admission to holy orders; imperfect administration of the rites of baptism and burial.'—p. 30.

And then he adds:

'Such were some of the more obvious anomalies which had made the diocese of Norwich a byword for laxity among the sees of the Church of England.'

And yet all this had come to pass of course. Only let a bishop become superannuated, as Bishop Bathurst was, and it must needs ensue, so far as the provisions of our vaunted church establishment are concerned. It might occur in every diocese throughout the land, and even at the same time. At all events, such had been the state of things for many years, when Bishop Bathurst died. And yet, by-the-bye, the Archbishopric of Dublin was offered to him long after his superannuation had been acknowledged, and when it was irrevocably confirmed.

In a former number, we had occasion to set forth at length the shameful fact, that, when pressed by the son of Bishop Bathurst for the vacant bishoprick of Killaloe in reward for his father's political services, Lord Melbourne refused, but accompanied his refusal with the offer of the Archbishopric of Dublin to the father - that father being so incapacitated at the very time as scarcely to understand the communication of the premier, if indeed, which we doubt, it was ever made known to him.

Dr. Bathurst died Bishop of Norwich, entailing on Dr. Stanley the evils of which his biographer complains.

As one of his first official acts, the new bishop preached a sermon at his installation. Most unaccountably this sermon does not appear in Mr. A. Stanley's volume. We must blame him for this omission, especially as he makes allusions to the effects it produced, which would have been more intelligible could his readers have examined the sentiments that were so emphatically condemned. We learn from Mr. Alexander's valuable little volume, that in the course of his installation sermon, the bishop declared his readiness to co-operate with all who had the love of God at heart, though not strictly of the fold of his own Church.



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forming, as he maintained they did, an essential part of the Church of Christ. Not satisfied with declaring his own sentiments, and his determination to act upon them, he earnestly exhorted his clergy to adopt similar views of duty, as one of 'the surest methods of winning souls.' He mistook the men to whom his loving and fervid appeal was addressed.

At a clerical dinner, given in the evening of the same day, the health of the new bishop was proposed, but no thanks were coupled with the toast for his sermon at the cathedral. It was presently discovered that the omission was intentional; for, on the reason being demanded by a whig archdeacon why the sermon had been overlooked, it was avowed before his lordship that it had been most offensive to the clergy, an avowal which 'the mass of the audience' in 'a general uproar' at once affirmed. We can understand Mr. A. Stanley when he describes this 'discourteous and unseemly' incident as 'an ill-omened accompaniment to what might otherwise have been an auspicious inauguration.' The clergy held fast by their determination, whereupon the corporation of the city at once assured the bishop of their respect, and requested that they might be allowed the honour of securing the appearance of the sermon in print. He complied with their request, and attached to the sermon this preface:—

'The following discourse was written without any intention to lay it before the public; but in consequence of a deputation of the mayor and corporation requesting it to be printed, the author feels himself bound to accede to their wishes, with a further hope that the publication of it may remove misapprehension and misrepresentation, on points where all good men can have but one object in view.'

It was now evident that the good man's fear that he should find his diocese 'a bed of thorns' would be realized. On proceeding to correct the evils enumerated by his son he was resisted on all sides. He insisted that the clergy should reside in their parishes, and that they should give two full services every Sunday. In many cases he was thwarted, and in others defied. Though they were bound by some of the strongest oaths ever framed, to give themselves wholly and unreservedly to the care of their several parishes, 'a large portion of his clergy, with bitter feeling,' so offensively resented the interference of their bishop, that 'his only hope and consolation were, that he was a sort of pioneer of better days.' He thus gives expression to his grief:—

'My greatest trials arise from those of the clergy who are loudest in their cry of 'the church in danger,' but who never do anything to keep it from danger.'—p. 33.

Obstacles were thrown in his way even when 'flagrant instances of moral delinquency' demanded the exercise of his power, and

in prosecuting some of the clerical delinquents he incurred heavy pecuniary costs. On one occasion they were so heavy, and the delinquent was so audacious, that a contribution was raised among some of his clergy to defray the costs the bishop had incurred, and an address was presented to him, expressing admiration of his fidelity to his sacred trust. He readily accepted their contribution as an expression of their sympathy, but immediately transferred it to a fund at Ipswich for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the clergy.

Nor were his lordship's discomforts confined to his diocese. As a bishop of the established church he was in difficulty almost everywhere. His personal predilections urged him to do what official propriety required him to leave undone. His convictions, too, induced a course of conduct which at times seemed to be inconsistent with the doctrines and discipline he was pledged to maintain.

In 1844, 'he was called upon in London to preach the annual sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' when he took the opportunity, in stating what he deemed the true claims of the Church of England, to disavow the doctrine of apostolic succession. The bishops and the metropolitan clergy were assembled as usual on that occasion, and before them all he declared that the extravagances of Tractarianism were traceable to the dogma of apostolic succession—a dogma 'unsupported by Scripture and history, and leading to no good results in practice.' He spake boldly of the great uncertainty which hangs over the very beginning of this supposed claim of apostolic descent, declared that it had no authority in the New Testament, and bade his dignified auditory remember that no one has been able yet to disentangle the confusion in which the successive links of the so-called succession are involved. Honour to the memory of such a man! Knowing well what effect his sermon was producing, onward he went, exhorting his brethren not to press a claim so liable to excite the contempt of the discriminating portion of the community, and significantly reminding them of the purposes to which it may be turned 'by men covetous of power, given to intrigue, influenced by ambition and worldly self-interested principles.' The sermon was loudly and indignantly condemned. Mr. Stanley tells us, (p. 63,) that 'it caused great dissatisfaction amongst the mass of his clerical hearers.' Even 'public censure' was threatened, and nothing but the 'tact and caution' of the primate prevented an explosion of clerical wrath. The tact and caution of the Archbishop of Canterbury presented a suggestive contrast to the integrity and courage of the Bishop of Norwich. The preacher was not censured formally; but he was virtually and somewhat emphatically

censured nevertheless, for 'the Committee of the Society deviated from their otherwise invariable rule, by omitting to request the publication of his sermon in the Report of that year.' It was a narrow escape. A second edition of the great inaugural alteration was close at hand.

Again was Dr. Stanley laid under obligation to the civic authorities,—the Lord Mayor of London venturing to thank the preacher for his sermon, when, with the other bishops, he dined at the Mansion House on the same day. The Lord Mayor's allusion was remarkably expressive. He thanked the preacher 'for the boldest sermon that had ever been delivered in St. Paul's.' We must blame again Mr. Stanley for omitting an important sermon from his selection. Its insertion might have been secured by the omission, for example, of the 'Address on board the Rattlesnake.' We remember, indeed, that 'the boldest sermon' was printed at the time, but the readers of this memoir are not likely to possess it; and, inasmuch as the memoir makes important reference to it, it should have been given. Besides, Mr. Stanley has added to his memoir several other documents which were before in print. Why not have added this?

The good bishop came in for much clerical obloquy at times, on account of his conduct in the House of Lords. The presentation of a petition for an alteration in the formularies of the Establishment, occasioned a sharp discussion among the bishops present. In the course of that discussion Dr. Stanley was vehemently and rudely rebuked for the sympathy he had expressed with those who were given to change. The primate forgot 'his tact and caution,' or he did not think it necessary to evince them just then. Both he and the Bishop of London attacked the petition with considerable severity. Nothing daunted by their displeasure, their right reverend brother defended the petitioners with more than his ordinary power, making, as was usual with him, certain concessions, which gave to his wary opponents the opportunity of charging him with inconsistency. He was sensibly annoyed by this episcopal parliamentary encounter. His speech was 'afterwards printed, with notes, to vindicate it from the strong language with which it had been assailed by those who, in the heat of debate, forgot that they had themselves expressed similar sentiments elsewhere.'

It became increasingly evident that Dr. Stanley was no favourite with his brethren on the bench. That many of them esteemed him for his general excellences there can be no doubt; but he was far too little imbued with the *esprit de corps* to be depended on. They always felt that, whenever an opportunity occurred, he would be sure to subordinate the churchman to the Christian, the prelate to the minister of the Gospel. He was by

no means a safe man in respect to the dissenters. It was in nowise certain that they would not receive from him before the public some inconvenient expressions of personal regard. Breaches of episcopal propriety had been apprehended from the first, and his lordship was at no pains to avoid them. He visited the schools of dissenters. He sometimes made dissenters the almoners of his bounty. He has been found praying by the sick beds of the members of dissenting churches, knowing them to be such. He always hailed with satisfaction the co-operation of dissenters either on the platform or in the committee-room. He selected many of his tradesmen from the anti-state-church dissenters of the diocesan city. He forwarded copies of his ordination questions to the dissenting ministers, and welcomed them to his table with the unfeigned cordiality of a friend.

It happened once that the Rev. John Alexander had obtained the occasional use of an old ecclesiastical building, in Norwich, for his Sabbath services. Mr. Alexander had preached there in the morning of a certain Sunday, and was announced to preach there again in the evening. To the surprise and vexation of churchmen, the bishop was found in that very same pulpit in the afternoon of the same day, preaching to a congregation of the Norwich poor. This incident, in which he rejoiced, threatened rather serious consequences. It brought out his liberal tendencies in a form that was just borne with by his ecclesiastical superiors, and that was all. A communication, we believe, was made to him on the subject, which led him to anticipate 'public censure.' He was quite prepared to meet it, but it never came. His ecclesiastical justification would have been found in the fact, that centuries ago the place had been duly consecrated. His general justification he would have found in the fact, that Mr. Alexander was as much a minister of Christ as himself. Another such an afternoon service in the old Dutch church would have required for him the sympathy of the civic power again; that is, of the State as against the Church.

It has been said that Bishop Stanley's liberality must be attributed, in part, to constitutional temperament. We are not sure that there is not a measure of truth in this representation. He had a strong instinctive liking for freedom. We believe that he detested with his whole soul the remotest attempt to bring him into bondage. He was ever on the alert against such attempts; resenting them, in some instances, from impulse quite as much as from conviction. At all events, his impulses gave great intensity to his convictions.

On one occasion, the celebrated Father Mathew was about to visit Norwich, and the bishop determined to invite him to make the palace his home during his stay in the city, on the

ground that his mission was one of purest good will. The city clergy no sooner heard of it than they remonstrated against the invitation, then denounced it, and then became most ridiculously rude. The Protestant-Association men came out in great strength, urged on probably by the remembrance of an old grudge against his lordship for having once officially rebuked what he regarded as a virulent attack on the church of Rome. They proceeded to protest against the bishop's appearing on the same platform with Father Mathew. This was too bad; and though he yielded so far as not to press his invitation to the palace, he would go to the platform to meet the apostle of temperance, papist though he was. He did go, and as soon as the cheering would allow him to proceed, he indignantly, if not fiercely, denounced the intolerance and presumption of his clergy. The scene was most exciting. The chairman on the occasion was Joseph John Gurney. When the bishop entered, Father Mathew was speaking. He gave way to his lordship immediately, standing, however, in token of respect. The denunciation of his clergy over, Dr. Stanley proceeded to eulogize the benevolence and zeal of the Catholic priest, becoming presently so impassioned as fairly to carry away with him even the cautious and unimpassioned chairman. It was an opportunity for a painter. The place—St. Andrew's Hall; the chairman—an illustrious member of the Society of Friends. On the right hand—the bishop; on the left hand—Father Mathew. Around the chair—the leading advocates of the temperance cause. In the foreground—the citizens of Norwich in crowds, energetically responding to the episcopal assertion of liberty of conscience, liberty of action, and liberty of speech.

Somewhat less offensively, but not much less seriously, was Bishop Stanley assailed for his conduct towards Jenny Lind. She also was invited to the palace to lodge there whilst fulfilling a professional engagement in the episcopal city. Opposition was raised by some of the clergy to this act of the bishop's kindness, but it was raised this time in vain. The invitation was accepted, and the Swedish Nightingale became his guest. We learn from the *Memoir*, (p. 82,) that 'the bishop's public reception of such a guest provoked strong expressions of disapprobation both in his own diocese and elsewhere.' It was 'condemned as incautious and unwarranted.' But he was not to be deterred, for on a subsequent visit to Norwich, Miss Lind was an inmate of the palace again; and it was evident to the whole city that she was a guest whom his lordship delighted to honour. He accompanied her everywhere. Even to the orchestra did he conduct her, and thence he received her when she was about to retire. That the lady in question was of unimpeachable virtue we are fully



aware. We yield to no one in our admiration. Her kindness was, as it still is, most exemplary. But we do rather sympathize than otherwise with the dissatisfaction which was expressed by some of the bishop's sincere admirers at the course which in this instance he pursued. His attentions to the fair Swede might advantageously have been less ostentatious. However, it was like the man exactly. By no consideration would he be held back from doing what he thought right. Whilst, therefore, we gravely doubt the prudence of this and of many other of his doings, we believe they were upright and brave beyond all dispute.

There was a good deal of bravery one Sunday morning in his cathedral, though not an exuberance of discretion in the better sense of that word. 'On the occasion of a Chartist mob occupying the cathedral, according to the practice which extensively prevailed amongst them in 1839, he undertook, in place of the usual preacher, to expostulate with them strongly and severely on the futile and mischievous tendencies of their principles.' This expostulation was generally thought unwise. I related, in part at least, to the vexed question of machinery *versus* hand-loom weaving—hardly a suitable topic, and far too wide-reaching to be disposed of with any satisfaction there. The sermon exasperated rather than appeased the men to whom it was addressed. They thought it an unfair thing to school them on that subject when they had no opportunity of reply, and went away with an augmentation of their dislike to professing Christians generally, and to the clergy in particular. Still he meant it well. He believed that a yet larger use of machinery would be generally advantageous, and without much forethought he said so. Other men, under the circumstances, would have tried to conciliate; he tried to instruct.

From what we have said, the reader will be able to form a substantially accurate opinion of the bishop's character. We hardly know where we should end if we went on to give all the illustrations of his character which are at hand. Some of them are very pleasant; as, for instance, his preaching a funeral sermon for Joseph John Gurney in the cathedral pulpit: and some of them very beautiful; as, for instance, his writing an address to his old school-children at Alderley, which purported to be addressed to them from the grave. No eye ever saw it till after his death, when it was found among his papers, with the record of his desire that it might be sent to every individual who had formerly been in his school. We quote a few sentences:—

'When I lived I loved you as a parent, and I spared no pains to make you good and happy. Now I am gone down to the grave, and you will see me, you will hear me, no more. But, though dead, I would yet

forget not, then, the parting words of one who so earnestly wished for your present and eternal welfare. When I lived I spoke to you often of God and your Saviour. You will soon be called from the world to follow me, and then you will, I hope, feel how blessed a thing it was to have known and served them.'

A similar address was prepared for his old parishioners, from which we take the closing sentence.

'In life I knew and loved you; in death I would not be divided. My dear parishioners, may we meet again to commence a closer and dearer connexion in the world of blessed spirits.'

On reading these posthumous addresses, we understand a remark of Mr. Alexander's (p. 40)—viz., that 'sometimes in his speeches, and sometimes in his sermons, he adopted a mode of expression which no man of evangelical sentiments could approve. They certainly did not harmonize with the received doctrine of justification by faith alone.' We believe Mr. Alexander is right. He adopted such modes of expression 'sometimes,' whilst at other times his avowal of the doctrine of justification by faith alone was quite clear enough, as Mr. Alexander says, to put 'his general orthodoxy' beyond doubt. We quite agree that 'his public addresses which bore upon theological subjects were not always among his best efforts.' There was too much uncertainty of sound; there was the perpetual indication of a fear lest the doctrine of salvation by grace should lead men to be heedless of good works.

'We are disposed to think,' with Mr. Alexander, 'that his abhorrence of the doctrine of faith without works led him sometimes to speak as if he advocated works without faith, or as if he united the two in the meritorious ground of a sinner's acceptance with God.' He would have been a better theologian could he have shaken himself free from the formularies of his church, in which, as the minister of Prince's-street chapel honestly declares, 'it seems impossible for any man to have an *ex animo* faith without believing in flat contradictions.'

In one of his examinations of a Lancasterian school the bishop asked the boys, 'What must we do to go to heaven when we die?' One of them replied instantly, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, sir!' With great earnestness the bishop rejoined, 'And what else?' 'Nothing, sir!' We suspect the theology of the boy's answer was better than that of the bishop's question. It looked as though he would have had something else besides belief in Jesus Christ: unmindful, at the moment, that good works are the fruits of evangelical faith, and not its coadjutors in obtaining everlasting life.

As time wore on many of the difficulties of his position

diminished, and he had greatly to rejoice, not only in the general attachment of his fellow-citizens, but also in the manifest improvement of his diocese. In many respects the improvement was obvious. Despite the obstructions which were thrown in his way to the last, he secured an amount of clerical propriety to which the diocese had long been a stranger. 'He had found it a wilderness, and he left it in comparison a cultivated field.' The following extract from his journal is interesting. Writing at the end of 1842 he says—

'More grateful ought I to be at the visible and certain improvement that has taken place in the diocese. For three or four years I had to stem a steady torrent of prejudice, and more or less of opposition: but that current has now changed its course, and I feel gliding onwards with better hopes, supported by, I believe, a great majority of those whose opinion and esteem are worth possessing. God grant that my life may be prolonged until I have effected the great object I had in view, in undertaking the labours imposed upon me. May I live to see the triumph of Christian principles in the Church, uncontaminated and undefiled by the lower, sordid, and worldly passions connected with what has hitherto been called—so falsely and so fatally for its real interests—*attachment to the Church.*'

But for the fear of being charged with unseemly intrusiveness we should express much regret that Mr. Stanley has not given us larger extracts from his father's journal. The conviction has grown on us, by frequent perusal of those which are given, that we should hold his memory in yet higher esteem in proportion to our acquaintance with the details of his personal and official life. We must revere the man who in simplicity and godly sincerity made this entry in his journal on the eve of his seventieth birthday—the last entry, by-the-bye, that he ever made.

'And now, O my God, whose eye is upon me, and who canst search my heart to the very inmost, hear the prayer I would offer in sincerity and earnestness on my entrance on probably the last division and scene of my mortal life. The threescore years and ten have passed, and the remaining years must be few. Grant that thy Holy Spirit may enable me so to act in the high and responsible vocation in which thy providence hath placed me, that my declining years may be devoted to thy service, and that in all my doings and intentions, the advancement of thy holy religion, and the true vital interests of the Catholic Church of Christ, may be my prominent object, and end, and aim.'

This was written on the last day of 1848. Early in 1849 he was intreated to decline engagements which were felt by his friends to be too much for him; but 'he was not to be persuaded.' He was found at his post in the House of Lords; he was seen about among the ragged schools and the model lodging-houses of the metropolis; he was on the platform in Exeter

Hall at one time, and at the Borough-road school at another. 'He acted as if he considered the offices and exertions of a bishop due not only to his own diocese but to all mankind.'

His strength, however, was unequal to the stress; he returned to his see in July, evidently exhausted. A season of entire relaxation having been resolved on, the bishop left for Scotland at the time when the cholera was commencing its work of death in London and elsewhere. It had not then reached Norwich, or he declared that he would not go. One stipulation was made when he did go, which showed his character exactly: 'Mind, the moment the cholera breaks out here, I return instantly, to be at my post.' He was never to return. The journey seemed for a time to be advantageous, but alarming symptoms were very soon apparent, and the effort to subdue them was in vain. We must let Mr. Stanley describe the closing scene.

'On Monday, the 3rd of September, a decided change took place for the worse: his mind became slightly affected, and the medical attendant was, for the first time, alarmed . . . . On the morning of the 4th he rose apparently refreshed: he begged to have a passage of Scripture read to him: and after having listened attentively to the words . . . . which describe the perishing of the outward man and the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle, he said in his usual manner, when in deep thought, 'Let me hear them again.' But the rally was only for a moment: he expressed a desire to go down to the warm sunshine . . . . and rose to attempt it; but his strength was gone. He could but just cross the room, supported on either side, and sank down on the bed in a deep sleep. That moment the physician entered, and saw, at once, that the disorder had turned to congestion of the brain. Remedies were applied: he was aroused to animation, but not to consciousness. A few wandering words and sentences escaped him on the topics most familiar to him. . . . . 'Then I shall be within reach of Norwich to return for the cholera . . . . If there are but twenty, they ought to have their double service.' Before evening these faint gleams of life and reason had passed away. . . . . For two days the unconscious struggle of nature continued: but on the night of Thursday, the 6th of September . . . . he breathed his last.'

Around his dying bed were his wife and daughters, with his second son, ministering to him, as they so well knew how to minister, on his departure to be with Christ. It was the departure of a good man.

In accordance with a desire which he had expressed, his remains were conveyed to Norwich, rather than to Alderley, and in his own cathedral they were interred. Both the volumes before us contain descriptions of the funeral, which we should be glad to transcribe, so suggestive are they of the estimation in which he

was held by all manner of persons in his own city. The following sufficiently denotes the general fact:—

‘We despair of ever again witnessing anything so impressive as this vast procession of the clergy, the dissenting ministers, the citizens, and the corporation. It was the very embodiment of public and spontaneous sorrow. There was no hypocrisy there. The feeling was deep, sincere, and diffused among all classes.’—*Brief Memoir*, p. 52.

We must be permitted one more quotation.

‘Never shall I forget the opening of the great doors, and the first entrance of the throng into the cathedral. Each person slowly went to his seat . . . followed by a large array of clergy, and ministers, I believe, of every denomination, for once in their lives unanimous in the all-pervading wish to show how deeply they esteemed him who had himself regarded all with good feeling, and had remembered the apostolic injunction—*Honour all men*. Now he was honoured by all men. The affecting service in the choir finished, we all moved towards the place where the body was to rest. There we were all unmanned. The poor chorister boys, so often caressed by their dear bishop, could hardly utter the notes for sobbing. The girls of Miss Stanley’s school stood behind, weeping, and about *eleven hundred children* of the schools were arranged on each side of the nave. . . . No pen that ever wrote could convey an adequate idea of the thrill at the moment when the dean, with great tenderness of manner, uttered those words of interment which never fail to elicit the highest emotions. . . . On going into the city almost every shop was closed, and all the banks and every public office had ceased from business.’

He was buried, as his epitaph declares—

‘Amidst the mourning of the diocese which he had animated, the city which he had served, the poor whom he had visited, the schools which he had fostered, the family which he had loved, and of all Christian people with whom, howsoever divided, he had joined in whatsoever things were true, and honest, and just, and pure, and of good report.’

We confess that this most truthful epitaph unmans us, so far as our ultimate purpose was concerned. We intended to use the materials which these memoirs abundantly supply, for illustrating and enforcing the principles we hold on the subject of Church establishments. We have very, very seldom come into possession of such materials. When worked even by an agent so truly right-minded as was Bishop Stanley, our Church establishment will not work harmoniously with the word of God. We were about to show this. But we forbear, preferring to close our notice of Mr. Stanley’s and Mr. Alexander’s volumes with an expression of great respect for the memory of the late Bishop of Norwich. We are by no means unmindful of his failings. We have our eye upon some passages of his addresses which savour strongly of unfairness towards dissenting principles and dissenting prac-

tices. We could intimate that he must have known better. We might prove that he ought to have known better. We should have no difficulty in demonstrating that he had not already attained, neither was already perfect; but not having ourselves attained, neither being ourselves perfect, we lay down our pen in the exercise of the fullest brotherly kindness and charity towards all who, with the venerable and beloved Bishop Stanley, love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Though not members of the Evangelical Alliance, we hold ourselves in readiness to recognise the Christianity of those with whom we differ, and, as in the present instance, to put on our pages the record of our admiration for their conscientious devotedness to the cause of God. We are prepared, whereunto we have mutually attained, to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing, in full assurance of hope, that whereunto we have not attained God will reveal even this unto us.

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ART. IV.—*The Ansayrii; or, the Assassins. With Travels in the Further East, 1850-51, including a visit to Nineveh.* By Lieut. the Hon. F. Walpole, R.N., author of 'Four years in the Pacific.' In three volumes. London: Bentley. 1851.

AMONG the strange populations found within the Turkish empire, there is, probably, none which so powerfully excites curiosity as the Ansayrii, or Assassins. Who are they? Whence did they come? What do they believe? In the history of the crusades, where all is irregular and extravagant, we find this tribe, or rather sect, looming upon us like a dark mythe, on the extreme verge, as it were, of credibility. Much has been written on them, but hitherto nothing that can be regarded as satisfactory. The three questions we have asked above remain unanswered; and though some new light has now been thrown on the subject, we are still, on many points, abandoned altogether to the perplexity of conjecture.

The fate which has attended the Ansayrii in the literature of the west is in some respects singular. Other communities of men have for awhile been assailed by calumny, been cast under a cloud, and wounded by malicious reports or monstrous exaggerations. But inquiry has at length dispersed the mists of prejudice and error, and exhibited them to the world in their true colours. This happened to Christianity itself; the malignity of the Jews and pagans, relentless in proportion to their apprehensions of the new creed, gave birth to atrocious fictions, which at the time obtained general currency, and were only discredited slowly, as experience familiarized the world with the believers in



the gospel. We smile now, partly in pity, partly in contempt, at the mutual accusations fiercely hurled against each other by the members of hostile sects; but we absolutely refuse them our belief, because we distrust the motives in which they originate.

With regard to the Ansayrii, the case is different. Time has not delivered them from obloquy, but, on the contrary, each successive traveller in Syria has added to the mass of evil reports in circulation against this people, from which the inference usually drawn is, that they merit the reproaches so liberally heaped upon them.

But, upon examination, do we really find that the witnesses who volunteer their evidence are deserving of credit? What were their sources of information; and through what channels did they derive their knowledge? The Turks, the Maronites, the Druses, the Kourds and Arabs, are all animated by one common feeling of hatred towards the Ansayrii, who, fierce and fanatically addicted to their superstition, whatever it may be, return the aversion of their neighbours with interest, and are never so happy as when engaged in acts of vengeance against them. It must, consequently, be obvious that the accounts given of each other by sectaries so hostile are not to be relied on. Travellers, however, have usually preferred repeating the libels against the Ansayrii circulated by those who abhor them, to venturing upon a visit to their mountains, where the danger to be encountered was supposed to be commensurate with the obscurity in which the inhabitants were shrouded.

Hyde, in his 'History of the Religion of the Ancient Persians,' recapitulates the ideas which prevailed in his time on the subject of these wild people, together with the Shemsieh, the Ismaelieh, the Yezidis, and the Druses, and, under the cover of a learned language, is enabled to enter into details not to be described in the popular dialect of any civilized country. Niebuhr, though a traveller, possessed on this subject no advantage over our erudite countryman. He added nothing to the information, or, indeed, even to the rumours, prevailing about the Ansayrii and other cognate sects; and even Volney, though a man of vastly superior intellect, and placed in far more favourable circumstances, since he spoke the language of the country, and enjoyed the advantages of a protracted residence, did not succeed in removing the veil which concealed their tenets and practices from the world. Precisely the same remark will apply to Burckhardt, and, therefore, when the idea of investigating the subject presented itself to Mr. Walpole, at Latakia, he could not but feel that he was about to enter on untrodden ground.

And has this traveller, then, at length, disclosed the secret of the Assassins? Are we now in a condition to answer the questions

—Who are they?—Whence do they come, and what do they believe? This is more than we can affirm; but we may say with truth, that he has ventured further, and seen and explained more, than any other traveller. There is a philosophy in superstition which mankind do not often care to comprehend, especially when, as among the heretical sects of Mohammedanism, the doctrines taught are dark and intricate, and connected with historical events with which the world is little familiar.

We should convey a false idea of Mr. Walpole if we represented him as a philosophical traveller, exclusively intent on making discoveries which might throw new light on the history of religions and superstitions. His object would seem to have been as much to amuse himself as to acquire knowledge. Still, on arriving in a part of Syria where he came in contact with this little-known race, a powerful curiosity was awakened, and he immediately determined, with such lights and means as he possessed, to enter on an inquiry into their history, tenets, manners, and character. In developing this plan he displayed much judgment and perseverance. His mode of proceeding was admirably calculated to obtain the sort of information he desired; but owing to the haste in which his journal has been published, he has not been able, on this point, or indeed perhaps on any other, to do full justice to himself.

From the time of the crusades downwards, the students of history have been desirous to penetrate into the secret of the Assassins. All remember the terrible agency by which the orders of the Sheikh-el-Jebel, or Old Man of the Mountain, as he is popularly denominated, were executed in the palmy days of the sect; how the reputation of his followers diffused terror far and wide; how the very mention of the name blanched the cheeks of princes and despots in the recesses of their palaces; and how, in its most startling sense, it has been adopted in all the languages of Europe to designate the most sanguinary criminals, that from time to time set at defiance the laws of society, and trample fiercely even on the primary dictates of nature.

It cannot, therefore, be a slight gratification to be admitted by such a race behind the veil of their mysteries. Mr. Walpole felt this, and as soon as circumstances inspired him with the hope of success, seems to have laid down for himself a plan of operations to which he steadily adhered. Into the extent of his resources it is not necessary to inquire; but the Ansayrii, thinking them considerable, were urged by the *auri sacra fames* to pay court to him at his house. The traveller, on these occasions, made it his business to inspire them with a high idea of his sagacity, knowledge, experience and familiarity with the secret tenets of various sects. He affected to be himself a believer in many concealed

mysteries, all approaches to which he guarded jealously against those with whom he conversed. At the same time he skilfully awakened in their minds the persuasion that, either by tradition from his parents, or by the force of continued study, or through some other means inexplicable to them, he had already rendered himself master of their most abstruse opinions, signs, tokens, and practices, though he did not think it worth while to discuss the matter with them.

In this manner he excited their curiosity: desirous of ascertaining how much he knew, they inadvertently, while attempting to make this discovery, threw out scraps of information which were immediately seized upon and treasured up. The Oriental mind, however subtle and acute in itself, is no match for that of the European, when disciplined by education. The Ansayrii Sheikhs were keen and ingenious, and prided themselves much on these qualities, yet found it impracticable, in familiar intercourse, so completely to disguise their tenets and leading ideas as to prevent their guest or host—for in turns he was both—from discovering their nature. Besides, their pride was flattered at finding a stranger—who to them must have been a miracle of learning—eager to add to his store by acquiring knowledge from them.

Mr. Walpole describes, though not completely, the system of attack and defence adopted on these occasions. Among the members of a secret society, exposed to continual persecution, compelled to take refuge in the most subtle dissimulation, every act of life, every attitude, gesture, phrase, idiom, and peculiarity of language becomes symbolical.

Words, intelligible and familiar in themselves, are wrested from their ordinary signification, and employed to represent ideas with which, among mankind generally, they are no way associated.

Mr. Walpole studied the whole demeanour and bearing of the Ansayrii, and observing, when the Sheikhs of religion visited him, that they always disposed their hands in a particular manner, first holding the fingers apart, then closing them, then putting the fingers of the right hand to touch the fingers of the left, and so on, he judged that these practices had a meaning, and by dint of patient inquiry, conducted in a very clever manner, succeeded in discovering what he wished. It is perfectly clear, however, from his narrative, that he has not given us an exposition of all that was revealed to him. Possibly he may think, and perhaps correctly, that, to a majority of Europeans, what is in reality an important secret might seem none; for example, the ordinary reader would not feel greatly interested if he were told that the Ansayrii worship Ali Ibn Taleb, not as a man who lived so many hundred years ago, but as the creator of the universe, who appeared, through a sort of unintelligible avatar, in the person of that prophet.

But to the Muslims of Syria a discovery like this would appear of much consequence, because, as it is with them a point of duty to persecute pagans and heretics, they would find in it a justification of their own atrocities. To the Christians also, who, without the power, have much of the uncharitableness of the Mohammedans, it would not be a whit less gratifying to be able, on all suitable occasions, to reproach the Ansayrii with anthropomorphism. What, however, would the believers in the Bible and the Koran say, if, proceeding many steps further in the investigation, they should become possessed of the cardinal secret of the sect? Would not their hatred towards the disciples of the Sheikh-el-Jebel be immeasurably increased? Would not the crime of common idolatry, the worship of images, of stars, of planets, of the sun and moon, of fire, appear harmless and venal in comparison? Dimly, through the disclosures of travellers we have discovered certain peculiarities in the worship of the Bramans, which, on account of their portentous nature, a majority among us have determined to regard as incredible. In Egypt, also, and Phœnicia, in Carthage, Babylon, and Assyria, and among the wild and recluse mountain populations of the Lebanon, we perceive obscurely, through the fragments of ancient literature, traces of the same superstition. But we put a sort of indolent faith in the things that have been, and dismiss them from our minds. Humanity, we know, was in old times subject to a variety of intellectual diseases, which we would fain persuade ourselves have died out, without leaving any certain or intelligible marks on the existing systems of faith or practice.

We cannot, however, really persuade ourselves that, after the lapse of many thousand years, within a short walk of the British consulate in Northern Syria, encircled by tribes of Christians and Muslims, accessible to missionaries, protestant and catholic, in constant intercourse with merchants and wayfarers from Europe, there still exists a community, sufficiently powerful to send forty thousand men into the field, who persist in cherishing what may perhaps have been the most primitive form of idolatry.

Hyde, Niebuhr, and Volney were not, then, on this point misinformed. In fact, it is next to impossible for a whole tribe or sect, existing in the midst of unfriendly populations, so successfully to veil their belief and practice, through a long series of centuries, as wholly to elude their hostile scrutiny. Positive evidence presented itself in an extremely singular way. A man belonging to one of the contending sects of the Ansayrii having been found guilty of some offence against the Porte, was condemned to be publicly decapitated. The head having been severed from the shoulders by a single blow of the scimitar, rolled forward like a ball upon the ground, and the tarboosh falling off, a paper was found in the crown of it, which, upon examination, proved to be a prayer.

What the Assassins worship was now at length discovered. The paper was given to Mr. Walpole, who translated it and brought it with him to Europe, in proof of the correctness of his statement. For an explanation we refer to his work—it not being in our power to give it here; but whoever has read Mr. St. John's chapters on the 'Origin of the Pyramids,' or Selden 'de Diis Syris,' Larcher's 'Treatise on the Worship of Venus,' Orguignaut's 'Dissertation on the Paphian Goddess,' will be able to form a reasonable conjecture.

But upon this part of the system of the Ansayrii, light, as we have said, was thrown by accident, and Mr. Walpole has only the credit of having arrived opportunely in Syria, while the manuscript prayer was accessible. For an insight into other portions of their belief he was indebted to his own patience and ingenuity. By constant kindness and conciliation he made several of the chiefs his friends, and at length accepted from them an invitation to visit their dwellings in the mountains, of which he had obtained a glimpse while out with a pleasure-party from Latakia. One of the liveliest passages in his work is the description of the setting out of the cavalcade; and we therefore extract it as a specimen of his best manner.

'We left the town one lovely morning, a gallant cavalcade of some fifty horsemen. The two high functionaries of England and France rode on either side of me; next came sedate Christians; then a confused mass of quiet horses, ambling asses, and petted mules, led by servants, and carrying the veiled beauties of Christian faith: Each rode astride, a noisy Pickle generally on the croup, and an infant of tender years before; their white shrouds could hardly cover the joy at their emancipation and expected Keif; behind followed a small regiment of sutlers, for no eastern lady can move without a cargo of walnuts, pistachios, bonbons, figs, mastic, &c., while round us galloped, shouted, fired, charged, darted, all the chiefs; also youths, servants, and janissaries, attached to the consulates. Now they darted over the rocky plain, pursuing or pursued, now dashed in our faces, firing, yelling, wheeling their horses, curvetting, throwing and returning the jereed, or seizing the long quivering spear from some less active antagonist.

'It always seems to me our inferiors quaff the choice drop of our pleasures: witness a dull evening with stupid company, while you hear faintly the roars of the servants. Distance lends, perhaps, enchantment to the view. But so it seemed on this occasion; methought I would rather have joined that gay group than have marched at a funeral pace on a very restive horse, even though he was led by two high Sheikhs. About half a mile from the village, we were met by the male population and the music; the two masses mingled tumultuously, yelling, firing, rushing, kicking, neighing, braying, till, like two mighty streams, struggling, curling, and conjoining at last, we flowed peaceably on to the village, the music just before me thundering forth its very loudest notes. No sooner did we begin to ascend the ridge, than the women, who were all

clustered on the summit, joined in with their cry of welcome, the Hakee singular, or Hakeel plural. It consists of a short verse, such as 'You are welcome, the day is blessed.' 'May you be happy, Ya Hyder Bey. Lrhoo, Lrihoo' Lrhoo, Lrhoo, Lalloo.'

'We found the tents pitched on the flat grassy top of the mound, commanding a beautiful view. The minarets and olive grounds of Latakia seemed as if retreating behind the castle hill; before us a varied plain, sprinkled with rich gardens and summer villas, till it met the sea, blue, calm and beautiful; on the north, undulating fields of green, vigorous corn faded into mountains of every varied hue, nobly flanked by the Djebel Okal, or bald-mountain. On the eastward is another undulating plain, but again those mountains rise in broken ridges pile on pile; containing those wild tribes, now as of old unvisited. As I gazed on them, my resolve was strengthened to penetrate their farthest recesses, and wipe off the slur which stains the wanderer's name, that we cannot, dare not enter them. The front of my tent, pitched the most conveniently for enjoying the sight, was taken down, the women removed their curious shrouds, and shone forth in all the bravery of gold, silk, and embroidery. —The Sheikh Abdallah now asked if we wished the people to dance, or preferred waiting until the eating was over. First, the dance; the music struck up afresh. It consisted of two enormous drums slung by a strap round the neck. The left hand grasped one end, at the same time striking the instrument with a stick with the right. The fellows banged boldly, occasionally, as they became excited, swinging the drum round in a semi-circle, the drummer forming the centre. A most venerable looking man played the fife, rather, perhaps, a clarionet, with seven uncovered holes, the bell-shaped end inlaid with silver; chains also with coins jingled about it. Another played a similar instrument not less gaily ornamented. For each instrument there were two players, who relieved one another as they became fatigued.'—Vol. iii. p. 108.

Finding himself among these mysterious and sanguinary mountaineers, he applied himself to the study of their manners, character, and creed, encountering at every step, not only the ordinary obstacles, which would at all times have lain in the way of a traveller, but several new ones, created by the peculiar circumstances of Syria. Deeply concerned as they are to conceal the peculiar tenets of their faith, the Ansayrii were evidently still more anxious to improve their secular condition by placing themselves under the authority of Great Britain. They took Mr. Walpole to be an agent of the British government, and believed it to be in his power to protect them against the tyranny of the Pasha and the extortions of the divan. He, of course, disclaimed all right and title to such an honour; but the more eager he seemed to inspire them with a different belief, the more pertinaciously did they cling to their own interpretation of his mission among them.

For these reasons it happened that while he was hospitably received by the Sheikhs, they imparted to his appearance a



political significance, and could hardly be prevailed upon to discuss calmly intricate points of doctrine. Their attention, indeed, was greatly occupied by intestine wars, contests of tribes with tribes, and clans with clans,—in appeasing which Mr. Walpole had more than once an opportunity of conferring lasting benefits on his hosts. As his eyes and his ears were, meanwhile, constantly open, he saw and heard much calculated to throw light on the subjects about which he desired to obtain information. At the risk of his head he went through the ceremony of initiation, when he learned many particulars which he has considered it a point of honour not to disclose. Indeed, as he intends returning to the Ansayrii mountains, it is likewise a point of prudence; for, true to the original signification of their name, they would as soon send a poniard through him, as they would give him a dinner, a horse, or a village if they believed in the sincerity of his attachment to their rites and opinions.

Respecting the origin of the tribe it is difficult, even with Mr. Walpole's assistance, to arrive at any precise opinion. Our own belief is, that they are descended from the ancient Pagans, who, like the gipsies in Europe and the ghawazi in Egypt, have consented, for the sake of peace and quietness, nominally to adopt the religion of those around them.

Their own tradition is, that at a comparatively late period in the history of El Islam, the inhabitants of their mountains were exterminated, while they, deriving their origin from Persia, were suffered to take possession of them. Possibly, however, they, the Druses, the Yezedehs, and the Shemsieh, have all sprung from one stock, and have separated into sects and divisions in the course of time. Heresiarchs meet with but little mercy from history, and therefore we can scarcely hope to discover in the Mohammedan annals of Syria any satisfactory explanation of the tenets of Hassan Saba, or Hakim Beam Rillah, or any others of those founders of sects who have, from time to time, bewildered the understandings of the faithful. But Mr. Walpole would certainly be doing good service if he were to collect, digest, and present to the world, all the accounts still accessible of those enthusiasts, whether sultans or camel-drivers, who introduced modifications into the creeds of the tribes inhabiting the mountains of Syria. He seems to us extremely well qualified for this task—in the first place, because he takes a considerable interest in the inquiry; and secondly, because his own ideas are not without some analogy to those prevailing in that part of the world.

It would be wholly beside our purpose to attempt a complete analysis of the system of ideas prevailing among the Ansayrii, which, whether they are conscious of it or not, would seem to be of a very composite character, and to trace its origin partly to

Christianity, partly to Mohammedanism, and partly, perhaps chiefly, to those primitive superstitions, which, in the mountains of Asia, have bid defiance to civilization, and survived the oldest empires of the east. There, to the present hour, it is an article of faith that persons are often possessed by the devil, who, however, may be exorcised and put to flight by the sheikhs of religion. Mr. Walpole tells a story apropos of this notion, that may be worth repeating:—

‘Some hour or two after we had retired to sleep, we were awoken by a dreadful noise—yells, cries, and, at intervals, the heavy blows of a cudgel. The consul, tender hearted, awoke the kavass, whom he sent out to inquire the cause. The kavass found Sheikh Hassan belabouring a poor woman, shouting and yelling while he did so, nor would he desist until he had left her half dead on the ground. I maintained the semblance of sleep, wishing to see the result without disturbance, and thinking that, probably, the punishment was merited. The affair over, Sheikh Hassan came to the consul, and said, “Ya, consul, I have had sad work; it was a strong devil; did you see, I drove him up to her nose; but there he remained, long and pertinaciously.” The consul remonstrated against the cruelty. The sheikh declared, “the blows were not on her face, but on the spirit; those cries were the yells of the fiend, unwilling to quit the residence he had chosen.” The woman, we afterwards found, had come some considerable distance to be cured. Sheikh Hassan’s power being universally acknowledged.

‘He told me, also, that the demon which he had expelled from the woman, when adjured by a holy name, exclaimed, “Let me alone, I am no Christian. I do not care for that name.” He next adjured him by the name of Abraham the Beloved, and then the evil spirit came out of her.’—Vol. iii. p. 120.

People generally in the East are incapable, as is well known, of drawing any line of demarcation between the possible and the impossible. Their belief, therefore, in the supernatural, is unbounded, and fictions which with us would scarcely obtain credit in a nursery, are circulated through the adult world with as unhesitating a faith as the most unquestionable events of history. Quite in keeping are their physical theories. For instance, Mr. Walpole’s assertion that the earth was round, and moved, was met with horror. One of his servants asked him what became of the sun, whether a new one came every day, or ‘how God brought it back?’ He was rather an intelligent fellow, and had formed a poetical theory, to which he said he had gained a great many proselytes. It was, that each day a new sun passes the earth, and then quietly takes up its position as a star, where it remains. Some Muslims believe that it rolls under the earth; others, that it returns at night behind clouds and darkness.

On one occasion, Mr. Walpole and his hosts passed from the discussion of these scientific topics to snake charmers and sala-

manders, or persons who are unhurt by fire, in whose existence the orientals firmly believe. By way of illustration, one of the party related a story which shocked the faith of no one present. He was staying, he said, at the tent of a certain Turkoman chief, who dwelt about two days' journey distant. Numerous guests arrived one evening, and among them was a poor traveller who was journeying to his native village, after a visit to some neighbouring town. He appeared of a very taciturn disposition, and attracted very little notice from any one. In due time all the other visitors retired to rest, and this wayfarer remained alone. The servants then came to him, and asked him, 'Where do you sleep?' 'Oh, anywhere,' he replied. 'Ah, this will do,' deliberately seating himself on the fire, which was blazing in a hole in the ground in the centre of the tent. Remaining in this posture for a considerable time, he at length shifted his position, and quietly putting a huge burning log under his head, went to sleep. Many other similar stories are related—especially of men who carry fire in their trousers or caps, from one place to another.

Possibly the late operations of our army in Syria, where we must certainly have presented a striking contrast with the Turks and Arabs, may have impressed the Ansayrii and others with a highly favourable opinion of our character as a nation. We have already remarked, that they desire strongly to pass under our protection, to which they were perhaps originally led by observing that the Maronites, though subjects of the Porte, pay a sort of superior allegiance to the French, by whom they are constantly defended against the anger of the divan and the pashas. Both the Druses and the Ansayrii would gladly enter into the same relation with England, whose great power and influence they illustrate in an extremely original way.

'The following story was told to me, and, as I heard it from one who neither knew I was an Englishman, nor bore any particular love to our country, it may be relied on as genuine. One evening, sitting among the rocks with a party of natives, the conversation turned on flags. A man, sitting there, said to a stranger, "Why do the English put the unicorn on their flags?" and then related the following story of it, as one well known through the length and breadth of the land—"The unicorn is found in a vast country south of Abyssinia; there the animals, undisturbed by man, live after their own laws. The water does not flow in rivers, but lives in the bosom of the soil; when the others wish to drink, the unicorn inserts his horn into the earth, with this he scoops a pool, satisfies his own thirst, and leaves what he does not require to the rest. So these English have the privilege of first discovering all things, and then the rest of the world may come afterwards.'"—iii. 285.

But in proportion as the Ansayrii like the English, they detest the Turks; and it was the discovery that Mr. Walpole cherished the same feeling—which he took care to exhibit on

all occasions—that principally contributed to procure him their good will. Nor is this hatred without its justification. Nothing can be more oppressive, unjust, or odious, than the Turkish system of taxation, except, perhaps, the manner of raising soldiers for the army. This, wherever the Osmanlis are in power, is the crying grievance of the subject races, to none of which, perhaps, is it so revolting as to the Ansayrii, between whom and the Turks there is an antagonism like that between good and evil. While this subject was under discussion, one of their chiefs exclaimed, ‘I shall retire to a glen and there rob my enemy, and live. My people, like myself, care little for home or roof; the mountain side, with my son, is better than the serai and him away.’

It will be perceived, from what has preceded, that Mr. Walpole's work is full of interest and valuable information. The writer is a near relative of the Reverend Robert Walpole, of Christ Church, Marylebone, editor of ‘Travels in the East,’ author of ‘Memoirs on European and Asiatic Turkey,’ and one of the most accomplished scholars of the age. The classical reader will probably call to mind his edition of the ‘Comicorum Græcorum Fragmenta,’ which obtained for him the praise of Porson. This gentleman also travelled in the East, in Asia Minor, Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece, though he preferred, in many cases, editing the journals of others to putting forward his own—an instance of modesty extremely rare, especially in one possessing so much ability as he.

Mr. Frederick Walpole is, likewise, in his turn, doing good service. He has opened up an extremely curious subject, and given us what O'Connell would have called the first instalment. We trust he will persevere, penetrate thoroughly into the system of ideas prevailing among the half-barbarous tribes of the Syrian mountains, investigate their history, and familiarize himself with their manners, so as hereafter to be able to present us with a complete picture. The sketch he has already given to the public is in itself valuable, though it would, perhaps, have been better on the whole had the work been compressed into two volumes, which it might easily have been, without any detriment to the writer's views, or any sacrifice of the more valuable portion of his manuscript.

In conducting future investigation, the best plan would be to collect from ancient writers all the passages bearing on the subject, then to follow up this, by examining the history of the crusades, of the sultans of Egypt and Damascus, of the conquests of Timur, and those modern Muslim sovereigns who have held sway over Syria. To these must be added the records of religious sects; and thus, without producing a work encumbered with

learning, the intellectual life might be laid open of a people hitherto, we may truly say, among the least known on the surface of the globe. For what Mr. Frederick Walpole has already done the public is much indebted to him, and we trust he will be encouraged to persevere, and complete what he has so well commenced.

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ART. V.—*A History of the English Railway ; its Social Relations and Revelations.* 1820-1845. By John Francis. 2 vols. 8vo. London : Longman and Co.

THE readers of Mr. Francis's former works, on 'The Bank of England,' and the 'London Stock Exchange,' will need few words to induce them to look into these volumes. The 'History' of the one, and the 'Chronicles' of the other, were amongst the most pleasant books of their day. The transactions recorded, and the persons whose biography and characters they sketch, were precisely such as interest the public ; while the diligence evinced in collecting anecdotes, the easy flow of the style, and the good faith and good humour observed, conciliated the many and pleased the vanity of a few. Altogether, the works were decidedly popular ; they obtained a large circulation, and prepared the way for a favourable reception of their successors. To the volumes before us, they constitute a good introduction, which goes far to defy criticism, and supersede the value of *our* approval. Nevertheless, we must honestly discharge our function, which we do with the more pleasure, as our verdict will, in the main, be such as Mr. Francis and his admirers will approve. The present work is dedicated to Mr. Glyn, chairman of the London and North-Western Railway, and is designed, 'to develop the origin and progress of the railway system, and, by blending with it personal sketches of many who have joined the new power, to add a general interest to the subject.' The work, it must be borne in mind, is not statistical. This is due to Mr. Francis as well as to those who are seeking such data. Information of that kind is of course occasionally communicated, but other authors must be referred to if the reader seeks to know the details of those vast operations which are silently revolutionizing the habits of our country. All that Mr. Francis undertakes to communicate, lies on the surface. It was ready to the hand of a diligent collector, and easily assumes the form in which he wishes to present it to his reader. What is not of this nature, belongs, with slight exception, to the order of personal anecdote, serving rather to enliven and render pleasant, than to

give scientific value and permanent attraction, to the history. Our author, 'to begin with the beginning,' goes back to the olden time, when the first road was formed, in 415, and traces rapidly the progress subsequently made in our highways. It is amusing to note the state of things at some of the periods to which he alludes. Few of our readers, probably, are sufficiently imaginative to realize the neighbourhood of London-bridge in the locality thus described.

'The great highway of Watling-street was beset, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, by violent men. Outlaws, dwelling in the woods and forests around it, came suddenly on the traveller, deprived him of his all, and, with the booty they had won, as suddenly retreated to the forest or the fastness of their solitary home.'

The pedlar and packhorse occupy an important niche in the history of locomotion, on which, however, we cannot dwell. It is more material to record that in 1763 turnpike-gates were established throughout England, and continued for many years to furnish the means of keeping the highways in repair. This great improvement was not effected without much opposition; but happily for the comfort and safety of the community, the Colonel Sibthorpes of that day were not permitted to deprive the nation of so great a boon.

'In vain the counties in the neighbourhood of London petitioned parliament against the plan, alleging that they could not compete with the remote districts in the price of produce; in vain the people tore the toll-bars to the ground; in vain the Squire Westerns of the day denounced them: the House of Commons declined to attend to the popular outcry; and experience has since decided that the improvements of our thoroughfares has been beneficial to all.'—Vol. i. p. 23.

It is not surprising that the scheme of a railway worked by steam for goods and passengers was first broached in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. It grew out of the immense traffic between Manchester and Liverpool, and was, indeed, necessitated by the inadequacy of canal communication to the rapid growth of the manufacturing interests. Had the canal proprietary been wise, they would promptly have met the enlarged demand made on them; and had they done so, the adoption of the rail would have been deferred for some years. But they were not wise in their generation, and the application made for increased accommodation and a reduction of charge, was consequently met by unqualified refusal. The canal agent was then informed that the capitalists of Liverpool and Manchester were prepared to construct a railway between the two towns, and was offered, as a conciliatory act, some shares in the undertaking, to which however he contemptuously replied, 'All



or none !' So little faith was then exercised in a power which is now rapidly changing the face of the country, and is apparently destined, at no distant period, to bring the extremities of the globe into remunerative communication with each other. The first prospectus of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, was dated October 29, 1824, and its subdued and conciliatory tone forms a striking contrast to some things which we have since read. The quantity of merchandize passing daily between the two towns was about 1200 tons, the time of passage about thirty-six hours, and the average charge 15s. per ton. By the projected railroad, the transit was proposed to be effected in four or five hours, and the charge was to be reduced one-third. The estimated expense of the line was 400,000*l.* and the passenger-traffic, from which such large receipts have been realized, was alluded to in the following cautious terms, 'Moreover, as a cheap and expeditious means of conveyance for travellers, the railway holds out the fair prospect of a public accommodation which cannot be immediately ascertained.' The canal proprietors were now alarmed ; but their offers came too late. The new mode of transit was resolved on, and the two parties began to prepare for the struggle which was to decide the future carriers of the kingdom. 'Every interest, direct or indirect, which the canal proprietary, as influential, perhaps, as any company that ever existed, could exert, was brought to bear on their formidable and fatal opponents. Next to the canal-owners, the most important opposition was naturally expected from the land-holder, and by both interests every art was used to produce an effectual hindrance.' These efforts retarded, but could not prevent the success of the scheme. They entailed immense expense, gave occasion to the utterance of much folly, secured the personal interests of many proprietors, and severely tested the endurance and faith of those who embarked their capital in the new undertaking. It is sufficient for us to report that the line was opened on the 15th of September, 1830, when the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Huskisson, and several other men of note, were present. The triumph of the day, otherwise so complete, was shaded by the tragical death of Mr. Huskisson, of which the following brief account is given—

'Nothing could exceed the success of the undertaking, and all was pleasant until the arrival at Parkside, where the engine was stopped for a fresh supply of water. The company had been requested not to leave their carriages, and the caution was repeated in the printed directions. The advice was unfortunately misunderstood or disregarded. Most of the gentlemen in the 'Northumbria,' in which the directors and the more distinguished of the guests were placed, left the carriages when the train

stopped, and, unsuspecting of the extraordinary power which they were witnessing, gathered in groups on the line, mixing sociably together, in utter ignorance of the danger which menaced them. The alarm suddenly arose that the "Rocket" engine was rapidly approaching, and the various groups dispersed to places of safety. Some sheltered themselves beneath the embankment; others forced their way into the carriages; confusion was paramount amid all. Mr. Huskisson only hesitated in his course; and instead of seeking shelter where others had done, hurried to the "Northumbria," grasped the door of the train, and attempted to enter. The door swung back, the statesman fell to the ground, the engine swept on with fearful velocity, and the representative of Liverpool was practically a dead man. "God bless you all! Now let me die at once!" were his words when he had kissed, and bade farewell to his wife; and his prayer was not long delayed.'—*Ib.* p. 142.

We need scarcely say, that the anticipations of the projectors were more than realized. The number of passengers carried in 1832 was upwards of 356,000, while in 1835 it exceeded 473,000, being an increase of 117,000 in four years.

Prior to the opening of the line, the nature of the power to be employed on it had been matter of debate. The use of horses as on the Darlington line, was first contemplated, but this notion was speedily abandoned, and the alternative lay between a fixed or locomotive engine. Two engineers employed by the directors to report on the subject gave an opinion favourable to the former; but the reply of Mr. Robert Stephenson and Mr. Locke being deemed conclusive, the locomotive was happily decided on. A premium of 500*l.* was offered to the owner of the engine which performed certain conditions most satisfactorily. This was a wise measure, and it excited strong and very general interest. The 6th of October, 1829, was the day of trial, and thousands assembled to witness it. Messrs. Braithwaite's engine, named the 'Novelty,' was the favourite; but Mr. Stephenson's 'Rocket,' though ungainly in appearance, won the prize, and, 'after fulfilling all the conditions imposed, performed various amateur journeys with amateur passengers, yielding the honour of that noble victory to him whose name is indelibly associated with the triumph of the rail.' An anecdote connected with this trial, will not fail to interest the reader. It is thus related:—

'It was little thought by those who wondered at the rapid movements of the "Rocket," that on it as driver sat one whose name, nearly a quarter of a century later, would be identified with the great triumph of the year 1851. Son of a medical practitioner, destined for the same profession, marrying for love at an early age, and immediately finding that "fathers have flinty hearts," Charles Fox, the future builder of the Crystal Palace, determined if he could not gain his living by his head to earn it with his hand and greatly to his honour is the fact, that he guided the engine

which Stephenson built, and aided to win the prize which Stephenson received.'—Ib. p. 130.

The name of Stephenson is so intimately connected with that of the rail as to be thoroughly national. It is known everywhere, and by all classes ; and our readers, therefore, will not be displeased with the following sketch of his early history, in which, though in a modified degree, the defect of style to which we shall presently advert is visible.

'Born in a small cottage in Newcastle, and dying owner of the fine estate of Tapton ; commencing life on a coal-heap, and ending it in a mansion ; mending the peasants' clocks to pay for his son's schooling, and living to see that son a senator ; dining in his youth in the mine of Killingworth, and amusing his age in a horticultural contest with a duke ; taught arithmetic at fourpence a week, and planning the most difficult railways in the kingdom ; consulted by the premier, receiving honour from kings, a kind son, a faithful friend, and a loving father, the name of George Stephenson is one to which all men delight in doing homage. His life was a lesson to the world. Dragged, not brought up, as Charles Lamb expresses it, he early learned to gain his bread. He worked when other children played. "He led the horse at the plough," it was graphically said, "when too young to stride across the furrow ;" he picked the dross from the coal-heap ; and so alive was the child to the importance of the twopence a day he gained, that he hid himself when the overseer passed, lest he should be deemed too young for his occupation. Scarcely had he passed boyhood, when he found employment on one of those tramways which he lived to make so general. At Killingworth, earning his shilling a day and thankful for it, was his apprenticeship served to mechanics ; and when, skill and strength increasing, he gained double that sum, and joyously told a comrade he was a man for life, it argues the narrow boundary of his early notions.

'He married early, and his only son, the future member for Whitby, was the fruit of this marriage. He had no other child, and on this was the love of his strong mind concentrated. Feeling the absence of education personally, he determined that want at least should not be transmitted to his son ; and he who worked when others slept to pay for a son's schooling, was the man to love and respect. Deeply lamenting his own want of lore, he endeavoured to remedy it. He was never idle. He cut out the pitmen's clothes, he taught the pitmen's wives, he made shoes and gave them to his poorer kinsmen : and when it is remembered that a daily labourer's wages are earned by the sweat of his brow, and that George Stephenson was early and late at work, it will be seen that he was one to make his way in the world. Here, accordingly, he acquired a name which enabled him to quit the close work of the stoker for something more akin to that power which has done so much for England. \* \* \*

'It was about this time (1800) that his fine mechanical power was first developed. He effected some improvement in a condensing machine. He became known in the neighbourhood ; he made two or three engines do the work of a hundred horses ; he won the faith of those who trusted him ;

and he felt, perhaps, that his power was more likely to be recognised in England, where capital was plentiful, than in America, where money was scarce.

‘By 1813 it is impossible to doubt that Mr. Stephenson had made a local fame. There are a thousand objects to which a scientific man can turn his attention : small things often evince as much ingenuity as great, and traditional stories are extant which show that even then he could accomplish much which was impossible to others. And when it is remembered that by the above year he had attained the important post of engine-overlooker at Killingworth, and in this position was so highly appreciated that he was advanced capital to form a locomotive for the colliery he served, it is an evidence of the estimation in which he was held.’—*Ib.* pp. 149-153.

The London and Birmingham, now the London and North-Western, was brought forward in 1830, having been projected in 1825, but abandoned on the panic which followed the excitement of that period. Two lines were proposed in the latter year, one, by Sir John Rennie, through Oxford, and the other, by Mr. Giles, through Coventry. Ultimately they amalgamated, and the Messrs. Stephenson were appointed engineers. It is now almost impossible to realize the difficulties which beset the earlier stage of such undertakings. The safety of railway travelling, the creation, to a large extent, of new traffic which follows its adoption, its commercial security, and its beneficial operation on the value of land and the general interests of merchandize, are now so universally admitted, that we can scarcely place ourselves in the position of the men of 1830, so as to regard with their views and feelings the new and vast projects which solicited their aid. And yet it is clear that, without doing this, we are not qualified to pronounce judgment on their measures—much less to condemn them as unadventurous, short-sighted, and prejudiced. One great advantage of such narratives as Mr. Francis has supplied, consists in their guarding us against those hasty and inconsiderate opinions which betoken the partial nature of our own knowledge, rather than the folly and short-sightedness of our predecessors. Facts have shown us *their* blunders, and these would have been as readily detected by them as by ourselves had our relative positions been changed. But to recur to our narrative. A single line of rail, calculated at an expense of 6000*l.* a mile, was the first rude conception, and when the necessity of a double line was admitted, and an increased capital was called for, the shares fell immediately to a discount—so little faith had the commercial world in the remunerative character of a speculation from which such prodigious results have flowed. In the first prospectus issued, January 1832, the cost of the line was estimated at 2,400,456*l.*, and its annual revenue, including

passengers and goods, at 671,102*l.* How far these sums varied from the facts we need scarcely say. Additional capital was speedily needed, and in February, 1837, the directors announced that four and a half millions would probably be required. The ultimate cost was about five millions and a half. The passenger traffic, originally estimated at 331,272*l.* exceeded 500,000*l.* the first year, while on the other hand, the goods traffic, estimated at 339,830*l.*, scarcely reached 90,000*l.* It has largely increased since, but did not within twelve years attain the sum specified.

In the original estimate, the cost of land had been set down at 250,000*l.*, whereas three times that amount was expended in *conciliating*, as it was mildly termed, or, to speak plain English, in buying off those who threatened opposition. '3000*l.* was given for a piece of land, with 10,000*l.* for consequential damages, although its value was increased twenty per cent. One man, who had demanded four bridges, found out, when the agreement was signed, that half the money they would cost the company would be more serviceable to him than the bridges, and proposed a compromise which the directors accepted.'

The history of the bargains made by the holders of land, in this and similar cases, would be one of the darkest imaginable comments on the selfishness and cupidity of our nature. 'Probably few private bills ever sustained so much combined opposition. Those whose purses were interested refused to be convinced; those whose prejudices were attacked would not listen to the voice of reason.'

On the 28th of February, 1832, the bill was read a second time in the Commons by a majority of 79; and evidence having been subsequently examined, it was forwarded to the Upper House, where no division occurred on the first and second reading. The friends of the measure were now full of hope. They began to calculate on the sanction of the legislature, but it was soon evident that they had mistaken the forces arrayed against them. The House of Lords, having heard evidence on the subject, adjourned its consideration, to allow time—so at least it was said—for an amicable arrangement. The projectors, however, were not yet prepared to bid high enough, and the bill was therefore rejected on the 10th of July. 'There is no doubt,' said Lord Wharncliffe, who had been chairman of the committee of the Upper House, 'that to landowners the failure of this bill must be attributed.' True to the character which, with few exceptions, the Lords have ever maintained, they did their utmost to deprive the community of the benefits conferred

by this power, and only withdrew their opposition when their own selfish interests had been satisfied.

‘A most indignant spirit,’ says Mr. Francis, ‘was stirred throughout that important commercial interest which had joined the movement. It was felt that the House of Peers had been moved by more aristocratic influences than those of trade. It was thought that a company which partook so completely of a monetary character, which proposed at its own risk to form a highway and to increase communication, should have been dealt with on catholic and not on sectarian grounds. It was felt that a bill which affected the acres of every farmer, and the comforts of every artisan, should have been treated on the broad basis of justice, and not on the narrow considerations of expediency. The wisdom of our highest representative body should have taught such a lesson to those who would have crushed the company, as its own dignity demanded; and above all it should have remembered, with such a spirit of change in the people as marked the period, it would be wise to encourage that, in a beneficial movement, which might otherwise be turned to a destructive one. If ever the eyes of the people of England were on the House of Peers it was when, having failed in stopping the progress of reform, it lowered its character by rejecting the bill of the London and Birmingham railway company.’—*Ib.* p. 183.

Six months afterwards it was determined to proceed again with the measure, and, yielding to the claims of mammon, the directors resolved to propitiate the power they had failed to overrule. Succumbing on this point, everything was clear and easy. The bill passed through the Upper House, and on the 17th of September, 1838, this railway was opened throughout from London to Birmingham.

The following, showing the comparative cost of different lines under various items, is not only curious but instructive. The secret history of these variations would disclose mysteries far from creditable to some of the parties concerned.

‘Law expenses swelled some bills, parliamentary opposition increased others, competing lines augmented the charges of a few, arrant jobbery was not wanting with many. It has been computed that sufficient money has been spent in unnecessary legal costs to form a direct line from one end of the country to another; and some notion can be formed of the difference of law charges from the following. Assuming that the engineering and direction would vary considerably, still the difference is greatly attributable to the legal expenses:—

‘LAW, ENGINEERING, AND DIRECTION.

London and South Western	. . . . .	£ 900 per mile.
London and Birmingham	. . . . .	1500 do.
London and Brighton	. . . . .	1800 do.
Great Western	. . . . .	2500 do.

Another specimen of opposition, be it remembered, too, causing increased fares, is to be found in the—



## ' PARLIAMENTARY EXPENSES.

London and South Western . . . . .	£ 650 per mile.
London and Birmingham . . . . .	650 do.
Great Western . . . . .	1000 do.
London and Brighton . . . . .	3000 do.

' The following statement completes a brief but painful sketch of how much the country has had to pay for the opposition which it is the endeavour of one part of this volume to display :

## ' LAND AND COMPENSATION.

London and South Western . . . . .	£4000 per mile.
London and Birmingham . . . . .	6300 do.
Great Western . . . . .	6300 do.
Brighton . . . . .	8000 do.' Ib. p. 204

Referring to legal expenses reminds us of the disgracefully reckless expenditure in the London and Brighton contest. Five schemes competed for the sanction of parliament, and the following are the sums they spent in endeavouring to obtain an Act :—

Rennie's line . . . . .	£72,000
Stephenson's ditto . . . . .	53,750
Cundy's ditto . . . . .	16,500
Gibbs's ditto . . . . .	26,325
South Eastern . . . . .	25,000

' The most direct,' says our author, ' but the most difficult way, was chosen. The earth works were of an extraordinary character ; the bridges and viaducts were difficult and numerous ; the tunnels were long and expensive, and with such a combination who can wonder that, though the first report of the directors stated the whole cost of the undertaking would not exceed 23,376*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* per mile, the actual expenditure amounted to 37,568*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, being an increase of 14,192*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*.'—Ib. p. 236.

The transaction of Lord Petre with the Eastern Counties directors is almost unparalleled in the history of railway adventures. For a piece of land admitted not to be worth more than 5000*l.*, his lordship obtained 120,000*l.*, with interest, the object of the purchase being to buy off his opposition; and the *morale* of his class being so low as to permit the senator thus to dispose of his legislative influence. But we forbear to enlarge on this disreputable transaction.

The following sketch of one known to many of our readers will be regarded with special interest, and does simple justice only to the gentleman concerned.

' When, in 1834, the new mode of locomotion had forced itself on public notice, Mr. Peto, seeing at once its power, and the position it must give to those who forwarded in it the material progress of England, dissolved his connexion with the building firm, and became a " railway contractor." From his first work—the Wharncliffe viaduct—he has been prominent among those whose life is on the rail. He has been first and

foremost in singly taking contracts at which companies would once have hesitated; and he has been one of the few who, holding a moral and physical sway over thousands, have not betrayed their trust. \* \* \*

'Identified with the people, he acts as if he were one of them. He feels that property has its duties as well as its dues; its responsibilities as well as its rights. When placed over a large body of rude, illiterate men, he treated them as brothers, and not as brutes; he did not pay them at long intervals, leaving them in the interim to the mercy of usurers; he has ever repudiated the truck system; he has never made twenty-five per cent. of their daily bread; and the night of payment with those under him, therefore, has not been a scene of disgraceful strife.

'But these are negative qualities. Mr. Peto has been a positive benefactor to the railway labourer. Believing that the 14,000 navigators—the average number he employed for several years—had minds as well as bodies, he acted up to that creed. He supplied them with books, and engaged for them teachers. He formed sick-clubs, introduced benefit-societies, and taught them the use of saving-banks. He built temporary cottages, and let them at a proper price. He took care that the apartments should be tenanted with due regard to decency; and the consequence was that, in the words of Bishop Stanley, "the gin-shops were deserted, and the schools were full." He personally superintended his works as much as their vast extent would permit, and if not physically, he was morally ubiquitous. Wherever his men were gathered in numbers, there a large room arose, in which, when heavy rains obstructed the work, it was no unpicturesque sight to view the hard, athletic navigator listening with grave attention to some volume which, striking at once his reason and his fancy, kept him from drink and saved him from debauchery. Many a man, before his engagement with Mr. Peto in utter ignorance of everything, has been taught to read at his master's expense. These things—in such an eager pursuit of gain as this volume records—are as gratifying to the philanthropist as they are important to the politician; and Mr. Peto has met with his reward. He has been complimented by bishops; he has been honoured in the orations of deans; parliamentary committees have reported his worth; the lamented protectionist leader bore testimony to his benefits; the press has done justice to his benevolence; senators have delighted to do him honour; the projector of the broad gauge thought few could act as Mr. Peto had acted; and all these things prove that Bishop Stanley was right when he so eloquently enlarged upon the Christian virtues of Mr. Peto.'—*Ib.* pp. 267-271.

The Argus-eye of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was early fixed on railways as a source of revenue; and it is instructive to observe how unequally the impost was made to bear on different classes. In 1832, when railroads were in their infancy, a tax was levied of one-halfpenny per mile for every four passengers, without reference to their being first, second, or third-carriage travellers. The rich and the poor man paid absolutely the same amount of taxation; and relatively, therefore, the latter paid much more. Take, for instance, the Great Western, and supposing the distance to Bristol to be precisely 120 miles, five

shillings would be the duty paid for every four passengers, which being divided equally, would be a charge of fifteenpence on each, though the fare of the one carriage was only about one-third that of another.

'Some curious information was elicited on the advantage of the railroad to the weavers in the neighbourhood of Manchester: and the amelioration of the troubles of this intelligent class was at once a gratification and a proof of the inequality of the tax. Before the railway was formed, one day in six was spent in procuring and carrying back their work. When the trains enabled them to ride, they walked four miles to the station, with their twenty-eight pounds of work, travelled by the third class, and, unable to pay for another ride, walked back the whole of the way with the silk or cotton which was to occupy their next week's labour. They then combined; three of them gave their goods to one, who, riding to Manchester and back, saved both money and time. But railway managers are political economists; and they stopped this for a period, by allowing one person to carry only one pack. The weavers were indignant; and sooner than submit to what they termed very harsh, and which certainly was very hard, they walked the whole way, as before. The feeling spread very wide; the defection of third-class passengers was great; and the directors, compelled to make a virtue of necessity, returned to their old regulations. If the grievance of railway taxation was great for the proprietors, the reader may judge how great it must have been for such passengers as these. While the rich man, travelling in the first-class-train for pleasure, paid to the state three and a-half per cent. upon his fare, the poor man, hurrying on the business which supported his household, paid twelve and a-half.'—Vol. ii. p. 11.

The following statement of duty on railway passengers from 1835 to 1840 is a curious illustration of the growth of the new power:—

1835 . . .	£6,852	1838 . . .	£16,892
1836 . . .	8,693	1839 . . .	39,570
1837 . . .	10,296	1840 . . .	72,716

Connected with the question of taxation is that of government interference with the management of railroads. To that interference, we are free to confess our strong opposition. It would be productive of evil, and only evil continually. Correcting it may be, for a time—and that only partially—some of the defects of the present system, it would give rise to others of greater magnitude and of more permanent endurance. Government is a poor trader. It has never been able successfully to compete with the private adventurer. Its officials are without the incentives which stimulate others, and remissness, extravagance, favouritism, and ignorance, are in consequence too frequently their characteristics. It is no doubt to be regretted that accidents should occur, that there should be any want of punctuality, or that exorbitant rates should be charged. These

things may be readily admitted, but the question recurs, would they be prevented by an arrangement which gave to the executive government control over the railways of the kingdom? We think not, and appeal to experience as our authority. Within certain limits, the public are the best protectors of their own interests, while government supervision is the least effective and most expensive that can be instituted. So far, therefore, as the individual case even is concerned, we believe that the welfare of the community is best consulted by the private character of such undertakings being maintained. But there are other considerations which enter into the case, and greatly strengthen our repugnance to the interference advocated by some. Self-dependence is one of the elements of our national character, and goes far to account for the difference between ourselves and our continental neighbours. This has hitherto been fostered by the scope given to individual skill and enterprise. Our people have been left to provide for themselves, and the doctrine has of late become increasingly popular, that the province of government is very limited, and cannot be exceeded without inflicting serious mischiefs on the community. The force of this doctrine is as applicable to railroads as to banks, insurance, or other joint-stock companies, and its violation in their case would be attended with evils of no ordinary magnitude. On a hasty and superficial view of the matter, government is sometimes invoked to interfere as a sort of panacea for all existing mischiefs; but the increase of officials consequent on its doing so would far more than counterbalance any good it could effect. It is mortifying to observe that some of the most strenuous advocates of government interference in such matters, are amongst the loudest complainants of the growth of its patronage, and the consequent danger which results to public liberty. We might marvel at such things, had we not learnt that the patriotism of many is a thing of circumstance and words—the growth of passion, not of principle. Sir Robert Peel, in 1842, in the course of the debate on Mr. Gladstone's bill, expressed a strong opinion on this subject, which we have pleasure in quoting, and which we think should have carried him further than he was prepared to go.

‘Nobody,’ he then said, ‘can deprecate more than I do the interference of parliament carried beyond proper limits. I am sure that such interference would not tend to the security of the public, and that it would be impossible for the parliament, or the government, or any department of the government, to undertake too minute an interference; or that, if they did undertake it, it would be productive of any great increase of security. . . . All the evidence is perfectly conclusive, that any attempt to

regulate the speed at which the train was to travel, would be beyond the authority of the government to effect; and so far as the safety of persons is concerned, by such interference it would rather be lessened than increased.'

An impression extensively prevails, though it is rapidly giving way, that the danger of travelling is increased by the introduction of the rail. Nothing, certainly, is more contrary to fact; indeed, the very reverse holds good, as may be ascertained, with absolute certainty, on a minute examination of the case. Instead of increasing the hazard of travelling, the rail has diminished it to a marvellous extent, so as to render a comparison between the present and the past almost ludicrous. Mr. Laing has shown, that had stage-coaches been attended with as little personal injury to passengers as railways, the proportional number of casualties would have been—

Passengers killed from causes beyond their

own control . . . . . 1 in 833 years.

Killed from their own folly, negligence,

or misconduct . . . . . 1 in 1250 years.

Persons run over in the road . . . . . 1 in 500 years.

Coach servants . . . . . 1 in 125 years.—Ib. p. 60.

The reports of the railway department of the Board of Trade have been highly satisfactory on this point. In that for 1842 it is observed—

'A comparison of the number of accidents attended with death or injury to passengers, with the number of passengers conveyed by railway during the same period, which, from the returns made to this department, appears to be upwards of 18,000,000, would seem to indicate that the science of locomotion has, as far as the public safety is concerned, arrived at a very high degree of perfection: of more than 18,000,000 of passengers conveyed by railway in 1842, only one having been killed while riding in the train, and observing the proper degree of caution.'—Ib. p. 60.

All our readers, probably, can remember the railway mania of 1845. Few escaped the contagion so prevalent in that year; and of those who yielded to it, many were totally ruined, and some were brought to a premature grave. Those who had been proof, through a long life, against similar allurements, yielded to this; and, in many instances, reaped disquietude and perplexity for the remainder of their days. The things that were done by men ordinarily cool and prudent are scarcely to be believed. Indeed, in many cases they are so monstrously improbable, that nothing short of the most conclusive evidence would induce belief. The following furnishes a slight sketch of the follies and wrong-doings of the period referred to:—

'A return called for by the house of commons of the dealers in railway

undertakings, forms a very remarkable blue book. The noble who, in the pride of blood and birth, had ever held traffic in contempt, was there blazoned as a trader. The priest who, at his desk, prayed to be delivered from the mammon of unrighteousness, was there revealed as seeking, in the city, to sell his scrip at a premium. The lawyer who, madly risking his money, sold the property of his client to meet his losses; the physician, who perilled the savings of a life and the well-being of a family; the chemist, who forsook his laboratory for a new form of the philosopher's stone; the banker who, in the city and the senate, denounced all speculation as illegitimate; the deacon of the meeting-house; the warden of the church; the Jew, the quaker, the saint, the sinner, were all down in that huge condemning volume. There were nine hundred lawyers, and there were three hundred and sixty-four persons connected with the banking interest, who subscribed contracts for above 2000*l*. One solicitor alone risked 154,000*l*.; one London banker was down for 240,000*l*., and six country bankers for 100,000*l*.; nine others for 50,000*l*.; and seventy-seven more of that large and respectable body for 10,000*l*. each. But this was legitimate, compared with the fact, that two hundred and fifty-seven "reverend" and "very reverend" clergymen signed their names to contracts, two of which were for 26,000*l*., three for 20,000*l*., six for 15,000*l*., while the remainder were for sums varying from 15,000*l*. to 2000*l*. There were one hundred and fifty-seven members of parliament, of whom one signed for 291,000*l*., one for 250,000*l*., one for 178,000*l*., while the remainder were down for sums which must have influenced their feelings to a degree which might have influenced their votes.'—*Ib.* p. 189.

The eighth chapter of the work, consisting of twenty-six pages, is devoted to a sketch of the biography and character of Mr. George Hudson; and the manner in which it is drawn up detracts greatly, we must admit, from the worth of the praise awarded in other cases. The sketch is written in a style of adulation rarely equalled; and, as a piece of composition, is marked by an exaggeration of the faults observable in other parts of the work. It would have been enough to ask for a suspension of public judgment,—to plead that there were virtues to be borne in mind, and acknowledged services for which, to say the least, public thanks were due. This would have been much, and a judicious advocate would not have asked for more. But the case is very different with Mr. Francis; the figure on his canvass is a model of beauty, arrayed in most attractive attire. Mr. Hudson 'did great good by stealth;' 'the widow never appealed to him in vain;' 'if he were offended, he always tried to forget it. If any one transgressed, he was always willing to forgive. His chief failing, is the leniency of his disposition;' he was 'more sinned against than sinning,' and 'has been the scape-goat for the sins of the many.' Such are the lights in which our author exhibits a man, who has done more to destroy the mercantile



repute of England than any other dozen men in the kingdom. We regard this as a serious offence against public morals, for, be it observed, these virtues are not the lighter colours by which it is sought to lessen the darkness of the picture. They constitute the appropriate attributes of the figure, or, to speak without a metaphor, they are *the character* of the man, not the virtues which co-existed with great faults. Judged of by our author's description, Mr. Hudson is one of the noblest, most generous, and loveable men of his day. Unhappily for the success of such a theory, the public know something about 'cooking' accounts, and paying dividends out of capital. But, apart from this graver charge, Mr. Francis's sketch of Mr. Hudson is open to very serious objection on the ground of style. It is an attempt at eloquent writing which dwindles into the magniloquent, and offends, by its obvious effort, every reader of taste and intelligence. Where he is willing to write simply, his style is clear and unrestrained; he proceeds directly to his object, gives expression to his thoughts in befitting words, and commands the respect of all. But, unhappily, he is not always content with this. Many parts of his work—his sketches of character especially—are written in an ambitious style, and are, consequently, overlaid with words and involved in construction. The latter part of the work is, in this respect, the worst, as though the author's intellect was jaded before his task was done, and he had, in consequence, to supply by effort what was wanting in spontaneity. We regret this defect the more, as the 'History' is, on other accounts, worthy of much commendation, and we allude to it to put our author on his guard against a tendency to which book-makers are very liable. Let him keep to the rule of telling interesting facts in an easy, flowing, and unambitious style, and the public will welcome him as one of the most acceptable candidates for its favour.

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ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vol. 3. Sutherland and Knox. Edinburgh.

It will be in the recollection of our readers, that our former notice of these memoirs concluded with the inauguration of Dr. Chalmers as professor of ethical philosophy in the university of St. Andrews. It was a relief to him to retire from the noise and turmoil of his Glasgow ministry, from that post of duties which, if it had some gratifications, induced also many discomforts—to the halls where, in the tranquillity of academic seclu-

sion, he might analyse and speculate on those hidden but potent laws, in obedience to which man acts in the varied circumstances of his life. Knowing his great energy, and wonder-stricken before the torrent-flow of his eloquence, it had long been thought by the public that such a sphere as that of a Glasgow pastorate was peculiarly adapted to the full play of his great faculties. And surely, to be the pastor alike of the congregation and of the family; to penetrate by his mighty word to the recesses of human thought; to lay bare to each man's consciousness his individual state before his Creator, and with a reference to his future destiny; above all, to pray and counsel by the dying bed of him who waited for the 'coming of the angel'—these were duties in whose engagements a seraph might have envied him his toil, and in whose complete discharge he might justly possess a serene satisfaction. No man of his age was better able than he to lead the public by his oratory. With a vigorous intellect, a clear conception and prescience of results, a huge grasp of facts, and a vehemence of expression which even physical weariness could not abate, he overcame alike prejudice and scepticism, and, by the impulses of a magnificent eloquence, forced an entrance into almost all hearts. With a complete consciousness, however, of his power over even the largest auditory, he found not his happiness in a scene on which he shed a constant lustre. Amid the activities, the splendid hospitalities, and the applause, which greeted him in Glasgow, he longed for some quiet home, in which he might more and more familiarize himself with historical and scientific results, increase his intellectual accumulations, and raise for himself the monument of an enduring philosophy. Thus it was that he turned a ready ear to the invitation to become a professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, where he might pursue with uninterrupted diligence his favourite themes; where he would find an atmosphere and a society in every way congenial to him; and where, too—if we may apply to him what has been happily narrated of the great Dr. Owen—he would spend his life and wear out his powers in daily watching at the portals of sacred truth.

In such a scene, so rich in great memories, Chalmers found a congenial home. The session, according to the arrangement in the Scottish universities, began in November; and it was a hard task for the newly-appointed professor, even with his indefatigable industry, to keep his lectures a day or two in advance of their delivery to his class; for the change from his pulpit to his ethical chair had been so rapid, that he came to St. Andrews with no professional stock in hand. To use his own words, he was 'very much from hand to mouth with his

preparations.' But, possessing the treasures of a richly-furnished mind, by great industry, the work of the session was satisfactorily accomplished; and Dr. Chalmers became the most popular, and certainly not the least useful, professor in any British university. To those who are acquainted with the laborious diligence which is needful, both from the chair and from the class, to get through the daily work in a Scottish philosophical lecture-room, unsurpassed, perhaps, both in extent and constancy, in any seat of learning throughout the world—it may well be matter for wonder how he could be ready, from day to day, with his elaborate and exhaustive essays on the various branches of the ethical philosophy. His method for meeting his daily engagements was that recommended by Dr. Johnson, 'to sit down doggedly,' without waiting for the 'afflatus'—that often imaginary happy impulse, under whose effects enthusiasts and fanatics see their visions and dream their dreams. The world's truly great men have lived far away from the region of dreams. With an earnest purpose to be disentangled of delusion, they knew that there is no easy path to the great temple of fame, but a rugged upward road; and that while fortune, in her caprice, seemed with speed to elevate some to her sun-lit height, she gives her brightest crowns and her fairest rewards to them who have worked their toilsome way to her. Genius is brilliant in execution, and often rapid in flight; but, generally speaking, genius without industry profiteth but little—its brightness is obscured, like the jewel-stone which the lapidary hath not polished. So Chalmers reasoned; for, to quote his own words—

'It is by a slow but surer path—by a fixed devotedness of aim, and the steady prosecution of it—by breaking the day into its hours and its seasons, and then by a resolute adherence to them; it is not by the random sallies of him who lives without a purpose and a plan—it is by the unwearied regularities of him who plies the exercise of a well-appointed round, and most strenuously perseveres in them. It is by these that mental power—I will not say is created, but it is by these that mental power is both fostered into strength, and made tenfold more effective than before.'

After a session of labour so unremittingly sustained, the vacation was hailed by him with peculiar satisfaction, although his high reputation, both as a divine and as a philosopher, did not permit him to be long at rest. The meeting of the General Assembly of the established church of Scotland, to which he had been elected as an elder from the borough of Anstruther, and visits to Glasgow, Perth, and England, fully occupied his recess, until the autumn brought on his second session at St. Andrews, which was the most brilliant he was to pass at that venerable seat of learning. His fame had become established as one of

the ablest professors in Britain : he had not any more to give a toilsome preparation to his daily lectures, for it were enough, as each session saw a fresh class of students, if he corrected, modified, or enlarged his prelections of the previous year. His class, also, had never been surpassed by any that had been known in the university, either in numbers or in ability ; and amongst his hearers were not merely the youth who had come from their Highland homes, or from Ireland and England, to sit at the feet of the most eloquent of men ; persons who had already attained to fame in the press and struggle of the outward world, charmed as well by the spell of his oratory as by the profundity of his speculations, were his constant and delighted auditors. We can scarcely wonder that, in such a field, and with such lofty themes for his discussion, Chalmers was conscious that the class-room, rather than the pulpit, was the arena most adapted to the exercise of his powers. Already, the universities of his land had produced, among other great men, Reid, Stewart, and Brown, the great expounders of the Scottish philosophy, and who held an indisputable sway, until Coleridge and others introduced, or rather directed, the special attention of the literati to, the sublimities and profundities of the German metaphysics. But, as poets sang of love and war before Homer struck his minstrel-harp for Greece and for the world—so, before Feder and Kant, Fichte and Hegel, there were philosophers, worthy of the name. There has been a tendency of late years, since the great revolution which has taken place in metaphysics, to underrate the masters of the Scottish philosophy, or to regard them as passed into obscurity, when compared with the late idealists. We are not tempted to treat captiously a philosophy, among whose masters, whatever lesser discordances there may have existed among themselves, are reckoned the worthily-great names of Kant and Fries, Fichte and Krug, Wagner and Eschenmayer ; but, notwithstanding, we must highly rate the Scottish philosophers, whose reputation, whatever philosophical theory may be in fashion for the time, will not speedily pass away. Chalmers justly ranks among the *Dii majores* of his country. He entered upon his duties, at St. Andrews, at a season when the evil influence of Mr. Hume was still perceptible in the schools—that vigorous and unshrinking philosopher, acute and cogent, clear and elegant—who, while he demolished the idealist theory, which was the commonly-received philosophy in England, was the most formidable sceptic of his age. His scepticism was not that vulgar doubting which is the issue of unreasoning and ill-conditioned souls, but a result to which he attained, perhaps, by the peculiar bias of his mind, but certainly after vast research,

a familiar acquaintance with the loftier sciences, and based, too, upon the assumed entire deceptiveness of those faculties with which God has endowed man—a position which supposed man the dupe of his senses, which destroyed the resting-ground of all human knowledge, and which tended to an unhesitating denial of a power superintending and ordering human affairs, and of a futurity which is to develop the immense results of man's present conduct. It is plain, that this subtle dialectician had stricken a mighty blow at that truth which is ever the handmaid of sound philosophy; and the various professors of ethical science, in combating his metaphysical scepticism, had gone out into a very wide and ill-defined field. They had strangely, and, perhaps, in some cases illogically, connected or partially confused the science of mind with that of morals, rejecting all aid from that volume which contains not merely the sum, but the philosophy of human duty. It was the judicious aim of Dr. Chalmers, in his sessional course, to treat the philosophy of morals as the philosophy of duty, showing man's duty both to man and to God—touching, too, upon the science of the heavenly ethics—adverting to the strength of the evidences of Christianity; and, to quote from his testimony before the royal commissioners appointed to visit the universities of Scotland, 'endeavouring to make it palpable, that the philosophy of a true Baconian mind is that philosophy which would lead us to cast down all our antecedent conceptions, and to sit down with the docility of little children at the bar of an authentic communication from heaven, provided that its authenticity has been established.' It can hardly be doubted that, under a teacher at once so able and so enthusiastic, a fame attached to the University of St. Andrews to which it had been for many years a stranger; for he carried the energy and vigour of the pulpit into the class-room, and whether he was discussing the various theories which have been propounded upon virtue, or dilating upon the great subjects of social and political economy, he became for the time, in the hearts of his hearers, the arbiter of truth. If he did not condense his thoughts in a manner equally happy with some of his contemporaries—if he used circuitous blows where others had stricken directly at the object, he, at any rate, in no small degree kindled enthusiasm among his students, compelling even the idle to be industrious, and convincing his class that something not altogether useless may be conceived even by the brain of a dullard. His verbosity effected more than the close and carefully-pruned productions of other men. No auditor of his would have spared, without regret, a single phrase or expression, for even in his pleonasm there was Power.

But, amid all his splendid successes as a professor of philosophy in the university,—amid the incessant activities and toils of his office, he forgot not his destiny as a citizen of the spiritual world, and a heritor of the blessings of immortality. That diary of his, from which so many extracts are introduced into the history before us, evinces his constant struggles after a realization of the divine life in his soul. Well he knew that man attains to dignity only as he attains to purity; and the shows and pomps of time blinded him not to the fact, that moral worth is the only true nobility. He lived in an atmosphere of sacred and serene contemplation, which the discords of this troublous world could not agitate. Peace seemed enthroned in his soul. University jealousies and bickerings—the troubles and animosities of the world—stormy scenes in the Assembly of his church;—all these influenced merely the physical and the outward; for his soul dwelt apart from the strife of party, and the confused noise of secular commotion. To have life in Christ, and to live to Him from whom he derived that nobler life, was at once his aim and his satisfaction. Amid jealousies and conflicts, turmoils and agitations, he quaffed at the unruffled fountain of truth, and found rest where others had found only distractions and disasters.

During the course of his life, Dr. Chalmers again and again realized the constant experience of all good men,—that frequent sorrow is the earthly heritage of the just. The ultimate goal of virtue is reached by a path of thorns and ruggedness. Was it not of old time said, by Him who is virtue's great preceptor—'He that taketh not up his cross cannot be my disciple'? The purest gold has been oftenest in the crucible. The soul's dross is not seldom removed by the influence of sorrow; and it is always in accordance with the laws of man's spiritual progress, that the pure and the holy shall be developed in his heart by the rude influences of adversity. Wisely and well has the world-poet uttered a truth, which he hangs upon the simplicity of ancient fable:—

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Persons who, from the combination of talent and oddity, have made a name in the world, must lay their account for being the subject of conversation in all sorts of companies. Such a man is Edward Irving, who was appointed as an assistant-preacher to Dr. Chalmers, in the Tron church, Glasgow. When Irving was associated with me at Glasgow [said Dr. Chalmers], he did not attract a large congregation, but he completely devoted himself and to his ministry, a limited number of persons with minds his own was in affinity. I have often observed this effect produced by men whose habits of thinking and feeling are peculiar or eccentric. They possess a *magnetic* attraction for minds assimilated to their own. *Gravitation* is much better than *magnetism*. I undertook to attend Irving's new chapel in London. The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first sermon. He chose the very longest chapter in the bible, and went on with an exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion he proffered me the same aid, adding, "I can be short." I said, "How long will it take you?" He answered, "ONLY ONE HOUR AND FIFTEEN MINUTES." "Then," replied I, "I must decline the favour." \* \* \* And, Mr. P., invited a party to supper. Some of his guests had miles to walk home after the meal. But, *before* its commencement, he requested Irving, who was one of the party, to read the Bible and expound it. He began and continued a discourse, which manifested not the least tendency towards termination until midnight. The supper was of course either burnt up or grown cold. When the clock struck twelve, Irving tremulously and gently suggested to him that it might be desirable to draw the service to a close. "Who art *thou*," he replied, with prophetic energy, "darest to interrupt the man of God in the midst of his administration?" He pursued his commentary for some time longer, then closed his book, and waving his long arm over the head of his host, uttered an earnest and deliberate prayer that his offence might be forgiven.—

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he rests not till he has discovered one. And it is not easy for us to find, in the history of any individual, a record of conduct in which there is more of moral loveliness than in that of Chalmers, the orator and philosopher, surrounded on the Sunday evening by the children of the poor,—the ragged and foul denizens of wynds and lanes, of unsunned courts and cellars,—teaching them that truth which raises man to the companionship, and which shall ultimately invest him with the dignity, of angels. The truly great-hearted undervalue not the humblest means of doing good; and this far-seeing son of science well knew that the inhabitants of heaven, even in their perfect bliss, would have delighted to share with him in the dignity of philanthropic labour. For the instruction of these children, poor and ignorant, Chalmers made careful preparation; and his family still possess and treasure the stray leaves on which he wrote out the questions for each evening. Students and others soon attended with the poor children, and the class became so burdensome to him, from its numbers, that he found it necessary to commit his Sunday school to the supervision of one of his more advanced students; while he lectured, every Sunday evening, on religious topics, to a class of the undergraduates, who crammed his large dining-room. As the result of these lectures, a strong religious zeal was kindled among the students; religious indifference, which had prevailed among them to an alarming extent, was dissipated; Sabbath-morning prayer-meetings were instituted; and several preaching-stations were established in the districts around St. Andrews, in whose services the lamented Mr. Adam, who afterwards perished as a missionary at Calcutta, and Mr. Hoby, took a prominent part. The residence of Dr. Chalmers at St. Andrews produced a complete moral revolution within the walls of the university. In a foregoing portion of this history, it was shown that Dr. Chalmers had taken up the missionary idea, with all the warmth and eagerness of his benevolent and unwearying nature. The true missionary zeal is eminently contagious. The healthy enthusiasm of the immortal Carey had spread far and wide in the land; and among the gifted and the good, there was none whom it more entirely possessed than Dr. Chalmers.

Shortly after his arrival at St. Andrews, he had become, by invitation, president of a missionary-society, composed of Christians of different denominations. Under his presidency, a new spirit seemed to be infused into the monthly meetings of that society, which, before his acceptance of the office, had been but very thinly attended. But it was chiefly within the university, among the students attending his lectures, that his

influence had a most happy effect. There can be no doubt, that the genius of the Christian religion is the genius of proselytism. The church of Christ is essentially, and must ever be, until the days of her complete triumph arrive, an aggressive corporation. To attack error in every development of it, to demand the homage of mankind, and to assert her right of supremacy by unceasing aggressions against all opponents, are the distinguishing attributes of Christianity. Stimulated by a lofty enthusiasm, like that which glowed in the breasts of the heralds of the primitive church, moved with the tenderest pity for the sons and daughters of heathenism, and convinced, too, that the redemptive purpose of Jehovah is in harmony with all that is revealed to us of his ever-enduring mercy ;—he appealed to his students on the high and constant claim of the church upon the missionary zeal of its components, and he produced, among not a few of them, a new and strong desire to carry the light and life of the faith to them who were dwelling in moral darkness and in spiritual death. He who is truly begotten of the truth can never forget his mission ; and amid all his varied duties as a university professor, amid the toils and exhaustions of his daily routine, he fed within his students' hearts a flame like that which was kindled in the souls of the sacred twelve—that holy fire which ought never to die out upon the altar of a good man's heart. Never before, perhaps, was a public instructor of higher service than he, in the advocacy of all that is virtuous and lovely ; and few have been more successful in that advocacy. Of the three hundred students who, during the five years of his residence at St. Andrews, attended on his lectures, a comparatively large proportion devoted themselves to that service, which must justly be considered as the noblest and the most heroic in which man can engage. The eloquent professor has passed from this troublous world. He rests with them who have become perfect ; but many an Indian village, where his students still labour, and numerous swarthy converts to the truth, will bless the name of him who, amid all his intellectual labour, forgot not his obligation of service to God. They who are cognizant of the great facts of ecclesiastical history, will readily remember that the successful development of the missionary idea resuscitated the Romish church when her days seemed numbered, and her glory for ever destroyed, by the vigorous invasion of the German and Swiss reformers. Scarcely had the thunder-cloud of Wittenberg burst upon the Vatican, than a new day arose upon her ; and as soon as the disasters wrought by that storm were perceived, they were repaired. In lieu of being attacked in her own fortress, the Italian church became determinately aggressive ; and soon the society of

a familiar acquaintance with the loftier sciences, and based, too, upon the assumed entire deceptiveness of those faculties with which God has endowed man—a position which supposed man the dupe of his senses, which destroyed the resting-ground of all human knowledge, and which tended to an unhesitating denial of a power superintending and ordering human affairs, and of a futurity which is to develop the immense results of man's present conduct. It is plain, that this subtle dialectician had stricken a mighty blow at that truth which is ever the handmaid of sound philosophy; and the various professors of ethical science, in combating his metaphysical scepticism, had gone out into a very wide and ill-defined field. They had strangely, and, perhaps, in some cases illogically, connected or partially confused the science of mind with that of morals, rejecting all aid from that volume which contains not merely the sum, but the philosophy of human duty. It was the judicious aim of Dr. Chalmers, in his sessional course, to treat the philosophy of morals as the philosophy of duty, showing man's duty both to man and to God—touching, too, upon the science of the heavenly ethics—adverting to the strength of the evidences of Christianity; and, to quote from his testimony before the royal commissioners appointed to visit the universities of Scotland, 'endeavouring to make it palpable, that the philosophy of a true Baconian mind is that philosophy which would lead us to cast down all our antecedent conceptions, and to sit down with the docility of little children at the bar of an authentic communication from heaven, provided that its authenticity has been established.' It can hardly be doubted that, under a teacher at once so able and so enthusiastic, a fame attached to the University of St. Andrews to which it had been for many years a stranger; for he carried the energy and vigour of the pulpit into the class-room, and whether he was discussing the various theories which have been propounded upon virtue, or dilating upon the great subjects of social and political economy, he became for the time, in the hearts of his hearers, the arbiter of truth. If he did not condense his thoughts in a manner equally happy with some of his contemporaries—if he used circuitous blows where others had stricken directly at the object, he, at any rate, in no small degree kindled enthusiasm among his students, compelling even the idle to be industrious, and convincing his class that something not altogether useless may be conceived even by the brain of a dullard. His verbosity effected more than the close and carefully-pruned productions of other men. No auditor of his would have spared, without regret, a single phrase or expression, for even in his pleonasm there was Power.

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Jesus, whose primary idea is that of proselytism, made head against the churches of the reformation. Very few years had passed away, after the indomitable Luther had found rest in heaven, and the zealous servants of the pontificate had gone forth into the most distant and the most inhospitable climates in the world, carrying with them the creed and the symbols of their church. On the steppes of Russia, and in the cold wilds of Siberia, these untiring ministers had toiled; and their bones—for not a few of them came, by their zeal, to an untimely end—lay bleaching on the upland plains of Asia, or in the mountain-gorges of the Indian peninsula; and so soon as some of that illustrious band perished, others, emulous of the martyr's glory, took their station in the gap. Thus, with strange rapidity, the Romish church had won converts from the very strongholds of heathenism; shed her light, for a brief hour, upon the Cimmerian darkness of China and Japan; and strove to illumine the savage inhabitants of islands, which, before, had been deemed to exist only in the song of the poet or in the romance of the early navigator. History, though she record the life-deeds of many generations, teaches always this truth—that the same causes will produce similar effects in every age and under all phases of society. And certain we are, if protestantism is ever to be revived upon the earth, its great truths triumphantly maintained, and its hold upon the consciences of men again to become vigorous and enduring, these will ensue, just as the protestant churches apprehend and fulfil the peculiar obligation which lies upon all who love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ. But let the knowledge of that duty, in relation to each believer's apostleship, once obtain in the protestant communities—that Christianity must be, from its very nature, essentially aggressive—and that the only way to triumph is by an unceasing effort after proselytism, and the down-stricken truth of the sixteenth century will speedily revive and reign in the world. In no other way shall we successfully compete with the Romish church, whose ceaseless activity all tends to one result—to increase the number of her adherents; and it is thus, and thus only, as each believer—comprehending the fact that the Divine Being effects his gracious purposes, for the most part, on this earth, by the ministrations of man—shall perceive and acknowledge his duty towards them who are without the pale of the Christian faith, and shall give his unremitting efforts towards the conversion of all such, whether at home or abroad, that truth shall go forth on her sublime and triumphant march, and that the church shall win the world for her Lord. Would that those men of learning and worth, who occupy posts similar to that held by Dr. Chalmers, were as eager as he that their pupils should

stand the distinctive idea of their religion, and should fully perform that duty which it demands from each one who professes it. How invaluable would such men be, both in national universities and in the nonconformist colleges! professional energy and heartiness in this matter would soon to dispel, from the minds of the young, that silly mentality which fosters the tractarian absurdities; a new wholesome religious feeling would be excited among us; protestantism would not only gain renewal of strength, but necessarily go forth conquering and to conquer. We combat Romanism, not by crying out for the unceremonious aid of governmental interference, not by seeking for the arm of the secular power, to hold back the advances of a power so insidious to be met and overthrown by such means; but by awakening once more the fervent missionary-spirit by calling forth to action in this course the dormant energies of the protestant churches, and, most of all—and more like—by kindling the flame of a missionary-enthusiasm in our various seats of learning.

In the September of 1827, the Marquis of Lansdowne offered Dr. Chalmers the living of St. Cuthbert's in Edinburgh, vacant on the death of Sir Henry Moncrieff, who had been for more than fifty years a minister of the church of Scotland. This offer, which was made with all that courteousness so characteristic of the now venerable statesman, was declined; and, a few days afterwards, Dr. Ritchie was compelled by long-continued ill health to resign the chair of divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

On October 31st, the town council and magistrates of Edinburgh unanimously elected Dr. Chalmers to fill the vacant—the highest post any Scottish clergyman could occupy. The appointment was made so closely upon the opening of the year, that he was requested not to enter upon his office till the lapse of a year, so that he might have time to make tolerable preparation for the duties of his chair. He gave his first lecture in the University of Edinburgh, on November 1, 1828, to a large and delighted auditory; and he went through a session of remarkable success. In April of the following year, he lost his favourite brother, Alexander, by that disease, it would seem, which had swept off others of their kindred. During the winter of 1829, the Scottish churches were agitated and disturbed by some newly-broached opinions, to which the opposing parties gave the convenient title of heresy. Dr. Irving's opinions we have already made slight allusion to. He had the agitation caused by Mr. Irving's doctrines greatly increased, than a new cause for disquietude was discovered, in the publication, by Mr. Thomas Erskine, of a treatise entitled



‘The Freeness of the Gospel,’ a work whose very title, one would think, should have charmed and delighted all who believed in Christ’s embassy of mercy to our earth. This work was very offensive to many; and the cause of offence may have existed, perhaps, not so much in the fact that Mr. Erskine endeavoured to found his position on the word of God, as that (to quote what our author says with much naïveté) ‘it appeared to many to run counter to the strict doctrine of Calvinism.’ Shortly after the appearance of this work, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Row, proclaimed opinions very much in harmony with those of Mr. Erskine. He unfortunately belonged to the state-church, and was, therefore, cited before the General Assembly. In our happy days of missionary operations and of Bible-societies, &c., whose sole purpose is to make the blessings of redemption commensurate with the family of man, we can hardly believe that that august conclave could keep either their countenances or their seats, during the trial. Dr. Chalmers, who had a considerable share of the national carefulness and sagacity, remained aloof from these agitations. He did not, even by word, commit himself to either party; but there can be no doubt, and indeed his biographer all but admits the fact, *that his sympathies were entirely with the accused*, and with that benignant catholicity of sentiment, for the proclamation of which he was arraigned before his equals and his judges. Mr. Campbell’s error seems to have been a hair’s-breadth departure from that dry scholastic theology which our northern friends so much admire; whose terminology is grateful to their ears rather because it has the sanction of Knox, than that it is entirely warrantable by the Word of God. We have not now space to enter upon a narrative of the hair-splitting processes and insufferable dogmatical quibblings, to which Mr. Campbell’s opinions were subjected; but in the issue, it is very clear that that autocratic assembly deemed man to be responsible for his opinions, not merely to God, but to man; for they solemnly deposed him from the office of the sacred ministry. That is, because this young minister believed in the universality of the atonement, these stern presbyters expelled him from his pulpit and his home, removed his means of livelihood, and branded him as unfit any longer to expostulate with the sinful and the guilty, and to proclaim the mercy of Him of whom it is said, ‘He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for those of the whole world.’ ‘He tasted death for every man.’\* With no bias for either party, we would still hope that instances of so atrocious an assumption of the divine right are very rare

\* The error imputed to Mr. Campbell was one, however, which would be repudiated alike by both Calvinists and Arminians.—Eds.

in the experiences of the national presbyterianism. But we are daily more and more convinced, that church courts and judiciary religious assemblies are more or less tyrannous. There is no happy and safe medium between rigid adherence to a common standard and universal liberty of opinion.

Dr. Chalmers transferred both his usefulness and his popularity from St. Andrew's to Edinburgh. As one more volume is necessary to complete this history, we shall not notice the various circumstances of that usefulness; but, before we draw this article to a close, we must observe that he took a prominent part in every political discussion of the day, which, according to his conscientious judgment, would be beneficial to the nation. In our opinion, his political errors were not few, and it is with regret we observe, that he was almost always ranked on the side of the selfish toryism of the past generation: though we are bound to believe that he took his stand there with a clear conviction of duty. In 1830, at the invitation of the present Lord Monteagle, he was invited to give evidence on the subject of pauperism before a committee of the House of Commons. In November of the same year, he set himself to work in full earnest to complete 'his chief earthly ambition'—a 'Treatise on Political Economy.' In October of the same year, under the testamentary directions of the late Earl of Bridgewater, the Bishop of London invited him to write a treatise 'On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.' This invitation he at once complied with, and the work, now known as one of 'The Bridgewater Treatises,' for the production of which he received 800*l.*, appeared in 1833.

Three thousand copies of this work were sold at once, and it became a decided favourite with the religious and scientific portion of the community. At the meeting of the General Assembly of 1832, he was chosen moderator of that body; and resolved to put an end to the Sabbath-breakfasts and dinners, with which certain members of that august conclave had been accustomed to reffect themselves—a measure which, it is said, gave universal satisfaction. In 1834, the Assembly passed that Act which is known as the Veto-law, though, it would seem, Dr. Chalmers was not a member of the Assembly during that year, and to which such frequent allusion was made in the course of the non-intrusion agitation, to the successful result of which Dr. Chalmers prominently contributed. We shall not, in our present notice, discuss the question of the annuity-tax, that disgraceful impost by which—it appears, originally, at the suggestion of Charles I.,—a large portion of the citizens of Edinburgh have been, these two centuries, yearly mulcted; as that subject forms a part of the larger question of religious establishments,

to which considerable reference must be made in the forthcoming volume of this history.

In 1834, Dr. Chalmers was stricken by paralysis, after extraordinary exertions in the Assembly, and—though he ultimately regained his health—for many weeks it was feared that a cloud had fallen upon his mind. He recovered from this fearful malady with remarkable rapidity, and immediately that his strength was renewed, he began to give himself to what was ‘the dearest object of his existence’—the moral elevation of the people. To this end, applying all the powers of his great intellect, and all the sympathies of his benevolent nature, it occurred to him, that the ignorance and spiritual wretchedness of the masses in the larger towns and cities might be removed by a huge scheme of church extension. He was resolved to bring this great subject before the religious public; and he succeeded in drawing attention to it in so great a degree, that the church of Scotland applied to the government to assist them in the realization of the idea. So long as a tory government was in office, the partisans of the scheme had hoped to draw liberally on the national treasury; but when the Reform Act had become the law of the land, the opposition of the liberal portion of the community to this attempted endowment of a sect out of the national resources, induced Lord Melbourne—who always seemed to have a horror of presbyterianism—to refuse the grant. Baffled, and almost disheartened, Dr. Chalmers assailed the premier with repeated letters, but with little success; and after that great change had occurred, that utter breaking off from the establishment, which subsequently took place, reflecting upon this epoch in his history, from his more advanced age, we doubt not that he had considerable cause for congratulation that the whig premier had refused to augment the existing Scotch establishment. That was a season in the history of this country, in which the nonconformists, by simple inaction, lost their golden opportunity. They had then more influence with the ruling party than the nonconformists had possessed since the days of James II.; but they allowed the fitting time to pass by. Reaction strongly set in, under the tractarian impulse, in favour of establishments, and dissent, we are convinced, has been in partial retrogression since the period of that fatal inaction. So far, however, as the chances of the Scotch endowment seekers might be estimated, it was impossible to grant their request. The whole reform-party were violently opposed to any further appropriation of the public money, in a way and for a purpose which the majority of that party, at that time, thought to be both impolitic and unjust. But we may, at a future period, return to this subject.

drawing our present notice to a conclusion, we must con-  
cur thankfulness that a work of such valuable biography  
has been added to the literary treasures of the nation. We  
thoroughly thank our author for his work, which is, on the whole,  
impartial, careful, and excellent memoir, and which, we trust,  
will be speedily completed. It is with considerable regret,  
however, that we repeat our objections, expressed in our notices  
of previous volumes, to the vast bulk of the work. Though  
this third volume, as a whole, is very creditable to its accom-  
plished author, we must protest that he has thought it right to  
submit upon the public not a few trivialities in the private  
correspondence and frequent journeys of Dr. Chalmers. These  
can neither interest, teach, nor amuse the public, and they  
ought not to have appeared in so excellent a memorial of so  
great a man. Some of them are simply silly; others of them  
ought not to be narrated of any man in the world; so that they  
include even the accidents of our hero. We are surprised  
that the excellent author was persuaded to print them. The  
eccentricities of our great men often weary us by their over-  
abundance. One may say too much even of Doctor Chalmers.  
A large portion of this history is a recital of his various adven-  
tures by flood and field—his travels and his personal ex-  
periences therein. We do not laud that monument of which  
his life forms the larger part. Why should we be told  
everything that a great man has said and done? Why should  
the public be dragged after him in his various peregrinations?  
He may be made a very bore, and too much familiarity  
diminishes reverence. Surely, it is with perfect justice we con-  
sider that painting in which the artist, were he Chalmers or Dela-  
croix, not content with securing a good likeness, presents us  
with the frivolous minutiae of button-holes and shoe-buckles, in  
excessive exactitude. We are certain this history, when it is  
completed, might advantageously be compressed into two  
volumes; a reduction which, it seems to us, would make it less  
cumbersome and more saleable. We make these remarks in  
kindness. We wish the author had composed a larger por-  
tion of the biography, and had drawn less upon family-corres-  
pondence. Dr. Hanna must allow us to add, that in our judg-  
ment, he might in this way have presented the public with a  
better memorial of one whose memory all men revere and  
admire.

ART. VII.—*Historical Sketches and Personal Recollections of Manchester.*  
*Intended to illustrate the Progress of Public Opinion from 1792 to*  
 1822. By Archibald Prentice. 12mo. pp. 432. London, C. Gilpin.

COMMERCE may be regarded by the student of history with almost equal interest, either as the offspring or as the parent of liberty and general culture. On the one hand, the commercial system of the age turns the course of reflection backwards; and we naturally search for the materials out of which it has been raised to its present greatness. Amongst the more striking causes of the grand result, we may properly enumerate political and social freedom, shedding health upon all the energies of man; and human refinement, offering strong incentives to honourable rivalry, and announcing noble rewards for successful labour.

On the other hand, we may think of commerce as by far the most beneficial of the relations which have subsisted generally, amongst men, and as the only sort of fellowship which, as yet, is capable of universal extension. When we reflect on its legitimate tendency to seek, and, indeed, almost to create for its association the most trustworthy maxims of liberty, and the most splendid achievements of art, we shall be inclined to hail it as the foster parent of human progress—the chief promoter and chief guardian of all that is good for man, as a child of earth. With such views, the moralist repairs to the homes of industry and the marts of exchange, when he desires to speculate safely on the fortunes of truth, or is endeavouring to form an idea of the perfected manliness of man. With such views we interrogate the past; not to ascertain what has stimulated, and strengthened, and extended the means of individual or national aggrandisement, but to verify, by an extensive and careful survey, an almost instinctive judgment, that commerce, so mighty and so beneficent amid the desolations of war—so mighty even in her chains—will signalize the rolling years of her freedom, by diffusing the principles of peace and brotherhood; annihilating the boundaries of nations; superseding that snarling jealousy about landmarks, which has too long been identified with proper national pride; and smothering (for God alone can *quench*) the burning hatred between tribe and tribe, the very universality and ferocity of which have led men to canonize murder by the name of glory.

Did our limits permit, it would be easy to collect many illustrations of the grounds of our faith for the future in the absolute freedom of trade. We can, however, merely indicate some por-

tions of history, which mark the close connexion of commerce with liberty and civilization. The maritime states of Asiatic Greece, though always in the baleful neighbourhood of gigantic despotism, and generally the objects of tyrannical envy or fear, were long the conservatories of a manly independence, begotten amidst the experiences of industry and traffic; and the main channels (we can hardly doubt) by which the wisdom and culture of the east came to educate the elegant and sterling mind of the Hellenic race. And when we view them in the faded light with which the story of their fortunes still surrounds them, we cannot but regret the untimely assaults of tyranny, or still more deeply (for our purpose) their very excusable submission to protection, that costly permission of tyrants. When we turn to Carthage, we seem to be dreaming of peaceful, plodding citizens; a strange but well consolidated government; great temples of merchandize and precious argosies in many a sea, bearing wealth to the children of the princes of Tyre. But we awake to the sounds of conflict; fire engirdles to defend, and finally creeps to consume, her stores of wealth and her pleasant homes. Blood flows from her shore: it is that of subject savages, whose incursions for vengeance and plunder train the city of trade to the use of arms, and convert the merchants into warriors. Blood flows again: it is now her own, her life blood; she has encountered in a struggle, not for equality, but for very existence, a foe trained like herself, but less distinctively commercial, and accustomed to more warlike enemies. Yet, this much we know, that through her numerous colonies, her spirit of enterprise, her love of independence, her zeal for learning and for art, long survived the triumph of Rome; and when Carthage was low in the dust, the impulse which her vast mercantile policy had given to the 'purpose of the ages' had not utterly ceased.

Passing, at a glance, much lower down in the procession of history, we come in view of the Italian republics, smiling sweetly with liberty and elegance, as well as flashing with the fire of heroism and the glitter of prosperity, amid the poverty, and enslavement, and brutality of mediæval Europe. Taking Venice as a specimen of the sister queens of commerce, we find that the establishment of her very home was a struggle with natural difficulties, well nigh as daunting as any that have ever been surmounted by man; and that, afterwards, the necessities and rude experience of an adventurous life served to found, in personal hardihood, the greatness, and prosperity, and long-continued independence of her sons. When her trade was crippled by external and hostile combinations, she rose in self-defence, and became warlike. When unexampled and easily-



earned prosperity whetted the national appetite for gain, she became an encroaching power. When the appliances, as well as the fruits, of her merchandize were treacherously surrendered to ulterior designs of religious or secular conquest, she was shorn of the glory—her peculiar glory—as the city wherein, in addition to her hoards of jewels and gold, commerce had garnered its harvest of wisdom, of moral influence, and pleasant amenities. It is true, that even as a purely-commercial state, she armed her galleys, drew the sword of aggression, and planted mighty defences around all her markets. But the character of her proceedings—so far as they were unfavourable to the general, and even to her own, higher well-being—was not attributable to her commercial habits, but was simply an apostatizing from commercial principles. A mere adventitious monopoly, acquired by any state, is not only immediately injurious to its trade, but tells fearfully, in the long run, on the general character of the people. So far, indeed, are we to abstain from attributing the evils of war to any manifestation of the genuine spirit and principles of commerce, that we must even regard commerce itself as first destroyed, or vitally injured, or transformed into its very contradictory, before war can be deliberately planned for its extension or defence. Commerce, with any protection save that which its own simple laws will safely elaborate, is not merely stunted in its dimensions, but almost utterly deprived of its due æsthetical and moral effect, by war. If, then, in the days of its self-delusion, as also in the days of its subjection from without, it has still distinguished itself by diligence and care, in all that appertains to the nobler interests of man, may we not, without presumption, augur great things for that future which is to be the sphere of its unfettered action? We do not deprecate any attempts to form other and worthier ties between the nations of the earth; still less do we degrade the gospel from its high office of working out peace on earth, and procuring true and enduring liberty for man, by making him spiritually free. But, at the present moment, the probable share of influence which commerce will exert on the character and destiny of men, is more easily calculable than that of any other agency in the same divine work. Sometimes, indeed, we are fain to droop from soaring theories, and to think of trade as, after all, nothing better than a system in which selfishness meets, in selfishness, its appropriate check; nothing more deserving of thought than a prodigious device for expeditiously and wholesomely feeding and clothing the dwellers upon earth; or nothing more spiritual than a vast mechanism for the accumulation of personal and national riches. Yet, at other times, its wide-reaching potency appals the imagination,

when we regard it as the one ever-widening and strengthening bond, within which must be woven all other kinds of brotherhood among men; as the one channel by which must be conveyed the blessings of charity and culture, from the civilized to the barbarian and slave: just as it is the channel through which the rich gifts of summer climes flow hither, to enrich or grace our winter-land. Whatever instrumentality men seek to put in operation for the relief and benefit of the world, it will be found that the stations of commerce are like stepping-stones all round the earth; and the great brotherhood, whose chief tie is the law of bargain and sale, must be (or, at least, will be most wisely) recognised as the type of every other and nobler association amongst men. Though in winging its way through the world, it sometimes bear seeds of evil, and drop them on every soil; yet the plants, when they spring up, will hardly be rare or exotic to any land; and assuredly it will often and safely carry the seeds of the kingdom of heaven.

With such views of the dignified mission of commerce, we feel that no apology is necessary for introducing some notice of Manchester, 'the metropolis of labour,' and in some important respects, the centre of the commercial world. 'The metropolis,' partly because of its vast transactions and regal wealth; still more by reason of its marked centrality and extreme sensibility to the vicissitudes of trade universal; and because there the soundest of recognised trade principles are most commonly exemplified; but chiefly, 'the metropolis of labour,' because there a school of philosophy has been founded on deductions from the experience of every man's hard working life, which recognises the dignity and rights of industry, and is labouring to secure for it a legitimate measure of influence in the councils and laws of this great commercial state. In the opinions and skilful operations of this school, we see commerce entering in good earnest on the discharge of its higher functions of enlightening, emancipating, and refining the world. We devoutly trust that the simple, salutary maxims of honourable commerce will continue to mould the schemes of philanthropy, and that all unwarranted preference, all artificial protection, all reliance upon laws and governments, may be kept from warping and cramping the progress of knowledge, as they have too long embarrassed trade and starved the people.

There is indeed a small mock-heroic band of dandy politicians, with whom Manchester is still a synonym for vulgarity, and its growing weight in the country a subject for frantic gnashing of teeth; but to the wiser members of the older political schools the name signifies a power demanding at times a busy resistance, and always a vigilant watch, lest its simple doctrine, backed by

effective discipline, should suddenly sweep away the dearest traditions they are anxious to conserve. These men are timid ; and they may well be so, as inheritors of a policy which will not bear the light of growing intelligence, and cannot gainsay the remonstrances of truth. But they are at present powerful—and we say it is well. Their timidity, in itself so encouraging to reformers, dictates a course of resolute and close rank opposition ; and this opposition does incalculable, though rather thankless, service to the cause of the people. It cries halt to impetuosity ; it engenders habits of prudence and wariness in those whose watchword is onward ; it furnishes opportunity and inducement for serious pondering on each new development or application of principles ; it imparts to every victory the interest and glory which used only to be attainable by martyrdom or a patriot's death ; and lastly, it serves to surround each upward stage with that most useful hedgework the estimation of its importance by the difficulty of its attainment.

In the course of every great agitation, and especially such as those in which Manchester has taken a conspicuous part, the cause of reform has been greatly indebted to its opponents ; not merely to the negative aid of brute stupidity, but even more to the clever parading of arguments and facts. First, as to arguments. Their only strength being in their subtlety, when once the truth-seeker has been fairly puzzled with a sophism, and has managed his own extrication, he can never be completely mystified nor ever long hindered in his high vocation by any similar falsehood in the guise of truth. Then, with regard to facts:—if such can be adduced by the one party which the other had not known, or had failed to take into account, the real effect produced on the assailing truth is to strip off an impediment, or supply it with a weapon. It is driven back by such a casualty ; but it is driven to freer and firmer ground.

We propose now, under the able guidance of Mr. Prentice, a general retrospect of the rise and progress of the earlier Manchester school, that we may record our gratitude to the good men and true who tended and directed the infancy of modern reform, and derive some fresh wisdom and vigour for our own efforts in the same glorious but trying career.

The book before us, except in breadth of subject, is everything that could be desired. The 'personal recollections' provide for us a space in current history identified, for the most part, with the actual observation and labours of the writer. It has evidently been maturely reconsidered and cross-examined by a mind seeking freedom from bias, and a heart filled with love for truth ; and it is given to the world before all chance of discussion or correction has quite passed away.

We accept this memorial of strange times, this picture of a chequered political life, with a fresh instalment of that gratitude which every lover of truth and every friend of man owes to Archibald Prentice. Our satisfaction, however, is soon changed into grumbling and disappointment. We regret that one so capable, in all respects, should not have given to the world a stately history of his adopted town; that he should have commenced so late and concluded so early the history of Manchester and general politics; especially that he should have carried us no farther through the struggles and triumphs which he shared, than the passing of the Russell Reform Bill. We would fain supply some of the antecedents to our author's record, and, at the close, trace, however briefly, the sequel of reform up to the present time. But we forbear; our great-hearted guide calls us, and we must set forth on the journey which he has surveyed and prepared for our pilgrimage.

French and cognate revolutions are so common in our days, that we can hardly understand the terror which *the* French revolution, even from its commencement, excited amongst nearly all classes of Englishmen. Not that the revolutions of our own day are less disastrous in their effects on the remuneration of general industry—indeed, they are more calamitous in this respect than formerly—but the fact is, that in the last century even intelligent men in the provinces of England generally knew less and cared no more about the changes of public opinion in France, than we do about the causes of political perturbation in the distant provinces of the Celestial Empire. If they had been more enlightened on the real state of opinion, and parties, and principles, in the country and capital of France, they would have seen no reason to anticipate any direct influence on English institutions, save the plainer appearance of a necessity for the pruning of that vine—the constitution—under the shadow of which their freedom, their manufactures, their science, and their religion, had acquired stability and growth. But being ignorant, they became the victims of misrepresentation. They who fattened on the menaced excrescences of the vine, hastened to alarm the simple dwellers beneath, that the vine itself was threatened. Thereupon, naturally enough, all the good old English growling about abuses was, not hushed, but changed and loudened to a roar of indignation and vengeance against jacobins, levellers, rumps, radicals, and other varieties of that much-hated tribe, the adherents of right, and the champions of truth.

‘Up to this time,’ says Mr. Prentice, ‘Jacobites and Hanoverians, churchmen and dissenters, lived together in tolerable harmony (unwholesome indolence?) smoking their pipes and

drinking their ale in peace and quiet converse about the progress of their new machinery, and the widening prospects of manufactures and trade.' But the scene soon changed; sparks of the fire that was abroad in the earth fell into the peaceful resort of sots, and rage replaced disturbed indifference. A tremendous reaction in the public feeling of Manchester kept pace with the brutal excesses of revolutionary France; and, indeed, so blinding, so overwhelming, were the horrors of that period, that we wonder how any man could sufficiently calm himself to discern between the good and the evil that were so fearfully mingled, and to sanction, by deliberate adoption, the principles of the great reform even while constrained to execrate the barbarities of the great revolution. And yet there were such men, faithful to their principles, and boldly distinguishing their favourite truth from the repulsive accidents which, for a time, obscured its glory and delayed its triumph. Such were the members of 'the Constitutional Society:' Thomas Walker, a man of some station and official note in the town—the patriarch of modern radicalism; Thomas Cooper, an early, strenuous denouncer of war; and others of less note amongst the consistent reformers. This Society, in disclaiming all attempts to excite sedition, declared itself solicitous, in 1792, 'by a timely and well-directed reform of abuses, to remove all pretences for sedition,' and published, as a kind of charter, their conviction, 'that the members of the House of Commons should owe their seats to the good opinion and free suffrage of the people at large, and not to the prostituted votes of venal and corrupted boroughs.' This avowed conspiracy of opinion against revered and cherished abuses, brought down upon these constitution-improvers the high displeasure of those who administered the old constitution, and of all who imagined their interests to be wrapped up in the continuance of an unrighteous system. Then commenced a reign of terror, instituted by government—a crusade against liberal opinions, in which law, strangely interpreted, led the attack; and when it failed, an instrumentality more effectual was found in the cruel persecutions of unreflecting mobs—an engine which afterwards, of itself, turned with the deadly precision of Nemesis against its former unprincipled patrons. The effect of this period of trial was to blow the chaff from the wheat, and to purge the dross from the gold: many receded from the front line, and not a few were scared altogether from the ranks of reform. Those who stood the test were rewarded for their fidelity by a clearer faith in their principles, and the consciousness of strength augmented both by victory and defeat.

On a reperusal of the reported trials of this and closely fol-



flowing seasons of persecution, we are alternately disgusted with the mean trickery of august governments, and delighted by the honest deafness of jurie to insidious special pleaders, and their equally honest deference to facts and common sense; while we are filled with a grateful admiration for those who stood the brunt of judge-made law without quailing, and who, when acquitted, betook themselves with new zeal to the propagation and defence of righteous principles. But in a storm, the refuse as well as the life-boat rides upon the surface; and though we rejoice that the ark of our freedom did not founder, we are saddened when we recall the mean and gnat-like annoyance to which the quietest and humblest among the liberals were subjected. 'Church-and-king clubs,' fungous in all respects, sprang up in every bar-parlour, and contrived to infuse their own persecuting spirit—more exciting even than their ale—into the masses of their fellow-townsmen. For awhile this mean and vexatious tyranny was so unbearable, that 'several highly-respectable merchants, to escape from the insults and persecutions they had to endure in Manchester, sought relief by removal to Liverpool,' and this, too, at the very time when, because of authorized espionage, such men as Roscoe and Currie, of Liverpool, deemed it unsafe to continue their fraternal literary reunions.

Truly this winnowing scattered the chaff; but we regret to say that it scattered also what ought to have been healthy seed for a future harvest. Some who should have known better, and who were under the most solemn obligations to act differently, deserted the popular cause, through despondency or fear of personal loss. To such, father Walker administers a severe but deserved rebuke; and we quote it, not merely to show our approval of its application then, but also our belief in its applicability now. He is convinced—

'That the dissenters of this kingdom have been at the commencement of almost every subject of liberal discussion of late years. But, however consistently and disinterestedly many of them have acted, they have, as a body, constantly fallen short of their own principles; they have excited opposition, which they have never completely supported; and through fear, or some other motive, they have been so strongly the advocates of an *overstrained moderation*, that they have rather been the enemies than the friends of those who have ventured the most, and effected the most, for the rights of the people: That almost all the attacks upon individuals, which the enemies of liberty have directly or indirectly ventured upon, and which have kept in the back ground so many men of good intentions, but whom an *excess of caution*, or a timid kind of prudence, has prevented from acting, have been owing to the want of steadiness and concert amongst the friends of liberty themselves. The timid desert the bold, till the bold become cautious of supporting each other with their presence, and unable to do so



with their property: That neither the Birmingham riots, nor the Manchester riots, nor the Nottingham riots, nor the prosecutions, public or private, which have taken place, would have happened, *had not the timidity and want of union amongst the friends of freedom emboldened their enemies.* Temper and moderation are truly valuable; but the professedly temperate and moderate men have been the first deserters from, and have uniformly done infinite mischief to, the rights of the people. That men, who mean to do good, must not look for their reward, or the effect of their exertions, during the existing generation. Such an effect they may, indeed, live to see, but it cannot be counted upon. Those who are not capable of acting upon this hazard are not the men upon whom the public can fully depend, or who can pursue a great plan of public utility with satisfaction to themselves.'—p. 20.

From the first, the cause of radical reform became intimately associated with the question of peace. The season of general tranquillity is the very spring-time of political progress, and more especially is this the case when it is also a season of reflection on the cost and horrors, and of penitence for the guilt, of war. Henceforward, then, from the time when England interfered in the deadly quarrels of the continent, 'war and its effects' become as much mixed up with the mutations of opinion as with the vicissitudes of trade. Reform pleaded with expostulation and warning; but utterly in vain. Infatuation proved itself a swift contagion, and a delirious fever, which men, as soon as they were smitten, glorified with the title of patriotism. Dreadful, indeed, is the first awaking from the dream of glory. The dull crushing thought of irreparable loss; the vague fear of a weakness which is to embitter the remainder of life; and the clear perception of debt which can never be redeemed—these are the dark watchers for returning sense. But great as are the agonies of reaction, they do not soon spend their force and then die away for ever. During the blockade of British commerce by Napoleon, in the zenith of his pride and power, and the childish sham of retaliation by the celebrated 'orders in council,' Manchester paid immediately and severely, but only very partially, her share of the penalty of war. The merchants were like sheep following each other to ruin; and the masses were dwindling to death; broken fortunes formed the staple of reflection in many a house which had already been darkened by bereavement; and misery, cowering in the hovel, cursed its folly as a crime. What relief, then, could be expected to flow from well-reported victories, which served only to swell with vanity a people drained of its prosperity and robbed of its bread: or how could the glory of victory irradiate a scene like this, which Mr. Prentice describes—

'The beastliest drunkenness, the rudest manners, the coarsest swearings, the profane oaths, were regarded as nothing more than evidence of the

most loyal attachment to the crown, and the most profound veneration for the church; and mothers and wives, in watching the wretched death-beds of men ruined in fortune, health, and character, had long to deplore, almost in tears of blood, the incitement they had given to fierce and ungovernable passions, under a mistaken notion that they were encouraging patriotism and public virtue.'

Those who had refused a hearing to reason, justice, and religion, who had derided, in their zeal, even the usually successful appeals to self-interest, needed a new teacher, whose lessons, enforced by the most frightful illustrations, should sink deep into the soul and remain there in permanence. Alluding to certain signs of a riotous disposition on the part of the starving poor, Mr. Prentice observes—

'These interruptions in the history of local patriotism show that, besides the pulpit and the press, a new and more truthful teacher had come into the field—*want*. Amidst the splendour of reviews, and the presentation of colours, the cry for "bread" was raised, and put down by the strong hand, again to be raised when the laurels of war were won, and found to be worthless.'

War-prices of food, and war-exhaustion of money from the ordinary channels, led, almost of course, to market-riots, machine-breaking, and kindred disturbances of the peace: a rather odd, but very *striking* demonstration in favour of peace. Not less strange, certainly, were the remedies of a paternal government. Elated by repeated success in their war against opinion abroad, they resolved to try on their own people the 'wholesome severities' which had told so brilliantly, if not very effectually, on the rebellious French. Outrageous, however, as were the dispositions and designs of the multitude, it seemed, to those in power, necessary and perfectly justifiable, in the grave circumstances of the case, to apply a torch to the inflammable mass, just to make their inflammability evident, and then to inflict upon them condign punishment for spontaneous combustion.

Accordingly, some select villains were employed to lead the discontented to extravagance, and even to goad them to the commission of capital crimes, and were afterwards admitted, believed, and rewarded, as witnesses for the crown. Lord Sidmouth, that model home-secretary, slumbered not nor stayed his hand, until, by harsh and cunning contrivances, and with the assistance of favourable accidents, he had established these troublesome districts in profound but treacherous peace. But we must pass, with scarcely a notice, the details of distress and disturbance which, so far as the merchant and artizan are concerned, are ever the concomitants of war. As the strange troubles of Europe drew near to their crisis, the manufacturers hailed each symptom of peace as the promise of a large pros-

perity, and comforted their burdened spirits with the pleasant fancy that victory to British arms would not only seal the vials of war, but also immediately heal the earth from the hurt of its fiery streams.

These expectations proved as fallacious as they were unwarranted where men were so deeply implicated as at Manchester in the mischief and guilt of war. 'Let it be borne in mind,' says Mr. Prentice, 'that Manchester, which urged on with almost savage earnestness that long-protracted and disastrous conflict, was the severest sufferer by its continuance.' Not even when, at last, the dreadful convulsion ceased, and peace was proclaimed with great flourishing of trumpets, was the expiation of Manchester complete. By an illustrative coincidence, the crowning victory and the hateful corn-law sit together in history as teachers to all time. Wheat at 80s. a quarter was for years the only Waterloo medal. Agitation of a sort there undoubtedly was, but it availed nothing,—and it did not deserve success, springing as it did from unfounded apprehensions on the subject of wages and on the most selfish and narrow considerations. Agitation for its repeal, however, originating with those who were the keenest sufferers by its enactment, speedily assumed a stately and promising character. It was not then the idle clamour for a loaf as a kind of half-boon and half right; but it was a serious purpose to rectify all the evils incident to class-legislation by widening the basis, and directly influencing the deliberations, of parliament. 'And this very thought, growing into a hope,' says William Cobbett, 'inspired the people with patience and fortitude.' But this hope could not maintain its happy influence on the minds of the oppressed unless they could talk freely with each other of probabilities, and take counsel together about ways and means. Such like nurture of such a hope was refused by the great; in their judgment radical opinions and reform projects were in the same category with Luddism, high treason, and murder. A subservient senate betrayed into the hands of a tyrannous government that safeguard of personal freedom—the act of *habeas corpus*. Then recommenced the iniquities of espionage, and the cruelties of secret tribunals. In Manchester there was 'a small but determined band' of middle class men, who did good service in these times of danger, by first winning the confidence of the people, in whose cause their hearts were warm, and then using their popular influence to unmask and defeat the base machinations of the spy. And though, later on, this ballast of middle-class sagacity was made powerless by the wild declamation of demagogues, and the pressure of actual want, yet throughout the great struggle, which dates from the

imposition to the repeal of the corn bill of '15, we can pretty generally detect the beneficial influence of hearty and wise reformers—among whom Mr. Prentice was by no means the least ardent or least prudent.

The infamous and unprincipled use of means which characterized the Sidmouth administration throughout, together with the provoking failure of these tricks of office against the increase of reform opinion in the country, will prepare us for the right understanding of that unique event, 'the Peterloo massacre.' If any one should, in opening for the first time the volume of English history, stumble upon this page, he would be puzzled as well as horrified beyond measure. First of all he would think—what unparalleled cowardice there must have been in the magisterial, military, and other official hearts, whether with regard to their present personal safety or to the prospective safety of opinions to which it must be supposed they had pinned all the little faith they had; so that, while under the influence of one set of fears, they not only determined to arrest a leader of the people, but to arrest him in such circumstances as to throw an air of desperation over the principles and cause opposed to their own; and then, under another class of fears, to surround themselves with a force many times more than sufficient to protect them in what they considered the discharge of their duty;—cowardice in the military, or at least in the yeomanry (manifested in the most palpable manner by vindictive cruelty), who might have had the credit of embracing with ardour so good an opportunity of fleshing their maiden swords, if unfortunately they had not hacked hither and thither reckless, tremulous, and with closed eyes.

It is not in our plan to describe the dreadful scene, or its companion scenes, in the wretched homesteads of the bereaved, the wounded, and the dying; nor even to reiterate the nation's shout of indignant wrath against the perpetrators of such astounding wickedness; neither can we stay to add another scar of infamy to the brow of tory hypocrisy, or to breathe more than a passing deprecation against those who either do such things themselves or take pleasure in the doers of them. We can only pause for a moment, to wonder and thank God that out of so much evil such great good arose. The lukewarm were revived; men in every place began to ask how and why should these things be. Cautious reformers were overwhelmed with mingled shame and resentment, that principles which they professed, and practices which they themselves resorted to, should be visited with such malignant severity; and, while the ranks of reform were then suddenly and formidably recruited from the waverers of all classes, the

government, escaping censure in parliament, and thus confident of impunity, passed those monstrous bills of repression, known as 'the six acts,' by which means radicalism was for some time restrained from excesses which would doubtless have caused serious division in the camp. Much ground had now been gained by the popular cause in the minds of reflecting and earnest men; and when, from a concurrence of favourable circumstances, chiefly in consequence of bountiful harvests, commercial prosperity became for a short time once more the portion of Manchester, men did not suffer their prosperous trade and flowing wealth to enervate their minds, or divert them from their political plans. Fully aware upon what a precarious tenure they held their fortunate position, they were led to ask, Why should it not always be thus?—as before, in their depression, Why should it always be thus? During this period of sunshine, Mr. Prentice became the possessor and renovator of a newspaper; and, in his hand, it became a trumpet—giving no uncertain or feeble sound. It did, indeed, seem high time that the advancing cause of political freedom should have a more thorough exponent of its principles than the overstrainedly cautious and moderate, though ably-edited, 'Guardian;' and a man, in all respects, more fitted for the editorship of a radical guide to public opinion can hardly be imagined than he who now, in full health of mind and body, and buoyed up by the well-founded assurance of ultimate victory, commenced the career of a journalist. It would, perhaps, be out of place here to speak of the fortunes of that newspaper; but, in a retrospect of Manchester, and a sketch of the growth of liberal opinion, it is imperative upon us to attest the simplicity, truthfulness, constancy, and success, with which the 'Manchester Times,' in its several stages, has propounded and illustrated the cardinal doctrines of human progress.

We have occasion now to remark that commerce is not only a teacher and tutor of general liberty, but the benignant patron of all that really adds grace to life, and ministers to the higher necessities of the mind. During the prosperous years '22-'25, though Mammon was beyond all doubt a god of gold, men did not give themselves up exclusively to his worship. The Royal Institution, sacred to the highest departments of science, literature, and art, was founded in 1823; and, in a comparatively short period, extending into the gloomy sequel of 1825, upwards of 30,000*l.* were expended in connexion with the buildings. But this must not be looked upon as an era—an extraordinary event—in the history of Manchester. For more than forty years the town had been honourably distinguished by its literary and philosophical society, at whose meetings some of the most

striking and practical discoveries of science were first announced and explained; and, while commerce created a demand for the fuller efforts of science, it was found that science, in answering the call, most signally displayed her glory when successful in the promotion of labour and the extension of trade. Nor was commerce thus kind to her princes alone. Time had been, indeed, when learning of any kind was thought likely to unfit a youth for the routine of apprenticeship labour, even more than habitual resort to the haunts of drunkenness; but, as the whole machinery of trade became more complicated and more majestic in its character, men felt that its duties could not be efficiently discharged, nor its fruits profitably enjoyed, without much and sound education. The Manchester Mechanics' Institution was established in the prosperous year 1824, and has long been regarded by the country as the model of kindred institutions.

These lasting benefactions to mankind, in addition to many noble occasional charities, will suffice to show that there is nothing even in the most exciting trade necessarily unfriendly to the general amenities of life. So far otherwise, that the kindest home for the gentle arts and intrinsically nobler vocations, has ever been found in the midst of a prosperous trading community. It was not enough, however, in the opinion of generous and foreseeing men, to provide an education which should have a more direct reference to the application of science in manufactures; it seemed a moral obligation, as well as matter of the highest expediency, that the rudiments of knowledge should be supplied to the child of the poorest mechanic. It was felt that commerce would not lose, and society must gain, by the education of all its members. Few at first were the brave and self-denying men who not merely avowed their opinion, but pledged themselves to the realization of their benevolent thought. Accordingly, the land of spindles became the land of schools; first of all, Sunday-schools; and in these days, when the labours of Sunday-teachers bid fair to be altered and (need we say) lightened by more general week-day instruction, we cannot willingly let die the remembrance of those humble, patient, devoted teachers, who rested not one day in seven, but doubled their toil on the Sabbath, that they might make the poorest less ignorant for earth, and wholly wise for heaven. From almost the date of Sunday-schools, Manchester has been respectably, nay, even prominently, distinguished for the efficiency and extensiveness of its schools; and more recently it has jealously guarded its good name in the only allowable way, by actually taking the lead in every movement that gave fair promise of bettering the quality, and



at the same time increasing the means, of popular instruction. How far the new schools of educationists commend themselves to our confidence, or accord in their spirit with the heroic sacrifices and efforts of the past, it falls not within our province to state: we can only testify to the benefits which the country at large has derived from the teaching and example of the cotton metropolis, in general, and religious, instruction.

To revert to the political history of the times and of the town, with which Mr. Prentice's book is more immediately associated, we are increasingly struck with the relation existing between commerce and the adjustment of political claims. The necessities of an expanding commerce sharpened men's sense of wrong, and their appetite for political power. They sought a clear field for their energies; and by-and-bye disclaimed all favour; but the difficulty of obtaining this emancipation of labour and capital set them, one after another, on a new tack. Slowly enough, in all conscience, some of the princely unre-presented moved at first; but a pervading stir was discoverable amidst the gloom which rested on those interests in which Manchester was mainly concerned. Those who had never moved at all, now went at the old coach-rate of four miles an hour, and these latter-paced reformers became fast, but not *light* coaches; while such as Mr. Prentice progressed at a rate more in accordance with the locomotive notions of the age which built and inaugurated the Manchester and Liverpool railway. We dwell on this period, not for the purpose of detailing its history, but to show how, in years gone by, the same character of agitation with that of later years did prevail, notwithstanding many tumultuous and riotous attempts to enforce, by terror, the claims of an outraged people. Mr. Prentice himself pursued a course which was the very model of subsequent and successful agitation in the same cause.

He had settled convictions and an ardent temperament; but he wanted facts which should be startling, not through exaggeration, but because of truth—and figures that would secure a lodgement in every mind from their very simplicity. Accordingly, he made a list of certain boroughs, one hundred in number, each of which sent a contribution to the senate of two members, and he pointed out that the population thus represented was less in the aggregate than that of the unrepresented parish of Manchester. But it is not the mere making of the list which we regard as the model of later arguments—it is the way in which this list was thumbed and thumbed, and turned upside down and inside out, in every possible shape, and in all conceivable circumstances. To describe the use made of it in Mr. Prentice's own words—

‘Was there a single instance of disregard of public opinion, out came the list to show that the people were not represented; was there a single instance of class legislation, out came the list to show that nothing better was to be expected; men committed it to memory, and taught from it as from a text. There was nothing new in it; anybody could have compiled it; anybody could have contrasted old Sarum with Manchester.’

It was the same spirit, which oppositionists call factious and one-ideaism, the same provoking, poking, omnipresent portrayal of facts and figures, which gave a character of uniqueness and matter-of-fact to the operations of ‘The League,’ and led it imperially to the goal. We need not tell the story of triumph: it ought not to need telling; if it does need, then it does not deserve telling. For a long time after the barrier of the constitution, as it was called, was broken, the stream of reform, rendered impetuous and mighty by resistance, became quiet in its course, though not less generally strong. We are reminded by Mr. Prentice’s list of flimsy boroughs, not only of our own principle, that reform gains greatly from the arguments and stupid prejudice of its opponents, but also of a special debt of gratitude which we fear has not been paid, or, if paid, but scurvily receipted. Old Sarum numbers voters to an indefinite amount—the algebraical expression is half-infinitude. Now, as there is no telling the power of a cipher till it is placed, we must redeem the name of Sarum from unmerited contempt, by urging that it gave a tenfold force to all the facts and figures of reformers. Many a hard word, in jest and earnest, has that innocent mound of earth received: we, in our philosophical charity, will say, ‘bless Old Sarum.’

We have travelled with Mr. Prentice to the close of the period embraced in his Recollections, and our limits are in sight, or we would gladly have followed his steps through those years, in which one story, at least, of the grand superstructure on the foundation of representative reform was carried to completion amidst the shouts of the people; and we should greatly enjoy the task of setting down the lessons we have learned from this history of self-denying effort in the cause of the people, of every class and of every clime; but we forbear, save from saying, that a careful study of principles is the first essential, and then a warm-hearted avowal and an earnest advocacy of those principles, assured that, if these two be combined, our strenuousness will not depend on the mere illusory promises of success, nor our fidelity on the present or prospective respectability of the cause; while our patience will be in harmony with the unchangeable truth, rather than the sport of popular fancy; and we shall be able to say to every doubter and every casuist, in answer to the question—‘How

long?' 'No man can speak with certainty as to the time: one thing we are sure of, it will *never* come unless we ask for it; it is our business and our duty to forward the time as much as we can.'

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ART. VIII.—Le Moniteur, &c. Paris, Dec. 1851.

It was the opinion of many men, that the revolution of 1848 would end in the proclamation of Napoleon II., *Empereur des Français*. Recent events seem to afford a strong presumption that something of the kind, however ephemeral, is destined soon to replace the young republic. It will be interesting, before examining the deeds of the past month, to look back some years, and to ask ourselves by what process did Louis Napoleon attain a position by which, as an eminent observer writes us, he is enabled to do a deed 'so outrageously opposed to English notions.'

The revolution of February, 1848, was but the natural result of a system of corruption and oppression which had armed the enemies of monarchy with such powerful arguments, and made the warmest friends of royalty lukewarm. France had for many years been on the high road to revolution. It was an understood thing, that the death of Louis Philippe was to be the signal for the movement. The attempted repression of a moderate reform banquet, changed a peaceful manifestation into a revolution. Paris rose, and drove away the old king. A republic was proclaimed. The day the provisional government was selected, that day the difficulties commenced. Two distinct parties opposed each other, and prevented by their hostility the establishment of anything firm and solid. The most bitter hatred existed at this time between republicans and democrats. The reaction took advantage of these domestic quarrels to unite firmly. All public men feigned to be republicans; M. Baroche called himself a socialist, M. Leon Faucher a republican; M. Montalembert made a democratic profession of faith. The June insurrection was the last scene of the quarrels between the republicans. Provoked by the stupid insolence of the reaction, (blinded by the calmness of the people on the 24th February), it showed the spectacle of men of all parties fighting on both sides. There were as many democrats before, as behind the barricades; while, in the faubourg St. Marceau, the insurrection was paid and was royalist.

The consequences of the June insurrection were many. In the first place, most false republicans threw off the mask, and declared themselves what they really were; while the timid, the unpolitical, many whose tendencies were previously republican, began to look around for some flag which promised security and peace. Already the eyes of France had turned towards the Bonapartes in 1830. Fifteen years had wiped away most memories of the military despot's errors, while glory became greater, as distance concealed its blacker page. Besides, anything seemed a favourable change after the monstrous Jesuitism and the reactionary tendencies of the restoration. But the agents and friends of Louis Philippe were too quick for both Bonapartists and republicans. The citizen king was proclaimed. Every one is aware how soon he violated the promises he had made, and exasperated the republican party, who joined with the royalists and Bonapartists to overthrow him. In 1832, there was so much movement, that Louis Philippe shook on his throne. The young Duke of Reichstadt lived. The son of Napoleon was a name calculated to awaken the throbbing of a million hearts. As people began to see through the pretended patriotism of the Duke of Orleans, they turned their looks towards this young Austrian officer. Louis Philippe trembled. The King of Rome died. So opportune was the relief, that the darkest insinuations were set afloat.

For some time the name of Napoleon slept. It remained a myth, which the masses worshipped; but so strong was the Orleans branch in the eyes of the nation, that, beyond a few old soldiers, and one or two enthusiastic ex-servants, no one dreamed of a return of the Bonaparte family. Even the two wild attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne excited little enthusiasm. There remained a small, active, hopeful party, with millions of admirers; but the dream of reigning was over. The June insurrection changed the position of affairs. It gave courage to the reaction, it alarmed the timid; it made a return to monarchy probable, and even, in the eyes of many, certain; but still no man dared demand an immediate overthrow of the republic. The head of the parties favourable to royalty looked round for a candidate who might serve their purpose.

Many reasons contributed to cause the selection of Louis Napoleon.

He had a great and glorious name in the eyes of the masses; he alone was certain to obtain a majority against a republican general who had sacrificed his reputation for the cause of order. He was a prince and a Bonaparte. Despite his socialist writings, no man doubted his personal ambition. Elected president of the republic, the reaction knew that he must lean upon

them, and consent to laws unfavourable to the advance of liberalism. He would thus pave the way for a state of things favourable to the restoration of monarchy. On the other hand, the election of Cavaignac was certain solidity for the republic. No man doubted that this energetic, honest, and high-principled republican general would, in four years, so consolidate his favourite institutions, that the French republic would have little to fear from royalist or demagogic factions. Then there were jealousies: Emile de Girardin, the ablest and least scrupulous press-writer in France, had his solitary confinement to avenge. He declared for Louis Napoleon. Lamartine stood in the position of a disappointed man. Himself not president, he preferred Louis Napoleon. He considered that, in June, Cavaignac had usurped his place; he made no open declaration; he knew his own re-election impossible, and he observed, in answer to a remark—‘I think Louis Napoleon far less dangerous to the republic than Cavaignac.’ Then, again, an immense body of democrats, aware that their candidate would not be chosen, were prepared to vote for the prince, against the general who had put down by the strong sword a popular insurrection, the object of which was to have removed Lamartine and his friend from power, to have added Barbes and others to the democratic members of the provisional government, and then to have declared war with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for Polish, Hungarian, and Italian liberty,—liberty which, in all probability, they would have enjoyed but for the June insurrection.

Napoleon, then, was elected, and at once took up the side of the royalist party, whose idol, whose flag he was. Much annoyed at the republican majority in the constituent assembly, he, on the 29th January, 1849, entered into a secret plot to dissolve it, which only differed from his late act in form. During the night, arrangements were made, generals were made sure of, orders were distributed, and it was solemnly resolved to dismiss the national assembly. Around Napoleon were men capable of any act of despotism—old soldiers, worshippers of the empire,—men who comprehended, and who comprehend nothing but the sword. Fialin de Persigny, Colonel Vaudrey, Prince Ney de la Moskowa, Viellard, Dumoulin, and others, dreamed of nothing but empire. They were the inventors of Boulogne and Strasburg.

On the night of the 28th, they called upon Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the elect of six millions, to declare himself emperor, in virtue of the *senatus-consultus*, which declared him heir of Napoleon I., after the King of Rome. He hesitated. He recollected his oath of the 20th of December, when he swore to respect the constitution, to leave the power he assumed as he found it, and in all things to look to the laws. Besides, he was in need

of the support of the Orleanists and Bonapartists to put out the republicans.

For several days, a M. Râteau had been proposing to the constituent assembly to dissolve. The effect of the June insurrection was dying away; every hour the feeling against the republicans was wearing off. Could the constituent assembly have remained, as was originally intended, until all the organic laws were voted, it would to a great extent have been re-elected. But early in 1849, the country was ill-disposed towards any but conservatives. In January, according to the boast of a royalist deputy, who knew pretty well what he was saying, not fifty genuine republicans would have been elected. During the election, even ultra-democrats expressed the same opinion.

It was under the effect of these ideas that the reaction urged on the dissolution of the constituent assembly. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte lent them a hand. On the 29th January he surrounded the house of parliament with his troops; he rode out and reviewed them; a tremendous display of military force greeted the astonished legislators. It was rumoured that if they refused to dissolve they would be forcibly dismissed. Agents went about, journals declared that it was the assembly alone that prevented Napoleon from doing all the good he had promised. The masses murmured. The constituent assembly knew that it was doing its duty, but it also knew that it had been calumniated and made unpopular; it saw the rigid troops headed by subservient generals; it heard the murmuring people; it voted its own immediate dissolution.

The electors sent 220 ultra republicans and about thirty moderates to the chamber, perhaps not quite so many. At all events, in those days Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his ministers had a large majority. It remains to be seen what were his acts while he had a majority.

The whole history of Louis Napoleon's rule might with almost equal correctness have been applied to Russia or Austria by the emperors of those two countries. Coercion; dismissal of all functionaries, high and low, not devoted to him and his party; laws such as were never dreamed of in any constitutional country—such are the characteristics of his presidency. His acts may be divided into two categories: those perpetrated to court the support and approval of the reaction in France and Europe, and those evidently intended to pave the way for his subsequent attempt at absolute power.

In the first category we place the expedition to Rome, the terrible siege of Rome, the restoration of the pope, the expulsion of exiled foreigners from France, the press laws, the abolition of universal suffrage, and the law placing the whole education of the



people under the surveillance of priests and government officials. Those of the second category are notorious. They consist in the wholesale dismissal of prefects, sub-prefects, and officials of all kinds, the revoking of maires and schoolmasters ; the gradual elevation of Bonapartist generals to the exclusive command of the army ; the reviews of Satory, where the soldiers were deluged with wine ; the tamperings with the army ; the purchase of men of different parties ; and a variety of minor acts, all with the same tendency.

All the acts of Louis Napoleon sink into insignificance alongside the abolition of universal suffrage and the press laws.

The press laws are the most stringent ever passed in France ; they were the warm favourite of his ministers, who hurried them through. Since they were passed, there has been in France no liberty of writing or of speaking. Every article had to be signed by its writer, while every independent journal has had one or more of its editors in prison. None but journals favourable to the government have been allowed to be sold in the streets.

The law abolishing universal suffrage was passed under the influence of the overwhelming majorities gained in 1850 by the democratic candidates in all parts of France, particularly in Paris, where eleven socialists were elected—amongst others, two common soldiers, and Eugene Sue. There was a tremendous counter-reaction : Armand Marrast declared that early in 1850 the republicans, perhaps the socialists, would have carried the elections in eighty departments, and have sent six hundred out of 750 members to the national assembly. The majority was alarmed. The ministers, with the consent of Louis Napoleon, brought in a bill to deprive four out of nine millions of their votes. It is believed by many that the president foresaw the tremendous unpopularity which this law would bring on the assembly, as well as the opportunity it gave him for gaining a popular position. He must have known that his own re-election was impossible under the new system, which threw out the floating population of the towns, his chief supporters. However this may be, the law was passed, and became the flag which all his ministers, save the last, nailed to the president's ship.

By the above measure Louis Napoleon Bonaparte considered himself to have gained the support of absolute Europe, of the royalists of both parties, and of the friends of ultra-conservatism under whatever name known. Messrs. Thiers, Changarnier, Berryer, de Falloux, and Montalembert, were his warm supporters. But by degrees it became evident that Louis Napoleon did not intend to go out quietly in 1852. To this a large body of the royalists had no objection ; they had one object in view—the violation of the constitution, and its being gradually brought into con-

d the republic, to suspend the president of the republic from his functions, and loyally and openly stand by the constitution. They resolved to do this too late.

The election for Paris took place on Sunday and Monday, the 9th November and 1st December. The republicans and the friends of the president abstained. Out of 148,000 electors, 53,000 voted, of whom 52,000 voted for the royalist candidate. Everything was calm and still. The people abstained—nothing more. Monday evening, Paris went to sleep, calm and still. The *Renouveau* newspaper, and the *Assemblée Nationale*, had articles denouncing the *coup d'état* for the next day. They gave the news as a piece of comic absurdity. They trusted too much in the honour of the army, and in the respect due by its generals and their officers to the parliament and constitution of their country—the one elected by universal suffrage, the other the all but unanimous creation of a constituent assembly. Certain of the persons threatened went peaceably to bed; amongst these, Generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Bedeau; MM. Thiers and Changarnier were more suspicious. They sat up at the house of the latter. Meanwhile, there was a grand party at the Elysée. All the devoted adherents of the Bonaparte faction were there—men and women, with the generals who were about to betray their country into the hands of a despot. Louis Napoleon was sombre and pale, but his little court of advisers were quite exhilarated.

All contributed to render the stroke easy; scarcely one man beyond the immediate conspirators believed in rumours which were afloat; then the army in and around Paris had all its superior officers studiously chosen from the summer friends of the president; the young, and somewhat unprincipled, Delaunay, prefect of police, was his devoted friend. At midnight, the proclamations were all ready. They had been printed at a secret press set up in the vaults of the Elysée-Bourbon. At the same hour, the regiments from the forts were ordered to begin their march on Paris. The soldiers were aroused from their slumbers; and, to induce them to march against the parliament by whose laws they existed, by whose vote they were paid, their officers had the audacity to announce the president's life to be in danger. The same thing was said both to the soldiers and to the population of Paris. A fearful conspiracy had been discovered. Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, and others, had been stopped, marching through the Bois de Boulogne, to arrest the president, and send him to Vincennes. These and other rumours of an awful communisturrection to plunder all France, were industriously set afloat. Meanwhile the agents of the usurper had not been idle. They had effected all the arrests above-mentioned; they had occupied the office of every opposition journal, royalist and republican,

of the 31st May they were placing in the hands of the president a tremendous arm, and they yielded to circumstances. The vote fairly counted was equal. Had M. de Lamartine not been ill, nor two deputies of the Mountain been prevented voting by the arbitrary decision of the president of the chamber, universal suffrage would have been the law of the land.

But it was rejected, and the *camarilla* rejoiced. They would have wept tears of rage had the law of the 31st of May been repealed. There would then have been no chance for a *coup d'état*. Universal reprobation would have greeted any violation of the law. But the narrow escape of the unpopular law roused indignation. It was rumoured that the president would have universal suffrage at any price; the royalist leaders met in council; the house of M. Bazé was the head quarters of the royalist junta. Everybody foresaw a struggle, and prepared for it in his own way.

Towards the end of the month of November, the position became clear. The president, backed by his personal adherents, and by the republicans of every shade, was battling for universal suffrage as a means of popularity and revolution. The royalists, who began to suspect what was plotting, openly declared their alarm, and the necessity of taking precautions against a *coup d'état*.\* The constitution vaguely provided a means of defence for the assembly, while it did not define the powers of the president. The vice-presidents and questors of the legislative assembly brought in a bill to provide for the defence of the parliament. There was no time to be lost. The proclamations of the year 1848-1849, declaring any act of the army against the sovereign high court of parliament treason, were torn down, and a circular

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\* The Paris correspondent of the *Glasgow Sentinel* writes violently, but with prophetic warning, on the 19th November:—‘The debate of Monday and its result is almost incomprehensible. After the rejection of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte’s proposition for a return to universal suffrage, there was a general fear of a *coup d’état*, a *coup de main*, a little 18th Brumaire. The royalist right were the most alarmed; they professed to feel danger for their persons; they openly declared the country and constitution in danger, and on Monday the proposition of the questors for the defence of the Assembly was hurried on. By the present law, the President of the Chamber is entitled to fix the amount of the forces required for the defence of the Assembly, and to summon them at need. But the questors were not satisfied with this. They said the law was doubtful, that the army required to have the affair distinctly settled, and they proposed that the Assembly should declare, by a vote, that the army was at the command of a sovereign Assembly, could be called in at any moment, and defend the legislature from the invasions of the executive.

‘Under present circumstances the proposition was very reasonable. The designs of the President are clear, well known, and undoubted.

‘But the left were singularly placed. The President was the advocate and supporter of universal suffrage, and it was because he had made a proposition

of the minister of war told the soldiers that they owed no obedience, save to their generals. The president himself made speeches which clearly showed that he considered himself the ruler of France, the master, and not the mere constitutional president, of the republic.

Still the republicans, believing the president sincere in his wish to restore universal suffrage, and regarding the questors' bill as merely an attack on him for proposing a liberal measure, committed the fatal blunder of refusing to invest the chamber with extraordinary powers. The questors' bill declared the army subservient to the sovereign assembly, made it high treason to refuse to obey its orders, provided measures for the defence of the assembly, and in every way showed its just suspicions of the president. But the republicans would not put this power in the hands of the majority, whom they suspected as much as they did the president.

The last week in November came ; events crowded on. There is not a shadow of a doubt that early in the week arrangements commenced for this particular *coup d'état*. The proclamations were drawn up, the generals and officers who acted subsequently with Louis Napoleon were bought over, and the generals who were to be arrested, designated. In the *Economist* of the 29th November, their names are all mentioned, showing that the whole plot was elaborated, and had come to the ear of the correspondent of that journal. Still the assembly did not think the danger quite so pressing. They brought in a bill certainly to circumscribe the powers of the president, a stringent and plain law, which stated what were his attributions ; but beyond that there was no dream of a movement.

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to restore universal suffrage that this act of suspicion had been committed. The left preferred fuller confidence in the President to aiding and abetting the furious, rampant royalists and conservatives in their deliberate insult against Louis Napoleon—not the Louis Napoleon of reaction and conservatism—not the prince they have so long courted, but the constitutional president of the republic, who demands a return to universal suffrage.

‘But both the right may repent this suspicion and the left this confidence.

‘We are approaching evil days. The path of revolution is about again to be trod—it is inevitable—it is impossible to avoid it. The fault is that of Louis Napoleon and the majority.

‘Louis Napoleon is a traitor to liberty, the Monk of reaction for signing the bill which abolished universal suffrage.

‘The majority are a parcel of blind idiots. They cannot see that they are making revolution inevitable and certain.’

The same writer, in November 1847, said that the coming revolution would benefit the then obscure Louis Napoleon, and in the month of January 1848, announced the overthrow of the monarchy, and the proclamation of a republic as certain. So clearly do events cast their shadows before them for those who will see.

One word with regard to the democratic party in France, upon whom so much strong language is lavished. The democratic party whether it be called socialist, republican, or moderate republican, with the exception of a mere mob of reckless agitators, very small in numbers, and without influence, had long determined to give up the path of revolution on two conditions. In the first place, they would accept nothing short of a republic ; in the next place, universal suffrage and strict respect for the constitution. They were quite willing to accept, under these circumstances, legal defeat. They had faith that, with universal suffrage, their principles must triumph, and they fore-swore all appeals to the musket. There was, in the last week in November, no republican organization. The secret societies had no ammunition ; they believed in the triumph of universal suffrage, and earnestly resolved to rush to the poll on the day of election. The republicans of France are intimately convinced that they will never obtain the sympathies of Europe until they give up fighting without cause. Nobody expects them, any more than the Poles and Hungarians, to submit to everything ; but reckless *émeutes* and insurrection will destroy any party.

But whether the republicans intended at any future time to take arms or not, they never concealed their intention of resisting an election by restricted suffrage and an unconstitutional re-election of the president ; they were perfectly determined to be calm until then. The president had fixed the election of a member for Paris for the 30th November, by the restricted suffrage, and there were rumours of the electors excluded by the law of the 31st May rushing to the poll, to demand their rights. M. Charles Lagrange rose and questioned the minister as to the reason why such rumours were set afloat, and solemnly declared that the people would not be provoked. If the constitution were violated—if the republic were touched—if the law of the 31st May were unrepealed, the democrats, he said, were ready. But under any other circumstances, they were determined to remain calm.

The Orleanist and legitimist parties were more active. They had no intention of voting the revision of the constitution with a view to the re-election of Louis Napoleon. Their idea of revision was to provoke a vote between monarchy and republic ; they knew that the prince would not go out ; they knew there would be a *coup d'état*. More experienced statesmen than the republicans, they took precautions. Messrs. Changarnier, Bazé, Thiers, &c., endeavoured to devise some means of parrying the blow. But one existed : to unite with the republican party, to decree universal suffrage, to arrest all the conspirators in the Elysée, where the proof existed of a plot to overthrow the constitution

and the republic, to suspend the president of the republic from his functions, and loyally and openly stand by the constitution. They resolved to do this too late.

The election for Paris took place on Sunday and Monday, the 30th November and 1st December. The republicans and the friends of the president abstained. Out of 148,000 electors, 53,000 voted, of whom 52,000 voted for the royalist candidate. Everything was calm and still. The people abstained—nothing more.

Monday evening, Paris went to sleep, calm and still. The *Arenement* newspaper, and the *Assemblée Nationale*, had articles announcing the *coup d'état* for the next day. They gave the news as a piece of comic absurdity. They trusted too much in the honour of the army, and in the respect due by its generals and other officers to the parliament and constitution of their country—the one elected by universal suffrage, the other the all but unanimous creation of a constituent assembly. Certain of the persons threatened went peaceably to bed; amongst these, Generals Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, and Bedeau; MM. Thiers and Changarnier were more suspicious. They sat up at the house of the latter. Meanwhile, there was a grand party at the Elysée. All the devoted adherents of the Bonaparte faction were there—men and women, with the generals who were about to betray their country into the hands of a despot. Louis Napoleon was sombre and pale, but his little court of advisers were quite exhilarated.

All contributed to render the stroke easy; scarcely one man beyond the immediate conspirators believed in rumours which were afloat; then the army in and around Paris had all its superior officers studiously chosen from the summer friends of the president; the young, and somewhat unprincipled, De Maupas, prefect of police, was his devoted friend. At midnight, the proclamations were all ready. They had been printed at a secret press set up in the vaults of the Elysée-Bourbon. At the same hour, the regiments from the forts were ordered to begin their march on Paris. The soldiers were aroused from their slumbers; and, to induce them to march against the parliament by whose laws they existed, by whose vote they were paid, their officers had the audacity to announce the president's life to be in danger. The same thing was said both to the soldiers and to the population of Paris. An awful conspiracy had been discovered. Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, and others, had been stopped, marching through the Bois de Boulogne, to arrest the president, and send him to Vincennes. These and other rumours of an awful communist insurrection to plunder all France, were industriously set afloat.

Meanwhile the agents of the usurper had not been idle. They had effected all the arrests above-mentioned; they had occupied the office of every opposition journal, royalist and republican,



militarily, and they had dismissed both editor and printer, announcing to them that no journals would be allowed to appear; even those devoted to the Elysée were ordered to send their proofs henceforth for correction to agents of the government. A little after dawn, every approach to the national assembly was occupied by troops. The Champs Elysées were like a cavalry barracks; the Boulevard, the Place de Carousel, De Bourgogne, the Tuileries gardens, the Louvre, every avenue to the presidency was filled with soldiers. Protected by these imposing forces, the police began to put up the placards announcing that the assembly was dissolved, that Paris was in a state of siege, and that universal suffrage was restored. Paris, which had gone to sleep with a republican constitution, under the protection of laws, awoke in the hands of a conspirator, supported by bayonets. All law was abolished. The parliament—sanctuary of law—was brutally dissolved, and all to prevent a president, who had sworn to the constitution, from going out at the legal time.

The first effect was stupor. Then a certain amount of admiration. A large body of the people, disgusted at the reactionary tendencies of the assembly, rejoiced. About twelve o'clock, however, men began to reflect. The illegal nature of the act, the bayonets brought out to support it, the men who had perpetrated it, filled the people with just alarm. Men of note, royalist and republican, went about explaining the tendencies of the act. Indignation began already to fill all men's bosoms. They saw that if they approved of so grossly an illegal act, they must be prepared to submit to much more. Murmurs arose. Along the boulevards, the quays, in the Champs Elysée, one cry only was heard, that of *Vive la republique*.

Events were occurring meanwhile, which as they became known roused indignation, enthusiasm, fury, and despair. At an early hour a large body of deputies joined in a procession, and marched on the assembly. Some few had already succeeded in meeting in the bureaux. They were expelled, dispersed, driven away. Some were struck by infuriated soldiers. The questors had been arrested at six o'clock in the morning. Those of the members who were collected in the hall of public sittings were driven out at the point of the bayonet. Another attempt was then made to meet at the house of M. Daru, one of the vice-presidents, but this also was prevented by an armed force.

A little after half-past twelve, somewhat more than two hundred deputies collected in the mairie of the tenth arrondissement, under the presidency of M. Odillon Barrot. The members present were chiefly royalists, of the two parties of Orleanists and legitimists. They declared themselves *en permanence*, voted rapidly certain measures of public safety, and then by the mouth of M. Berryer,

announced their decisions to the people from the balcony of the hotel. The words were taken down in pencil by an English gentleman, who speaks French as well as he does English, and they were as follows, with the interruptions of an immense crowd:—

'Inhabitants of Paris (*Vive la republique!* from the crowd), Inhabitants of Paris, we are in sufficient number to deliberate, to act, and to vote (immense cries of *Vive la republique!*). We are here in virtue of the Constitution (Bravo! *Vive la republique!*) and of universal suffrage, which we declare once more the law of the land (tremendous cheering.) In virtue of our sovereign power, we decree the *déchéance* of the president of the republic (*c'est cela!* terrific applause, during which M. de Larochejaquelin tried to enter the *mairie*), and we declare General Oudinot, *que voici*, commander in chief of the army of Paris (loud cries of *Vive la republique!* no more Roman expeditions!) Inhabitants of Paris, *soyez tranquille.*

At this moment, just as General Oudinot, who wore his scarf of a representative, was about to address the people, some soldiers appeared behind, dragged the two deputies in, put a sentry in the balcony, and closed the window. A scene of awful confusion took place inside. The deputies reminded the soldiers of the monstrous act they were committing, told them that they only were the legal rulers of the nation, that they were now the executive; and when M. Berryer was dragged in from the window, he thus addressed them:—"Soldiers, you no longer obey the legal president of a republic, but an outlaw, a chief of brigands!"

But the men selected for this act of vandalism were old African soldiers, who know nothing but passive obedience. The deputies were told that force would be used if they resisted, and then the *chasseurs* cleared the hall, and drove the whole body of members to the barracks of the quay d'Orsay, whence, during the course of the week, they were individually taken to their respective houses.

Meanwhile the Mountain had met at M. Cremieux's, and at Victor Hugo's, and proclamations to the people were printed. They were soon distributed everywhere. Such of the representatives as were not arrested, dispersed themselves in the insurgent quarters, and prepared for armed resistance. This was difficult. The working-classes and republicans generally were unarmed. They had not calculated on so soon requiring to use their muskets.

The high court of justice endeavoured to meet, but was violently dispersed. The intention of the court was known. In virtue of the constitution, it was about to decree the solemn *dechéance* of the president of the republic. Inexpressible agitation spread through the masses. The deputies were everywhere approved. No man after about two o'clock dared say a word in approval of

Louis Napoleon. On Tuesday, as on Wednesday evening, all the approvers of the presidential policy had their hats thrust over their eyes, and were assailed, while their clothes were torn to ribbons, with cries of *ratapoil ! ratapoil ! cassemajou ! cassemajou !* alluding to the brutalities of the society of the Tenth December, on the occasion of the presidential journeys.

On Tuesday evening vast military precautions were taken, but without much necessity. There was scarcely a thought of barricades. Wednesday morning came, and with it the proclamation announcing that the vote was to take place by open lists or registers, to be opened and presided over during eight days by officials of the government. This excited the universal indignation of all classes. Every body knew the absurd farce which had been perpetrated in 1804, when hundreds of thousands of votes were coolly suppressed by subservient prefects. The declarations of the Mountain, of the members of the right, the proclamation of Girardin, Victor Hugo, and Michael de Bourges, produced treble effect, and all day on Wednesday, and during the whole of the night, preparations were made for a combat. The news came secretly to Paris that the provinces were furious, that the peasants were preparing for a struggle, and the royalists were in great elation of spirit. Still, those who determined to fight in Paris were very few in number—not more than six thousand.

The members of the Mountain, to the number of one hundred and twenty, went into the insurgent quarters, but though they found sympathy enough, they found no disposition to fight. The faubourg St. Antoine, usually the first to rise, and against which resistance is scarcely possible, was wholly unprepared. Still one or two barricades were made in that quarter on Wednesday, and at one of them three deputies fought. M. Baudin was killed ; a second, M. Madier de Montjau, was severely wounded ; a third, Alphonse Esquiros, escaped. But in the Rue St. Martin, according to the command of the government to fire without warning, a crowd was shot at by the soldiers, and two men were slain. Their corpses were paraded about by torch-light by a band of eight hundred.

Much difficulty is experienced, even by residents in Paris, in arriving at facts, after this act. Not one independent journal exists. Everything published comes from the hand of the government, while such is the terror of the inhabitants at the idea of martial law, that from the 4th December most men have feared to speak, or write in letters, a word they have seen. Letters have been opened, delayed, destroyed. The writer of this article sent between the 4th and the 11th no less than fifty letters to England, to one of which only did he receive an answer. Five he has received notice verbally were not received ; while most of the rest



have probably shared the same fate. The difficulty of giving a correct account of events is great. French government narratives are proverbial for their incorrectness; but having been as much on the spot as was possible, and visited the scenes of the combat, we shall attempt a brief sketch from personal observation.

About two o'clock, the quarters St. Denis and St. Martin commenced erecting barricades, while in the houses along the boulevards the royalists prepared for a conflict. About three o'clock we were on the boulevard des Italiens. The cavalry made numerous charges, while the infantry fired. At half-past three, twelve thousand men, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, having previously passed, firing began from windows in the boulevard, particularly round the Opera Comique. The soldiers fired back, and many persons were killed, some in the streets, some in the houses, and some after they had been taken prisoners. Thirty-eight persons, amongst others Mr. Paris, the chemist, Mr. Hoff, the dentist, and others, were killed accidentally. The conduct of the soldiers was most brutal in many instances. An officer ran a man through for crying *Vive la Republique*. After the great barricade of the Porte St. Denis was battered down by cannon, the soldiers made no prisoners, they bayoneted and shot every man they found, and some women. Even prisoners taken at other barricades were shot before evening, by order of the courts-martial. It is generally said that the fighting was over at six o'clock. From nine, until half-past ten, we heard a tremendous succession of discharges of cannon and musketry. Some say it was prisoners being shot, but surely not by cannon?

But on Friday morning all was over. The announcement of the return to secret voting, being considered a great moral victory, prevented the insurrection becoming one half as general as was expected. But the worst murders of all took place on this day. The following, from an impartial eye-witness, an Englishman, and not a republican, should be preserved. There can be no shadow of a doubt that the 4th and 5th December will be placed in history alongside the St. Bartholomew and the September massacre:—"Friday morning, the third day of blood, opened very promisingly with proclamations, threatening death for every conceivable and inconceivable act of treason that might be manifested or suspected. \* \* \* Towards three o'clock, and after the soldiers had been refreshed, their cries were loud and frequent of "Vive Napoleon!" Now and then a civilian would cry "Vive la Republique!" when at once the same fusilading as was practised the day before was resumed, and in several instances men and women were killed upon the spot. Need I say more than point to the fact, that at nine o'clock at night there were no less than ninety-eight dead bodies huddled together in various

batches in the boulevards, all those of the day before having been carted off by three o'clock in the day. I witnessed a dose of grape that day which brought down about thirty men, all of respectable attire, and only for crying "*Vive la republique!*" while about as many more were bayoneted near the same group. It was a busy day was this Friday on the Champ de Mars; firing all day, and every shot bringing down some *traitor!* From the number of prisoners taken in the three days, it is supposed that no less than seven hundred were disposed of in that day's work; even the very police, who were in the secret of the number murdered, appeared pale and agitated towards evening, from the awful tragedy they had taken part in. At night a rumour was spread that the men of the Faubourg Poissonniere were in hundreds erecting a barricade. They were to the number of about ninety or a hundred talking of the loss of relatives—some deprived of a son, others of a father, and even not a few, of their daughters. A few rounds of grape and canister, followed by a charge of dragoons, sent fifty of them into the other world with blessings on their lips, breathing upon the name of Bonaparte and *la grande armée.* But in the provinces the government had work enough. It is in the departments that the force of the revolutionary party now exists. They are in proportion far more republican and democratic than Paris. The peasants are, to a large extent, communists, while the royalists have also great force in the villages. It is quite certain that the chief disorders in the country have been perpetrated by the peasantry, and not by the workmen of the towns.

In the department of the Allier, the insurgents obtained possession of Lapalisse, and were only repulsed after a terrible combat, the tocsin sounding everywhere; at Marseilles, an attempt at general insurrection took place; at Condom, department of the Gers, the insurgents drove out the authorities and proclaimed a provisional government, which, says the government papers, behaved with great moderation; at Bordeaux, and throughout the Gironde generally, partial movements took place; at Poligny, the people obtained possession of the town, and according to the government papers, committed horrible excesses, while private letters declare that the most rigid severity was exercised towards all who attempted pillage or murder; at Montargis, there was an insurrection and some deaths; at Clamecy in the Nievre, the peasants and people joined, and obtained partial possession of the town; at Cosne the same took place; at Strasburg, after a movement of the people, the place was declared in a state of siege; numerous insurrections occurred in the towns and villages of the Saone-et-Loire; in the Basses Alpes; in the Aube; in the Bouches-du-Rhone; in the Cher; in the Correze; in the Dordogne; at Flea-

ronce in the Gers; at Auch, Miranda; in the Herault (where nearly a hundred people were killed and wounded at Beziers); at Flevesan, where the authorities were expelled; at Marseillan, where a republican government was proclaimed; at Bedarieux, where the people captured a barracks, and where the commissary of police escaped in disguise as a beggar; in the Indre: in the Ille-et-Vilaine; in the Loiret; in the Maine-et-Loire; at Angers; at Nancy; in fact, all over France, in nearly every town there was armed resistance to the attempt of Louis Napoleon to seize absolute authority.

The most serious movement was in the Basses Alpes, where the insurgents took possession of the whole department, drove out all the officials, captured the mails, opened and seized all government despatches, but sent on private letters; took the fort of Sisteron; the town of Digne, capital of the department, and, in fine, were masters of the situation.

Much has been said relative to the conduct of the insurgents, and the government papers publish horrible narratives of their atrocities. With the exception, however, of some disgusting excesses committed at Clamecy by ex-convicts, and prisoners released from prison under very mysterious circumstances, the insurgents have in reality behaved with singular moderation. They had entire possession of the department of the Basses Alpes, and a provisional government sat four days in Digne. The Elysée organs say that they were going to commit the vilest crimes; that, on the day after the troops entered the town, Digne was to have been burnt and pillaged; but they own that the provisional government put out severe proclamations against illegal acts, and that they caused these proclamations to be respected. Individual acts of robbery took place of course, but the conduct even of the frontier insurgents was extremely moderate. The calumnies of the hired press of Paris, wholly in the hands of the government, are electoral tricks; but they are widely spread in England by certain journalists, who care not at what price they blacken the popular party, while they excuse and justify a daring and successful criminal.

Compare the conduct of the people with that of the conspirators. Their conduct in Paris is already related, though we must quote these words from the 'Economist,'—'It is believed that the number of persons killed by the soldiers is not less than 2500, of whom not one hundred, it is said, were insurgents,'—while we may add that the barricades were allowed to be erected, as, without a fight, Louis Napoleon's position would have been untenable. As to the conduct of the soldiers, headed by the co-conspirators of the President in the provinces, one or two extracts at random, from the government papers, will sufficiently



enlighten our readers. They are from the 'Constitutionnel,' the personal organ of the President:—

'*Basses Alpes*.—All the news of the troops is favourable. Wherever they meet with bands of insurgents, they attack, disperse, and shoot all taken with arms in their hands.'

'*Aups*.—The cavalry killed *fifty* or *sixty*—the infantry, *forty*. We had *one* man killed.'

'*Draguignan*.—We killed from eighty to ninety. We lost one fusileer. \* \* \* The greater part of the insurgents were either badly armed, or not armed at all.'

'*Var*.—From ninety to a hundred of the insurgents were killed. We lost one man.'

Such extracts require no comment. In almost every instance these letters add long details of atrocities which were *going to be* perpetrated.

At the hour at which we write, Louis Napoleon is triumphant. He is dictator of France. Everywhere the military have gained the day. But how long this will last is a question which those who know France best will hesitate to answer.

Seventy-three journals are suppressed; the innumerable protests from civil and military servants are concealed; and every impediment is thrown in the way of those struck off the list, by the law of the 31st May, from being re-registered. Innumerable arrests take place every hour: myriads of spies are scattered over the country: electors are bullied, threatened, corrupted; the army has voted on an open registry, and yet 16,348 soldiers and 4890 sailors have voted *no*.

France is a country filled by parties of a most varied character. Legitimists, Orleanists, republicans, democrats, socialists, and communists, form the various sections of its population. The Bonapartists are not a party. The legitimists are strong in numbers in some parts, and have able statesmen. De Falloux, Berryer, Larochejaquelin, and others, are active and earnest men, but their ideas are of a past age. The Orleanists, with leaders such as Thiers, Barrot, and others, have the support of the middle classes to a considerable extent. The republicans of the Cavaignac school, who are now all semi-socialists, are a powerful and energetic party. The democrats, represented in the late chamber by the Mountain, have the support of nearly all the industrious classes, and a very large portion of the army and peasantry. The communists recruit their forces almost wholly from the floating population of the towns, and the more ignorant peasantry.

Where, then, are the Bonapartists?

Their whole force consists in two sections of the community: political adventurers of every party, and those in all grades of

society who are of no political faith, but ever worship power. How can it be otherwise? Legitimism represents tradition, old ideas, the past; Orleanism, the rule of the middle classes, the government of property and wealth; moderate republicanism, something a little less advanced than what exists in England; democracy and socialism, the government of the people by the people; communism, the craving of the wretched, the miserable, the wild, the idle, the unskilful, the poor, the suffering, to possess. But Bonapartism represents nothing save military glory; and war being a thing of the past, Bonapartism represents nothing.

Where are its statesmen?—Baroche, Montalembert, Fould, St. Arnaud, and a host of others less known, but all belonging to the parties above alluded to; men who hang round power like a parti-coloured cloak, keeping, however, their separate stripes distinctly apart. The men who entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the republic and the constitution, and to substitute the rule of the bayonet and the sword, were all men without position or principle. Ambitious adventurers, and swords hungry after promotion, and eager for a return to the times of the empire, when a military aristocracy ruled over the land, they audaciously violated the law, and with success. In France there is now no law, save the will of Louis Napoleon. He sends forth legislative decrees with as much coolness as he does the nomination of a *juge de paix*; he decrees the payment of 390 millions of next year's taxes; the creation of a railway round Paris; declares that the tobacco monopoly shall be abolished;—all the province of parliament—with as little hesitation as he creates his new marshals. In fact, the great object of all the writers in the Bonapartist journals is to prove that parliaments are nuisances, and that the representative system has been the cause of all the evils which have visited France since 1789.

The apparent approval of the act of Louis Napoleon by the people is almost certain; the name of Napoleon is not dead in the hearts of the peasantry. Besides, thousands upon thousands ask themselves, If we vote against him, what then? who will come after? If the ballot were a straightforward ballot between Louis Napoleon and Cavaignac, there is not a shadow of a doubt that Cavaignac would obtain the support of an overwhelming majority. But the vote is now between a strong existing government and chaos. Besides, the people have made up their minds that it will not be an honest vote. There will be no umpires, no one to represent the people at the ballot-box; all will be done by government officials. What Napoleon did in 1804, will, they say, be done over again.

That Louis Napoleon is no longer the idol of the masses, will

clearly be shown by the enormous amount of those who will abstain, and by the large majority which the coalition of royalists and republicans will have against him in the first parliament which will be elected in the beginning of next year. But let no man be certain ; the hope of armed insurrection is not abandoned.

As to justifying Louis Napoleon, under the specious pretence that the people meant to fight in 1852, it is a hypocritical pretence. In January, it is perfectly well known that universal suffrage would have been voted by the assembly. Already the even vote of 352 against 352 had decided the fate of the law of the 31st May. Louis Napoleon and his advisers knew this ; and they knew also that in May, 1852, the people would have elected a democratic parliament and a republican president. Every man who approaches the examination of the question, with a mind previously unbiassed, can arrive at but one conclusion.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte knew that legally and pacifically he must have gone out in 1852, when the republic would have been consolidated by a great and tranquil election. Rather than go out, he violated the constitution, set the example of illegality, aroused France to insurrection, and caused the destruction of human life, which no pretence can justify or excuse. Of the ruin he has brought upon the hopes of Italy, Hungary, and the other enslaved nations of Europe, who had confidence in the idea of the firm establishment of liberty in France, we have now no space to speak.

*Paris, Dec. 25th.*

The voting is pretty well known. In Paris, 196,000 have voted 'Yes,' and 96,000 'No,' while 100,000 have abstained. In Paris the voting has been fair. This was to be expected. Ordinary observers will judge from Paris and the large towns, where every precaution has been taken to show a fair face. But in the villages, and other country places very different has been the case. One private letter from a late insurgent department will give an idea of what has been done. 'There are eighty-one electors in our village, most of whom are well-known republicans. But when the polling came round a singular scene took place. Two gendarmes stood one on each side of the ballot-box, with a *maire*, who was so compromised that he could not say a word. As the electors came up a gendarme said, curling his *moustache* and frowning, "*Voyons !* let me see, how are *we* going to vote?" The trembling elector showed his *bulletin*. If it was "Yes," the gendarme patted him on the head, and gave him other signs of approval. If it was

"No," the policeman frowned and asked for the poor fellow's papers, insinuating that he must be a noted insurgent. When the votes were counted there were eighty-one "Ayes." We could quote hundreds of similar letters.

Under these circumstances, the voting will be about five millions to one. But the voting, unfortunately, decides nothing. The four millions who have abstained from voting have, in great part, no faith except in muskets and barricades, which are the more likely to be called into existence, since the triumphant Bonapartists announce that the representative system, being a nuisance, must be abolished; or, at all events, so modified, that it will have no influence in the government of the country. An election by two degrees of 500 representatives, 250 of whom are to be selected by Louis Napoleon, is an anomaly which can only be comprehended in a country so original as France.

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## Brief Notices.

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*The Night Lamp—being a Narrative of the Means by which Spiritual Darkness was dispelled from the Death-bed of Agnes Marcell McFarlane.* Third Thousand. By the Rev. J. McFarlane, LL.D. London: Nisbet and Co.

THIS work possesses the elements of true and continuous popularity; and we are pleased, but not surprised, to discover, that from its first appearance it has commanded a remarkable measure of success. Under a title somewhat quaint and scarcely descriptive, there are treasured some of the most affecting pictures of human life and experience, blended with the most important truths of divine revelation.

The narrative is founded on the common but impressive event of the early death of a beautiful and accomplished sister, whose brief career in this case is associated with many tender and sacred remembrances of ancestral piety, of early orphanage, and of religious training: and around whose dying bed gathers a history of spiritual experience which can scarcely be matched. The value of this book does not consist in romantic adventures, or remarkable experience; but in its quiet episodes of common events, are to be found some of the purest poetry and richest christian philosophy. We might refer to the scenes of the mother's death-bed—the pastor's visit to the orphans of the manse—the dying sister's farewell interview with her eldest brother, or the description of the funeral scene by moonlight—as beautiful illustrations of pathetic description and evangelical sentiment.

Dr. McFarlane in this work has found a congenial theme; in which heart, descriptive powers, and personal piety, are equally conspicuous; and we cannot fail to admire the exquisite delicacy as well as stern fidelity with which he has delineated the details of early family experience. We are glad to notice that in the second and third editions, some trifling errors which defaced the first edition have been corrected. We venture to suggest, that some of the casual dissertations, such as those on novel reading, and on spiritual manifestations to the dying, might be abbreviated, with improvement. In conclusion, we cannot suppress the conviction which the perusal of this book has impressed on us, that while few could fail to mourn the loss of a sister so beloved, there are fewer still who would not envy the distinction of rearing over her tomb, so hallowed a tribute to the truth and grace of our Lord and Saviour.

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*The Fair Carew; or, Husbands and Wives.* Three vols. London: Smith and Elder.

THIS is a work very superior to the ordinary run of novels. There is a life and a freshness about it that indicate it to be by a new writer, and that a lady. We recognise the female hand in the nice touches of character, which too often escape the broad pencil of man. We recognise also a fine healthy tone of morality, and a playful wit which sees the weaknesses of our nature, but only smiles at them. There is a reality about the narrative which shows that the writer draws from original, plentiful, and actual sources of her own experience. The people, places, and things are all real—genuine men and women, with bone and sinew, and no shadows. We like the art which, without pretending for a moment to teach, shows so clearly what is dross and what the pure gold in life, amid all the distorting influences of conventional ideas. There is a little want of artistic management in the latter part of the story, which is crowded with unnecessary characters, and overlaid with too much conversation; but these are flaws which a little more practice will remove; and with that experience, we feel persuaded that we shall find in this author one of the most fascinating and instructive writers in the field of fiction, and one of those

on whom we may safely rely for a deeply interesting narrative, free from any danger of specious or mischievous sentiment.

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*Religion.—The Weal of the Church and the Need of the Times.* By George Steward. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THE first part of this volume, omitting two introductory chapters, is devoted to a sketch of the aspects of the times, as they appear to a minister of the Wesleyan methodists. He sees infidelity—a political tendency which is highly unfavourable to religious life; an irreligious government; a diffusion of popular lecturing, which throws the preacher in the shade, and a church languid and dull. One lucid point cheers him; is not methodism in being; there is strong consolation there. The second part of the book points out the remedies. The great cement and cure is religion; to this we say Amen; and then the author goes on to explain, what the church wants to give it due power; a more theological direction; the evangelical alliance top-stone put on; greater zeal; a few slight alterations in the polity of methodism; greater holiness and revivals, using that word in its technical sense. And so we have the thoughts of a good man, and in some respects an able one, on this question that is weighing on us all, and weighing some of us down. We can rejoice to see in the multiplication of books on this subject, the expression of Christian men's awakening interest; but, for the present specimen, we can say little or nothing commendatory. First, and perhaps least, there is an incurably vicious style; huge lumbering words go sprawling over the whole book; a kind of second-hand magnificence; the result of the author's pulpit labours. If he had written his book in English, it would have slightly aided in making him intelligible; as it is, he has preferred big words and rotund sentences. Then we regret to see so very narrow and inadequate a view of the condition of the working classes; such an entire absence of all sympathy with their just political demands; such an obstinate silence about miseries and grinding poverty; such a sworn hostility to the cast of thinking that spreads amongst us, which is all set down as unbelief; such a poor understanding of what we need now, as to dream that revivals and methodism, slightly enlarged and modified, are specifics for the ills of England. Curing cholera with a teaspoonful of cold water would be as rational.

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*The Pipe of Repose; or, Recollections of Eastern Travel.* By Robert Ferguson. Second Edition. London: John Ollivier.

THIS is a very attractive volume, which cannot fail to please its reader. Within a brief compass it furnishes much interesting and valuable information concerning Cairo, the Desert, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, Jericho, and various other places visited by the author. It is written in an easy, unambitious style, evidences a cultivated mind, and betokens what its first title intimates, that Mr. Ferguson 'has arrived at his journey's end, is at leisure to muse over the scenes through which he has passed, and to write an account of his adventures.' Such of our readers as seek the acquaintance of this small volume will find it a most agreeable and instructive companion.



1. *The Christian Catholic*.—2. *The Religion of Money*.—3. *The Virgin and the Saints*.—4. *The Portrait of Mary in Heaven*.—5. *Why does your Priest forbid you to read the Bible?*—6. *History of a Piece of Wood*.—7. *The Book of Books*.—8. *Purgatory*.—9. *The Church of the Pope is neither Catholic, Apostolic, nor Roman; and were she Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, she yet would not be the Church of Jesus Christ*.—10. *The Soldiers of the Pope; a Short Catechism for the Use of Roman Catholics*.—11. *The Breviary*.—12. *Jesus and the Jesuits*.—13. *There must be a Religion for the People. From the French of Napoleon Roussel*. London: Ward and Co.

THESE small tracts are admirably adapted for circulation among Roman-catholics. They betoken an intimate knowledge of the papal system, and are written in a style of considerable vivacity and power. We strongly recommend them to our friends for gratuitous circulation wherever popery prevails, or efforts are being made to extend its unscriptural and pernicious dogmas. Opposed to persecution, we counsel opposition to error. Let moral weapons be vigorously and promptly employed, and the gross errors and historic misdeeds of the popedom will effectually prevent its growth in these kingdoms.

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*Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange*. By John Francis. 8vo. pp. 360. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co.

WE are not surprised to find that this work has attained a second edition. It was suited to insure public favor, by combining in an unwonted degree, the excitement of romance with the matter of fact details which pertain to finance and commerce. Altogether it was just such a work as was likely to have a large circulation, and we are glad to see that this has proved to be the case. The present edition is brought out in very handsome style, and its price is, of course, proportionably high. We should have been glad if its cost had been reduced, so as to place its sketches and narrative within the reach of a greatly extended class.

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*The Jansenists: their Rise, Persecutions by the Jesuits, and existing remnant. A Chapter in Church History*. By S. Tregelles, LL.D. London: Bagster and Sons.

A VERY interesting and valuable section of ecclesiastical history is given in this small volume, which evinces commendable diligence and much discrimination. We thank Dr. Tregelles for the labor he has expended on its preparation, and recommend our readers to acquaint themselves with its mournful, yet instructive details. The history of the Jansenists presents some points of striking resemblance to that of the early reformers, while few of our countrymen, probably, are aware that they still survive in the archbishopric of Utrecht. Such, however, is the case, and their relation to the papal see recalls to our mind the position of parties nearer home in connexion with the hierarchy of these realms.

*The Pictorial Family Bible, according to the Authorised Version; containing the Old and New Testaments. With Copious Original Notes. By J. Kitto, D.D. Part Thirteen. London: W. S. Orr and Co.*

WE are glad to report that this cheap edition of an admirable work has proceeded so far with regularity and dispatch. It places within the reach of a very large class, a greater mass of valuable information elucidatory of the inspired books, than can elsewhere be found within similar limits, and at an equally low price. It is needless to recommend what is highly estimated, and has already become a standard book.

*Little Henry's Holiday at the Great Exhibition. By the Editor of 'Pleasant Pages.' London: Houlston and Stoneman.*

AN admirable little book, well answering to its title, and sure to captivate the class of readers for whom it is designed. Even older folks than 'Little Henry' may gain useful information from its pages, and will certainly be much interested in its details. We understand that her Majesty has placed a copy of the work in the hands of each of her children; and such of our readers as are parents cannot do better than imitate the royal example.

*The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal. Glasgow: Collins.*

THIS is a very cheap and respectable-looking edition, well got up, and, so far as we have examined, well translated. There is a life of Pascal prefixed, reading, here and there, suspiciously like a translation, too. Mr. Collins deserves support in these cheap issues.

*The Elijah of South Africa; or, the Character and Spirit of the late Rev. John Philip, D.D., unveiled and vindicated. By Robert Philip. London: John Snow.*

ALL who are acquainted with the writings of Mr. Philip, are aware that some of their characteristics are not according to our standard. In a literary court, therefore, we should have much to say in the way of exception to some things which we find in this little volume. Such, however, is not our present object. We sympathize so entirely with the feelings under which this memorial has been prepared, as to lose sight of all other considerations than the one end contemplated by the author. Dr. Philip was so eminently worthy of the tribute rendered, and it is offered in so genuine and earnest a spirit, that we receive it gratefully, and heartily commend it to the attentive perusal of our readers. The publication is opportune, and will do good service in preventing a ready credence being given to the calumnies now industriously propagated by abettors of the D'Urban system. A new generation has risen since Dr. Philip compelled a reluctant government to do justice to the Hottentot and Caffre tribes; and it is well, therefore, that his labors and character should be again fairly exhibited. The more these are known, the deeper

will be the impression that modern times have not produced a man of larger sympathies, of more unwearied energies, or of more simple-minded and earnest consecration to the highest interests of others. The 'Illustrative Appendix' subjoined by Mr. Philip to his 'Funeral Oration,' throws much light on the earlier career and views of his deceased friend. We have read it with mournful interest, as the record of one now removed from a sphere in which his service is pre-eminently required. The writer has evidently had pleasure in his work; and his sketch, therefore, though an outline only, glows with the animation and freshness of life. Should the calumnies of a former day be renewed, we shall not be wanting in what is due to the memory of the man we loved. Respect for truth, and love of Dr. Philip, will place the 'Eclectic' in the foremost ranks of those who vindicate his title to rank amongst the noblest, most fearless, and most single-hearted of mankind. We thought so when he was living. We think so now he is dead; and his departure from our sphere, while depriving us of the opportunity of evincing respect to him personally, will only stimulate our efforts to carry out the system he initiated, and from which he anticipated such beneficial results.

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*Sketches of European Capitals.* By William Ware, M.D. 12mo. pp. 124.

London: John Chapman.

*Literature and Life.* Lectures by Edwin P. Whipple. 12mo. pp. 114.

London: John Chapman.

*Eothen.* New Edition. Parts I. and II. pp. 256. London: Longman and Co.

THE first two of these works belong to "Chapman's Library for the People," another series of publications intended to meet the advanced demands of the public. They are issued—so far at least as our knowledge extends—without any preliminary prospectus, and we are therefore left to infer the nature and objects of the series from the character of the works included in it. They are from the American press, and judged by the standard to which we have just adverted, the selection does not appear to be singularly happy. Dr. Ware's 'Sketches' consist of matter previously used in the form of lectures, and, if we may estimate that which is unknown by what is familiar, are open to grave exceptions. Certainly we have never met with more absurd exaggerations, or more ridiculous prejudices, than are gravely propounded respecting English character and society. And all this is done under an affectation of good-will and impartiality, which makes us smile at the self-deception and vanity of the author. He must have had a poor opinion of his auditory if he calculated on such caricatures being acceptable. Let us be reprov'd for our faults—and they are legion—but in the name of common-sense and mutual good-will, let not national prejudice, and perhaps offended vanity, be distilled under the guise of a lofty and impartial judgment.

Mr. Whipple's lectures, six in number, are more to our mind. They are constructed on a higher standard, evince extensive acquaintance with the best literature, genial sympathy with whatever is human, and if not original or very profound in their cast of thought, are yet pervaded

by strong, clear views, based on a sound and healthy philosophy. As a whole, the lectures are somewhat deficient in animation and pleasantry, and this fact will militate against their becoming very popular amongst our railway and other travellers. They have, however, admirable qualities that will repay a careful perusal, and the volume, cheap in price and tasty in appearance, will be estimated in proportion as it is known.

Of 'Eothen,' we need scarcely say that it is a deeply interesting book of travels in the East, which has already, in a much more expensive form, obtained a large measure of public favor, and is now judiciously incorporated in 'The Traveller's Library,' by the Messrs. Longman. At the low price of two shillings, the lovers of such narratives may possess themselves of a work, the perusal of which, while it enlarges their knowledge, will also minister greatly to their enjoyment.

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### Review of the Month.

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A GENERAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE was held on the 28th of November, in Great Queen-street, London, for the purpose of 'adopting resolutions suited to the present crisis, and more especially of petitioning parliament for the repeal of the Maynooth Endowment Act.' The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. The speakers were selected from different religious bodies. The attendance was very numerous and respectable, and the general tone of the meeting was that of earnestness and determination. The 'Protestant Alliance' was formed on the 27th of June last, when it was resolved by its originators, 'That it appears desirable to form an association which shall combine all classes of Protestants, whose object is not merely to oppose this recent aggression of the pope as a violation of national independence, but to maintain and defend against all the encroachments of popery, the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation, and the principles of religious liberty, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare and prosperity of this kingdom.'

Now, we have no desire to magnify the points of difference between Protestants, but it is our honest conviction that they are such, in the case of churchmen and dissenters, as preclude an advantageous, or even consistent union for the objects here stated. In saying this we judge not others. Let them think and act for themselves; but in our own case we do not hesitate to say, that we cannot combine for defence of 'the principles of religious liberty,' with those whom we regard as systematically opposed to them, both in theory and spirit. We may be right or wrong in this. We, of course, think the former; and doing so, we cannot but regard the position of dissenters in this 'Alliance' as somewhat questionable.

But if we hesitate about the constitution of the body, we scruple still more to join it in its present object. Our views respecting May-

nooth are on record. We have always opposed the grant. We did so when it was an annual vote; we have done so since it has become an endowment, and we are now prepared more earnestly than ever to protest against it. What has recently occurred ought, in our judgment, to determine the matter. So far from relaxing our efforts, we would take advantage of the papal aggression to demand from the legislature the termination of a vote which should never have been made, and would summon the popular feeling of the country to aid us in doing so. Our efforts, however, in order to be consistent, must be based on our own principles—be clearly in harmony with the professions we make, and the convictions we are accustomed to avow. Now, how can this be, if we place ourselves in a position which precludes the avowal of those principles, and shuts us up to a phraseology in which churchmen can join? The members of the Irish church are few—they constitute a small section only of the Irish people, yet they receive hundreds of thousands annually from the national purse, while some 30,000*l.* is the yearly grant to Maynooth, which is identified with the religious sympathies of the overwhelming majority of the community. Now it may be perfectly competent to the minority to allege that the Roman-catholic faith is erroneous, and ought not, therefore, to be supported by the legislature. But this is a two-edged sword which others may use as well as themselves, and it is discarded in the present case by Mr. Colquhoun, one of the speakers at the Freemason's Hall, who tells us that the 'question is not with the religious doctrine of the church of Rome on this occasion.' If it be not—and we as dissenters certainly do not make it such—then with what consistency can we go hand in hand with churchmen in calling on the legislature to rescind a trifling vote, while our associates are in the yearly receipt of more than twenty times the amount? We cannot do so, and therefore we say, let each, churchmen and dissenters, speak their own language, and enunciate with clearness, and whatever force can be commanded, their respective principles. Oppose the Maynooth grant by all means. Call for the repeal of the act of 1845, and be content with nothing short of this. But let it be done by the two parties *contemporaneously* rather than *conjointly*. Let each speak as he thinks, and we shall stand acquitted of inconsistency, to which otherwise we must be liable. We oppose *all* grants for ecclesiastical purposes, to whomsoever made, but the churchman, while taking a large grant himself, opposes that to Maynooth. This is the difference between us; and any attempt to conceal it, or to limit our efforts by his policy, would be in our judgment fraught with much evil, and would necessarily give rise to manifold misconceptions.

THE QUESTION OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM is assuming a more definite and satisfactory shape. This is matter for congratulation; and we thank the men of Manchester and Yorkshire for it. A numerous and influential conference on the subject took place at Manchester on the 3rd instant, and on the evening of the same day a magnificent public meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall of that town. The report of these meetings recalls the memory of past times, and affords gratifying proof of substantial agreement amongst the friends of reform, and of harmony between classes on whose divisions the opponents of improvement have hitherto rested their hopes. About 200 gentlemen were present at the

conference, over which George Wilson, Esq., presided. Mr. Bright, M.P., submitted a series of resolutions, embracing the main topics of the reform creed, which, after discussion, was adopted almost unanimously. A re-arrangement of electoral power, so as to secure in every borough a constituency of 5000, the ballot, triennial parliaments, and the abolition of a property qualification, were carried without division. On the franchise some differences of opinion were elicited. All agreed that it ought to be largely extended, but the same unanimity did not exist as to the limits that should be attained. This was as might have been expected, and the resolution ultimately adopted was to the following effect:—‘That, with regard to the franchise, this conference is of opinion that the right of voting should be widely extended, and that the franchise should be made more simple, with a view to the easy formation of an honest register of electors; and it recommends that the elective franchise be based upon occupation and liability to the poor-rate, with such limitation as to period of residence as shall be necessary to afford a guarantee that the occupation is *bonâ fide*. In addition, the conference would urge the extension of the 40s. franchise, and its extension to the owners of property in the United Kingdom of that annual value, whether derived from freehold, copyhold, or leasehold tenure, with a view to open a way to the right of voting to many, who, from various causes, would not be in the direct occupation of premises rated to the relief of the poor, but whose claim to the franchise, from industry, character, and station, is undoubted. The whole constituency of the United Kingdom would thus consist of occupiers rated to the relief of the poor, and of the owners of property, freehold, copyhold, and leasehold, of the annual value of 40s.’

The resolutions of the conference were passed without opposition at the evening meeting, which consisted of several thousands, and included a large proportion of working men. We rejoice in this, and deprecate any division, any appeal to class prejudices or interests, as the worst evil which can befall us. The man who lends himself to it is no friend to reform, and ought not to be regarded with favor either by the middle or the working orders. We are glad to find that different sections of reformers have given in their adhesion; and we trust that the good example will have many imitators. ‘We verily believe,’ says the ‘Leeds Mercury,’ ‘that all these things (barring certain details on one point) may be granted with safety, and with positive advantage to the security of our institutions.’ And the ‘Nonconformist,’ speaking the sentiments of a somewhat different class, says—‘We frankly confess, that the terms offered are larger and more liberal than we had anticipated. The Manchester plan, if carried out, would make the House of Commons, in all its substantial features, a fair mirror of public opinion. As such, we cordially accept it, and will zealously co-operate in promoting its success.’ This is as it should be; and let this harmony be maintained, and the theory of our constitution will speedily receive a more complete development than has yet been witnessed. That the ‘Times’ should endeavour to discredit the movement, and to sow dissension amongst us, is not to be wondered at. But its influence with genuine reformers is very low; and we do not, therefore, fear it. It remains with the country to say whether the measures demanded shall be carried or not. Let every city and



borough give immediate expression to its opinion, and no class, however powerful,—no journalist, however unprincipled or truculent,—will be able to deprive us of our just measure of freedom. Instead of seeing anything in the present condition of France to arrest our labors, we regard that condition as affording additional reason for a peaceful and constitutional enlargement of the basis on which our liberties rest. Report speaks but disparagingly of the project of the premier. We hope the rumour is unfounded; but, at any rate, we have now a distinct, temperate, and largely satisfactory plan, around which all may honestly rally, and which will carry out, in the true spirit of our history, the popular element of the English constitution. That the present state of things admits of great improvement, is obvious to every impartial man. The Reform Bill of Lord Grey was a noble achievement, and it has rendered vast service to the popular cause. On some points, however, it failed; and we do not wonder at this, since the government was far too aristocratic in its composition fairly to carry out its own professions. Lord Grey's cabinet made terms, therefore, with its Tory opponents, one item of which was to increase the county members of England and Wales from 94 to 158, while the borough members were diminished from 419 to 342. We know what may be said on behalf of this arrangement, but the gross inequalities to which it has given rise are in obvious harmony with other parts of our representative system. To Salford, with a population upwards of 85,000, Paisley with 47,000, and Dundee 78,000, one member only is allotted; while such places as Tamworth with 14,001, Tewkesbury with 15,130, Morpeth 18,126, Buckingham 14,412, and Thetford 19,038, return two members each. But the following, taken, with corrections, from an admirable letter of *Runnymede*, in the 'Daily News' of December 15th, gives a yet more striking illustration of the inequalities of the existing system. A comparison is instituted between the Tower Hamlets and the three counties of Devon, Hampshire, and Wiltshire:—

	Population.	Property.	Houses.
The Tower Hamlets ...	529,743	£1,266,000	76,875
All Devonshire .....	572,207	2,028,000	99,000
Number of ditto for Devonshire .....			22
Number of members returned for the Tower Hamlets...			2

Again—

	Population.	Property.	Houses.
The Tower Hamlets ...	529,743	£1,266,000	76,875
All Hampshire .....	402,033	1,400,000	74,588
Number of members returned for Hampshire.....			19
Number of ditto for the Tower Hamlets.....			2

Contrast another county:—Wiltshire.

	Population.	Property.	Houses.
The Tower Hamlets ...	529,743	£1,266,000	76,875
All Wiltshire.....	241,003	1,243,000	49,061
Number of members for Wiltshire.....			18
Number of ditto for the Tower Hamlets.....			2

THE FRIENDS OF VOLUNTARY AND UNSECTARIAN EDUCATION held a conference at Crosby Hall, London, on the 9th instant, with a view of aiding the Voluntary School Association in its onerous labors. The

meeting was convened by circular, signed by the following gentlemen, whose names will sufficiently attest the catholic nature of the movement:—G. W. Alexander, Joseph Barrett, William Brock, John Brown, John Burnet, Francis A. Cox, James Cunliffe, Robert Eckett, G. W. Harrison, John Harrison, J. H. Hinton, Henry Kelsall, Edward Miall, Samuel Morton Peto, Thomas Price, Henry Richard, Edward Smith, and Joseph Sturge. This document distinctly stated that the conference would be based on the following principles, and thereby precluded the possibility of doubt as to the general character it would sustain, and the end at which it would aim.

'1st,—That education should be distinctly and decidedly religious.

'2nd,—That it should be sustained, neither by government grants, nor by local taxation, but by the voluntary exertions of the people.

'3rd,—That the most effectual way to advance education is, for those who hold these sentiments in common to combine their resources and energies, irrespective of denominational distinction.'

In these principles we cordially concur, and it affords us therefore much pleasure to report that, though the meeting was not a numerous one, it was evidently composed of men who were earnestly intent on the business they had undertaken.

Valuable papers were read by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, on 'The Religious Character of our Public Schools;' by Mr. Edward Miall, on 'The Voluntary Principle in Connexion with Education;' by the Rev. H. Richard on 'The necessity of Exertions irrespective of Denominational Distinctions;' and by the chairman, G. W. Alexander, Esq., on 'The state of Education in the West Indies.' The first three of these papers were obviously based on the principles set forth in the circular convening the meeting, and which were distinctly affirmed in the resolutions adopted by the conference.

We are glad to find that it is in contemplation to print these papers. They are worthy of the distinction, and should be widely circulated. No persons can rejoice more heartily than we do in the successful efforts which are being made by the Congregational Board of Education to uphold voluntary and religious, as opposed to state or compulsory, education. We are free, however, to confess, that we think an error has been committed in the denominational character assumed. We doubt not the excellency of the end proposed, nor do we question that the mode adopted may, for a time, obtain larger funds. But the question recurs, does not this larger supply result from the appeal being transferred from a higher to a lower class of motives, and will not the plan pursued entail expenses which might otherwise be avoided? We have our misgivings on these points. At any rate, we should have been glad to see a comprehensive basis adopted, on which all the friends of voluntary and religious education might have united. The following subscriptions have been promised, and we hope that other wealthy men will follow so good an example:—John Brown, 100*l.*; James Cunliffe, 100*l.*; Joseph Sturge, 100*l.*; G. W. Alexander, in two years, 500*l.*; G. W. Alexander, for foreign objects, two years, 210*l.*; S. M. Peto, M.P., for 1852, 250*l.*; William Edwards, in four years, 200*l.*; N. R. Ellington, in two years, 30*l.*; James Harvey, in three years, 60*l.*; James Bartrum, in three years, 30*l.*

AN IMPORTANT MEETING, IN CONNEXION WITH THE INTERESTS OF NONCONFORMITY, was held at Radley's Hotel, on the 8th, for the establishment of a club, and the erection of a hall and offices for the use of evangelical dissenters.

The circular calling the meeting proposed, first, 'to erect in London, in a central and commanding spot, a public building, capable of accommodating fifteen hundred persons, in which may be held the anniversaries of various societies,' whether denominational or otherwise; second, 'a Club house for the union of Christians, on the plan long adopted by men of the world for social and friendly intercourse; and, third, chambers for various societies,' religious and philanthropic. This circular was signed by Messrs. Joshua Wilson, Samuel Morley, Henry Bateman, Thomas Piper, jun., Edward Swaine, and Thomas Price.

The meeting numbered nearly 100 of the most intelligent business men of all shades of opinion among Nonconformists, and was presided over by H. O. Wills, Esq., of Bristol, and on his being obliged to leave, by S. Morley, Esq.

The following resolutions were adopted unanimously :—

'That it is highly important that the different branches of the great Nonconformist body should be united in harmonious action, for strengthening their cause, and increasing their influence, and for promoting among themselves a more intimate, social, and friendly intercourse, and that for this purpose it is expedient to found a club for the Evangelical Nonconformist bodies, and to erect in London, in a central spot, a large hall for public meetings, and chambers for the different societies in their connexion.'

'That a committee be appointed (with power to add to their number), for the purpose of preparing a scheme for the promotion of a company for carrying out the foregoing resolution, and to report to another meeting of Nonconformists, to be convened for considering this report.'

It is proposed to accomplish this object by a capital of 60,000*l.*, to be raised by shares, or by debentures, and while commercial profit is not the purpose, there is no reasonable doubt that the money will be obtained, and a fair return be realized.

Until the plan is matured, it would be rash to speak dogmatically of the result; but this we may say, that, if carried out as it has been commenced, and it realize the purposes of its projectors, it will operate most beneficially on the interests of modern Nonconformity. But while we thus guard anticipations with conditions, it would be mere prudery to affect to doubt the fulfilment of those conditions. The necessity for the provision, its adaptation to the ends, the support it has received, the character of its projectors, and the happy conjunction of time and circumstances, combine to fill us with hope, and to justify approbation.

We have not space to go into the details of the plan now, but we shall watch its progress, and when further advanced return to the subject.

**JEWISH DISABILITIES.—ALDERMAN SALOMONS.**—One point involved in this protracted controversy, is at length reduced to a practical issue, the determination of which will rest with a tribunal, uninfluenced by party considerations.

By the statute 6 Geo. III., cap. 53, a member of the House of Com-

mons voting as such, without having taken and subscribed the oath of abjuration, is liable to a penalty of 500*l.* for each vote so given.

Alderman Salomons, it will be recollected, repeated that oath verbatim after the clerk of the house, till he came to the words 'on the faith of a Christian;' and omitting these, he concluded with the ordinary form of adjuration, 'So help me God.' In the course of the debate which followed as to the validity of the oath taken in this manner, the worthy alderman maintaining that he had *legally* taken the oath, voted three times. To test this, an action was immediately instituted against him to recover 1500*l.*, the amount of penalties incurred. On coming on for trial at Guildhall, on December 9th, at the suggestion of the presiding judge (Mr. Baron Martin), the counsel for both parties agreed to take a special verdict finding the facts of the case, which were of course not disputed, and submitting their legal effect to the judgment of the court above. This is evidently the most prompt and satisfactory mode of settling the question, as a jury were manifestly incapable of deciding the real point at issue—viz., the effect of various conflicting parliamentary enactments, and the ruling of the judge, which they must necessarily have followed, would eventually have been subject to the opinion of the court, to which at once the whole matter is now referred.

The case will be argued at Westminster in the course of next term; and should the judges decide that the words 'on the faith of a Christian' are *not* an essential part of the oath, and that by virtue of subsequent relieving statutes, the oath may be taken with the form of adjuration prescribed for Jews, there will be an end of this long-disputed question, and both Baron Rothschild and Alderman Salomons will be able to take their seats. We apprehend that not even the honorable member for the university of Oxford, would have the faintest hope of passing a disabling statute. On the other hand, should the decision of the court be adverse to the view taken by some of the ablest lawyers of the day (including Mr. Bethell), the battle will have to be *won* (the real fighting is over) on the old arena.

THE CAFFRE WAR UNHAPPILY CONTINUES. After all that has been said and written about it, after the manifest failures of the predictions and promises of Sir Harry Smith, after the large military display that has been made, the bravery of our troops, and the exhausting nature of the services they have rendered, the contest appears no nearer a termination than it was some months since; and the colonial secretary, with his vaunting governor, seems to regard the war as a pet project, which must not be relinquished, whatever humanity or sound policy may suggest. We confess ourselves deeply mortified by this state of things. A more reckless, impolitic, and disgraceful contest was never waged. We look in vain for any decent pretext, any shadow of justification for it. It is the mere lawlessness of civilization overbearing every consideration of justice. It is the old crime of might versus right—the superior discipline and power of the white man arrayed against the uncultivated tribes of the wilderness. We talk of Spanish atrocities in South America, and of the perfidy and wrong of the United States government to the Indians, as if these things were abhorrent to our superior morality: and yet we systematically perpetrate similar atrocities upon the Caffres without a blush. If parliament does

not take the earliest opportunity of marking its reprobation of these things, we shall stand convicted of the grossest cant with which a people can be charged.

From the latest intelligence, it appears that disaffection is rapidly spreading amongst the other tribes bordering on the colony, and that the Caffres have actually passed the frontier, and effected a lodgment in our own territory. It was but the other day we were told by Sir H. Smith, that 'there never will be another Caffre war; should there be, it will be the last—ten days will do it when we are once fairly at work.' Well, we have seen the worth of this prediction, and the present state of things is a humiliating comment on his assurance given last October to Earl Grey, that the soundness of his views would be shown 'by that which is indisputable—the result.' Months have elapsed since then, many of our soldiers have perished, vast numbers of the aborigines have been slain, havoc and murder have stalked abroad, and the condition of things is now more threatening than ever. The lowest point of view that can be taken of the matter is that which respects its cost. This, however, must not be overlooked, and it may well make our ministers, and our financial reformers tremble. By calculations made on the spot, the war is costing us 112,000*l.* monthly, or, in round numbers, about 1,350,000*l.* annually. And for what? Let Earl Grey and Sir H. Smith answer. Parliament must insist on their reply, and we trust that it will do so in an earnest and searching temper. The coercive system is as impolitic as it is iniquitous, and nothing, we repeat, can save the colony, but a return to the just and conciliatory measures of Lord Glenelg. In the mean time the Colonial Secretary, as if to increase the difficulties of his position, is doing his utmost to alienate the colonists from our interests. The Whig party may not be strong enough to discard Earl Grey, but Cape Colony must not be sacrificed, nor the Caffres be exterminated, as the condition of his remaining in power. Rather than accept this alternative, we would have the *family compact* broken up, and the Whig faction—for such it has become—consigned to hopeless exclusion from office.

THE RETIREMENT OF LORD PALMERSTON FROM THE CABINET has taken the nation by surprise. Rumors of hostility between his Lordship and Earl Grey have circulated from time to time, and they were recently revived on occasion of the Kossuth deputation. Subsequently, however, it was understood that the proceedings of Louis Napoleon had hushed the querulous Earl, and that the cabinet of Lord John was again at peace. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of all classes when 'The Times' announced, that from the 22nd Lord Palmerston had 'ceased to hold the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, or to be a member of her Majesty's Government.' Conjectures were instantly rife. The Grey feud, it was said, had been revived, and the Foreign Secretary was sacrificed to a family clique. Others pleaded the interference of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and alleged, that to propitiate them an old, able, and liberal public servant had been cashiered. A third party referred to France, affirming that the retirement of the Foreign Secretary was attributable to differences of opinion between himself and his colleagues, on the revolution enacted there. We need scarcely say what would be the feeling of the country if the first or second of these causes should



turned out to be the true one. Earl Grey is the most unpopular of Her Majesty's ministers, not excepting even the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the northern powers—but we need not speculate on a cause which cannot surely have had existence. Lord John himself, on a former occasion, mentioned it as the honorable distinction of his colleague, that he was not a Russian, or an Austrian, or a French, but an English minister. We wait for Lord Palmerston's explanation. The ministerial 'Globe' worships 'the rising sun;' and 'The Times' distinctly asserts that 'the direct causes of this schism were the highly-favourable opinions which Lord Palmerston ostentatiously expressed in person, and by his public organs, of the late military revolution in France, and the measures he thought fit to take in consequence.' At present we are incredulous. The oracle of Printing-house Square has been, for some years, the bitter and unscrupulous assailant of Lord Palmerston, and we suspect that it is so in this matter. In the meantime, we counsel our readers to observe the policy of the Government respecting the exiles returning with us. The despots of the North and the butchers of France are incensed at the asylum we offer to their outraged subjects. They have already protested; and if the Whig cabinet be as weak here as in some other departments, they will make concessions at which Englishmen will blush.

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### Literary Intelligence.

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#### *Just Published.*

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The Bible of Every Land. Part XII.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., and Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A. Part XVI.

The Tried Christian; a Book of Consolation for the Afflicted. By Rev. Wm. Leask.

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Kossuth; his Life, Times, and Speeches in England.

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Independence and Submission; the Use and Abuse of each. Two Addresses



delivered at the close of the Summer Quarter, 1851. By Chas. J. Vaughan, D.D., Head Master of Harrow School.

The Weaver of Quellbrunn; or, the Roll of Cloth. A Story for Christian Children. Translated from the German of Dr. Barth. By J. E. Ryland.

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The Union Magazine for Sunday School Teachers. Vol. VIII.

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God the Guide of Youth: A Word of Loving Counsel to Sunday School Scholars for the New Year.

The Sunday School Teacher's Class Register for 1852.

A History of Magic, Witchcraft, and Animal Magnetism. By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. 2 vols.

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THE

# Eclectic Review.

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FEBRUARY, 1852.

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ART. I.—*Plan of a Railway from Calais to Calcutta.* M.S. 1851.

MANY persons, who talk of everything in its turn and study nothing completely, have dismissed this scheme as a chimera. The prospect of a railway obliterating the ancient boundaries of nations, and running in one continuous line from Calais to Calcutta, is too grand for their imagination. It is easy, however, to settle such matters over the drawing-room rug. Did we trust to that class of inquirers, few of our bold minds would have displayed the trophies and achievements of their genius. Steam itself was ridiculed with infinite brilliance by parties of complacent philosophers assembled round a tea-kettle. The electric telegraph was derided by gentlemen, old as well as young, whose ideas never rose above the smoke of their cigars. But, as we have said, it is not for them to stay the advance of civilization; for, while they are lisping prophecies of failure, the experiment will be made, and the victory will be accomplished.

Still, incredulity on this point is not so much to be demned. The plan is dazzling. It startles by its magnitude. Unlike many schemes, however, it seems less feasible than when we have glanced at the things which have been accomplished in the way of communication with India, it will be perceived that immense difficulties have been subdued. Then unroll in outline the panorama of that route designed to open with a railway. The enterprise of the railway

will not then appear so portentous when compared with the achievements of the past.

In ancient times, the East was, to the mind of Europe, a distant vision: it was the region of fabled beauty, which gave all kinds of rich and precious things, but was unknown to the races which consumed its products. Romance chose it as her favourite scene because it was obscured from sight. Rumour exaggerated its wealth and splendour. Gradually merchants travelled towards the countries of the rising sun, and met with companies of strange traders, who trafficked with them in various commodities. A broken chain of intercourse thus connected Italy with India. The peculiar products of that remote land passed from caravan to caravan, until the last distributor of them knew not whence they came. Spices and gums, which perfumed the tables of epicurean Rome, were known to come from the East, but the sheikhs of Arabia who sold them could not tell in what parts they grew. This was the first step towards a communication with Hindustan.

In later ages, when geographical science was more widely spread, Venice improved the intercourse of Europe with the East, and brought home its commodities by a route only practicable to herself. Deep-laden galleons from the seas of the oriental hemisphere poured into that city the treasures which, worthily employed by the administrators of a free state, enabled her to stand for four hundred years the capital of a republic whose glories contrast vividly with the shame of her servitude to Austria. Of such importance was this commerce. Then came Vasco di Gama to open the gates of India. The streams of traffic forsook their ancient channel, and the united oceans of the south became familiar to the mercantile fleets which annually bent their sails towards the East. That was viewed as a mighty revolution in the means of intercourse between scattered families of mankind. In the age of Elizabeth the Levant Company opened a new way, and the Euphrates became a channel of trade, as it will probably soon again be. But all this was arduous, dangerous, and unsatisfactory, and the land route was abandoned.

The voyage by the Cape usually occupied a hundred days. This was little in proportion to the wearisome journeys formerly undertaken; but times change. Closer bonds were needed. Eleven years ago, after many struggles, the man whose widow now pines on a wretched stipend—the gift of gratitude from our imperial treasury!—prepared the great highway of Egypt, and a current of traffic set in that direction. It flowed at first by way of Gibraltar, along the Mediterranean to Suez, through the Red Sea, and across the Indian Ocean, to Bombay, or round



the spicy island of Ceylon, to the mouths of the Ganges. The detour of Cape St. Vincent was then saved by a line across France to Marseilles, and the Indian letter-bag was thus carried with tolerable directness from Calais to Aden—the key of the Red Sea. The route across the territories of our republican friends cut off the digression round Spain, and the passage by Egypt spared us the immense circuit round the Cape of Good Hope, which has again become, in contrast to the easy overland journey, a name terrible to the voyager.

The consequences of this change were immense. India seemed to approach our shores. The pangs of separation between friends became less severe; home appeared to follow the exile; and—but for the thought of his poor widow—we might be proud of mentioning the name of Lieutenant Wag-horn. In a political point of view we gained extraordinary advantage. Our influence became more powerful in Egypt; our knowledge of India was improved; commercial transactions became more safe and rapid; while the administration of our great eastern empire was brought more closely under the survey of the directors at home.

Now, however, a company of British speculators proposes a new route to India, by which a man may in seven days transport himself from London to Calcutta. Carriages and locomotives, rushing over iron lines, are to replace steam-ships, camels, oceans, and canals. Instead of harbours we shall enter stations; instead of passing through straits, we shall fly over viaducts; instead of paddling between rocks, we shall be whirled through tunnels. The magnificent floating hotels of the Oriental Company will become vulgar means of transport. None but old-fashioned people will think of travelling by them. When *we*, the 'men of progress,' spend our summer season in a country-house among the Neilgherry hills, we shall not dream of going by those antiquated conveyances by which persons now waste a whole month in the journey to India. We shall go down to Gracechurch-street, take our second-class ticket by the 'Great Eastern, Calais, Constantinople, Orontes, Euphrates, and Calcutta Railway,' and with a moderate-sized carpet-bag, full of sandwiches, pork-pies, and sherry, take our seats. The whistle will start our trains, and we shall be off as though it were to Liverpool or Bath; for no stoppages are to be allowed by the way, except to take up or set down passengers.

This looks like pleasantry, and so it is, but only in the manner of expressing our anticipations. It is exactly what the projectors propose, and what we believe can and will be accomplished. Whither, however, will that train convey us? What scenes shall we pass by the way?

In the first place, let engineers project as they please, the channel will still separate the British islands from France. Two hours of rolling and pitching over salt water there must be—until, at least, the art of mechanics allows a suspension-bridge to be swung between Dover cliffs and the rocks of the opposite continent. At present none will blame us if we consider such an achievement impossible. A steam-packet must be employed. We therefore start with Calais. Every one knows that town, which needs, therefore, no more notice. Thence to Calcutta the ground is new; that is, as the overland route to India.

The route by way of Egypt consists of two sea-stages, besides the channel, making 5075 miles; that is, from Marseilles to Alexandria, and from Suez to Calcutta. The second is by far the longer, leading the voyager, as it does, round two-thirds of the Arabian peninsula. The proposed route would be exactly 5600 miles from the booking-house in Gracechurch-street to the terminus in the capital of the great Bengal presidency—the former metropolis, indeed, of British India.

From Calais the line runs to the painted city of Ostend, with its Chinese variety of colours and quaint style of building. There the traveller may muse over the change of times, and compare the whistle of the engine and the hum of passengers' voices with the fearful sounds of war which, 250 years ago, drenched the surrounding soil with the blood of ten myriads of men. Proceeding through a flat, populous, and fertile country, he will reach Cologne, fruitful in corn and wine, with its ancient crescent-shaped city, its vast cathedral, its purple shrine of the three wise men, and its other curiosities. Abundance of timber, rich mines of iron, plenty of coal, and an industrious people, have accumulated great wealth in the surrounding provinces, and offer facilities for the construction of railroads, as well as merchandize for them to transport when completed. Then we roll on to Augsburg, situated in a beautiful plain—a large and handsome city, which will afford interest to all the excursionists, supposing they stopped there for refreshments. From this they will fly along the flat provinces of Lombardy, most favourable to engineering enterprise, and visit the dark, steep, winding streets of Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic, with its ancient remains, its gigantic hospital, its cathedrals, churches, and picturesque scenery. Thence, amid new landscapes, new people, new associations, they will be borne forward over the iron road, until the west is left behind; the east is reached; the cross disappears; the crescent glimmers overhead; turbans and by way of Gibraltreed to stiff broadcloth and barbarous hats; the Red Sea, and a graceful costumes, contrast with the heavily-

wrapped figures of the north ; and the city of Constantinople, with its golden domes, its glittering cupolas, its fairy-like minarets, its groves of elegant trees, and all its variety of form and hue, flashes on the sight like the creation of enchantment !

We need not dwell on the physical capabilities of the countries lying between Ostend and Orsova, on the frontiers of the Ottoman empire. Whatever the difficulties may be, science and wealth have determined to surmount them, for a railroad has already been resolved upon all the way. The whole plan is completed and its execution may be looked upon as certain. Thence to the City of Sultans is only 345 miles. Turkey in Europe offers, as far as its surface is concerned, many facilities for the construction of a railway. Lines of hills, indeed, intersect it, but they are pierced by long regular valleys, not very sinuous, and labour is comparatively cheap. The government is most anxious to promote an undertaking of the kind, and, under its favour, the land on both sides of the line might be purchased at a low price. From Constantinople to Bassorah on the Persian Gulf is 1,355 miles : 455 of these extend eastward from the mouth of the Orontes to the valley of the Euphrates. Commencing, therefore, with a tubular bridge to connect Europe with Asia, the route would be across a tract by no means such as to offer any formidable obstacles to the progress of a railroad. The ranges, unlike those of northern India, are far from impenetrable. Long, wide, clear valleys, with a smooth level, open them at intervals. In America far greater difficulties have been surmounted. The indomitable spirit of democracy leads the citizens of that noble commonwealth to assail, indeed, the most formidable barriers of the earth, but they do achieve what they dare attempt, and the line of 1,500 miles just completed by the state of Massachusetts should shame us from timidity. They propose to tunnel through the Rocky Mountains, and connect the city of Independence in Missouri with San Francisco in California. If that be considered feasible why not the route from Orsova to Hyderabad ?

The traveller might take a stroll about Antioch—which is remarkable for being one of the cheapest places in the world. A recent author tells us that he tried to be extravagant there, but could not. Passing down the beautiful vale of Elghab, we whirl along the valley of the mighty Euphrates, whose whole course is 1,985 miles. On the banks of that celebrated stream—the ‘joy-making river’ of classic times, once stood cities ‘the glory of kingdoms ;’ but desolation now reigns in their place. Man, as Tacitus says, has made a solitude there and called it peace ; though it would speedily bloom again at the apparition of steam. The length of valley to be occupied by the railway



is about 900 miles. From Babylon to Bassorah on the sea, the train would shoot along over a plain almost perfect, the rate of inclination being only six inches and a half in every mile. The formation is chalky, and the level nature of the country is proved by the fact that it was formerly intersected in all directions by long artificial canals, with scarcely any locks. All the traces, however, of its ancient prosperity have disappeared, and the vast and fertile countries watered by the Euphrates are so many melancholy deserts.

In the ponderous but valuable work of Colonel Chesney we find very interesting information regarding the present state of this river and the bordering regions. He believes that valley to be the natural channel of the Indian trade, and his voluminous descriptions prove the truth of this opinion. It would be difficult to exaggerate, in imagination, the resources of the country itself, and these would all be developed by the consummation of the project to which we are desirous of calling our readers' serious attention.

Reaching Bassorah, with its corn-fields, its date-groves, its gardens, its eastern aspect, and its busy port, we continue our route and enter Persia. A low tract of country, running along the sea the whole length of the gulf, affords a line for the railway. Its formation is stony, but comparatively smooth, and would present no serious difficulties in the way of the engineer. Thence through Baluchistan the same capability is offered. A flat country borders the ocean, and by this route the locomotive may speed onwards over the Indus, and thence to the city of Calcutta.

The projectors of this magnificent undertaking allow themselves fourteen years for its completion. We seriously believe that if supported as they should be, by government and by the public, their success will answer their expectations. Obstacles, indeed, there are. Rivers are to be bridged; hills are to be tunnelled; cuttings are to be made through broad and rugged tracts; viaducts are to be carried across valleys and marshes; and materials are to be collected in all parts of the route. The jealousy of certain powers is to be overcome; the prejudices of the ignorant are to be set aside; and, above all, money is to be procured. But not one of these difficulties ought to be insuperable. England has, with a less worthy object, achieved greater efforts. The energy which carried on the last general war would have constructed seven or eight such railroads. We do not, therefore, see anything visionary in the project.

The 900 miles of the Euphrates valley are to be completed first. Twenty days out of thirty-nine will thus be saved to the traveller, who will then proceed from Ostend to the

Mediterranean, thence to the mouth of the Orontes, thence by railway to Bassorah, and across the Gulf to India. The completion of this section will occupy, it is supposed, five years. The European interval will then be filled up, in a similar period. Lastly, the rails will be laid down between Bassorah and Hydrabad, on the Indus, where the projected Indian lines will meet them, and complete the route.

It is indeed a wonderful scheme, requiring some imagination to realize in its broad perfection. Who can coolly entertain the idea of a locomotive engine puffing all the way, without stoppage, from Calais, in France, to Calcutta, in India? Who can think of it panting over the mighty aqueduct of Seleucia, or flying over a branch line to Baalbec? Who can familiarize himself with the prospect of lounging in a first-class carriage, and whirling at the rate of a mile a minute across the beautiful plains of Issus, where Alexander and Darius watered the soil with torrents of human blood, to appease their lust of glory? Poets and historians have much to answer for in consecrating the memory of such achievements. Better had Homer sung the arts of peace, than inflamed men to emulate the deeds of such heroes. Who can think, as a matter of fact, of a tubular bridge hanging over the sea where the mighty fleet of Byzantium kept watch at the gates of Europe! But the most entrancing idea of all is of a railroad with cuttings, tunnels, embankments, inclines, and gradients; of engines with boilers, pistons, cranks and safety-valves; of trains with drivers, guards, policemen, and mail-bags running straight through that region to which history has assigned the seat of paradise. A line near the Garden of Eden!—a station close to Antioch!—an embankment in the salubrious vale of Suediah! And why not? Is there more romance in the poverty, slavery, and debasement of the people; is there more poetry in the neglect of the soil, in the multiplication of ruins, and the daily decay of nature all over those unhappy countries, than in the conquests of civilisation?

But, in reality, nothing could be more sublime than the idea of compassing half the world in seven days; of rushing along an iron road, straight from west to east; of rattling at the heels of a locomotive through many countries in succession; of exchanging, in the course of one week, the bitter winds of England for the sultry calm of Bengal. And what a varied panorama is unrolled by the way. There is an infinite variety of scenes, a motley procession of men. The downs and cliffs of England,—the plains, and woods, and antiquated towns of Germany,—the levels of Lombardy, blooming, though under the Austrian curse,—the mountains and valleys of eastern Europe

and western Asia,—the picturesque landscapes of Persia, and the rugged tracts of Baluchistan,—all appear and vanish as we watch the flying panorama. Nor will the aspect of living things be less various or remarkable: stout Londoners, trim Frenchmen, portly Germans, bearded Turks, gaudy Persians, and Baluchis armed to the teeth. Round hats and genteel paletots; wide-awakes and long-peaked waistcoats; straw hats, short petticoats, and pastoral tunics; long robes, turbans, and yellow slippers; gorgeous vests and jewelled turbans, with heron plumes; quilted capotes and oriental trousers;—all these will bewilder the traveller's mind, as they glance, each for a day, before his eyes. In the morning he may look on the black masses of houses, the tall chimneys, the enormous factories, and the neat cottages of England. Then he sees the handsome villages of Germany—the lofty, airy tenements in which peasant proprietors dwell on their own little estates. Then the flat roofs, the jealous lattices, the sun-burnt walls, and gaudy decorations of the Ottoman empire, may amuse his view. These are succeeded by the mud-built, desolate, dirty cities of Persia, where all that is beautiful is concealed within the building, and all that is ugly is displayed without. More picturesque than these, are the black tents and rude hovels of Baluchistan.

No less interesting and varied are the historical associations which would spring up in the path of the railway train. These we cannot stay to indicate, for they would lead us to view the revolutions of several mighty empires; but every consideration adds to the attractive character of the project, the immediate accomplishment of which is contemplated.

Among the most important considerations attached to the plan are those of a political nature. The formation of such a railroad would undoubtedly aid in the mighty revolution in the affairs of Europe which is rapidly advancing to a catastrophe. It may, indeed, have progressed far beyond its present stage before the work is carried out; but, under any circumstances, the perpetual circulation of Englishmen along the line between Calais and Calcutta would scatter wide the seeds which fructify in the liberty of human race. Experience has demonstrated that there is no epidemic like that of opinion, when communicated to a restless people searching for new theories and ideas. Such must be the condition of the public mind in Europe, until time and truth have judged between them and their oppressors.

Russia may view this design with fear, but she can urge no right to oppose it. If she does, it will only be an additional proof that irresponsible monarchy is an enemy to mankind. Europe has long been familiar with the designs of the czar. It

is his ambition to render Turkey a Moscovite province, to rivet his influence upon Persia, and to command the highways of the East, so that at a future day he may pour his armies through the passes of Afghanistan upon the plains of India. We know that, with this design in view, Russia has, within a comparatively short number of years, advanced her frontier more than a thousand miles in the direction of Kabul. Her intrigues at the court of the Shah, with the khan of Khiva, and with certain individuals at Herat, are well known in England. Her plans for the subjugation of our eastern empire have been discovered, as well as her schemes in central Asia. It may be interesting to show the reader what is the project entertained at St. Petersburg, in case events should develop themselves in a rupture with England.

It is supposed to be the intention of the czar to take the route through Khiva, up the Oxus, to Bokhara and Balk; to cross the Hindu Kush to Kabul, and thence proceed by Peshawar to attack Lahore and Delhi. He calculates on the subjugation of Turkestan, and the establishment of a provincial government in that country. Three campaigns, he believes, would bring him to the mountains of northern India, whence he might look down on the mighty prize of empire spread below. France, allying herself with him, might fulfil the project, known to have been conceived by Louis Napoleon, of occupying Egypt, so as to close the highway to the East.

This is the favourite scheme over which the czar dreams in St. Petersburg. But the formation of such a line as that which is proposed to connect Calais with the capital of our Indian dominions, would entirely break up all such plans. From this point of view the railway project cannot but be regarded as of the highest importance. No statesman can have watched the progress of Russia in the East for the last forty years without feeling morally convinced that her ambition rests nowhere short of those rich provinces of the oriental hemisphere subject to Great Britain. She has conquered broad barren tracts, valueless in themselves, because they carry her nearer to India. Against this project, therefore, the policy of England should be continually active. For until, at least, we possess Afghanistan—which we should never have abandoned—the most important of our dependencies will never be safe, while the czar continues on his throne.

Austria also may fear to open her frontier to the passage of that victorious industry which may level tyranny as well as hills, and blast thrones as well as rocks. But it needs no inspiration to prophesy the speedy downfall of the absolute system in that country. Her despotism is literally rotting away, and Europe

is in momentary expectation of the spark which will scatter into fragments which to this day has held thirty millions of people in a bloody and debasing servitude. The establishment of a constitutional government there would enable us to carry the railroad through.

The interests of trade, of peace, of humanity, and of religion, combine to recommend the project. A railway from the shores of France to the capital of Bengal would do more than all the parchments in the world, to spare Europe the calamities of war. Such would be the case, especially if Austria and Italy were in the enjoyment of freedom. The impulse to trade cannot be doubted, while enthusiasm could scarcely exaggerate the social blessings which its accomplishment would lavish on the human race. Many a scene of strife and destruction would be traversed by that iron road, which would bind whole nations in its powerful embrace. The germs of discord might be all but banished from the neighbouring countries; for it is an admitted truth, that the cotton-trade renders an armed struggle with America all but impossible, while the same security might be obtained with France and Spain if the wine-trade were free.

The enormous trade now carried on between India and England would still require large merchant fleets to patrol the intervening oceans. Nor need the scheme of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez be affected by the more new and grander project. It is not only to Hindostan that our views are confined. In the valley of the Euphrates we have a region capable of supporting millions upon millions of human beings—now left all but a desert. There might be created an immense market for the products of British industry. In Persia also the same might be effected. We believe, indeed, that, were the merchants of Great Britain to contribute half the cost of the undertaking they would be amply repaid. We have heard some men, pretending to be adventurous capitalists, who declared that they would not embark in the scheme because they could not be sure that when the line is carried through Persia and Baluchistan it would not continually be exposed to danger from the predatory tribes of those regions. But are the resources of several powerful and civilized states such that a highway through those countries could not be protected? In reality, however, the difficulty is more real than apparent. Nothing would be more practicable than to engage the heads of the tribes in Baluchistan to defend the line, and in Persia the same precautions might be taken with the governors of districts and villages. Besides, such precautions would shortly become altogether needless. They do not destroy that which they find to bring them advantage. Who hears of the wild tribes in the most



desolate parts of India breaking down bridges, or otherwise obstructing the means of traffic? They who fear such accidents base their reflections upon a false conception of the impulses which lead mankind even in its most untutored state. Consequently, since the line has been surveyed, and engineers have declared it practicable, we see no reason why, if the capital can be amassed, the project should not be put into execution.

It will be an eternal source of regret, that hitherto mankind has wasted its energies upon enormous and costly blunders. What millions toiled and perished that the pyramids might be erected! What gigantic vigour has been employed in heaving huge monoliths over hills and deserts! What treasures have been lavished on the construction of temples for idols, palaces for kings, and prisons for slaves! What blood has been shed to make the glory of a single man! But things are now changed, in our country at least. Man works for the benefit of man. It is left for the barbarians of Africa and the helots of Russia to forge their own chains. The steam-engine has succeeded the usurpation of former powers. It throbs in the depths of the earth; it scatters far and wide the principles of truth; it makes a highway of the sea; it contends successfully with wind and wave; it clothes the human race; and it makes brothers of men in the most distant regions. It now proposes to place us within seven days' journey of Bengal.

The projectors have already determined on a pretty little place near Constantinople for a railway station. This will show how far they have matured their design. Indeed, in all respects, the plan appears complete, and, seriously speaking, from what we know of the route, the nature of the country, and the supply of materials, we view the scheme with confidence. What remains to be secured is the support of government and the public. When the project is properly understood, there is little doubt that this will be obtained.

There is, however, one essential point which has not been considered. Supposing that the railway should be completed, or any part of it—as, for instance, that along the valley of the Euphrates,—is any country, in the event of a war, or even the temporary suspension of amicable relations with our government, to be at liberty to close that section of the railroad which it can command? Such a circumstance might create infinite embarrassments and no small disasters—political, social, and commercial. It would therefore be necessary for England, France, Austria, Turkey, and Persia, to guarantee, by a general convention, that the railway throughout its whole extent should be considered as neutral ground. Any state then infringing this compact would break the universal law of nations, and



assume a piratical character. Such an engagement has already been entered into by the four great powers—England, France, America, and Russia, with respect to the Nicaragua Canal, which is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. Such a treaty would, we say, be necessary for the safety of this undertaking, for otherwise a dangerous power would be left in the hands of any government desiring to embarrass this country, frighten her from asserting her just rights, or revenge itself against her when she has performed an act offensive to power, but grateful to the rest of mankind. For example, supposing that the line were now completed, who can doubt but that the Austrian emperor would feel desirous of obstructing it, to punish Great Britain for her reception of Louis Kossuth. Considerations of this kind in times like the present, must be held in view when we speculate on any similar project.

We have no doubt, however, that the authors of this splendid design have well matured their plan, and that they have not lost sight of the political, while considering the physical, obstacles against which they have to contend. We repeat, that though many and portentous difficulties lie in the way, they are of a nature that may be overcome by the exertion of ordinary energy. The whole line, from England to the borders of the Turkish empire, has already been undertaken by various companies; that from Antioch to Bassorah will be easy of construction—especially where it runs along the valley of the Euphrates. When so much has been completed, there will remain only the Channel trip, and the voyage over the Persian Gulf. This in itself will be a significant revolution in the means of transit between the east and the west.

When the poets of future ages come to celebrate the varied monuments of the past, they will find in each period a distinguishing class of trophies. Greece will shine in the distance with her matchless art, her temples, and the unequalled beauty of her institutions. Rome will display her aqueducts, her roads, and perhaps a relic of her decaying Colosseum, with the Vatican, among other signs of departed systems. Asiatic states will glimmer in the remoteness with their barbaric genius; and younger communities, in later ages, will leave their characteristic monuments. Great Britain, and the happy commonwealth of America, will show their commercial fleets, and the highways they have constructed to join nations with nations. Eminent among the splendid achievements of voluntary enterprise may be 'THE GREAT EASTERN, EUPHRATES AND CALCUTTA RAILWAY,' bringing India within reach of a holiday trip.

ART. II.—*Life of St. Stephen Harding.* London: Toovey. 1844.

IF the enormous undertaking of the Bollandist editors had been completed, it would have contained the histories of 25,000 saints. So many the catholic church acknowledged and accepted as her ideals; as men, who had not only done her honour by the eminence of their sanctity, but who had received while on earth an openly divine recognition of it in gifts of supernatural power. And this vast number is but a selection; the editors chose only out of the mass before them what was most noteworthy and trustworthy, and what was of catholic rather than of national interest. It is no more than a fraction of that singular mythology which for so many ages delighted the Christian world, which is still held in external reverence among the Romanists, and of which the modern historians, provoked by its feeble supernaturalism, and by the entire absence of critical ability among its writers to distinguish between fact and fable, have hitherto failed to speak a reasonable word. Of the attempt in our own day to revive an interest in them we shall say little in this place. They have no form or beauty to give them attraction in themselves; and for their human interest, the broad atmosphere of the world suited ill with these delicate plants which had grown up under the shadow of the convent wall; they were exotics, not from another climate, but from another age; the breath of scorn fell on them, and having no root in the hearts and beliefs of men any more, but only in the sentimentalities and make-beliefs, they withered and sank. And yet, in their place as historical phenomena they are as remarkable as any of the pagan mythologies; to the full as remarkable, perhaps far more so, if the length and firmness of hold they once exercised on the conviction of mankind is to pass for anything in the estimate—and to ourselves they have a near and peculiar interest, as spiritual facts in the growth of the catholic faith.

Philosophy has rescued the old theogonies from ridicule; their extravagancies, even the most grotesque of them, can be now seen to have their root in an idea, often a deep one, representing features of natural history or of metaphysical speculation—and we do not laugh at them any more. In their origin, they were the consecration of the first-fruits of knowledge; the expression of a real reverential belief. Then time did its work on them; knowledge grew and they could not grow; they became monstrous and mischievous, and were driven out by Christianity with scorn and indignation. But it is with human

institutions, as it is with men themselves; we are tender with the dead when their power to hurt us has passed away; and as Paganism can never more be dangerous, we have been able to command a calmer attitude towards it, and to detect under its most repulsive features sufficient latent elements of genuine thought to satisfy us that even in their darkest aberrations men are never wholly given over to falsehood and absurdity. When philosophy has done for mediæval mythology what it has done for Hesiod and for the Edda, we shall find in it at least as deep a sense of the awfulness and mystery of life, and we shall find also a moral element there which at their best they never had. The lives of the saints are always simple, often childish, seldom beautiful; yet, as Goethe observed, if without beauty they are always good.

And as a phenomenon, let us not deceive ourselves on its magnitude. The Bollandists were restricted on many sides. They took only what was in Latin—while every country in Europe had its own home-growth in its own language—and thus many of the most characteristic of the lives are not to be found at all in their collection. And again, they took but one life of each saint, composed in all cases late, and compiled out of the mass of various shorter lives which had grown up in different localities out of popular tradition; so that many of their longer productions have an elaborate literary character, with an appearance of artifice which, till we know how they came into existence, might blind us to the vast width and variety of the traditionary sources from which they are drawn. In the twelfth century there were sixty-six lives extant of St. Patrick alone; and that in a country where every parish had its own special saint and special legend of him. These sixty-six lives may have contained (Mr. Gibbon says *must* have contained) at least as many thousand lies. Perhaps so. To severe criticism, even the existence of a single apostle, St. Patrick, appears problematical. But at least there is the historical fact, which admits of no mistake, that they did grow up in some way or other, that they were repeated, sung, listened to, written, and read; that these lives in Ireland, and all over Europe and over the earth, wherever the catholic faith was preached, stories like these sprang out of the heart of the people, and grew and shadowed over the entire believing mind of the catholic world. Wherever church was founded, or soil was consecrated for the long resting-place of those who had died in the faith; wherever the sweet bells of convent or of monastery were heard in the evening air, charming the unquiet world to rest and remembrance of God, there rested the memory of some apostle who had laid the first stone, there was the sepulchre

of some martyr whose relics reposed beneath the altar, of some confessor who had suffered there for his Master's sake, of some holy ascetic who in silent self-chosen austerity had woven a ladder there of prayer and penance, on which the angels were believed to have ascended and descended. It is not a phenomenon of an age or of a century; it is characteristic of the history of Christianity. From the time when the first preachers of the faith passed out from their homes by that quiet Galilean lake, to go to and fro over the earth, and did their mighty work, and at last disappeared and were not any more seen, these sacred legends began to grow. Those who had once known them, who had drawn from their lips the blessed message of light and life, one and all would gather together what fragments they could find of their stories. Rumours blew in from all the winds. They had been seen here, had been seen there, in the farthest corners of the earth, preaching, contending, suffering, prevailing. Affection did not stay to scrutinize. As when some member of a family among ourselves is absent in some far place from which sure news of him comes slowly and uncertainly; if he has been in the army, on some dangerous expedition, or at sea, or anywhere where real or imaginary dangers stimulate anxiety; or when one is gone away from us altogether—fallen perhaps in battle—and when the story of his end can be collected but fitfully from strangers who only knew his name, but had heard him nobly spoken of; the faintest threads are caught at; reports, the vagueness of which might be evident to indifference, are to love strong grounds of confidence, and 'trifles light as air' establish themselves as certainties;—so, in those first Christian communities, travellers came through from east and west; legions on the march, or caravans of wandering merchants; and one had been in Rome and seen Peter disputing with Simon Magus; another in India, where he had heard St. Thomas preaching to the Brahmins; a third brought with him from the wilds of Britain, a staff which he had cut, as he said, from a thorn tree, the seed of which St. Joseph had sown there, and which had grown to its full size in a single night, making merchandize of the precious relic out of the credulity of the believers. So the legends grew, and were treasured up, and loved, and trusted; and alas! all which we have been able to do with them is to call them lies, and to point a shallow moral on the impostures and credulities of the early catholic. An atheist could not wish us to say more; if we can really believe that the Christian church was made over in its very cradle to lies and to the father of lies, and was allowed to remain in his keeping, so to say, till yesterday, he will not much trouble himself with any faith which after such an admission we may profess to entertain.

For as this spirit began in the first age in which the church began to have a history; so it continued so long as the church as an integral body retained its vitality; and only died out in the degeneracy which preceded, and which brought on the Reformation. For fourteen hundred years these stories held their place, and rang on from age to age, from century to century; as the new faith widened its boundaries and numbered ever more and more great names of men and women who had fought and died for it, so long their histories living in the hearts of those for whom they laboured, laid hold of them and filled them, and the devout imagination, possessed with what was often no more than the rumour of a name, bodied it out into life, and form, and reality. And doubtless, if we try them by any historical canon, we have to say that quite endless untruths grew in this way to be believed among men; and not believed only, but held sacred, passionately and devotedly; not filling the history books only, not only serving to amuse and edify the refectory, or to furnish matter for meditation in the cell, but claiming days for themselves of special remembrance, entering into liturgies and inspiring prayers, forming the spiritual nucleus of the hopes and fears of millions of human souls.

From the hard barren standing ground of the fact idolater, what a strange sight must be that still mountain-peak on the wild west Irish shore, where for more than ten centuries, a rude old bell and a carved chip of oak have witnessed, or seemed to witness, to the presence long ago there of the Irish apostle; and in the sharp crystals of the trap rock a path has been worn smooth by the bare feet and bleeding knees of the pilgrims, who still, in the August weather, drag their painful way along it as they have done for a thousand years. Doubtless the 'Lives of the Saints' are full of lies. Are then none in the Iliad? in the legends of Æneas? Were the stories sung in the liturgy of Eleusis all so true? so true as fact? Are the songs of the Cid or of Siegfried? We say nothing of the lies in these, but why? Oh, it will be said, but they are fictions, they were never supposed to be true. But they *were* supposed to be true, to the full as true as the *Legenda Aurea*. Oh then, they are poetry; and besides, they have nothing to do with Christianity. Yes, that is it; they have nothing to do with Christianity. It has grown such a solemn business with us, and we bring such long faces to it, that we cannot admit or conceive to be at all naturally admissible such a light companion as the imagination. The distinction between secular and religious has been extended even to the faculties; and we cannot tolerate in others the fulness and freedom which we have lost or rejected for ourselves. Yet it has been a fatal mistake with the critics. They found themselves

off the recognised ground of Romance and Paganism, and they failed to see the same principles at work, though at work with new materials. In the records of all human affairs, it cannot be too often insisted on that two kinds of truth run for ever side by side, or rather, crossing in and out with each other, form the warp and the woof of the coloured web which we call history. The one, the literal and external truths corresponding to the eternal and as yet undiscovered laws of fact: the other, the truth of feeling and of thought, which embody themselves either in distorted pictures of the external, or in some entirely new creation; sometimes moulding and shaping real history, sometimes taking the form of heroic biography, of tradition, or popular legend; sometimes appearing as recognised fiction in the epic, the drama, or the novel. It is useless to tell us that this is to confuse truth and falsehood. We are stating a fact, not a theory, and if it makes truth and falsehood difficult to distinguish, that is nature's fault, not ours. Fiction is only false, when it is false, not to fact, else how could it be fiction? but when it is—to *law*. To try it by its correspondence to the real is wretched pedantry; we create as nature creates, by the force which is in us, which refuses to be restrained; we cannot help it, and we are only false when we make monsters, or when we pretend that our inventions are fact, when we substitute truths of one kind for truths of another; when we substitute,—and again we must say when we *intentionally* substitute;—whenever persons, and whenever facts seize strongly hold of the imagination, (and of course when there is anything remarkable in them they must and will do so,) invention glides into the images as they form in us; it must, as it ever has, from the first legends of a cosmogony, to the written life of the great man who died last year or century, or to the latest scientific magazine. We cannot relate facts as they are, they must first pass through ourselves, and we are more or less than mortal if they gather nothing in the transit. The great outlines alone lie around us as imperative and constraining; the detail we each fill up variously according to the turn of our sympathies, the extent of our knowledge, or our general theories of things, and therefore it may be said that the only literally true history possible, is the history which mind has left of itself in all the changes through which it has passed.

Suetonius is to the full as extravagant and superstitious as Surius, and Suetonius was most laborious and careful, and was the friend of Tacitus and Pliny; Suetonius gives us prodigies, when Surius has miracles, but that is all the difference; each follows the form of the supernatural which belonged to the genius of his age. Plutarch writes a life of Lycurgus with



details of his childhood, and of the trials and vicissitudes of his age; and the existence of Lycurgus is now quite as questionable as that of St. Patrick or of St. George of England.

No rectitude of intention will save us from mistakes. Sympathies and antipathies are but synonyms of prejudice, and indifference is impossible. Love is blind, and so is every other passion; love believes eagerly what it desires; it excuses or passes lightly over blemishes, it dwells on what is beautiful, while dislike sees a tarnish on what is brightest, and deepens faults into vices. Do we believe that all this is a disease of unenlightened times, and that in our strong sunlight only truth can get received; then let us contrast the portrait for instance of Sir Robert Peel as it is drawn in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, at the county meeting, and in the Oxford Common Room. It is not so. Faithful and literal history is possible only to an impassive spirit; it is impossible to man, until perfect knowledge and perfect faith in God shall enable him to see and endure every fact in its reality; until perfect love shall kindle in him under its touch the one just emotion which is in harmony with the eternal order of all things.

How far we are in these days from approximating to such a combination we need not here insist. Criticism in the hands of men like Niebuhr seems to have accomplished great intellectual triumphs: and in Germany and France and among ourselves we have our new schools of the philosophy of history; yet their real successes have hitherto only been destructive; when philosophy reconstructs, it does nothing but project its own idea; when it throws off tradition, it cannot work without a theory, and what is a theory but an imperfect generalization caught up by a predisposition? what is Comte's great division of the eras, but a theory, and facts but as clay in his hands which he can mould to illustrate it, as every clever man will find facts to be, let his theory be what it will. Intellect can destroy but it cannot make live again,—call in the creative faculties, call in Love, Idea, Imagination, and we have living figures, but we cannot tell whether they are figures which ever lived before. Alas, the high faith in which Love and Intellect can alone unite in their fulness, has not yet found utterance in modern historians.

The greatest man who has as yet given himself to the recording of human affairs is, beyond question, Cornelius Tacitus. Alone in Tacitus a serene calmness of insight was compatible with intensity of feeling; he took no side; he may have been Imperialist, he may have been Republican, but he has left no sign whether he was either: he appears to have sifted facts with scrupulous integrity; to administer his love, his scorn, his hatred, according only to individual merit, and these are rather felt by the reader

in the life-like clearness of his portraits than expressed in words by himself. Yet such a power of seeing into things was only possible to him, because there was no party left with which he could determinedly side, and no wide spirit alive in Rome through which he could feel; the spirit of Rome, the spirit of life had gone away to seek other forms, and the world of Tacitus was a heap of decaying institutions; a stage where men and women, as they themselves were individually base or noble, played over their little parts. Life indeed was come into the world, was working in it, and silently shaping the old dead corpse into fresh and beautiful being; Tacitus alludes to it once only in one brief scornful chapter; and the most poorly gifted of those forlorn biographers whose unreasoning credulity was piling up the legends of St. Mary and the Apostles which now drive the ecclesiastical historian to despair, knew more, in his divine hope and faith, of the real spirit which had gone out among mankind, than the keenest and gravest intellect which ever set itself to contemplate them.

And now having in some degree cleared the ground of difficulties, let us go back to the Lives of the Saints. If Bede tells us lies about St. Cuthbert, we will disbelieve his stories, but we will not call Bede a liar, even though he prefaces his life with a declaration that he has set down nothing but what he has ascertained on the clearest evidence. We are driven to no such alternative; our canons of criticism are different from Bede's, and so are our notions of probability. Bede would expect *à priori*, and would therefore consider as sufficiently attested by a consent of popular tradition, what the oaths of living witnesses would fail to make credible to a modern English jury. We will call Bede a liar only if he put forward his picture of St. Cuthbert, as a picture of a life which he considered admirable and excellent, as one after which he was endeavouring to model his own, and which he held up as a pattern of imitation, when in his heart he did not consider it admirable at all, when he was making no effort at the austerities which he was lauding. The histories of the Saints are written as ideals of a Christian life; they have no elaborate and beautiful forms; single and straightforward as they are,—if they are not this they are nothing. For fourteen centuries the religious mind of the catholic world threw them out as its form of hero worship, as the heroic patterns of a form of human life which each Christian within his own limits was endeavouring to realize. The first martyrs and confessors were to those poor monks what the first Dorian conquerors were in the war songs of Tyrtæus, what Achilles and Ajax and Agamemnon and Diomed were wherever Homer was sung or read; or in more modern times what Turpin was in the court of

Charlemagne or the Knights of the Round Table in the halls of the Norman castles. This is what they were; and the result is that immense and elaborate hagiology. As with the battle heroes too, the inspiration lies in the universal idea; the varieties of character (with here and there an exception) are slight and unimportant; as examples they were for universal human imitation. Lancelot or Tristram were equally true to the spirit of chivalry; and Patrick on the mountain or Antony in the desert are equal models of patient austerity. The knights fight with giants, enchanters, robbers, unknighly nobles, or furious wild beasts; the Christians fight with the world, the flesh, and the devil. The knight leaves the comforts of home in quest of adventures, the saint in quest of penance, and on the bare rocks or in desolate wildernesses subdues the devil in his flesh with prayers and sufferings, and so alien is it all to the whole thought and system of the modern Christian, that he either rejects such stories altogether as monks' impostures, or receives them with disdainful wonder, as one more shameful form of superstition with which human nature has insulted heaven and disgraced itself.

Leaving, however, for the present, the meaning of monastic asceticism, it seems necessary to insist that there really was such a thing; there is no doubt about it. If the particular actions told of each saint are not literally true, as belonging to him, abundance of men did for many centuries lead the sort of life which they are said to have led. We have got a notion that the friars were a snug, comfortable set, after all; and the life in a monastery pretty much like that in a modern university, where the old monks' language and affectation of unworldliness does somehow contrive to co-exist with as large a mass of bodily enjoyment as man's nature can well appropriate; and very likely this was the state into which many of the monasteries had fallen in the fifteenth century. It had begun to be, and it was a symptom of a very rapid disorder in them, promptly terminating in dissolution; but long, long ages lay behind the fifteenth century, in which wisely or foolishly these old monks and hermits did make themselves a very hard life of it; and the legend only exceeded the reality, in being a very slightly idealized portrait of it. We are not speaking of the miracles; that is a wholly different question. When men knew little of the order of nature, whatever came to pass without an obvious cause was at once set down to influences beyond nature and above it; and so long as there were witches and enchanters, strong with the help of the bad powers, of course the especial servants of God would not be left without graces to outmatch and overcome the devil. And there were many other reasons why the saints should work miracles. They had

done so under the old dispensation, and there was no obvious reason why Christians should be worse off than Jews. And again, although it be true, in the modern phrase, which is beginning to savour a little of cant, that the highest natural is the highest supernatural, it is not everybody that is able to see that; natural facts permit us to be so easily familiar with them, that they have an air of commonness; and when we have a vast idea to express, there is always a disposition to the extraordinary. But the miracles are not the chief thing; nor ever were they so. Men did not become saints by working miracles, but they worked miracles because they had become saints; and the instructiveness and value of their lives lay in the means which they had used to make themselves what they were: and as we said, in this part of the business there is unquestionable basis of truth—scarcely even exaggeration. We have documentary evidence, which has been passed through the sharp ordeal of party hatred, of the way some men (and those, men of vast mind and vast influence in their day, not mere ignorant fanatics,) conducted themselves, where *myth* has no room to enter. We know something of the hair-shirt of Thomas à Becket, and other uneasy penances of his; and there was another poor monk, whose asceticism imagination could not easily outrun: that was he who, when the earth's mighty ones were banded together to crush him under their armed heels, spoke but one little word; and it fell among them like the spear of Cadmus; the strong ones turned their hands against each other, and the armies melted away; and the proudest monarch of the earth lay at that monk's threshold three winter nights in the scanty clothing of penance, suing miserably for forgiveness. Or again, to take a fairer figure: there is a poem extant, the genuineness of which we believe has not been challenged, composed by Columbkil, commonly called St. Columba. He was a hermit in Aran, a rocky island in the Atlantic, outside Galway Bay; from which he was summoned, we do not know how, but in a manner which appeared to him to be a divine call, to go away and be bishop of Iona. The poem is a 'Farewell to Aran,' which he wrote on leaving it; and he lets us see something of a hermit's life there. 'Farewell,' he begins (we are obliged to quote from memory), 'a long farewell to thee, Aran of my heart. Paradise is with thee, the garden of God within the sound of thy bells. The angels love Aran. Each day an angel comes there to join in its services.' And then he goes on to describe his 'dear cell,' and the holy happy hours which he had spent there, 'with the wind whistling through the loose stones, and the sea spray hanging on his hair.' Aran is no better than a wild rock. It is strewn over with the ruins

which may still be seen of the old hermitages ; and at their best they could have been but such places as sheep would huddle under in a storm, and shiver in the cold and wet which would pierce through to them.

Or, if written evidence be too untrustworthy, there are silent witnesses which cannot lie, that tell the same touching story. Whoever loiters among the ruins of a monastery will see, commonly leading out of the cloisters, rows of cellars half underground, low, damp, and wretched-looking ; an earthen floor, bearing no trace of pavement ; a roof from which the mortar and the damp keep up (and always must have kept up) a perpetual ooze : for a window a narrow slip in the wall, through which the cold and the wind find as free an access as the light. Such as they are, a well-kept dog would object to accept a night's lodging in them ; and if they had been prison cells, thousands of philanthropic tongues would have trumpeted out their horrors. The stranger perhaps supposes that they were the very dungeons of which he has heard such terrible things. He asks his guide, and his guide tells him they were the monks' dormitories. Yes ; there on that wet soil, with that dripping roof above them, was the self-chosen home of those poor men. Through winter frost, through rain and storm, through summer sunshine, generation after generation of them, there they lived and prayed, and at last lay down and died.

It is all gone now—gone as if it had never been ; and it was as foolish as, if the attempt had succeeded, it would have been mischievous, to revive a devotional interest in the Lives of the Saints. It would have produced but one more unreality in an age already too full of such. No one supposes we should have set to work to live as they lived ; that any man, however earnest in his religion, would have gone looking for earth floors and wet dungeons, or wild islands to live in, when he could get anything better. Either we are wiser, or more humane, or more self-indulgent ; at any rate we are something which divides us from mediæval Christianity by an impassable gulf which this age or this epoch will not see bridged over. Nevertheless, these modern hagiologists, however wrongly they went to work at it, had detected, and were endeavouring to fill, a very serious blank in our educational system ; a very serious blank indeed, and one which, somehow, we must contrive to get filled if the education of character is ever to be more than a name with us. To try and teach people how to live without giving them examples in which our rules are illustrated, is like teaching them to draw by the rules of perspective, and of light and shade, without designs to study them in ; or to write verse by the laws of rhyme

and metre without song or poem in which rhyme and metre are seen in their effects. It is a principle which we have forgotten, and it is one which the old Catholics did not forget. We do not mean that they set out with saying to themselves 'we must have examples, we must have ideals;' very likely they never thought about it at all; love for their holy men, and a thirst to know about them, produced the histories; and love unconsciously working gave them the best for which they could have wished. The boy at school at the monastery, the young monk disciplining himself as yet with difficulty under the austerities to which he had devoted himself, the old halting on toward the close of his pilgrimage, all of them had before their eyes, in the legend of the patron saint, a personal realization of all they were trying after; leading them on, beckoning to them, and pointing, as they stumbled among their difficulties, to the marks which his own footsteps had left, as he had trod that hard path before them. It was as if the church was for ever saying to them:—'You have doubts and fears, and trials and temptations outward and inward; you have sinned, perhaps, and feel the burden of your sin. Here was one who, like you, *in this very spot*, under the same sky, treading the same soil, among the same hills and woods and rocks and rivers, was tried like you, tempted like you, sinned like you; but here he prayed, and persevered, and did penance, and washed out his sins; he fought the fight, he vanquished the evil one, he triumphed, and now he reigns a saint with Christ in heaven. The same ground which yields you your food, once supplied him; he breathed and lived, and felt, and died *here*; and now, from his throne in the sky, he is still looking down lovingly on his children, making intercession for you that you may have grace to follow him, that by-and-by he may himself offer you at God's throne as his own.' It is impossible to measure the influence which a personal reality of this kind must have exercised on the mind, thus daily and hourly impressed upon it through a life; there is nothing vague any more, no abstract excellencies to strain after; all is distinct, personal, palpable. It is no dream. The saint's bones are under the altar; nay, perhaps, his very form and features undissolved. Under some late abbot the coffin may have been opened and the body seen without mark or taint of decay. Such things have been, and the emaciation of a saint will account for it without a miracle. Daily some incident of his story is read aloud, or spoken of, or preached upon. In quaint beautiful forms it lives in light in the long chapel windows; and in the summer matins his figure, lighted up in splendour, gleams down on them as they pray, or streams in mysterious



shadowy tints along the pavement, clad, as it seems, in soft celestial glory, and shining as he shines in heaven. Alas, alas, where is it all gone ?

We are going to venture a few thoughts on the wide question, what possibly may have been the meaning of so large a portion of the human race and so many centuries of Christianity having been surrendered and seemingly sacrificed to the working out this dreary asceticism. If right once, then it is right now ; if now worthless, then it could never have been more than worthless ; and the energies which spent themselves on it were like corn sown upon the rock, or substance given for that which is not bread. We supposed ourselves challenged recently for our facts. Here is an enormous fact which there is no evading. It is not to be slurred over with indolent generalities, with unmeaning talk of superstition, of the twilight of the understanding, of barbarism, and of nursery credulity ; it is matter for the philosophy of history, if the philosophy has yet been born which can deal with it ; one of the solid, experienced facts in the story of mankind which must be accepted and considered with that respectful deference which all facts claim of their several sciences, and which will certainly not disclose its meaning (supposing it to have a meaning) except to reverence, to sympathy, to love. We must remember that the men who wrote these stories, and who practised these austerities, were the same men who composed our liturgies, who built our churches and our cathedrals—and the gothic cathedral is, perhaps, on the whole, the most magnificent creation which the mind of man has as yet thrown out of itself. If there be any such thing as a philosophy of history, real or possible, it is in virtue of there being certain progressive organizing laws in which the fretful lives of each of us are gathered into and subordinated in some larger unity. Thus age is linked on to age, and we are moving forward, with an horizon for ever expanding and advancing. And if this is true, the magnitude of any human phenomenon is a criterion of its importance, and definite forms of thought working through long historic periods imply an effect of one of these vast laws—imply a distinct step in human progress ; something previously unrealized is being lived out, and rooted into the heart of mankind. Nature never half does her work. She goes over it, and over it, to make assurance sure, and makes good her ground with wearying repetition. A single section of a short paper is but a small space to enter on so vast an enterprise, nevertheless, a few very general words shall be ventured as a suggestion of what this monastic or saintly spirit may possibly have meant.

First, as the spirit of Christianity is antagonistic to the world

whatever form the spirit of the world assumes, the ideals of christianity will of course be their opposite; as one verges into one extreme the other will verge into the contrary. In those rough times the law was the sword; animal might of arm, and the strong animal heart which guided it, were the excellences which the world rewarded, and monasticism, therefore, in its position of protest, would be the destruction and abnegation of the animal. The war hero in the battle or the tourney yard might be taken as the apotheosis of the fleshly man, the saint in the desert of the spiritual. But this is slight, imperfect, and if true at all only partially so. The animal and the spiritual are not contradictories; they are the complements in the perfect character; and in the middle ages, as in all ages of genuine earnestness, interfused and penetrated each other. There were warrior saints and saintly warriors; and those grand old figures which sleep cross-legged in the cathedral aisles were something higher than only one more form of the beast of prey. Monasticism represented something more positive than a protest against the world. We believe it to have been the realization of the infinite loveliness and beauty of personal purity.

In the earlier civilization, the Greeks, however genuine their reverence for the gods, do not seem to have supposed any part of their duty to the gods to consist in keeping their bodies untainted. Exquisite as was their sense of beauty, of beauty of mind as well as beauty of form, with all their loftiness and their nobleness, with their ready love of moral excellence in some of its manifestations, as fortitude, or devotion to liberty and to home, they had little or no idea of what we mean by morality. With a few rare exceptions, pollution, too detestable to be even named among ourselves, was of familiar and daily occurrence among their greatest men; was no reproach to philosopher or to statesman; and was not supposed to be incompatible, and was not, in fact, incompatible with any of those especial excellences which we so admire in the Greeks.

Among the Romans (that is, the early Romans of the republic), there was a sufficiently austere morality. A public officer of state, whose business was to inquire into the private lives of the citizens, and to punish offences against morals, is a phenomenon which we have seen only once on this planet. There was never a people before, and there has been none since, with sufficient virtue to endure it. But the Roman morality is not lovely for its own sake, nor excellent in itself. It is obedience to law, practised and valued, loved for what resulted from it, for the strength and rigid endurance which it gave, but not loved for itself. The Roman nature was fierce, rugged, almost brutal; and it submitted to restraint as stern as itself,

as long as the energy of the old spirit endured. But as soon as the energy grew slack, when the religion was no longer believed, and taste, as it was called, came in, and there was no more danger to face, and the world was at their feet, all was swept away as before a whirlwind; there was no loveliness in virtue to make it desired, and the Rome of the Censors presents, in its later age, a picture of enormous sensuality, the coarsest animal desire, with means unlimited to gratify it. In Latin literature, as little as in the Greek, is there any sense of the beauty of purity. Moral essays on temperance we may find, and praise enough of the wise man whose passions and whose appetites are trained into obedience to reason. But this is no more than the philosophy of the old Roman life, which got itself expressed in words when men were tired of the reality; it involves no sense of sin. If sin could be indulged without weakening our self command, or without hurting other people, Roman philosophy would have nothing to say against it.

The Christians stepped far out beyond philosophy; without speculating on the *why*, they felt that indulgence of animal passion did, in fact, pollute them, and so much the more, the more it was deliberate. Philosophy, gliding into Manicheism, divided the forces of the universe, giving the spirit to God, but declaring matter to be eternally and incurably evil; and looking forward to the time when the spirit should be emancipated from the body, as the beginning of, or as the return to, its proper existence, took no especial care what became the meanwhile of its evil tenement of flesh. If it sinned, sin was its element; it could not do other than sin; purity of conduct could not make the body clean, and no amount of bodily indulgence could shed a taint upon the spirit—a very comfortable doctrine, and one which, under various disguises, has appeared a good many times on the earth. But Christianity, shaking it all off, would present the body to God as a pure and holy sacrifice, as so much of the material world conquered from the appetites and lusts, and from the devil whose abode they were. This was the meaning of the fastings and scourgings, the penances and night-watchings; it was this which sent St. Anthony to the tombs and set Simeon on his pillar, to conquer the devil in the flesh, and keep themselves, if possible, undefiled by so much as one corrupt thought.

And they may have been absurd and extravagant; when the feeling is stronger than the judgment, men are very apt to be so. If, in the recoil from Manicheism, they conceived that a body of a saint thus purified had contracted supernatural virtue and could work miracles, they had not sufficiently attended to the facts, and so far are not unexceptionable witnesses to them. Nevertheless they did their work, and in virtue of it we are

raised to a higher stage, we are lifted forward a mighty step which we can never again retrace. Personal purity is not the whole for which we have to care, it is but one feature in the ideal character of man. The monks may have thought it was all, or more nearly all than it is; and therefore their lives may seem to us poor, mean, and emasculate. Yet it is with life as it is with science; generations of men have given themselves exclusively to single branches, which, when mastered, form but a little section in a cosmic philosophy; and in life, so slow is progress, it may take a thousand years to make good a single step. Weary and tedious enough it seems when we cease to speak in large language, and remember the numbers of individual souls who have been at work at it; but who knows whereabouts we are in the duration of the race? Are we crawling out of the cradle, or are we tottering into the grave? In nursery, in schoolroom, or in opening manhood? Who knows? It is enough for us to be sure of our steps when we have taken them, and thankfully to accept what has been done for us. Henceforth it is impossible for us to give our unmixed admiration to any character which moral shadows overhang. Henceforth we require not greatness only, but goodness; and not that goodness only which begins and ends in conduct correctly regulated, but that love of goodness, that keen pure feeling for it, which resides in a conscience as sensitive and susceptible as woman's modesty.

So much for what seems to us the philosophy of this matter. If we are right, it is no more than a first furrow in the crust of a soil, which hitherto the historians have been contented to leave in its barrenness. If they are conscientious enough not to trifle with the facts, as they look back on them from the easiness of modern Christianity which has ceased to demand any heavy effort of self-sacrifice, they either revile the superstition or pity the ignorance which made such large mistakes on the nature of religion—and, loud in their denunciations of priestcraft and of lying wonders, they point their moral with pictures of the ambition of mediæval prelacy or the scandals of the annals of the papacy. For the inner life of all those millions of immortal souls who were struggling, with such good or bad success as was given them, to carry Christ's cross along their journey in this earth of ours, they set it by, pass it over, dismiss it out of history, with some poor common-place simper of sorrow or of scorn. It will not do. Mankind have not been so long on this planet altogether, that we can allow so large a chasm to be scooped out of their spiritual existence.

We intended to leave our readers with something lighter than all this in the shape of literary criticism and a few specimen

extracts ; both of which must now, however, be necessarily brief—we are running out our space. Whoever is curious to study the lives of the saints in their originals, should rather go anywhere than to the Bollandists, and universally never read a late life when he can command an early one, for the genius in them is in the ratio of their antiquity, and, like river-water, is most pure nearest to the fountain head. We are lucky in possessing several specimens of the mode of their growth in late and early lives of the same saints, and the process in all is similar. Out of the lives of St. Bride three are left ; out of the sixty-six of St. Patrick, there are eight ; the first of each belonging to the sixth century, the latest to the thirteenth. The first are in verse ; they belong to a time when there was no one to write such things, and were popular in form and popular in their origin—the flow is easy, the style graceful and natural but the step from poetry to prose is substantial as well as formal ; the imagination is ossified, and the exuberance of legendary creativeness we exchange for the hard dogmatic record of fact without reality, and fiction without grace. The marvellous in the poetical lives is comparatively slight ; the after miracles being composed frequently out of a mistake of poets' metaphors for literal truth. There is often real, genuine human beauty in the old verse. The first two stanzas, for instance, of St. Bride's Hymn are of high merit, as may, perhaps, be imperfectly seen in a translation :—

‘ Bride the queen, she loved not the world ;  
 She floated on the waves of the world  
 As the sea-bird floats upon the billow.  
 ‘ Such sleep she slept as the mother sleeps  
 In the far land of her captivity,  
 Mourning for her child at home.’

What a picture is there of the strangeness and yearning of the poor human soul in this earthly pilgrimage. The poetical ‘Life of St. Patrick,’ too, is full of fine, wild, natural imagery. The boy is described as a shepherd on the hills of Down, and there is a legend, well told, of the angel Victor coming to him, and leaving a gigantic foot-print on a rock from which he sprang into heaven. The legend, of course, rose from some remarkable natural feature of the spot ; but, as it is told here, shadowy unreality hangs over it, and it is doubtful whether it is more than a vision of the boy. But in the prose all is crystalline ; the story is drawn out, with a barren prolixity of detail into a series of angelic visitations. And again, when Patrick is described, as the after apostle, raising the dead Celts to life, the metaphor cannot be left in its natural force, and we have a long

weary list of literal deaths and literal raisings. And so in many ways the freshness and individuality is lost with time. The larger saints swallowed up the smaller and appropriated their exploits; chasms were supplied by an ever ready imagination; and, like the stock of good works laid up for general use, there was a stock of miracles ever ready when any defect was to be supplied. So it was that, after the first impulse, the progressive life of a saint rolled on like a snow-ball down a mountain side, gathering up into itself whatever lay in its path, fact or legend, appropriate or inappropriate, sometimes real jewels of genuine old tradition, sometimes the debris of the old creeds and legends of heathenism; and on, and on, till at length it reached the bottom, and was dashed in pieces on the Reformation.

One more illustration—one which shall serve as evidence of what the really greatest, most vigorous, minds in the twelfth century could accept as possible or probable, and which they could relate (on what evidence we do not know) as really ascertained facts. We remember something of St. Anselm: both as a statesman and as a theologian, he was unquestionably the ablest man of his time alive in Europe. Here is a story which he tells of a certain Cornish St. Kieran. The saint, with thirty of his companions, was preaching within the frontiers of a lawless pagan prince; and, disregarding all orders to be quiet or to leave the country, continued to agitate, to threaten, and to thunder even in the ears of the prince himself. Things took their natural course. Disobedience provoked punishment. A guard of soldiers was sent, and the saint and his little band were decapitated. The scene of the execution was a wood, and the heads and trunks were left lying there for the wolves and the wild birds.

‘But now a miracle, such as was once heard of before in the church in the person of the holy Denis, was again wrought by divine providence to preserve the bodies of his saints from profanation. The trunk of Kieran rose from the ground, and selecting first his own head, and carrying it to a stream, and there carefully washing it, and afterwards performing the same sacred office for each of his companions, giving each body its own head, he dug graves for them and buried them, and last of all buried himself.’

It is even so. So it stands written in a life claiming Anselm’s authorship; and there is no reason why the authorship should not be his. Out of the heart come the issues of evil and of good, and not out of the intellect or the understanding. Men are not good or bad, noble or base—thank God for it!—as they judge well or ill of the probabilities of nature, but as they love God and hate the devil. And yet it is instructive. We have



heard grave good men—men of intellect and influence—with all the advantages of modern science, learning, experience; men who would regard Anselm with sad and serious pity; yet tell us stories, as having fallen within their own experience, of the marvels of mesmerism, to the full as ridiculous (if anything is ridiculous) as this of the poor decapitated Kieran.

‘ Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.’

We see our natural faces in the glass of history, and turn away and straightway forget what manner of men we are. The superstition of science scoffs at the superstition of faith.

ART. III.—*Military Memoirs of Lieut.-Col. James Skinner, C.B.* By J. Baillie Frazer, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A MILITARY memoir has too often certain characteristics which make it a book exclusively for military readers: it seldom proves interesting both ‘to the profession’ and to the public generally. To make it valuable for general reading, it must embrace the history of some deeply interesting period; or it must be full of thrilling incident and personal adventure. The naked realities of a soldier’s life should by no means be permitted to appear as they are, but only as they seem to be in the halo of romance and enthusiasm, and only a few of the technicalities of military science should be scattered here and there, for the sake of the *air of mystery* they impart to it. A soldier’s enthusiasm, in his own profession, is something totally different from the warlike enthusiasm that sways the public mind. To him, if he has seen anything of service, blood is blood, and steel is steel, there is nothing *romantic* in the sound ‘when the drum beats at dead of night,’ nor in a forced march, nor in being eighteen or twenty hours in the saddle. A military memoir then, to meet with the approbation of professional readers, may divest itself of all false and romantic interest and depend for its success upon unvarnished facts, a precision in its account of every operation, equal to the precision of the movements themselves, and upon a full share of *esprit de corps* and profound reverence for every truly distinguished man.

In the memoir of Colonel Skinner we have what is unusual, a book for the public as well as for military men; the scenes of this memoir are in the plains of India; the period it embraces was the crisis of the long struggles of the British in the East; it is full of striking incidents and adventures, and the subject of it

was undoubtedly a true soldier both in ability and in temperament. The author professes a desire to bring into view the deeds of one whom history has neglected, justly regretting that certain brilliant feats should go unrecorded, through being lost in the dazzling whole of which they form the sum. The preface states that,—

‘The principal part of this work is taken from a M.S. placed in the hands of the writer by a son of the late colonel, now a captain in the service of his highness the Nizam. It is in the writing of a native, no doubt copied from the notes of the colonel himself, who was in the habit of keeping a journal in Persian, or from his personal dictation; but it abounds in clerical inaccuracies, which require one well acquainted with the subject to correct; and it seems to have been intended rather as a brief memorial of his early life and services, framed for some especial purpose, than as a full account of his chequered life and adventures.’

The part of the world to which we are first introduced in this memoir is Maharashtra, the country of the Mahrattas, a division of the Indian peninsula lying between the 16th and 22nd degrees of north latitude. This district was at an early period subjected to the desolating incursions of the Mohamedan hordes; but its inhabitants retained an inextinguishable hatred against their conquerors, a feeling which was suppressed, or broke out only in petty revolts for awhile, until, under the celebrated Sirajee, the Mahratta power became predominant. Again, from the year 1747, we find the Mahrattas repelling by a long succession of severe struggles the encroachments of the Affghans; and, finally, though with a very insecurely established power, and under the leading of chiefs secretly hostile and treacherous to each other, the ambition of the Mahrattas was bent on appropriating to themselves the immense and tempting region of Rajapootana. The chief who rose up to carry out this project was Sindea, a man of remarkable powers, and whose life was a series of wonders. At an early stage of his course, he met with a severe blow to his cause in the treason of Holcar, his professed ally and colleague; but from this he soon recovered, by that energy which seemed equal to any emergency, and which marked him through life.

The success of Sindea was greatly owing to a European officer whom he had engaged in his service, and whose history and character are well known—the celebrated General De Boigne. This remarkable man was a native of Savoy, and first entered the military profession in the service of France, but afterwards came to India as a mercantile adventurer. Here, however, he found in the disputes of the various princes, much to awaken his military spirit, and induce him to resume his former profession in the service of some native power. A train

of remarkable circumstances brought him into the service of Sindea. He soon became the main support of this prince's power, and led an active, eventful, and prosperous life until its close.

James Skinner, the subject of the present memoir, began his military life under General De Boigne, and in the service of Sindea, the Mahratta chief. This portion of his history is interesting as introducing us to some of the peculiar characteristics of native Indian warfare, as well as to the persons of some remarkable European adventurers who followed their fortunes in the service of various native princes. Amongst these was General Perron, who succeeded De Boigne as commander-in-chief of Sindea's forces, and under whom Skinner spent many years of his life.

About the middle of the year 1802 commenced the disputes between the English and the native powers, which led to the well-known Mahratta war of 1803. At this time several English and country-born officers in Sindea's service refused to fight against the British, and, in consequence, all the officers of such birth, nine in number, and amongst them Skinner, were summarily dismissed, their arrears paid, and orders given them to leave the Mahratta country. Skinner reluctantly and cautiously followed the course of the other discharged officers in seeking British protection, and afterwards entering the British service. Had he been allowed to do so, he would have remained to the last a faithful and zealous servant of Sindea. As it was, however, he proved a valuable aid to the British cause during the long Mahratta campaign under Lord Lake.

From the time of his joining the British army, until it was broken up in 1806, Skinner and his 'yellow boys' (as his corps of irregular cavalry were called) were constantly engaged in active service, and that of the most desperate character. His perfect control over his men was a thing previously unknown in any native corps; insensible alike to fear and fatigue, the 'yellow boys' bore the brunt of every battle, and every hazardous and desperate scheme was committed to them.

In 1806 a change of policy at home caused the Marquis of Cornwallis to be sent out to take charge of the government of India; his lordship immediately bent his attention to establishing peace on any terms, and reducing expense in every branch of the service. His administration was short; but the same policy was pursued by his successor, Sir George Barlow. The consequence was, that the whole of Skinner's corps was summarily discharged, and their commander himself very inadequately rewarded for his distinguished course and valuable services: the slight compensation he did receive was gained for him with great difficulty by his former commander and

staunch friend Lord Lake. From this time there was a short interval of peace in the life of Col. Skinner, until he was again called to his former occupation, on occasion of the contemplated movement by Lord Hastings against the Pindaree freebooters and their supporters in Central India. The rise and fall of the Pindarees were equally remarkable and equally rapid.

‘Nothing, indeed,’ says the author of this memoir, ‘is more wonderful than the rapid fall and utter extinction of these marauders. All-powerful and intangible as they appeared at the commencement of this striking campaign, before the year was out they had vanished. In the month of September, 1817, full one hundred thousand wild freebooters ravaged and trampled down the realms of Central India; by the end of December in the same year they were gone—dead or merged in the peaceful mass of the people, never to reappear, leaving no trace behind them of the hordes that had desolated India. Such is one feat, one lasting and characteristic boon, bestowed by the British Government on the people of Hindostan.’

Perhaps the most remarkable campaign in which Col. Skinner served was that of the army under Lord Combermere, which commenced at the close of the year 1825. We cannot now follow his course through this period, but it was the campaign in which occurred the celebrated siege of the hitherto impregnable Bhurtpore.

‘The strength and reputed riches of Bhurtpore were celebrated and almost proverbial in Hindostan. Its imagined impregnability had been confirmed in the opinion of the natives by the repeated failures of the gallant army under Lord Lake. “Ah! you may bully us; but go and take Bhurtpore!” was a common expression among the petty chiefs and refractory rajahs we had frequently to reduce.’

The above brief outline of Col. Skinner’s various campaigns will serve to show the reader the interesting period his memoir embraces. At the close of the operations of the army under Lord Combermere, the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath was conferred on Colonel Skinner. On the part of his friends this honour had long been desired and sought for him, but difficulties lay in the way, arising from his Indian birth, and his not holding a commission from the British king; these difficulties were obviated by the perseverance of his friends, Sir John Malcolm and Lord Combermere, and he was made lieut.-colonel by the king’s commission, and at the same time C.B.

The close of this remarkable man’s life deserves attention. As usual with those who have been accustomed to incessant activity from early years, he did not live long after that activity ceased. A religious cast of feeling, though made but little show or boast of, pervaded, as might have been seen by a close

observer, the whole of his life, and came forth to view beautifully, though unostentatiously, on many occasions, even in the most stirring and exciting scenes of his course: this characteristic became more prominent after his retirement from active service, and one noble monument to it is the church of St. James, at Delhec, which he built at his own expense, and at a cost of two lakhs of rupees, or 20,000*l*. It was his singular request, and from the character of the man we judge it to be an expression of real humility, 'that when he died he should be buried, not within the precincts of his church, but under the doorway sill, so that all persons entering might trample on "the chief of sinners."' "

This request was at first complied with, but his remains were afterwards disinterred and placed beneath the altar. At this second burial, it is stated, by an eye-witness,

'That he never on any occasion saw such a crowd. Military honours were paid to the funeral by official command, and sixty-three minute-guns were fired, denoting the years of the deceased. A funeral sermon was preached over the body, at which all the Europeans in Delhec attended; and on the 19th of January the veteran soldier was committed to his final earthly resting-place beneath the altar of the church he had built, and beside the friend he had best loved—*Placide quiescant*.'

ART. IV.—*The Old Testament. Nineteen Sermons on the First Lessons for the Sundays from Septuagesima Sunday to the third Sunday after Trinity.* Preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, by Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, &c. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1851.

WE have so recently noticed Mr. Maurice's writings at some length, that we should have restricted ourselves to the announcement of the publication of this volume, had we not been required, by certain remarks upon the article to which we have referred, contained in the preface, to confirm the views we then explained. Controversy is, happily, impossible, for Mr. Maurice has rather complained of than *controverted* what we said; and our purpose is simply to show to our readers that our statements have been admitted, and even strengthened, in the observations made upon them.

These sermons on the Old Testament appear to be well calculated to sustain Mr. Maurice's reputation with his admirers,

and to increase their number. We do not, however, rank them so high as those upon the Lord's Prayer; and, being actually delivered to the Sunday afternoon congregations at Lincoln's Inn, they cannot be compared with the 'Boyle Lectures.' The scope of the series is 'to bring out the Scriptures of the Old Testament in their simple, clear sense, as a revelation of God to man, and as a lamp to the feet of us Englishmen in the nineteenth century.' (Pref. p. xv.) It seems to have been, in part, suggested by the irreverent treatment which those Scriptures especially have recently received at the hands of a few overbold speculators, in whom a clerical training has produced such fruits as may be expected to characterize the reaction which is sure to follow the revival of 'Catholicism' in the English church, by the Oxford divines. And it is, in part, a reiteration of the charge of neglecting the Old Testament, which has been urged against those who do not perceive the priceless worth of forms, by such as Mr. Maurice, and replied to, even unto weariness. In this latter respect it is remarkable as a proof that the Judaizing spirit—which would remand to the 'schoolmaster' those who have come unto Christ; and perfect by 'the shadow of good things to come,' 'the very image of the things'—is not yet dead. And in the other, although to many readers the leading thought of the book will be new, and the way in which it is followed out abundantly instructive and suggestive, we doubt whether to such speculators as we have mentioned, or to those who (notwithstanding their acquaintance with modern criticism) are devoutly desirous of holding by the truth, which they are assured the Old Testament can convey to the trustful, loving, and humble heart; or, we may add, to the representatives of what our author well calls the '*earnest* infidelity abroad' now—it will prove other than a new embarrassment, or a fresh reason for the false position they have taken up on this subject.

We have unwillingly come to this conclusion, for there is so much that is novel and striking in the aspects of truth which this work presents. And yet, mingled with it, we find so large an alloy of that, for which the lightest term of censure possible is *advocacy*, that what had commended itself to us as most valuable loses some of its worth; and we feel it to be, indeed, a difficult task correctly to characterize it. Without very careful discrimination, whether we praise or blame, the interests of truth appear to be imperilled, and most if we praise. A bigger book than itself would be required for such a critical examination of it as would completely vindicate itself; and our observations must needs be brief. We shall, therefore, offer a few very general remarks, with references to the sermons before us; and we trust that we shall not be misunderstood, either as



agreeing with, or dissenting from, all that we are compelled to pass by without comment.\*

It is greatly to be regretted, we think, that Mr. Maurice has in this work 'come to the study of the Old Testament with no philological lore;' for however 'precious' an 'organon for this investigation,' 'the experience of life and of our own wants' may furnish us (Pref. pp. xxx., xxxi.) no one knows better than he, that a translation (be its excellence what it may) cannot be raised by these, or by any other means, to the value of an original writing. We venture to believe that some strange speculations, such, for example, as those about the creation of 'the *species*' and the '*individual*' (pp. 3, &c.), would not have been hazarded; and that others, like the harmony invented between 'the sentence, "cursed be the ground for thy sake,"' and 'that famous passage in the Georgics, beginning

Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit' (p. 32)

would have been considerably modified, had Mr. Maurice, by the exercise of his unquestioned philological skill, derived his impressions directly from the Hebrew. 'New interpretations' of the history are altogether disowned (Pref. p. xxx.); but we find the theory upon which all the interpretations are based, everywhere spoken of as one which has been neglected or unknown, till now; and whilst we dare not affirm, that the interpretations contained in this book are to be found in no one of the myriads of commentaries upon the Old Testament, we confidently assert that every sermon displays original thought upon the subject, and that therein, whether we agree or disagree with the writer, lies the chief value of his work. At the same time we must say, that the wilfulness in interpretation, which we noted in his other discourses, is to be found far too frequently in these.

Mr. Maurice professes to be convinced, 'that the most common-place view of this history is the truest' (Pref. pp. xxx., xxxi.); and this is the basis of his canon of interpretation. It is maintained, not only in these sermons, but in those upon the Prayer-book, and in the 'Treatise on Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy' also, that the operations of God's providence have always been uniform; that they were in old time what we

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\* We must be excused for calling particular attention to the fourteenth sermon, on 'The Nation and the Church.' Its subject has introduced an astounding discussion of the connexion of Church and State, and—will any mortal man believe us?—the examples of this connexion, which Mr. Maurice cites, are those set up by the Covenanters, the Long Parliament, Oliver Cromwell, and the church of Rome! (pp. 268, &c.) The discourse is, moreover, as remarkable for displaying the author's latitudinarianism, as it is for exemplifying his impartiality and his logic.

know them to be now; and that what, at first sight, look like interruptions of this uniformity, are, in fact, most remarkable illustrations of it. It is admitted, that a gradual advance characterizes the successive instructions addressed by God to man (pp. 57, 95, 344, &c.); but 'the Jew, so far as he understood his own position at all, understood that he was to bear witness of that which was fixed and permanent. He had no work in the world if he had not this.'\* And hence it follows, that 'the Bible is to be regarded as a revelation of laws, not of anomalies. It becomes a guide and an example to us, because it unfolds to us unvarying and eternal principles of the divine government, not because it gives us a set of instances in which those principles were departed from.'† (p. 207.)

The term 'common place' accurately defines Mr. Maurice's point of view. To him the patriarchs were not 'a race of heroes' (p. 61), and he declares, 'I can imagine nothing less strange, less prodigious, than the act' of the Fall (pp. 25-6); but then he leaves the serpent out of sight; yet even this, he insists, three pages afterwards, was *only* a serpent, and not a spiritual tempter. We do not perceive that any danger in this direction from serpents now-a-days is apprehended by our author; although there is 'an animal nature' in us, as much as in Eve, 'to which the animal nature in an inferior creature could speak' (p. 29). But human intercourse with angels is pronounced to be not a 'deviation from order in favour of a particular person;' it is 'according to order,' but 'interrupted,' by the 'confusions of man's life' (pp. 71, 96); which, however, ought surely to have prevented it in former ages, upon Mr. Maurice's theory. In like manner dreams are regarded as a

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\* Prayer-book, p. 100.

† The only really practical hint for the right interpretation of the Scriptures, which Mr. Maurice gives, is contained in the closing remarks of his sermon on 'the First Lesson.' He suggests that 'what has passed in countries close to our own in our own days,' may assist any one to 'understand Isaiah's prophecies' better (Prayer-book, pp. 115-6.) But he seems himself to have used this help in a very perverse way. On December the 6th, 1849, when men's ears yet tingled with the news of the treacherous subjugation of Hungary by the armies of the Czar,—whilst the military executions by Haynau and Radetzky were exciting the horror and execration of the civilized world, Mr. Maurice preached thus:—'Surely nothing can be so contrary to St. Paul's doctrine, or St. Paul's spirit, as the feeble, unmanly, ungodly habit of denouncing punishment, whether inflicted by the single executioner of the state's justice, or by its armed hosts, as if it were contrary—so the phrase runs—to the mild spirit of the Gospel. The spirit of the Gospel asks no compliments of such a kind.' ('Church a Family,' pp. 55-6.) Along with which sentence, we will commend the following to the attention of those who doubt the righteousness of capital punishments:—'The judge who is too tender-hearted to sign a warrant for the execution of a criminal, will very probably end by being the head of a committee of safety, and will defile the land with the blood of innocent men.' (Old Testament, p. 267.)

way by which 'no doubt many peasants in our own time have been apprised that there was another world about them than that which the visible sun illuminated' (pp. 93-4); though why such intimations should be confined to 'peasants' now, amazes us, especially as it is acknowledged that 'there is something' in the dreams of every man 'which needs to be interpreted;' and it is suggested that the interpretation 'lies in the belief that we are under a living and divine teacher who does not wish us to walk in darkness' (p. 111). The destruction of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram is treated as the key to the earthquake at Lisbon, taken in connexion with the French Revolution (pp. 207-9). An 'order' of priests is, of course, represented as an essential element of society (pp. 118, 191, 197-215). The possibility of actual miracles is admitted by implication; for the 'test' in Deut. xiii. 1-3 is interpreted so as to make those only incredible, which might be appealed to for the purpose of weaning the hearts of any *from* the Church of England (pp. 290-1, comp. p. 99). And the permanence of the Mosaic statutes is implied by this singular observation uttered for the relief of the perplexed 'English Christian:—'If he is not among lepers he will not fancy that the directions about lepers are meant for him.'\*

In the pursuit of his theory, Mr. Maurice allows few difficulties to stop him. All that the apostle Paul said, all that our Lord himself said respecting the subordinate character of the former dispensations, is avoided *sub silentio*. The words of Isaiah (chap. i. 10, &c.), in which he puts contempt upon mere ritualisms, are allowed to be true, but only for himself seemingly; for if *we* follow him in the 'distinctions' which he makes, we are said to do so 'formally, arbitrarily, scholastically, destroying the life of the subject in our determination to dissect it.'† But *why*, we see not, unless the painful example of special pleading, immediately preceding the paragraph, be intended as the ground.‡ The anthropomorphism of the early records, and of the poetical parts of the Old Testament, is all *realized* (pp. 37-8, 72-3, 139); and that, although it is stated that these books, and the events they relate, belong to the '*infancy*' of humanity (pp. 93, 110-11). And, to bring these remarks to a close, it appears to be distinctly perceived that if all be uniform in the operations of God's providence, and if the displays of those operations, afforded in the Old Testament, be intended to show us what actually proceeds now, then divine inspiration, which happened in the times of which that book tells, may and does happen now (pp. 53, 99, 231, &c., 331,

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\* Prayer-book, pp. 113-4.

† Ibid. pp. 102-4.

‡ Ibid. p. 101.

&c., 350, &c.) And in this case *what becomes of the Bible?* Nay, what becomes of it in any case, with this 'common-place' theory? Any history would teach us the same wisdom, notwithstanding all that Mr. Maurice has said of its 'special claims upon our reverence and love' (pp. 232-6), if it be pressed to its legitimate consequences.

We must very briefly indicate the way in which we have regarded the histories of the Old Testament, that our objections both to the theory and to its applications may be made plain to all our readers. We have considered, then, that in them we possess illustrations and manifestations of the universal and everlasting principles of God's righteous government; but the material (so to speak) of those illustrations we have looked upon as temporary, and the form peculiar. We have thought that God does not now *what* he did in the infancy of the world; but we believe that he has always done, and will ever do, *as* he does now. Keeping in mind the different circumstances of the world in the ages which Old Testament history tells us of, and that we are investigating the steps of a Being of boundless wisdom and love, we are assured that we may obtain abundant light, immediately applicable to our trivial affairs, from this study; but forgetting these things, we cannot expect aught but the reflexion of our own want of wisdom. Remembering then, when we read of those great events which stand out conspicuously above the common level of the history of mankind (such as the call of Abraham, and the giving of the law), we shall perceive, underlying all that is special, all that makes them events never to be repeated, all that as fact is anomalous, LAWS; by means of which we may truly interpret God's operations in our own days, and shape our course so that it shall be at one with his. But forgetting them, we shall only darken counsel by words without knowledge, when we presume to speak of the principles of the divine government. We have considered these books to be the histories of men, isolated or in society, favoured with peculiar revelations from God; and respecting most of them, we are satisfied that we have solid ground for believing that they were written by those who enjoyed similar favours. And, therefore, our first inquiry is, what did these records convey to those for whom they were actually composed? and thence we have proceeded to the particular instruction they can impart to us. And we scarcely wonder when we find that, where the prime question is, what can we get from these histories,—instead of the genuine humanities, and the divine wisdom we had expected to meet with, there should result much unproved assertion, and inconclusive argumentation, with subtle speculations, and the habit of laying undue stress upon

words, &c., as if so, some message from God might be extorted from them.

The 'Preface,' as we have said, requires some notice. We stated in our review of Mr. Maurice's works, that he was 'one who would not suffer men in general to hold converse with the Bible, unless the Church in some way were present at the interview, like the gaoler when a prisoner receives a visit from his friends' (New Series, Vol. II. p. 269). Mr. Maurice correctly regards this as intended to apply to him, as a 'too faithful representative' of his Church; and he appeals to the daily lessons, the lessons proper for Sundays and holydays, and the epistles and gospels of the communion service, in disproof of the charge; at the same time disowning the endeavour 'to make out a case for himself or for the English clergy.' (Pref. pp. xiii.-xv.) Of these appointed Bible readings much is made, both in these sermons and in those on the Prayer-Book, one example of which will suffice for our purpose. The 17th sermon of this series is entirely constructed on the assumption that the Church had an *exegetical* purpose in view, when, on the first Sunday after Trinity, two chapters out of the book of Joshua were appointed as 'lessons,' and for 'epistle,' part of the first of those written by the apostle John; which shows this at least,—that Mr. Maurice believes that the Church interferes with the free converse of man's spirit with the sacred Scriptures by the very collocation of its 'lessons'! How he has *rationalized* respecting the arrangement of these readings can be imagined; and we observe, in his discourse on 'the First Lesson' in the series on the Prayer Book, that it is assumed that the Bible is not read except in church.

But the mere appointment of Scripture lessons for the public services of the Church is not a disproof of our charge; for there are the Creeds and the Articles, the Liturgy and the Canons, and of them we may say—Mr. Maurice and the Church itself not daring to deny,—what he has said, with more acerbity than is becoming in him, of 'the newspaper or magazine which keeps' any section of dissenters 'in conceit with itself'; *they* are, 'to all intents and purposes, its divine oracle, the rule of its faith, the guide of its conduct,'—'*its own Bible.*'\* (Pref. p.

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\* Mr. Maurice 'rejoices and gives thanks' with a fervour truly astonishing, because, in his prayer, at the opening of the Great Exhibition, the Archbishop of Canterbury misquoted that verse in the book of Job, which says, that 'there is a spirit in men, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding;' and declares it to be 'a phrase which inferior ministers might have shrunk from using, lest it should give offence to their weaker brethren' (pp. 231. 232). If this be an example of the service which 'the forms of his church' have done him, in removing the hindrances to the attainment of 'the living and literal sense of Scripture,' that he found in 'the notions of the present, the impressions which one receives from the current religious literature, and

xxiv.) So long as they abide there, laying down beforehand the only conclusions at which a reader of the Bible is permitted to arrive,—what need of words?—even if the Church of England conceded ‘private judgment’ as explicitly as Mr. Maurice denies it, open-faced converse with the Scriptures is impossible; and the daily and proper lessons only remind us of those Latin ones in the Church of Rome—a ‘superstition’—the ‘more evil because it is the degradation or perversion of a holy thing, not the mere playing with an indifferent one;’ ‘the danger of turning [the words of Scripture] into amulets’ not being ‘less’\* because they are translated from the unknown tongue.

Mr. Maurice has, however, adopted the figure we employed. He says, ‘the Bible, as I think, is a friend who comes to men in their prison; the Church, as I think, does stand by during the interview; whether as a jailer to hinder intercourse or not, I will try to explain.’ (Pref. p. xx.) And he proceeds to state his views of the functions of the Church, ascribing to it every greatest and divinest work below. As we read his words we could only say, ‘Verily, it is *not* so! Such are *not* the functions of your Church. We know her formularies; we know her history; it is written in the blood of those who went before us in the path which it is our purpose to walk in. It is *not* so. *The representation is false!*’ And in the following pages Mr. Maurice himself admits it. Hear him. ‘The religious men, and the irreligious men, too, of her own community, complain of her as earthly and secular. She is in most imminent danger of becoming all that they accuse her of being. She has stooped to rank and wealth, and trampled upon the poor; she often does so now. She has fancied that her strength lay in her revenues; she is still beset every day and hour with that temptation.’ ‘The relations with the State which Romanists and Protestant Dissenters taunt her with. . . . She has abused them to immoral purposes.’ (Pref. pp. xxii. xxiii.) It is no wonder that after these confessions he should omit to say plainly whether his Church ‘stands by’ to ‘hinder the intercourse’ of the soul with God’s truth in the Scriptures, or not. What *can* such a church do, but what we charged it with?

One other remark we would make, suggested by this book, but bearing upon all Mr. Maurice’s writings. When Luther was excommunicated, a great controversy was commenced in the

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from the popular religious dialect,’ and in his ‘own self-conceit and presumption,’ he needed not to add, ‘I do not ask or expect the dissenter to prize them, or to use them for this purpose’ (Pref. p. xxxiv); the shams of ‘the religious world,’ which he so unsparingly exposes, are reality itself compared with such a deliverance.

\* Prayer-book, p. 87.



world; which, without the disputants themselves knowing it, has been the immediate ground of half the polemics since. It does itself date from a far earlier period, and it had been carried on, with bitterness enough, ages before Luther arose; but by his excommunication it was revived; and not for generations, nor even for centuries, perhaps, may the hope of its settlement be entertained. Is spiritual life possible to men only as members of some ideal society or church? Or is it to be obtained by each one who, for himself, lays hold on the hope of everlasting life? Thus we may state it now; although that is by no means its widest or most general form. Throughout this work, beginning with that marvellous speculation about 'the species' and the 'individual,' (p. 3), to which we have referred, there is an incessant strain of querulous invective indulged in, against those who will not consent to merge their individuality in 'their kind.' One way in which the fall itself is regarded is this:—'He, the individual man, the Adam made out of the dust of the ground, was setting up himself, was making himself his law. So he was breaking that which was a law of kind, a law of fellowship.' (p. 28.) In 'The Kingdom of Christ,' and the two sets of discourses on the services of the church, we have the positive side of this resolute denunciation of the 'individuality' of man; and thus we know the part which Mr. Maurice takes in this controversy, and can estimate upon fresh data the worth and the influence of his works. A 'Realist' in this nineteenth century—for the sake of supporting a church theory, which has involved him in such frightful confusions as we have seen; he has dared *in effect* to set aside\* that grand apostolic declaration, to the recognition of which (having studied the rise, and traced the progress of this question) we look forward, with confident expectation, as the issue of the religious movements of our own day, and the basis of a true and enduring union amongst all who are 'of the truth' in some happier time to come,—to which our whole being responds in awe, as to the very word of the Most High;—'*Every one of us shall give account of himself unto God!*' 'A really right end involves right means.' (p. 93.) Thus says Mr. Maurice, when upbraiding the Jesuits:—we assent to it, and demand, what is the character of the end which is to be reached, by such means as the substitution of a church theory for the personal responsibility of men before God?

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\* And yet, after unfolding what he regards as the 'divine order for man as the member of a race, as part of an order,' he says, 'we must thoroughly satisfy ourselves that this is what the Scripture affirms of man; or all the records will become a weary maze to us. If we take this principle with us, I do not think we shall wish to put anything into Scripture that we do not find there, or to take anything from it which we do find.' (pp. 23, 24.)

**ART. V.**—*Arctic Searching Expedition; A Journal of a Boat-Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in search of the Discovery Ships under command of Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America.* By Sir John Richardson, C.B., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Published by Authority. London: Longman and Co.

**THE** novel reader had better turn from these volumes. They were not prepared for his entertainment, and are made up of other 'stuff' than he delights in. Their calm tone, and business-like character, will give them an air of dulness to his apprehension; while the geographical and geological information they supply will be passed over as insufferably wearisome. We, therefore, warn all such from incurring the disappointment which cannot but follow an attempt to peruse these volumes. They had better not begin them, than subsequently cast them aside with only a few pages read. We would not, however, have our readers suppose that the work before us is really dull. The very contrary is the fact. It contains, indeed, few marvels after the novel fashion; but it is full of rich treasures, and in its very plainness and business character, bears a stamp of reality which enhances its value by greatly strengthening our confidence. It would be easy for an imaginative writer to delude while pleasing us, in his descriptions of the strange region visited. Its solitariness and dreary magnificence, the stern attitude assumed by Nature, the unattractive garb she wears, the obstacles interposed to human discovery, the defiance of all which science can suggest or enterprise attempt, the singular habits and strange fortunes of the tribes inhabiting these climes, and the various expedients to which man, beast, and bird, are driven in order to sustain life, and render it pleasurable, are topics which might easily be worked up into an agreeable and attractive fiction. But Sir John Richardson has done infinitely better, and his volumes must, in consequence, take rank with the more permanent productions to which the coming generation will refer with gratitude. To inform, not to gratify; to note facts in the order of their occurrence, not to draw on his imagination; to paint what he saw, and to report what he heard, rather than present a fancy picture to his reader, has been the aim of our author; and this he has happily effected. A large portion of the work pertains to the physical geography and structure of the regions examined, and is marked by calmness, intelligence, multifarious knowledge, and such an amount of geological science, as enables the writer to speak with authority.

In this, as in other parts of the work, there is an entire absence of pretence. Facts are noted, and opinions expressed, in an unambitious and modest style. They lay in the way of the author, and are therefore referred to; otherwise it is manifest they would have been unnoticed. The nature of this portion of Sir John Richardson's 'Journal' precludes extract; and we must therefore content ourselves with having thus briefly reported its character.

We need scarcely say that the *Expedition* narrated in these volumes was undertaken with a view of ascertaining, if possible, the fate of Sir John Franklin and his associates. They had sailed from England in May, 1845, in the 'Erebus,' and 'Terror,' and were seen for the last time on the 26th of July, moored to an iceberg, in latitude  $74^{\circ} 48'$  N., longitude  $66^{\circ} 13'$  W. Nothing further having been heard of the Expedition up to January, 1847, Sir John Ross addressed a letter to the Admiralty, which led the Lords Commissioners to call for the opinion of several Arctic navigators of large experience:—'After deliberately weighing these and other suggestions, and fully considering the numerous plans submitted to them, the Admiralty determined that, if no intelligence of the missing ships arrived by the close of Autumn, 1847, they would send out three several searching expeditions—one to Lancaster Sound, another down the Mackenzie River, and the third to Beering's Straits.'

No intelligence having been received up to the time named, Sir John Richardson, with a noble disregard of personal ease—and, if we are rightly informed, at no slight pecuniary sacrifice, undertook the command of one of these expeditions, with a view 'to trace the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands, lying opposite to Cape Krusenstern.' Mr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company Service, accompanied him, and is uniformly spoken of in terms of the highest eulogy. They left Liverpool in March, 1848, and arrived at New York on the 10th of April, whence they proceeded to Montreal, where their arrangements were greatly expedited by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Five seamen, and fifteen sappers and miners, had preceded them in one of the company's ships. From Montreal, they journeyed forward to Buffalo, Detroit, and Saut Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, where they were detained by the state of the ice. Here they found two 'north canoes' prepared for them, in which, with fifteen canoe-men, or voyageurs, they hastened on their dangerous navigation, by the way of Fort William to the Methy Portage, where the canoe-men left them, early in July. The following notice of two Indian tribes, met with in this part of the expedition, is confir-

matory of the reports which have reached us from various quarters :—

‘The Crees have now for more than twenty-six years been under the undivided control and paternal government of the Hudson’s Bay Company, and are wholly dependent on them for ammunition, European clothing, and other things which have become necessities. No spirituous liquors are distributed to them, and schoolmasters and missionaries are encouraged and aided by the Company, to introduce among them the elements of religion and civilization. One village has been established near the depôt at Norway House, and another at the Pas on the Saskatchewan, each having a church, and school-house, and a considerable space of cultivated ground. The conduct of the people is quiet and inoffensive; war is unknown in the Cree district; and the Company’s officers find little difficulty in hiring the young men as occasional labourers.

‘The case is otherwise with the Chippeways, who live within the Company’s territories. The vicinity of the rival United States Fur Company’s establishments; the vigorous competition which is carried on between them and the Hudson’s Bay Company, in prosecution of which spirituous liquors are dispensed by both parties liberally to the natives; and the abundance of *Folle avoine* on Rainy River and the River Winnipeg, with the plentiful supply of sturgeon obtained from these waters, rendering the natives independent of either party, have a demoralizing effect, and neither Protestant nor Roman-catholic missionaries have been able to make any impression upon them. One party of these Indians, from whom we purchased a supply of sturgeon on Rainy River, are briefly characterized in my notes, made on the spot, as being “fat, saucy, dirty, and odorous.” A Roman-catholic church, erected some years ago on the banks of the Winnipeg, has been abandoned, with the clearing around it, on account of the want of success of the priest in his endeavours to convert the natives; and neither the Hudson’s Bay Company nor the United States people have been able to extinguish the deadly feud existing between Chippeways and Sioux, nor to restrain their war parties.’—*Ib.* pp. 71-73.

Several birds whose habits are very partially known to Europeans, served to break the monotony of the scene, and to call up in some cases home associations. Of this class was the *Fringilla leucophrys*, whose loud notes frequently disturbed the rest of the voyagers. ‘It whistles,’ we are told, ‘the first bar of ‘Oh dear, what can the matter be?’ in a clear note, as if played on the piccolo fife; and, though the distinctness of the notes rendered them at first very pleasing, yet, as they haunted us up to the Arctic Circle, and were loudest at midnight, we came to wish occasionally that the cheerful little songster would time his serenade better.’ The white-headed eagle and the pelican were also frequently seen, and of the latter we are told—

‘These birds generally choose a rapid for the scene of their exploits, and, commencing at the upper end, suffer themselves to float down with

the current, fishing as they go with great success, particularly in the eddies. When satiated, and with full pouches, they stand on a rock or boulder which rises out of the water, and air themselves, keeping their half-bent wings raised from their sides, after the manner of vultures and other gross feeders. Their pouches are frequently so crammed with fish that they cannot rise into the air until they have relieved themselves from the load, and on the unexpected approach of a canoe, they stoop down, and, drawing the bill between their legs, turn out the fish. They seem to be unable to accomplish this feat when swimming, so that then they are easily overtaken, and may be caught alive, or killed with the blow of a paddle. If they are near the beach when danger threatens, they will land to get rid of the fish more quickly. They fly heavily, and generally low, in small flocks of from eight to twenty individuals, marshalled, not in the cuneiform order of wild geese, but in a line abreast, or slightly *en echelon*; and their snow-white plumage with black-tipped wings, combined with their great size, gives them an imposing appearance. Exceeding the fishing eagle and the swan in bulk, they are the largest birds in the country. Their eggs are deposited on rocky islets among strong rapids, where they cannot be easily approached by man or beasts of prey.'—Ib. pp. 86-87.

Our readers may probably imagine that, whatever other annoyances were experienced, that of excessive heat would be unknown. But the case was far otherwise; and our author and his companions were frequently glad to seek shelter in the water. 'The irritability of the human frame,' he tells us, 'is either greater in these northern latitudes, or the sun, notwithstanding its obliquity, acts more powerfully upon it than near the equator; for I have never felt its direct rays so oppressive within the tropics, as I have experienced them to be on some occasions in the high latitudes.' The luxury of bathing, however, is not without alloy, as the water abounds with leeches, and mosquitoes, or other insects, fasten instantly on every part of an exposed body. The annoyances from mosquitoes was frequently so great as to prove a very serious matter, as may be gathered from the following brief extract from our author's 'Journal' under date of July 16th:—

'*July 16th.*—'Though we lay down in the best manner we could in the boats during the night, the continuous assaults of the moschettoes deprived every one of rest, and rendered us all so feverish, that we were glad when daybreak called the crews to the oars, and the boats acquired motion through the water, by which we obtained some relief.'—Ib. p. 150.

By the beginning of August, the Expedition gained the Estuary of the Mackenzie River, where their field of search commenced; and, on the 3rd of that month, they fell in with about 200 Eskimos, amongst whom some difficulty was experienced in guarding against the predatory habits of the people. A barter was carried on with a view of conciliating them, as

the American nations deem the reception of gifts a token of inferiority, and therefore prefer giving something in exchange. Inquiries were anxiously made after Sir John Franklin, but unhappily, no tidings could be obtained—

‘The Eskimos, one and all, denied having ever seen any white people, or heard of any vessels having been on their coast. None acknowledged having been present at the various interviews of their countrymen with white people in 1826, and perhaps the circumstances attending those meetings might have deterred them from confessing that they were relatives of the parties that assailed Sir John Franklin’s boats at that time; and as most of the men were stout young fellows, and few beyond the prime of life, only two or three of the old men in the umiaks could have been actually engaged in the struggle which then took place. One fellow alone, in answer to my inquiries after white men, said, “A party of men are living on that island,” pointing, as he spoke, to Richard’s Island. As I had actually landed there on the previous day, I was aware of the falsehood he was uttering: and his object was clearly to induce us to put about and go on shore, which he and others had been soliciting us to do from the commencement of our conversation. I, therefore, desired Albert to inform him, that I had been there, and knew that he was lying. He received this retort with a smile, and without the slightest discomposure, but did not repeat his assertion. Neither the Eskimos, nor the Dog-rib or Hare Indians, feel the least shame in being detected in falsehood, and invariably practise it, if they think that they can thereby gain any of their petty ends. Even in their familiar intercourse with each other, the Indians seldom tell the truth in the first instance; and if they succeed in exciting admiration or astonishment, their invention runs on without check. From the manner of the speaker, rather than by his words, is his truth or falsehood inferred; and often a very long interrogation is necessary to elicit the real fact. The comfort, and not unfrequently the lives, of parties of the timid Slave or Hare Indians are sacrificed by this miserable propensity. Thus, a young fellow often originates a story of his having discovered traces of an enemy, for which there is no real foundation. This tale, though not credited at first, makes some impression on the fears of the others, and soon receives confirmation from their excited imaginations. The story increases in importance, a panic seizes the whole party, they fly with precipitation from their hunting-grounds, and if they are distant from a trading post, or large body of their nation, many of the number often perish in their flight, by famine.’—*Ib.* pp. 240-242.

The qualities indicated in this passage are unhappily characteristic of the whole people, and show the little reliance which can be placed on their reports. This is the more to be regretted, as they range over a vast extent of territory, from the Straits of Belleisle to the Peninsula of Alaska.—‘Traces of their encampments have been discovered as far north in the New World as Europeans have hitherto penetrated; and the capability of inhabiting the hyperborean regions is essentially owing



to their consuming blubber for food and fuel, and their invention of the use of ice and snow as building materials.'

Sir John followed up his instructions with exemplary perseverance, but without success, as it is now ascertained that no such northerly passage exists, as was supposed, between Victoria and Wollaston Lands. This point has been settled beyond dispute, and the field of search is thereby narrowed. The disappointment experienced, day by day, as they failed to discover, in any direction, traces of the missing navigators, can be estimated by those only who were capable of hazarding the adventure in which they had embarked. True, however, to themselves and to their instructions, they persevered; and though no tidings of the Discovery ships have been brought back to England, humanity will rejoice in the efforts made to recover the adventurous explorers whom they followed. Next to the rescue of the unfortunate is the conviction of having done our utmost to carry them relief.

The progress of the Expedition was now greatly impeded by the increasing obstructions encountered. The lateness of the spring, and the unavoidable delay experienced at Methy Portage, caused its arrival on the Arctic coast to be much later than had been expected. Not more than six weeks of summer can be reckoned on eastward of Cape Parry; and we are not, therefore, surprised to find that a boat navigation was early arrested. Sir John Richardson and his associates bitterly regretted the necessity of abandoning their boats short of the point they had hoped to attain; but there was no alternative, as the state of the ice precluded their advance. The following theory, founded on extensive observation, is worthy of notice, and goes some way to account for the fruitlessness of the search hitherto made. Should it be confirmed by subsequent facts, it will exert a powerful bearing on the future proceedings of Arctic explorers.

'The idea of a cycle of good and bad seasons has often been mooted by meteorologists, and has frequently recurred to my thoughts when endeavouring to find a reason for the ease with which, at some periods of arctic discovery, navigators were able to penetrate early in the summer into sounds which subsequent adventurers could not approach, and to connect such facts with the fate of the Discovery ships. But neither the periods assigned, nor the facts adduced to prove them by different writers, have been presented in such a shape as to carry conviction with them, until very recently. Mr. Glashier, in a paper published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1850, has shown, from eighty years' observations in London and at Greenwich, that groups of warm years alternate with groups of cold ones, in such a way as to render it most probable that the mean annual temperatures rise and fall in a series of elliptical curves,

which correspond to periods of fourteen years ; though local or casual disturbing forces cause the means of particular years to rise above the curve or fall below it.

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‘It can be stated only as a conjecture, though by no means an improbable one, that Sir John Franklin entered Lancaster Sound at the close of a group of warm years, when the ice was in the most favourable condition of diminution, and that since then the annual heat has attained its minimum, probably in 1847 or 1848, and may now be increasing again. At all events it is conceivable, that, having pushed on boldly in one of the last of the favourable years of the cycle, the ice, produced in the unfavourable ones which followed, has shut him in, and been found insurmountable ; but there remains the hope, that if this be the period of rise of the mean heat in that quarter, the zealous and enterprising officers now on his track, will not encounter obstructions equal to those which prevented their skilful and no less enterprising and zealous predecessor in the search, from carrying his ships beyond Cape Leopold.’—*Ib.* pp. 302-304.

Having yielded to the necessity of abandoning their boats, thirteen days’ provision, cooking-utensils, ammunition, portable boats, and other things, were now distributed by lot among the men ; each load weighed about sixty or seventy pounds, and on the 3rd of September, after prayers had been read, the party set out on foot. With few exceptions, the men walked badly, and after a short trial, were glad to lighten their burdens by leaving their carbines behind. The terrible hardships they encountered may be gathered from their first night’s accommodation. ‘The inlet, and the sea in the offing,’ says Sir John, ‘were full of ice, and the weather continued cold ; but some scraps of drift-wood, chiefly willows, being found on the beach, we managed to cook supper ; and, selecting the best sleeping places we could find amongst the blocks of basalt, passed a pretty comfortable night.’ In the morning they proceeded early on their course, but their progress was frequently interrupted by narrow streams, some of which they forded ; while they were assisted over others by the Eskimos, or were carried in their portable boats. Snow storms with cold northerly winds were occasionally added to their discomforts, yet they moved onward sustained by their indomitable leader, and cheered with the hope of gaining some tidings of their countrymen. In the course of their march they met with the musk ox, which rarely encounters an English visitor. Our author’s account of the appearance and habits of this animal will be acceptable to our readers :—

‘Mr. Rae, with the feelings of an ardent sportsman, had longed to encounter so redoubtable an animal ; and the following is an account of the meeting :—

‘On perceiving a herd of cows, under the presidency of an old bull,

grazing quietly at the distance of a few miles from our bivouack, he and Albert crept towards them from to leeward; but the plain containing neither rock nor tree, behind which they could shelter themselves, they were perceived by the bull before they could get within gun-shot. The shaggy patriarch advanced before the cows, which threw themselves into a circular group, and, lowering his shot-proof forehead so as to cover his body, came slowly forwards, stamping and pawing the ground with his fore-feet, bellowing, and showing an evident disposition for fight, while he tainted the atmosphere with the strong musky odour of his body. Neither of the sportsmen was inclined to irritate their bold and formidable opponent, by firing, as long as he offered no vital part to their aim; but, having screwed the bayonets to their fowling-pieces, they advanced warily, relying on each other for support. The cows, in the meantime, beat a retreat, and the bull soon afterwards turned; on which Mr. Rae fired, and hit him in the hind quarters. He instantly faced about, roared, struck the ground forcibly with his fore-feet, and seemed to be hesitating whether to charge or not. Our sportsmen drew themselves up for the expected shock, and were by no means sorry when he again wheeled round, and was, in a few seconds, seen climbing a steep and snow-clad mountain side, in the rear of his musky kine.

'These animals inhabit the hilly, barren grounds, between the Welcome, and the Copper Mountains, from the sixty-third or sixty-fourth parallels to the Arctic Sea, and northwards to Parry's Islands, or as far as European research has yet extended. They travel from place to place in search of pasture, but do not penetrate deep into the wooded districts, and are able to procure food in winter on the steep sides of hills which are laid bare by the winds, and up which they climb with an agility which their massive aspect would lead one ignorant of their habits to suppose them to be totally incapable of. In size they are nearly equal to the smallest Highland or Orkney *kyloes*; but they are more compactly made, and the shaggy hair of their flanks almost touches the ground. In structure they differ from the domestic ox, in the shortness and strength of the bones of the neck, and length of the dorsal processes which support the ponderous head. The swelling bases of the horns spread over the foreheads of both sexes, but are most largely developed in the old males. The musk-ox has also the peculiarity in the bovine tribe of the want of a tail; the caudal vertebrae, only six in number, being very flat, and nearly as short, in reference to the pelvis, as in the human species; the extreme one ending evenly with the tuberosities of the ischium. A tail is not needed by this animal, as in its elevated summer haunts moschetoes and other winged pests are comparatively few, while its close, woolly, and shaggy hair furnishes its body with sufficient protection from their assaults.'—Ib. pp. 323-325.

Much and interesting information is given respecting the Eskimos, with whom the exploring party frequently came into contact; and those of our readers who are desirous of learning the character and condition of these strange tribes will do well to consult the volumes before us. Most of them are under the English size, though, in some instances, individuals were met

with both tall and stout, 'and they certainly are not the stunted race which popular opinion supposes them to be.' When young, their countenances are expressive of cheerfulness, good-nature, and confidence; and the females freely indulge in mirth. Their pursuits vary with the season of the year, and in spring they are occupied principally in hunting the seal, which gives occasion to a species of architecture, singularly adapted to the region. Of this Sir John Richardson gives the following account:—

'In March the seals have their young, and soon afterwards they become the principal objects of chase to the Eskimos, who greatly esteem their dark and unsightly flesh, reckoning it as choice food. The seal, being a warm-blooded animal, respiring air, requires a breathing-hole in the ice, which it has the power of keeping open in the severest frosts, by constant gnawing. It is a watchful creature, with acute senses of sight and hearing; but it is no match for the Eskimo hunter, who has carefully studied all its habits from his infancy. As the days lengthen, the villages are emptied of their inhabitants, who move seaward to the seal hunt. Then comes into use a marvellous system of architecture, unknown among the rest of the American nations. The fine, pure snow has by that time acquired, under the action of strong winds and hard frosts, sufficient coherence to form an admirable light building material, with which the Eskimo master-mason erects most comfortable dome-shaped houses. A circle is first traced on the smooth surface of the snow, and the slabs for raising the walls are cut from within, so as to clear a space down to the ice, which is to form the floor of the dwelling, and whose evenness was previously ascertained by probing. The slabs requisite to complete the dome, after the interior of the circle is exhausted, are cut from some neighbouring spot. Each slab is neatly fitted to its place, by running a flenching-knife along the joint, when it instantly freezes to the wall, the cold atmosphere forming a most excellent cement. Crevices are plugged up, and seams accurately closed by throwing a few shovelfuls of loose snow over the fabric. Two men generally work together in raising a house, and the one who is stationed within cuts a low door, and creeps out when his task is over. The walls, being only three or four inches thick, are sufficiently translucent to admit a very agreeable light, which serves for ordinary domestic purposes; but if more be required a window is cut, and the aperture fitted with a piece of transparent ice. The proper thickness of the walls is of some importance. A few inches excludes the wind, yet keeps down the temperature so as to prevent dripping from the interior. The furniture, such as seats, tables, and sleeping-places, is also formed of snow, and a covering of folded rein-deer skin, or seal skin, renders them comfortable to the inmates. By means of antechambers and porches, in form of long, low galleries, with their openings turned to leeward, warmth is insured to the interior; and social intercourse is promoted by building the houses contiguously, and cutting doors of communication between them, or by erecting covered passages. Storehouses, kitchens, and other accessory buildings, may be constructed in the same manner, and a degree of convenience gained which would be attempted in

vain with a less plastic material. 'These houses are durable, the wind has little effect on them, and they resist the thaw until the sun acquires very considerable power.'—Ib. pp. 348-350.

The Eskimos are only one of many which were tribes encountered by our author, and of which he furnishes a sketch. The 'Tinnè nation comprises several—having strong points of agreement with characteristic diversities. Some of these were frequently met with, whose personal appearance and habits, while singular and occasionally offensive to Europeans, are not unnatural in their position. Our author's remarks bear especially on the *Dog-ribs* and *Hare Indians*, who resorted to the forts at which he resided on Great Bear Lake; and there is an air of truthfulness and reality in the sketches given which commands our entire confidence. They are described as of more regular features than the Eskimos, but exceedingly inattentive to their personal appearance, and greatly wanting in cleanliness. 'They possess the whine and air of accomplished beggars, and their solicitations are constant as long as they have any hope of gain.' They are far from being a morose people, but are cheerful in their disposition; are fond of dancing, and are great mimics.

The stoicism attributed to the Red race is unknown amongst the *Dog-ribs*, who shrink from pain, and are easily moved by fear. The women are certainly at the lowest point of the scale in America:—

'Not that they are treated with cruelty, for the 'Tinnè are not cruel people, but that they are looked upon as inferior beings, and in this belief they themselves acquiesce. In early infancy the boy discovers that he may show any amount of arrogance towards his sisters, who, as soon as they can walk are harnessed to a sledge, and inured betimes to the labours which are their inevitable lot through life; while the future hunter struts in his tiny snow-shoes after the men, and apes their contempt of the women. The women drag the sledges alone or aided by dogs, clear the ground for the tent, cut poles to extend the lodge or tent-skins upon, collect fire-wood, bring water, make all the dresses and shoes, clean the fish, and smoke or jerk the venison for its preservation. They also cook both for themselves and their husbands, the 'Tinnè not holding the opinion of the Kutchin, that a man ought not to eat meat prepared by a woman. Neither are the 'Tinnè women altogether precluded from eating with the men; though in times of scarcity, the men would expect to be first fed, as it is a maxim with them that the woman who cooks can be well sustained by licking her fingers. The women are not, however, generally discontented with their lot, and better days are certainly dawning upon them, as the opinions of the traders are beginning to tell visibly on the whole nation. Notwithstanding their servile condition, they are not without influence over the stronger sex; and they seldom permit provisions or other articles to be disposed of without expressing their

thoughts on the matter with much earnestness and volubility.'—Vol. ii. pp. 11-13.

Their religious notions are, as may be imagined, exceedingly rude. They recognise in name, at least, a 'Great Spirit;' but some appear to doubt his existence, or to imagine that he dwells amongst the habitations of white men. With respect to evil spirits they are much more credulous. The 'Tinné' recognise them in the bear, wolf, and wolverine, in the woods, waters, and desert places; and hear their voices in the howling of the tempest, or in the moanings which imagination associates with the regions of the dead. 'They never make any offerings to the Great Spirit, or pay Him an act of adoration; but they deprecate the wrath of an evil being by prayer, and the sacrifice of some article, generally of little value, perhaps simply by scattering a handful of deer-hair or a few feathers.'

The emissaries of Rome have penetrated to this inhospitable region, and the following is Sir John's account of their labors and success. Protestants as we are, and deep as is our conviction of the woeful deficiencies of the papal faith, we cannot but honor the self-denying temper of men, whatever be their creed, who relinquish the comforts of Europe, and brave the hardships of an Arctic region, in order to communicate to its pagan inhabitants what is deemed the truth of God:—

'As yet, Roman-catholic missionaries alone have entered the 'Tinné' country, and they have already a large number of nominal converts. For some years Canadian priests from the Red River colony went annually to Methy Portage, where many of the Athabascans and Churchill River 'Tinné' congregate at the usual season of transporting the outgoing furs and incoming supplies. On these occasions, numbers of the Indians were baptized, a considerable inducement to submit to the rite being the present of a piece of tobacco, or perhaps some vague notion of the protection thereby afforded against evil influences. There was no time to instruct them in the truths of the Christian religion, and this could be but very imperfectly done through the medium of interpreters. In 1846, however, the Roman-catholic mission under Monsieur La Flèche was established, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter. This gentleman and his associate Monsieur Tasché, members, I believe, of the Society of Jesus, applied themselves to the study of the 'Tinné' language, and were soon enabled to teach many of their converts to read and write. By sympathizing with their people in all their distresses, taking a strong interest in everything that concerns them, by acting as their physicians when sick, and advisers on all occasions, the priests of the mission have gained their entire confidence. It is not likely that Protestant missionaries, coming later into the field, will succeed in introducing their more spiritual but less imposing form of worship among a people whose first teachers have been so successful.'—Ib. pp. 29, 30.

The domestic economy of the 'Tinné' are distinguished by



some strange customs, of which the following exhibits one of the most singular. Its keeping with the account given, in a preceding extract, of the degraded state of their women is too obvious to need comment:—

‘In general, the ‘Tinnè have only one wife, the numbers of the sexes being equal, or the males rather predominating. The women are married very young, but the man must have shown some skill in hunting before he obtains a helpmate readily. The consent of the parents is usually gained by the suitor, and is seldom withheld from a man whose activity promises the old folks some addition to their comforts or consequence. The woman’s wishes have, perhaps, some weight with her parents, but I could not ascertain that any show of courtship\* was made, or that her disinclination was allowed to interfere with the man’s determination to take her, if the parents did not oppose. No ceremony attends the union. Hearne says, that it is the established etiquette among the Eastern ‘Tinnè for the woman to affect unwillingness to change her condition, and for the man to rush into her father’s tent, and drag her off by the hair of the head. We witnessed no scene of this kind among the Dog-ribs, but more than once saw a stronger man assert his right to take the wife of a weaker countryman. Any one may challenge another to wrestle, and, if he overcomes him, may carry off his wife as the prize. The younger children generally follow the fortunes of the mother, but the father may retain them if he chooses. In such contests, it is suspected that the wife sometimes prompts the aggressor; but I have been told—for I never actually witnessed one of these wrestling matches—that she looks on with composure and impartiality, and does not insult her late master with a display of pride on being the object of such a struggle, the *causa teterrima belli*. The bereaved husband meets his loss with the resignation which custom prescribes in such a case, and seeks his revenge by taking the wife of another man weaker than himself.’—Ib. pp. 23-25.

Fort Confidence was the place of Sir John’s winter residence, and here his search terminated. A dreary prospect lay before the party. The sternness of an Arctic region prevailed around them. Nature was not only silent, but was apparently dead. There was no visible life in aught they saw, and their utmost ingenuity was taxed to guard against the inclemency of the season, and to provide the means of subsistence. Forethought, however, had been taken on their account, and whatever European civilization could devise, was attempted on their behalf. Their residence, though dignified with the title of ‘the Fort,’ was, in fact, a simple log-house, built of trunks of trees

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\* The term “dear,” or “beloved,” is said to be unknown in the language; and Captain Lefroy, who tried to ascertain if it was so, says, “I endeavoured to put this intelligibly to Nannette, by supposing such an expression as *ma chère femme*; *ma chère fille*. When at length she understood it, her reply was (with great emphasis), “*I’ disent jamais ça; i’ disent ma femme; ma fille.*”

laid on each other, with loam or clay to fill up the interstices. The only apartments to which the luxury of glass windows was assigned, were those of Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae. The others were closed with deer-skin parchment. Some of the men were employed in fishing; others, as fellers of wood; and others, again, as sawyers and carpenters. On Sunday no labor was performed, and all appeared in their best clothes. That their wardrobe furnished any change is somewhat surprising, considering the distance they had travelled, and the mode in which their journey had been performed. But the fact is significant and cheering, and constitutes one of the many advantages consequent on a weekly rest. 'Prayers were said in the hall, and a sermon read to all that understood English.' Taking all things into account, we were prepared for the assurance of our author that, there was no leisure for *ennui*, and that as much comfort was enjoyed as could be looked for.

Sir John Richardson returned to England in 1849, and landed at Liverpool on the 6th of November, having been absent nineteen months, twelve of which were spent in incessant travelling. Mr. Rae remained behind, and with two companions happily succeeded in passing in dog-sledges over the ice to Wollaston Land. They were absent thirty-eight days, and had to endure great hardships, but returned in perfect health. So far, however, as Sir John Franklin was concerned, no other end was gained than to limit the field of future inquiry. His course is yet problematical; and we rejoice that another effort is to be made for his recovery. That it may be more successful than the one conducted by our author, is our fervent prayer. We confess, however, to serious misgivings. Nearly seven years have now elapsed since the 'Erebus' and the 'Terror' left our shores. Whether they still survive, or whether some terrible casualty may not have terminated the career of their gallant crews, is yet a mystery. The search, however, is to be pursued. We owe it to our adventurous countrymen to leave no means untried till the whole field of their possible operations has been explored. We may yet light upon them; and should we do so, and find them living, the Old and the New World will unite in one loud and joyful hymn of praise.

In the meantime, we recommend to our readers the perusal of Sir John Richardson's 'Journal.' It is a work of sterling and permanent value, which enlarges the bounds of human knowledge, by acquainting us with tribes rarely visited, and with the physical geography of a region on which few of our countrymen have trod.

ART. VI.—*Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography.* By B. D'Israeli, M.P. 8vo; pp. 588. Colburn and Co. London, 1852.

It would be hard to lay down the philosophy of monumental works. They originate in every variety of motive, from earnest affection to frivolous satire. Of one ancient Rhodian, we only know the name through an epitaph, which, by dint of quaint compactness, has forced its way through successive generations, and still informs us in these latter days, that one Timocreon had in his time eaten many a meal, drunk many a flagon, and uttered a deal of abuse.

The monumental work before us is scarcely less singular than that of the Rhodian. On laying down the book our natural ejaculation is *cui bono?* and the next thing suggested, is the well-known distich touching the immortalization of flies in amber. Mr. D'Israeli entitles his book a biography. But herein he lamentably curtails that branch of literature of its fair proportions; since, instead of presenting the history of a lengthened career, it records events extending only over the three closing years of a life, the rest of which had been spent in the jockey-club, rather than in the senate, amidst studies of equine pedigree instead of constitutional history; whose political speculations were confined to the betting-book, and whose most earnest aspirations were limited to the rising fortunes of fillies, and the fates of the impending Derby.

Still it must be admitted that Lord George Bentinck was no ordinary man. His political career was as brilliant as it was brief; and while it had to do with only a single question of national policy, it threw a meteoric illumination over the troubled atmosphere of the hour. Still it involved no grand and permanent principle. Lord George was neither a martyr, a hero, nor a victim; and his course is marked by that mediocrity which attaches to all temporary and fluctuating interests, and which does not contain that germ of immortality which lives in a great truth, or which even affords material enough 'to point a moral, or adorn a tale.' He reminds us of the Sarmatian ephemeræ, mentioned by Cicero, of whom one who lives till three in the afternoon, is overlaid with the wisdom of experience, while the ancient patriarch dies amidst the respect paid to extreme longevity, an hour or two before sunset. Searching through the varied motives that lead to the conferment of posthumous honours, we are puzzled to imagine why this fragment of biography should have been given to the world; unless, indeed, the object be to show that his species did not become extinct

by his lordship's death ;—to demonstrate, by a monument over his remains, that he was not absolutely the last man.

We have said that Lord George Bentinck was no ordinary person ; and, perhaps, the most extraordinary circumstance in his history was the peculiar bent and tendency to which his political efforts were determined. The most striking feature of his lordship's character was energy ; yet it would probably puzzle any man who was only acquainted with what, in the literary slang of the day, are called his antecedents, to indicate, at a guess, the channel through which that impetuous will ploughed its way. It might have been supposed that the keen sportsman, after having spent the prime of life on the turf and in the field, would have devoted himself, with another scion of a noble house, to a game law crusade, especially as his stalwart frame peculiarly adapted him to the use of that gentleman's cardinal argument,—‘a good English punch in the head.’ At all events, it would hardly be supposed that the son of the Duke of Portland should turn out an arithmetician ‘on instinct,’ and spring into existence a full-grown practised financier ; that he should master the minutest details of the statistics of sugar and tallow, with a facility that left the chancellor of the exchequer nobody knows where in the ruck, and pass the winning-post within half a length of the minister who gave to a people cheap bread ‘unleavened with injustice,’ and who lived long enough

‘To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,  
And read his history in a nation’s eyes.’

Whether this problem is to find its solution in his faith or his practice ;—in his faith in what Mr. D’Israeli constantly calls our territorial constitution ; or his practice, in the intricate construction of his ‘book’ at Epsom or Newmarket, it is difficult to determine. One thing is certain : no man ever laboured with more unconquerable perseverance in acquiring the most varied information on all the details of British commerce from those who were supposed to be most competent to afford it ; and, with very inferior powers of exposition, few men have been more successful in placing the results of their research before the House of Commons, in a systematic and impressive form, than Lord George Bentinck. As an orator, he was essentially defective. He had passion without power. The intensity of his feelings, unchecked by parliamentary discipline, was indicated by a vehemence of manner, which the suggestions of his nearest friends essayed to mitigate with but partial success. With a voice whose imperfect strength was out of harmony with the robustness of his frame, the imperiousness of his count-

nance, and the commanding power of his eye, he seemed, with his flushed cheek and foaming lip, to be undertaking a work to which he was inadequate; and, when he occasionally strayed into an attempt at the elucidation of a great principle, he might have suggested the language of Mr. Burke: 'the noise of the thunder without its bolt, the nodosity of the oak without its strength, and the contortions of the sybil without her inspiration.'

Lord George Bentinck is first introduced upon the stage at the time when Sir Robert Peel was appointed, in 1846, for the third time, Prime Minister of England:—

'He had sat,' says Mr. D'Israeli, 'for eighteen years in parliament, and before he entered it, had been for three years the private secretary of Mr. Canning, who had married the sister of the Duchess of Portland. Such a post would seem a happy commencement of a public career; but whether it were the untimely death of his distinguished relative, or a natural indisposition, Lord George—though he retained the seat for King's Lynn, in which he had succeeded his uncle, the late Governor-General of India—directed his energies to other than parliamentary pursuits. For some time he had followed his profession, which was that of arms; but of late years he had become absorbed in the pastime and fortunes of the turf, in which his whole being seemed engrossed, and which he pursued on a scale that, perhaps, has never been equalled. . . . He was not a very frequent attendant of the House: he might be counted on for a party division, and when, towards the termination of the Melbourne ministry, the forces were very nearly balanced, and the struggle became very close, he might have been observed, on more than one occasion, entering the House at a late hour, clad in a white greatcoat, which softened but did not conceal the scarlet hunting-coat. Although he took no part in debate, and attended the House rather as a club than a senate, he possessed a great and peculiar influence in it. He was viewed with interest and often with extraordinary regard, by every sporting man in the House. With almost all of these he was acquainted; some of them, on either side, were his intimate companions and confederates. His eager and energetic disposition; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions; his frankness and love of truth; his daring and speculative spirit; his lofty bearing, blended, as it was, with a simplicity of manner very remarkable; the ardour of his friendships; even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices; all combined to form one of those strong characters, who, whatever may be their pursuit, must always direct and lead. Nature had clothed this vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty; the face oval; the complexion clear and mantling; the forehead lofty and white; the nose aquiline and delicately moulded; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark brown eye, that flashed with piercing scrutiny, that all the character of the man came forth: a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception, or of being deceived.'—pp. 38, 39.

Such is Mr. D'Israeli's portrait of Lord George Bentinck, and, if any combination of mere accessories could form a great man, his lordship would, perhaps, have made no unworthy subject for a pencil even more masterly than that of the parliamentary comrade who has attempted to immortalize a brief public life that can only be embalmed in the Blue Books and the traditional reminiscences of the House of Commons.

His politics, we are told, were those of a Whig of 1688; a fact suggestive of the notion that his lordship's range of thought had not been so excursive as to deviate from a right line drawn from the epoch and the Revolution at which his family was naturalized and ennobled in England. 'He wished to see our society founded on a broad basis of civil and religious liberty. He retained much of the old jealousy of the court, but had none of popular franchises; he was for the Established Church, but for nothing more, and very repugnant to priestly domination.'

Such, again, is Mr. D'Israeli's portrait of Lord George as a politician; and again we must profess ourselves unable to imagine how, on this showing, his lordship can claim a niche in the Pantheon of English worthies.\*

This political portrait occurring in a volume of nearly six hundred pages, and entitled a 'Political Biography,' occupies less than eight lines, and yet its length, perhaps, is quite proportionate to the sympathy of the biographer with the principles on which he so scantily touches. It appears to us remarkably unsatisfactory and inane. He desired, it seems, a broad basis of religious liberty and popular franchise; yet in his ecclesiastical opinions, if he had any, his comprehensiveness and philosophic consistency are aptly, if not intentionally, represented by the copiousness and dignity of his biographer's diction. 'He was for the Established Church!' but, it is added, 'for nothing more; and very repugnant to priestly domination.'

We are diverted by the 'much-bemused' unconsciousness in which Mr. D'Israeli would seem to have disposed, to his own satisfaction, of the political character of his hero. Extended franchise, broad and full religious liberty, no priestly domination whatever, but withal an established church. As Lord George was so apt at fractional computations, it is to be

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\* The closing sentence of this biography is as follows:—'One who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle, who often shared his councils, and sometimes soothed his cares: who knew well the greatness of his nature, and esteemed his friendship among the chief of worldly blessings, has stepped aside from the strife and passion of public life to draw up this record of his deeds and thoughts, that those who come after us may form some conception of his character and career, and trace in these faithful though imperfect pages, the portraiture of an ENGLISH WORTHY.'



lamented that he has not left to the world, expressed in decimals of a barleycorn, the precise breadth of that religious freedom which could subsist under the supposed circumstances. The problem to be solved might be stated thus:—Given, an ecclesiastical corporation, with a monarch as its *irresponsible* head, and fountain of rank and honour, a matter of two or three dozen of its bishops legislating *irresponsibly* in the House of Lords ; six or seven hundred of its appointments in the *irresponsible* hands of the Lord Chancellor, and thousands more at the hereditary and equally *irresponsible* disposal of a multitude of ladies and gentlemen, noble and private : given, the laws, without which such a corporation would be a phantom, and the penalties, without which such laws would be a nullity ; given, the infallibility necessarily implied in a doctrinal establishment, and the ‘false doctrine, heresy, and schism,’ chargeable, by a correlative necessity, upon all dissentients : and lastly, given, the imperfections of a fallen humanity :—required, the greatest possible breadth of religious freedom, in terms of the diameter of a horse-hair.

We next come to Mr. D’Israeli’s exposition of Lord George Bentinck as a political economist, which is given in the following concise language :—

‘As for the industrial question, he was sincerely opposed to the Manchester scheme, because he thought that its full development would impair, and might subvert our territorial constitution, which he held to be the real security of our freedom, and because he believed that it would greatly injure Ireland, and certainly dissolve our colonial empire. He had a great respect for merchants, though he looked with some degree of jealousy on the development of our merely foreign trade.’

Here, again, we look in vain for the marked features of *a coming man*. It exhibits nothing but the want of *consistency*, which, in the human face, characterizes the two periods of life where extremes meet. It is hard to see why the full development of that fundamental course of commercial policy, which is here sneered at as ‘the Manchester scheme,’ should be judged of by the test of a theoretic dogma, under the tumid name of ‘our territorial constitution.’ The value of this, as the safeguard of our freedom, may be estimated by the consideration, that its palmy days were the times of feudalism, the Saturnian age of the Tudors and Stuarts, and the benign and blessed constitutional era, when Gatton and Old Sarum lorded it over Birmingham and Manchester. As little easy is it to conceive how Ireland, drained of its capital by absenteeism, and living not so much as waiting for death upon a diet which, viewed in connexion with its social and moral condition, might seem to be

—— ‘the insane root  
Which takes the reason prisoner,’

should be injured by a policy which should cheapen and multiply the commonest necessities of civilized life. And lastly, with reference to our colonial empire, the fact glares on our recollection that our greatest colonies were lost to the British crown, and that those which remain to us are daily disaffected and imperilled by a policy that harmonizes but little with the principles either of commercial, political, or religious freedom.

Lord George Bentinck had, it appears, a great respect for merchants. For this they are doubtless laid under weighty obligations; though these are, perhaps, slightly diminished by the indiscriminateness of the compliment. But if this did not suffice to cool the fervour of their gratitude, it would probably receive a more effectual check from the qualification which Mr. D'Israeli judiciously appends:—‘though,’ he adds, ‘he looked with *some degree of jealousy* on the development of our *merely foreign* trade. It seems natural to enquire, whether it was Lord George, or his biographer, who forgot that they lived in a comparatively small, but thickly populated island; that such a country, if civilized, must, by the first laws of political economy, be a producing and an exporting country; and that the history of every such state, from that of Tyre and Sidon, to that of Liverpool, demonstrates their necessary dependence to an immense extent on what Mr. D'Israeli calls a foreign trade.

In a word, we cannot accept this meagre sketch as an exposition of Lord George Bentinck's character, either as a statesman or an economist. We should argue even, from its slipshod composition, a want of comprehensive thought. The author evidently wanted to shirk his subject; and indicates that he had a task on hand which was ungrateful to him, alike from the paucity of his materials, and the defectiveness of his tools.

His lordship's real parliamentary life commenced, as has been said, in the year 1846. The drama opens with the scene of the House of Commons, and especially the Protectionist party, waiting night after night for those personal explanations which Sir Robert Peel, on his sudden return to power, was too wary to afford: while, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington, with characteristic bluntness, applied his sword to the Gordian knot, declaring—‘I was of opinion that the formation of a government, in which her Majesty would have confidence, was of much greater importance than the opinions of any individual on the Corn Law, *or any other law.*’ On this remarkable declaration Mr. D'Israeli observes, ‘the principle laid down by his Grace may be an excellent principle; but it is not a principle of the English constitution.’ If it was worth while to comment upon any maxim of political morality, enunciated by the Duke of Wellington, it was, we think, worth while to do much more than Mr. D'Israeli has here done. In our simplicity we are not aware that it is any recom-

mendation of a principle to say that it is in accordance with the English constitution, or any condemnation of it to affirm the contrary. But of this we are fully convinced, that the Duke's defence strikes at the very root of all political fidelity and truth. A minister is supposed to devote to his sovereign, not only his ingenuity, his wit, and his eloquence, but his experience, his understanding, and his heart; and if he counsels a course to which his judgment is opposed, he commits an act as flagrant as that of a court physician, who should prescribe to his royal patient a medicine which, he fully believed, would be injurious or fatal; and he who accepts office with a view to carry out such counsel commits an absurdity, as ridiculous as it would be for Sir Charles Napier to enter her Majesty's service as Lord Chancellor, Sir David Brewster as an artillery officer, or the late Mr. Shiel as the principal bass in the choir of the chapel royal.

The biographer, however, presents us with the true secret of these stage transformations:—

'The friends of the Duke of Wellington explained these strange passages, by the circumstance that it was distinctly made known by Sir Robert Peel to his grace, that if they did not undertake the conduct of the government, her majesty would be under the necessity of sending for Mr. Cobden and his friends. It was to prevent this inexpiable degradation that the Duke of Wellington was prepared to carry on the government, without any regard to the character of the measures of the cabinet. Yet it is difficult to comprehend what constitutional, or what moral objection could be urged against the ministerial capacity of a member of the House of Commons, whom the chief minister himself, a few months later, in terms of unusual and unparliamentary panegyric, hailed, by name, as the superior to himself and his noble rival, both in political prescience and oratorical accomplishment.'—pp. 63, 64.

Mr. D'Israeli's description of the scene in the House of Commons, when Sir Robert Peel disclosed that financial scheme which involved the ultimate abolition of the corn laws, and in which Lord George first appears upon the stage, is one of the most graphic portions of his work, and is written with great ability. While Lord George was chafing with eagerness to call the attention of the Speaker to the presence of the Prince consort, who, with the master of the horse, was sitting under the gallery, Sir Robert was staving off the inevitable reference to the Corn Bill, by lengthened prefaces on the trifling duties which protected the manufacturing interests, and solemnly adjured the free traders, amidst the insuppressible laughter of that body, to set a right example by consenting to their abolition.

'Still,' says Mr. D'Israeli, 'the great subject did not even loom in the distance; and when, after a slight pause, the minister, in a tone of some solemnity, said: "I now approach ——" there was a murmur of

hushed attention, followed, when he concluded the sentence, "the manufactures connected with metals," by a laugh of indignant derision, which, with that thorough knowledge of his auditory, that no one has yet equalled, he took care to mistake for impatience at his business-like details, on the absolute necessity of which he deferentially dilated, and obtained an assenting cheer from the opposite benches. \* \* \* This remarkable man, who in private life was constrained and often awkward, who could never address a public meeting, or make an after-dinner speech, without being ill at ease, and generally saying something stilted or even a little ridiculous, in the senate was the readiest, easiest, most flexible and adroit of men. He played upon the House of Commons as on an old fiddle. And to-night, the manner in which he proceeded to deal with the duties on candles and soap, while all were thinking of the duties on something else; the bland and conciliatory air with which he announced a reduction of the impost on boot-fronts and shoe-leather; the intrepid plausibility with which he entered into a dissertation on the duties of foreign brandy and foreign sugar; while visions of deserted villages and reduced rentals were torturing his neighbours, were all characteristic of his command over himself, and those whom he addressed.' —pp. 68-70.

Lord George, on this occasion, indicated his sagacity only by his choice of that subject for a query to the minister, which he knew was, in the discussion of all great questions of reform, the most prolific source of embarrassment and discord: —he attempted to complicate the question of free-trade with that of church property. He rose for the first time in the house to make 'a brief but pregnant inquiry, and he was observed with great interest. He said, that the minister was well aware that the average price of wheat, for the last seven years, was 58s. 8d., and presuming that the measures of the government would reduce the price of wheat to 45s. per quarter, it would require fully seven years, for the averages on which tithe was to be paid, to work it down to 45s.; therefore, for a period of seven years, the agricultural interests of the country would be paying tithes on the 58s. 8d. He wished to know, therefore, whether the minister was prepared to propose any measure which would effectuate an equitable payment of tithes, in the event of 45s. being the price of the quarter of wheat instead of 58s. 8d.' This advance was repulsed by one of Sir Robert's dry negatives, on the ground that he did not expect any material alteration in the price of wheat.

It is impossible to follow Mr. D'Israeli in his ex-parte analyses of these parliamentary debates on the free-trade question, in which his hero played a brief but distinguished part. Nothing is more impossible than to reproduce with any flavour of permanent interest the shifting tactics of parliamentary campaigns, especially where no fundamental principle animates the fray, and immortalizes the conquest. It is, in-

deed, cheering to a mind disgusted with the insipid mediocrity of ordinary state-craft to track the growing success of the anti-slavery cause through the lives and labours of such men as Wilberforce and Buxton. But commercial restrictions constitute no such cause; they form a question not of immutable principle, but of temporary and fluctuating detail. And had it been otherwise, Lord George Bentinck was by no means the man to be the hero of a really great cause. He was a man of no prestige; he sprang into political existence few knew whence; he had only been known as absorbed, to use the words of his biographer, in the pastimes and fortunes of the turf, in which his whole being seemed engrossed, and which he pursued on a scale which, perhaps, has never been equalled; indeed, he had little of qualification, save that unconquerable energy which brought him in at the death in the hunting-field, and made him a winner at Doncaster. Hence, few things were more keenly relished at the time than the unfortunate epithet by which Mr. D'Israeli himself designated his noble friend as a man of *stable* mind. Indeed, the biographer strives in vain to make Lord George the principal figure in his picture. The eye of the spectator is attracted away in spite of himself, and fixed upon a statelier form, that is ever looming from the background. Sir Robert Peel is the undesigned hero of the epic; if, indeed, he is not the intended Satan of D'Israeli's 'Protection Lost.'

It is quite unnecessary, even if it were not uninteresting, to retrace the casualties of that struggle, whose history is still fresh in the recollection of every reader. The pitiless array of Lord George's statistics, the everlasting changes rung upon silk and tallow, flax and guano, hardware and potatoes; the dazzling philippics of D'Israeli; the splendid blunder of Lord Stanley; nay, even the sustained flexibility, and the ultimately commanding earnestness of Sir Robert Peel, and the 'unadorned eloquence' of Mr. Cobden, could not be reproduced as potted meats, without drawing a confession from every reader that the piquancy was wholly attributable to the cookery—that it is 'the seasoning that does it.'

We have said that the position, and certainly the success, of Lord George Bentinck as a leader, was dependent on his invincible energy. The labour which he daily sustained is next to incredible, while his power of abstinence from physical support must be altogether incomprehensible, to men of ordinary habits. His breakfast—if, indeed, we ought not, for the sake of chronological accuracy, to begin with his dinner—was taken early, and, as his biographer expresses it, 'rigidly confined' to a little cold toast. Then followed a fast worthy of a boa constrictor. The morning was occupied with the letters

and interviews which formed the *tentacula*, by which he drew together his stores of facts for the debate. The afternoon was spent in committees, and the evening and night in his seat in the House, which, he considered, should no more be quitted than the post of a sentry. When, then, it will be asked, did he dine? After the House had broken up, whether that might be at one, two, or three in the morning; a fact which makes the 'cold toast' system perfectly intelligible. But to this energy and to these powers of physical endurance, must be added a tenacity of purpose which assumed a character of incurable obstinacy. Hence his 'firmness of character' and 'honesty of purpose' are lauded by his biographer, in combination with the 'fierceness of his hates and prejudices;' and his 'frankness' and 'love of truth' with the 'tenacity with which he clung to his opinions.' Mr. D'Israeli declares, that 'when once his mind was made up, it was impossible to influence him;' and that even among the chosen sharers of his counsel, 'he was almost inexorable.'

If these qualities of character had been attributed to Luther or Melancthon, to Cromwell or Washington, we should have thought them in keeping with the enthusiasm of such natures, and the great principles by which that enthusiasm was kindled and sustained; but viewed in connexion with differential duties on molasses and tobacco, it reminds us more of the aimless clutch of tetanus than of the grasp of manly strength.

With such sentiments as these, Mr. D'Israeli has not the slightest sympathy; perhaps, indeed, the highest degree of graphic art exhibited in this volume is expended on an anecdote which, in our poor judgment, no eloquence of the writer, and no love of eloquence in the reader, can exempt from ridicule. It is too characteristic both of the author and the subject to be withheld:—

'A few days before, it was the day after the Derby, May 25th, the writer met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the book-shelves, with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest, after all his labours, had been negatived by the Committee on the 22nd; and on the 24th his horse Surplice, whom he had parted with amongst the rest of his stud solely that he might pursue without distraction his labours on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake to gain which had been *the great object of his life*. He had nothing to console him, and nothing to sustain him except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan: "All my life I have been trying for this, and *for what have I sacrificed it!*" he murmured. It was in vain to offer solace. "You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned out. "Yes, I do; it



is the blue ribbon of the turf." "It is the blue ribbon of the turf," he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down to a table, he buried himself in a folio of statistics. But on Monday, the 29th, when the resolution in favour of a 10s. differential duty for the colonies had at the last moment been carried, and carried by his casting vote, "the blue ribbons of the turf" were all forgotten. Not for all the honours and successes of all the meetings, spring or autumn, Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster(!) would he have exchanged that hour of rapture. His eye sparkled with fire, his nostril dilated with triumph, his brow was elate like a conqueror, his sanguine spirit saw a future of continued and illimitable success. "We have saved the colonies," he said, "saved the colonies. I knew it must be so. It is the knell of Free Trade."—pp. 539, 540.

This was near the close of a career which Lord George Bentinck prophetically designated, 'all my life.' He was the leader of a party which he regarded as the defenders of the very Thermopylæ of British greatness, and which was now in the crisis of its destiny. But this could not subdue his resolution. Nothing could bend that indomitable spirit but the victory of the Surplice Colt (rode by Tom Adams) over the Madge Wild-fire Filly (rode by Young Chiffney). The reader will not give a 'superb groan,' but perhaps he will sigh involuntarily,—'poor human nature!' It is a tradition that the last words of William Pitt were, 'My country—my country!' The last dying speech of Lord George might be supposed to have been, 'Alas, my Surplice!—no longer mine!—out of Proserpine by Mopstick: dam by Tycho Brahe!'

But that which constitutes the crowning merit of Lord George in the eyes of his biographer, was his devotion to his party. Indeed, this appears to stand in Mr. D'Israeli's ethics as the first of the cardinal virtues. 'The favour of courts,' he says, 'and the applause of senates may have their moments of excitement and delight, but the incident of deepest and most enduring gratification in public life is to possess the cordial confidence of a high-spirited party; for it touches the heart as well as the intellect, and combines all the softer feelings of private life with the ennobling consciousness of public duty.' A sentiment similar to this is incessantly indicated with more or less distinctness throughout these pages, as well as in the parliamentary orations of its author. We think it open to very serious exception. For it should be borne in mind, that the spirit of party, in so far as it is a spirit of compromising and indiscriminate acquiescence, is to be condemned as simply unthinking and unprincipled. While, on the other hand, it is hard to imagine how the solidity of a tenacious fidelity to truth can be served by the artificial cohesion that constitutes a party. Indeed, we are much mistaken if any circumstance has occasioned more mischief in the

modern history of this country than that very spirit of party, the subsidence of which occasions Mr. D'Israeli so many fond regrets. It may confer a sort of apotheosis on a chieftain, but it poisons throughout the multitude of his followers the sources of moral truthfulness and political honour. The lines in the 'Devil's Walk,'\* have fully as much truth in them as wit:—

'He saw a certain minister,  
A minister to his mind,  
Go up into a certain house,  
With a majority behind:  
And the devil quoted Genesis,  
Like a very learned clerk,  
How Noah and the creeping things  
Went up into the ark!'

We have said that Sir Robert Peel is the hero of this political biography; and we regret that our limits will not allow of our entering into any extended criticism on the portrait of that remarkable and distinguished man, for which our author seems to have held in reserve a large proportion of the intellectual vivacity which he expended on his work. We select a few passages, which, perhaps, it would be an injustice to the author to omit:—

\* Nature had combined in Sir Robert Peel many admirable parts. In him a physical frame incapable of fatigue was united with an understanding equally vigorous and flexible. He was gifted with the faculty of method in the highest degree, and with great powers of application, which were sustained by a prodigious memory, while he could communicate his acquisitions with clear and fluent elocution.

Such a man, under any circumstances, and in any sphere of life, would probably have become remarkable. Ordained from his youth to be busied with the affairs of a great empire, such a man, after long years of observation, practice, and perpetual discipline, would have become what Sir Robert Peel was in the latter portion of his life, a transcendent administrator of public business, and a matchless master of debate in a popular assembly. In the course of time the method which was natural to Sir Robert Peel had matured into a habit of such expertness that no one in the despatch of affairs ever adapted the means more fitly to the end; his original flexibility had ripened into consummate tact; his memory had accumulated such stores of political information that he could bring luminously together all that was necessary to establish or to illustrate a subject; while in the House of Commons he was equally eminent in exposition and in reply: in the first, distinguished by his arrangement, his clearness, and his completeness; in the second, ready, ingenious, and adroit, prompt in detecting the weak points of his adversary, and dexterous in extricating himself from an embarrassing position.

\* Attributed to both Southey and Professor Parnes.

'As an orator Sir Robert Peel had, perhaps, the most available talent that has ever been brought to bear in the House of Commons. We have mentioned that both in exposition and in reply he was equally eminent. His statements were perspicuous, complete, and dignified; when he combated the objections or criticised the propositions of an opponent, he was adroit and acute; no speaker ever sustained a process of argumentation in a public assembly more lucidly, and none, as debaters, have united in so conspicuous a degree prudence with promptness. In the higher efforts of oratory he was not successful. His vocabulary was ample and never mean; but it was neither rich nor rare. His speeches will afford no sentiment of surpassing grandeur or beauty that will linger in the ears of coming generations. He embalmed no great political truth in immortal words. His flights were ponderous; he soared with the wing of the vulture rather than the plume of an eagle; and his perorations, when most elaborate, were most unwieldy. In pathos he was quite deficient; when he attempted to touch the tender passions, it was painful. His face became distorted, like that of a woman who wants to cry but cannot succeed. Orators certainly should not shed tears, but there are moments when, as the Italians say, the voice should weep. The taste of Sir Robert Peel was highly cultivated, but it was not originally fine; he had no wit, but he had a keen sense of the ridiculous and an abundant vein of genuine humour. Notwithstanding his artificial reserve, he had a hearty and a merry laugh, and sometimes his mirth was uncontrollable. He was gifted with an admirable organ; perhaps the finest that has been heard in the House in our days, unless we except the thrilling tones of O'Connell. Sir Robert Peel also modulated his voice with great skill. His enunciation was very clear, though somewhat marred by provincialisms. His great deficiency was want of nature, which made him often appear, even with a good cause, more plausible than persuasive, and more specious than convincing.

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'One cannot say of Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of despatching affairs, that he was the greatest minister that this country ever produced, because, twice placed at the helm, and, on the second occasion, with the Court and the Parliament equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power. Nor, notwithstanding his consummate parliamentary tactics, can he be described as the greatest party leader that ever flourished among us, for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party that ever followed a British statesman. Certainly, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, we cannot recognise him as our greatest orator, for in many of the supreme requisites of oratory he was singularly deficient. But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is, the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived.

'Peace to his ashes! His name will be often appealed to in that scene which he loved so well, and never without homage, even by his opponents.'—pp. 303-320.

The delineation of character and manners from which these extracts are taken deserves the praise of a highly elaborate

production. Still it appears to us open to two very opposite objections. The first is its parsimony of praise and its ingenuity of disparagement; and the second is the omission of one distinguishing peculiarity of Sir Robert's oratory—we mean his power of mystification. No one ever offered more numerous illustrations of the Frenchman's paradox, that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his ideas. In his explanations, every sentence is like the apartments in Woodstock bower, filled with loop-holes and avenues of escape. And the reader who is resolute enough to chase his meaning through the tortuosities of his language, is much in the condition of a pursuer in that dark and dusty labyrinth. He strikes his head against opposing pairs of negatives, stumbles over mere parts of speech scattered about for the purpose; and is pricked by the punctuating dashes which bristle amidst the qualifying clauses of the speaker. If this peculiarity escaped the notice of his bitterest opponent it is a remarkable circumstance: perhaps, however, his silence may find its analogy in the fact, that artizans in their hottest quarrels with their fellow-workmen never betray a secret of the trade.

Mr. D'Israeli takes occasion in this volume to make his *début* as a theologian, and, in doing so, presents a theme to the critic which our powers of self-denial would be utterly unable to resist, but for the limits to which this article must be confined. We give, without comment, for the rumination of the reader, a single specimen of his theology and his logic:—

'If,' he says, 'the Jews had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify our Lord, what would have become of the atonement?' But the human mind cannot contemplate the idea, that the most important deed of time could depend upon human will. The immolators were pre-ordained like the victim, and the holy race supplied both. Could that be a crime which secured for all mankind eternal joy? which vanquished Satan, and opened the gates of paradise? Such a tenet would sully and impugn the doctrine that is the corner-stone of our faith and hope.'—p. 488.

What, again, will be thought of the philosophy contained in the following flippant dogma:—'Progress and re-action are but words, to mystify the millions. They mean nothing:—they are phrases, not facts: *all is race.*'

On the whole, we regard this volume as unworthy of its author, while its bulk is out of all proportion to the claims of its subject. Tacitus informs us that the Germans eschewed monumental erections, as being oppressive to the deceased. It would have been well if Mr. D'Israeli had been tinctured with the same superstition. The memory of his friend perishes beneath the weight of the monument that was designed to pre-

serve it. Who that sees the pyramids ever bestows a thought upon King Cheops or any other worthy they may chance to entomb?

Much of the volume is written with surprising feebleness. It abounds with the baldest platitudes, of which the following may be taken as a sample:—‘There are few positions less inspiring than that of a discomfited party.’ ‘Adversity is necessarily not a sanguine season.’ ‘No one likes to be vanquished unfairly.’ And, most ridiculous of all, in reference to the embarrassments occasioned to government by the sugar duties—‘*Strange that a manufacture which charms infancy and soothes old age should so frequently occasion political disaster!*’ As little can we praise the style for that scholar-like accuracy which we should have expected from Mr. D’Israeli. He charges the accomplished Sir Robert Peel with provincialisms, while his own pages are frequently defaced with vulgarisms. Of these ‘cotemporary,’ may be taken as an instance, which, to adopt the snarl of Dr. Bentley, ‘is a word of his own composition on which the learned world will doubtless cogratulate him!’

ART. VII.—*La Conspiration Bonapartiste.* Par Granier de Cassagnac. Paris. 1852.

It is a fact, which no man who knows France will seek to deny, that no individual, prince, duke, or commoner, who had appealed to the people for approval of such a *coup d’état* as that of the 2nd of December, with twice the army, with all the trickery, under the pressure of any conceivable terrorism, could have obtained, or seemed to obtain, seven millions and a half of votes, save only a descendant of Napoleon. It is curious to ask an explanation of this fact, which has enabled Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte to place himself in the position of a dictator, and to promulgate the most singular and fantastical of constitutions.

France is the most singular country in the world. Having made great progress in the arts and sciences, having attained to a very high position in literature, possessing some of the most remarkable men—historians, poets, philosophers, romancists, and journalists—that the world can manifest, producing the most exquisite things in dress, in ornamental furniture, in jewellery, in all that regards fancy and taste, the French are still without any of those solid qualities, which, it appears, are only to be acquired during a long period of

national liberty, of peace and tranquillity. The French are neither fit, as yet, for that large amount of genuine freedom which the Anglo-Saxons enjoy in monarchical England and republican America, nor have they acquired those solid habits of industry, that aptitude for the humanizing influence of commerce, which makes enlightened men look upon war as a last desperate expedient of a nation, when its rights and liberties, its bodies and its souls, its freedom and its religion are in danger.

The fact is, the French are profound in nothing. Their greatest historians have a certain glitter of tinsel about them which mars the effect of the whole; their philosophers aim at dashing originality or daring sophistry rather than truth; their poets dazzle by resounding epithets and soaring language, and niceties of thought rather than by that profundity and power, that mission, as it were, of the beautiful and true, which is their true province; their romancists strike us dumb, not with admiration but surprise, at their audacity, their improbability, their violations of the laws which govern fiction; their journalists are bold, courageous, vigorous, but want that wondrous compactness and capacity for judgment and business which characterizes ours.

That is to say, that the varied, the showy, the false, is the great characteristic of our volatile and clever neighbours.

It is very easy to be understood, these premises allowed, that the restless French people, always, like great children, playing at soldiers, should love war. All other means of renown are difficult. To build up a wondrous edifice which goes on age after age expanding and improving; to patiently produce a mighty literature, which dazzles the world with such names as Milton and Shakspeare, Byron and Scott, peaks of an enormous pyramid, of which the base is infinity; to work industriously, quietly like ants, until a force is so organized that at a few months notice could clothe all the world; to devote energy, and labour, and capital to railways, steamers, and other gigantic undertakings; to carry abroad, by missionaries and colonists, civilization and the gospel throughout the world; to lay the foundation of liberty and progress, and truth and Christianity, and peace and prosperity, for all God's great universe, is to be possessed of indomitable patience, of deep faith, of untiring industry, of endless perseverance.

But a Frenchman has neither patience, nor faith, nor much energy or perseverance. He is enthusiastic, capable of mighty things at a flash, will enter on an undertaking with vigour, and abandon it half finished, like the Palace of the Louvre. If he needs a railway he calls in Englishmen. With these charac-



teristics, Frenchmen, who are very vain, who like to be talked about, who boast of being the centre of civilization, the capital of the world, of giving light and ideas to the universe, have chosen war, glory, as their flag, the least noble, the most useless, degrading, and uncivilizing of all the arts invented by man.

The history of France is one series of battles, invasions, civil wars, and revolutions. So engraved is war in their nature, that when it appears in their very streets, when it roars with its cannon, its artillery about their heads, when people and soldiers kill each other by thousands, it produces little effect. On the famous 10th of August, when Swiss and people slew each other until the palace and gardens were piled with dead bodies, men and women went to see them as a show, and then went to the theatre. The same in 1830, the same on the 24th February, the same in June, and in December last. Scarcely were the murdered corpses removed, than Paris resumed its gayest physiognomy; and, on New-Year's Day, gay equipages, and dashing people, went in shoals to pay their respects to the daring usurper. Now, the very memory of those events is buried in the breasts of the relations of the victims, of the active republican party, and a few sensitive men and some women.

The French people see nothing in war but its bright side, its flaunting streamers, its gay music, its plunder, its victories, its fun and frolic, its merry bivouac life, its gaudy uniforms, its sound of trump and beat of drum, its prancing horses, its flashing steel, its marches on conquered capitals, with, above all, the smiles of beauty, and the *prestige* of the little red riband. Its gaunt and pallid terrors, its widows and its orphans, its bloody evenings and to-morrows; those frightful scenes of Moscow, Borodino, and Waterloo; those horrible twenty years' hacking and hewing in Algiers; its maimed bodies, its gashes, wounds, and murdered millions, with ever-during debt; art, and science, and letters checked; humanity outraged, liberty made a thing impossible; taxes that grind, and conscriptions that decimate,—these things they forget. They look over the awful battle-field, and behold only the sun of glory rising to illumine their acts, and invite all the world to admire their bravery.

Hence the worship of the name of Napoleon which still exists among the masses; hence the votes of myriads of the democrats for Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in Dec. 1848; hence the pictures and statues which everywhere are to be seen of the great usurper and despot; hence the shout of triumphant glee, with which a vast portion of the nation has greeted the hint of the possibility of war with England—an idea widely disseminated to blind and dazzle the eyes of the people, to make them

vote for the dictatorship, to justify the act of December, and to excuse increased expenditure, and the continuance of those war-taxes, which his friends had promised to alleviate, promises made regularly by all governments since 1815.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—no matter by what means—is now dictator of France for ten years, and he has already manifested clearly his ideas and intentions by a constitution, by changes in the army, and by entertaining favourably, in his secret councils, the project of an invasion of England, the seizure of Egypt, and a coalition with Russia to ravish from us our Indian Empire, which, however badly governed and unproductive, is probably destined to become, under more liberal and enlightened governments, a rich source of trade, a valuable market, and a Christian land. That the President of the Republic has studied the plans laid before him, with regard to these three schemes, we know; we affirm, admitting of no contradiction, that such is the fact, whether he will avow them and carry them out is another question. To explain our source of knowledge would be to act more indiscreetly than the indiscretion by which the information was placed in our possession.

On the 15th of this last month, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte promulgated his great work, the constitution, which might as well have been published on the 2nd of December,—it was quite ready, with the addition that in that document he was called Emperor,—and made known to the whole world that, under the semblance of giving republican and democratic laws, he was one of the autocrats of the earth, a president of a republic, with powers more resembling those of the Czar of Russia, his great ally the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, or Ferdinand of Naples.

Louis Napoleon insinuates that, since 1789, all institutions and all constitutions have been rejected by the people, save that of the year VIII., which was overthrown—not ‘by popular agitations, but by the whole of Europe coalesced against us.’ Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has here shown his knowledge of his countrymen. To the unthinking this alone gives a colour of popularity to the document. He further declares that, society at present is but ‘France regenerated by the revolution of 1789, and organized by the Emperor.’ It will presently be seen that nothing remains in the constitution of the conquests of 1789, while all the encroachments of Napoleon, the imperial title excepted, are preserved.

Louis Napoleon declares, that ‘in our country, monarchical for eight hundred years, the central power has gone on increasing in force; royalty has destroyed the great vassals; revolutions themselves have shattered the obstacles which oppose

themselves to the rapid and uniform exercise of authority. In this country of centralization, public opinion has unceasingly laid to the account of the chief of the state, both evil and good, &c.' It will be here clearly seen that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte only thinks of one thing—of making his own power as solid, as autocratical, as much without check and surveillance as possible; while all beyond himself, Council of State, Senate, and Chamber of Deputies, is but visionary, the shadow of popular representation, while the substance is the dictator, called, as yet, President of the Republic.

But let us view the constitution in itself, apart from the preamble which is mere words, *vox et preterea nihil*.

We are told that the constitution takes for basis the great principles laid down in 1789, and that France is a republic with a president for ten years governing by ministers, a council of state, a senate and a legislative body. The president is responsible to the French people, so, as Louis Napoleon facetiously remarks, was Louis XVI., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, for that they were irresponsible 'is a fiction which has thrice vanished amid the clamour of revolutions.' Of course if Louis Napoleon become very unpopular he may be turned out by another revolution, at the expense of an awful expenditure of human blood, but as he and all other absolute rulers of France will, in all probability, be turned out in the same way, we think the French people were wise to devise, in 1848, a plan for getting rid peaceably at the end of four years of an unpopular chief.

That, hitherto, the French have been satisfied with no government is not their fault. All their successive governments have been bad—Charles X. ruled by the insidious Jesuits, Louis Philippe by corruption. But so hedged round have all their governments been by bayonets, that revolutions have been their only way of getting rid of them. The legislators of 1848 conceived, that as it was more than probable all rulers and all leaders in France would end in a brief period by wearing out the people's patience and liking, another mode of getting rid of them should be substituted for the usual barricades; and so they decreed the elections of a new president every four years by universal suffrage—a much more rational mode for the people to use than the pike and musket. Louis Napoleon has again rendered secret conspiracy, military organization, necessary to change the chief of the nation, the day he shall have exhausted the patience of the millions.

The President 'is chief of the state; he commands the army and navy, declares war, makes treaties of peace, alliance, and commerce; nominates to all situations, makes all rules and

decrees necessary for the execution of the laws. Justice is rendered in his name, he alone can propose new laws, he alone can pardon; he can put any or all departments in a state of siege; to him only are the ministers responsible, each man separately, there being no ministry; he, by a *senatus consultus*, fixes his own salary, and he even all but nominates his successor.'

On a careful perusal of the extraordinary document called a Constitution, which M. L. N. Bonaparte has just proclaimed, two difficulties present themselves. The first is, to know what power the President does not possess, and what power the legislature does. First comes a senate of one hundred and fifty members, composed of cardinals, marshals, and admirals, with such persons as the President may select, some paid and others not, just as he pleases: it meets when he thinks proper, its sittings are secret, it decides on matters denounced in petitions, it accepts or rejects the law made by the Legislative Assembly. Then follows a legislative body, unpaid, one member for every thirty-five thousand electors, elected for six years. The legislative body votes the taxes and discusses laws; but it may not originate any law, nor move any amendment, it simply says aye or nay; it may not publish its debates, nor, indeed, any record, save the minutes of the last meeting, nor may any journal record them; its president and vice-presidents, like those of the senate, are chosen by the President of the republic; it is only allowed to sit three months, and may at any time be adjourned, dissolved, or prorogued, at the will of the President. In addition to this parliament, he has a council of state of fifty members, paid a thousand a year, removable at the will of the President.

Now, in what this system differs, except in form, from that of the despotisms of Russia and Austria, no man could very readily say. There is a mock parliament, a mock senate, a mock council of state, without power, without prestige, with Algeria or Cayenne staring all in the face who shall dare to raise their voices to protest in favour of freedom of speech, or the right of public meeting, or any of those liberties which date from 1789, on which the new constitution is said to be founded.

To believe that a great country like France, with all her weaknesses and all her faults, can submit for any length of time,—France, the country of democracy, whose revolutions have annihilated large fortunes and aristocratic distinctions,—to a system the whole machinery of which is arranged to glorify one man; to give power, rank, honour, and wealth to one man—a man who shows so eager a desire for large emoluments as not to risk the vote of even this parliament, elected under the pressure

of 500,000 bayonets—a man who lives and has his being only by means of a system of terrorism, unexampled in history; who, with a stroke of his pen, confiscates two hundred millions, the property of the Orleans family,—is to treat the people of France too badly, to place them too low, to look on them from too base a point of view.

The elections of February, 1852, will be a farce, and the parliament a greater farce still. All the world now knows what the vote of the 20th and 21st of December, 1851, was. Its very concoctors dare not pretend that it was genuine. Not only were peasants and poor men driven to the poll by the united influence of prefects and sub-prefects, priests and Jesuits, state schoolmasters and tax-gatherers, not only were men threatened, bullied, and even transported, but returns were falsified, invented, created. The elections over, a hundred democratic leaders have been expelled, while literary men, scientific men, students, poets, and active members of the republican party, are being transported by hundreds to Cayenne, a low, marshy, unwholesome island on the coast of South America. In the presence of a power like that of Louis Napoleon, without a press, with exile and prison for every man who shall seek to rouse up the people, how can candidates present themselves, how can free elections take place, how can men demand the votes of the electors? The press laws will remain in abeyance, or if not they will be so stringent as to admit of no liberty of opinion. If the Parliament is to be allowed neither to originate laws nor publish its debates, what will be the portion of journalists?

The President bestows all that indulgence and that forethought which the legislature should have received, which the people had a right to demand and expect, on the army. Generals, colonels, are created, marshals decreed, all the economies of the revolution of 1848 are upset, the national guard is wholly dissolved that the army may be omnipotent, new officers are invented, pay is raised, and, in a word, the soldiery becomes the aristocracy, the petted favourites of the nephew of the emperor.

For the moment, backed by his army, and his grand sham of an election, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is omnipotent. But on what is his omnipotence founded? The following admirable passage from the *Times* is perfectly logical and true:—

But why, in the midst of his all but unanimous constituency, 1200 shar to guard the Elysee? Why those cocked pistols that precede him in the promenade? Why that close carriage with its ball-proof panels? and what surrounding mob of cuirassiers? Why that furious pace? The emperor proclaims that it is embarrassed by the enthusiasm of the

nation and overwhelmed with popularity. This dread of the assassin is a singular gloss upon that flattering text. . . . France is now making, at her own expense, and for the information of the world, a vast experiment. She is endeavouring to reverse the course of time and the laws of nature, and to go back half a century. She fell asleep, like Rip Van Winkle, in 1804, and she awakes in the same spot in 1852. She has for sixty years taken every opportunity of asserting her pre-eminence in arts, civilization, and intelligence, and she is now exhibiting a servile imitation of the Republic of Hayti. The *Charivari* congratulated itself a few months back that Soulouque had rendered all future Emperors impossible. Soulouque II. lives and reigns. Christendom had imagined that the progress of humanity had assured the victory of reason over force, of enlightenment over superstition, of morality over the baser vices, and of justice over the fouler crimes. The success of this revolution would establish just the contrary.'

The fact is, that the whole pretended voting was an absurdity. There are not in France eight millions and a half of men over twenty-one; one-third abstained; and yet Louis Napoleon has eight millions of votes, short of four hundred thousand. This alone demonstrates the hollowness of the whole affair. The truth is, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is execrated by a large majority of the nation; his constitution has aroused universal indignation; he is looked upon as an usurper and tyrant; and his general disarming of the national guard, his transportations, searches for arms, and a wide-spread system of terrorism, backed by five hundred thousand soldiers, and six hundred thousand civil servants, alone prevent his expulsion by violence and the sword. He knows his unpopularity; he guards against it; he trusts not to the 'prodigious enthusiasm' of the people, but to a gagged press, a sham parliament, a vast and unwieldy army, an ocean of police spies, and all the false and hollow acts of despotism and tyranny.

Louis Napoleon, however, is but the tool of the Jesuits. That insidious body who rule just now in France, in Rome, in Austria, in Naples, are full of hope; they regard the universal reign of Jesuitism over the civilized world as possible. They have lent their whole force in France and elsewhere to Louis Napoleon to crush liberty and the republic, to erect despotism, to pave the way for the monarch of their predilection, the sovereign of their hopes, Henry V.

But all these things ensure the usurper's speedy downfall, and not even the means of strength which we have mentioned can save him. Hence has he turned to war, and entertained with favour the belligerent schemes of his jack-booted politicians, the remnants or the apes of the empire,—the lower empire, as it is now called. These individuals have persuaded him, and—however it may suit him not to appear to approve them



—in truth successfully, that he cannot assume the title of emperor until he has wiped away the stain of Waterloo; that as long as England stands firm, powerful, and uncrippled, the cause of the people is certain in the end to prevail; that our island is the focus whence start all those ideas of progress, civilization, and enlightenment which are the terror of Russia, Austria, Naples, and official France. They have told him that a country so close to France, with a free press, an all but omnipotent parliament, a people who write, and say, and speak what they please, whence emanate fulminating condemnations of his own heartless and iron despotism, is incompatible with the schemes of empire and absolutism which he has undertaken to carry out. They have proved to their own and his satisfaction, that ‘the cause of order’ will never prevail, that is, Jesuitism, despotism, the knout, the lash, the pestilential penal colony,—that atrophy of the mind which ensues where tyranny reigns, until our island be reduced to the same level as the despotisms of Europe.

In this idea his military adventurers are backed by the black horde of Jesuits. As the fastness, the citadel, the bulwark of civil and religious liberty, of the representative system and Protestantism, England is equally hated by absolutists and papists; and it is the object of the royal and papist coalition to put us down. Not content with their daring invasion of our island, or with the removal of Lord Palmerston, the Jesuits and the Metternichs see us still free, bold, firm. They still behold our mighty empire the admiration of the noble and the good throughout the world; superior, despite its multitudinous defects, to every country on the earth,—freer, happier, greater than any; the queen of the sea, the champion of liberty, standard-bearer of the cross of Christ. They know that every nation, whether they adopt monarchical or republican institutions, must take us, long to take us, as their model; and hence the ardent desire of Czar and Pope, despots and autocrats of all kind, to cripple and crush us.

The plan laid before Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and communicated simultaneously, early in December, to the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Naples, and the Pope, is succinct and daring. It was scrupulously concealed from Prussia, Piedmont, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Spain; but the indiscretion of the Bonapartist *clique*—military adventurers, and not politicians—has betrayed the secret to a limited circle, and it has come into the possession of an eminent *litterateur*, as well as of a chief of the legitimist party, who hastened to communicate it to us.

The action of France, Russia, Austria, Naples, and the Pope,

supposing the coalition to succeed, is to be simultaneous. The time chosen is the spring. The interval is to be filled up by notes requesting the expulsion of French, Polish, Italian, and Hungarian refugees from England. Meanwhile armaments and expeditions are to be prepared; and when the spring comes the operations are to be carried out suddenly, quickly, so as if possible to annihilate our unfortunate island. A proclamation of the great powers is to declare England a nest of pirates and a refuge for all the revolutionary vagabonds in the world—the Kossuths, the Mazzinis, the Rollins, the Thiers, Changarnier, Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, Girardin, &c.; while the Pope is to excommunicate us as heretics.

This is the first step.

Then France is to send a vast expedition of a hundred thousand men, forty thousand of whom are to land on each side of the Thames, and march quickly on London, there to proclaim the overthrow of Queen Victoria, and the rule of the allies. Twenty thousand men are to land in Ireland and proclaim a republic. In the meantime an army, taking its departure in transports from Algiers, is to seize upon Egypt—thus cutting off the communication with India; while Russia advances upon Constantinople. A vast insurrection is to burst out in India, paid and officered by France and Russia; and, according to the ideas of the inventor of this precious plan, the British empire would be at an end, civil and religious liberty would be extinct in Europe, and the reign of Jesuitism and absolutism universal.

And let no man hesitate to believe that such a scheme can have entered the heads of reasonable men; or fondly reason that, with our navy, our gallant people, our love of country—with Prussia neutral or friendly—with the people of France, of Poland, of Hungary and Italy, but waiting (the three latter) for aid in money and arms to rise and fight our battles—with Turkey, and her enormous army, only asking aid in officers and arms to give the Russians work enough—with Protestant Switzerland well disposed to aid us—with, in Russia, Austria, and France, unpopular governments—such an attempt is madness, and would end in the universal reign of the people in Europe, with the overthrow of Popery and monarchy. Neither these, nor any considerations, will affect the *camarilla* that devised Boulogne and Strasburg.

The plan is under grave and solemn consideration. M. Fialin de Persigny, under pretence of negotiating a marriage, was until lately feeling the pulse of the various powers. Let England beware. We have nothing to fear in the end. A war is a terrible disaster. But right and truth, and justice on our side—with the cause of liberty and Christianity in our hands, fighting for

freedom and for God—with our brave people and our navy—with the sympathies of the whole civilized world—the coalition would signally fail, and retribution, signal and sure, fall upon their heads.

But the scheme is on the *tapis*, it is being debated; the staff of the army is being largely increased; the steam navy of France is powerful and splendid; Russia is advancing her armies ready to crush Prussia if necessary; and she has forced the dissolution of the navy of the German empire. It behoves us to be on our guard. We must not take alarm, and act under the influence of any panic; but like bold and righteous men prepare to defend our constitution and our religion. We must apply the axe to all useless expenditure; we must uncompromisingly cut down our civil servants our sinecurists; we must make our army and navy more effective without increasing it; and we must provide for the arming of a couple of hundred thousand volunteers in case of invasion; we must have a strong liberal government, with an infusion of commoners; we must appeal to the sympathies of Poland, Hungary, and Italy, and emblazon on our flag the words, electric in their influence, ‘God and Liberty.’

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Since writing the above, we have become aware of the preparation of a work by an eminent French statesman, lately in the service of Austria, who divulges openly the views of the absolutist party in Russia, Austria, and France. This work, of which the Count de Fiquelmont, ex-ambassador of Austria at Constantinople, ex-president of the council, and minister of foreign affairs, is the author, is not yet published. Sufficient, however, has been communicated to make us aware of its tenor. This Russo-Austrian politician declares that we worship an idol, that the English constitution is a fiction, the peerage a vision, royalty a word; in fact, that the House of Commons is master of the government, and may at any moment erect itself into a convention. England, he says, is a demagogue republic, under the sham of monarchy. As long as this state of things exists, Europe is not safe. M. de Fiquelmont then calls upon all the continental powers to return, everywhere, to national traditions and authority. If England declines to accede to their views, the great powers must aid the British sovereign in re-establishing her due position. This book is but one link in a long chain of evidence, demonstrating the fact that an attempt is being made to get up a coalition against England. That it will fail before the energy and enthusiasm of the English people, and from the financial weakness of continental governments, we know. But before our next publication other revelations may be in our hands.

ART. VIII.—*Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.*  
By Alexander Von Humboldt. Vol. III. Part I. Translated  
under the Superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Edward Sabine, R.A.V.P.  
and Treas. R.S. London: Longmans, Murray, 1851.

IN the former volumes of 'Cosmos,' M. Humboldt represented 'nature' as an aggregate of external phænomena, and as the reflex of the image received, through the senses, on the ideas and feelings of man. Under the first aspect, he presented a scientific picture of the stars, the density and temperatures of the earth, its magnetic currents, volcanic and sedimentary rocks, geological remains of extinct *floras* and *faunas*, distribution of land and water, the horizontal and vertical direction of continental masses, oceanic currents, meteorological processes, and the geographical and typical extension of vegetable and animal forms. Under the second aspect—'the reflex of external nature on the human mind'—he delineated the stages of human civilisation, the forming of language, the internal world of symbolic myths, 'filled, according to the particular character of the race and climate, either with pleasing images or shapes of terror, and these entering into the circles of ideas of later generations, to whom they are bequeathed.' In this third and last volume, the author proposes to supply some of the deficiencies of the earlier ones, by putting forward those *results* of *observation* which form the principal basis of existing scientific opinion. These results, so far as the first part of the third volume goes, are confined to astrognosy. The topics embraced are of the most alluring character, whether to the scientific thinker or to the vulgar observer. We are carried into 'cosmical space,' and conjectures respecting what appears to occupy the intervals between the heavenly bodies, or the heaven of the fixed stars. Some of the *results* may be gathered from the following brief summary. Motion is universal. There are, properly speaking, no *fixed* stars; the phraseology belongs to an ancient and exploded distinction between the moving and non-moving heavenly bodies. The spaces between these widely separated stars, which have been supposed to be filled with an unknown matter, denominated *æther*, appears to the author to contain a 'resisting fluid, of limited transparency, radiating heat in electro-magnetic currents, of varying density, which penetrates the atmosphere, but moves through all space.'

After the observations on space, we are introduced to the study of natural and telescopic vision. That there is a mean degree of organic visual capacity, is apparent from a great number of facts, which are very interestingly, as well as scienti-

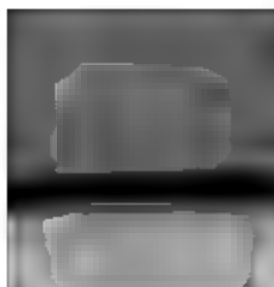
fically, detailed. The various modes in which telescopes aid the sight are pointed out, and the successive improvements of these invaluable instruments are chronologically narrated. The various conditions which affect the visibility of distant objects are shown to be, the absorption of rays in the aqueous vapour of different strata of air; the intensity of the diffused light radiated from particles of air; and many other meteorological circumstances not yet fully explained. In connexion with this subject, several highly entertaining personal anecdotes are related by the author.

Most persons, we presume, have, like ourselves, been puzzled to explain the *twinkling* of the fixed stars, both the change in the intensity of their light and the alteration of their colour. Instead of this 'twinkling' being a delusion of the eye merely, the changes are in reality greater than those which we actually perceive. The scientific explanation is here given:—

'In an atmosphere composed of constantly varying strata of different temperature, moisture, and density, the principle of interference explains how, after a momentary coloured flash, there follows an equally momentary disappearance or obscuration. The undulation theory teaches, in general, that the rays of light (two systems of waves) proceeding from one source (one centre of vibration), by the inequality of their paths destroy each other; that the light of one ray, added to that of the other ray, produces darkness. When one system of waves is so far behind the other as amounts to an uneven number of semi-undulations, the two systems of waves strive to impart to the same molecule of ether, at the same instant, equal but opposite velocities, so that the effect of their union is the *repose* of the molecule—or darkness. In some cases it is rather the refrangibility of the different atmospheric strata traversed by the rays of light, than the different lengths of their paths, which performs the principal part in the phenomenon.'

The *degree* of scintillation, or twinkling, depends partly on the altitude of the fixed stars, and partly on the nature of their particular light. The non-twinkling of the planets is owing to the largeness of their disk, the several parts of which mutually restore the light which has been neutralized by interference, and re-combine the coloured rays into white light.

On the 'velocity' of light, it appears, from a comparison of numerous and exact observations by Römer, Arago, Bradley, Busch, Struve, Bessel, and other astronomers, that light travels probably 106,196 geographical miles in a second. Some curious and delicate experiments of M. Fizeau, at Paris, bring the calculation somewhat higher. The velocity of the electric current is represented as greater than that of light, in the proportion of three to two. The *relative* brightness of the stars (ascertained by *photometry*) is spoken of by Sir John Herschel as 'still in its infancy.'



The number of fixed stars seen with the naked eye is ascertained by a combination of observations, and this gives a mean number of from 5000 to 5800. By the aid of the telescope, combined with measuring instruments, the number of known fixed stars has been increased to 47,390; and the places of 22,000 have been well determined and published in catalogues.

'I may here introduce a notice of the approximate estimations which have been hazarded respecting the number of stars in all parts of the heavens, which may be visible to human eyes, aided by our present powerful space-penetrating telescopes. For Herschel's 20-feet reflector, which was used in the celebrated star-gaugings, or sweeps, with a magnifying power of 180, Struve takes for the zones within  $30^{\circ}$  on either side of the equator, 5,800,000 stars. With a still more powerful instrument, the 40-feet reflector, Sir William Herschel supposed that 18 millions of stars would be visible in the Milky Way alone.'

While the planets present, in the orbits of their motions, the complicated problems which have stimulated and guided the intellect of man in some of its highest developments, the multitude of the fixed stars has, at all times, engaged the attention of observers; and by all nations, even those denominated barbarous, they have been grouped according to some easy principle of arrangement. The constellations were noticed by Hesiod and by Homer. The 'zodiac' is as old as the time of Anaxagoras.

The divisions of the ecliptic were known to the Chaldeans. The idea of the fixedness of the stars in the crystal vault of heaven is traced to Empedocles, and from him, through the fathers of the Church, to the middle ages.

'It has even been preserved,' we are told by Baron Humboldt, 'to recent times in some of the convents of the south of Europe, where, to my astonishment, a venerable dignitary of the Church, in reference to the fall of meteorites at Aigue, which excited so much attention, expressed the opinion that what we called meteoric stones, and which were covered with a vitrified crust, were not parts of the fallen stone itself, but pieces of the crystal heaven which it had broken through in falling.'

The various appearances of the stars, depending on organic varieties in the observer, and their various colours, are treated with great learning and much beauty of illustration. Their distribution through the heavens in clusters is set forth with admirable cleverness, and with a judicious reference to 'conjectures respecting what has been *adventurously* termed the 'structure of the heavens.' What we may, perhaps, not improperly term the *analysis* of the milky way is full of interesting instruction. The following brief and compressed account of



its parts affords a general view of its direction and of its subordinate branches:—

‘Passing through  $\gamma$  and  $\epsilon$  Cassiopeiæ, the Milky Way sends out to the southward towards  $\epsilon$  Persei, a branch which loses itself near the Pleiades and Hyades. The main stream, which is here very faint, passes over the three remarkable stars called the Hoedi in Auriga, between the feet of Gemini and the horns of Taurus,—where it intersects the Ecliptic nearly at the summer solstice,—and then over the club of Orion, cutting the equinoctial (in 1800) at 6 h. 54 m. R.A., in the neck of Monoceros:—from this place it increases considerably in brightness. At the after-part of the Ship a branch detaches itself towards the south, proceeding as far as  $\gamma$  Argûs, where it breaks off suddenly. The main course continues to  $33^\circ$  South Declination, where, having opened out into a fan-like shape,  $20^\circ$  wide, it breaks off; so that, in the line between  $\gamma$  and  $\lambda$  Argûs, there is a wide gap in the Milky Way. After this it resumes its course, at first with a similar expansion in breadth; but near the hind feet of the Centaur it narrows again, and before entering the constellation of the Cross it reaches its narrowest part, which is only  $3$  or  $4^\circ$  wide. Soon afterwards the shining Way spreads out into a bright and broad mass, which includes  $\beta$  Centauri as well as  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  Crucis, and in the middle of which the black pear-shaped coal-bag, or coal-sack, which I have spoken of more particularly in the 7th section, is situated. It is in this remarkable region, a little below the coal-sack, that the Milky Way approaches nearest to the South Pole.

‘The principal division of the Milky Way, alluded to above, takes place at  $\alpha$  Centauri: it is a bifurcation which, according to older views, continues to the constellation of Cygnus. Proceeding from  $\alpha$  Centauri, a narrow branch goes northwards towards the constellation Lupus, where it loses itself: then a division shows itself at  $\gamma$  Normæ. This northern branch runs into irregular shapes, until near the feet of Ophiucus, where it entirely disappears; the southern branch now becomes the main stream, and passes through the Altar and the tail of the Scorpion to the bow of Sagittarius, where it cuts the Ecliptic in  $276^\circ$  longitude. Further on we recognise it still, but in an interrupted and patchy form, passing through Aquila, Sagitta, and Vulpecula to Cygnus. Here begins a very irregular district, where, between  $\epsilon$ ,  $\alpha$ , and  $\gamma$  Cygni, there is a broad dark space, which Sir John Herschel compares to the coal-sack in the Southern Cross, and which forms, as it were, a centre, where three partial streams diverge. One of these, which has most strength of light, may be pursued in, as it were, a retrograde course, past  $\beta$  Cygni and  $\epsilon$  Aquilæ; it does not, however, unite with the branch before spoken of, which goes to the foot of Ophiucus. There is still a considerable additional piece of the Milky Way which extends from the head of Cepheus, and therefore in the vicinity of Cassiopeia, from which constellation we began our description, to Ursus Minor and the North Pole.’

‘The unlearned observer of the heavens will be richly repaid in reading the chapter on ‘Newly-appeared and Vanished Stars.’ In the course of nearly five centuries and a half, about



sixty-three comets are reckoned to have been visible to the naked eye; while the number of newly-discovered stars was only nine; and not more than twenty or two and twenty can be reckoned with certainty during two thousand years. Notwithstanding this rarity, it so happened that in the life-time of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, six new stars were discovered. After the lapse of fifty-nine years another was discovered. The last on record is that discovered by Mr. Hind, in Mr. Bishop's private observatory, Regent's Park, on the 28th April, 1848. 'In the case of no other newly-appeared star,' says Baron Humboldt, 'have the novelty of the phenomenon and the invariability of position been more certainly and accurately shown. It is now (1850) barely of the 11th magnitude' (it was of the 8th when discovered), 'and, according to Lichtenberg's observation, is probably near its time of vanishing.'

After enumerating the 'new stars,' and describing them more fully than any previous writer, the author enters on a series of scientific inquiries relating to them, which cannot be intelligibly abridged, though they are too long to quote. We refer to several pages illustrating a table of variable stars, drawn up by M. Argelander, director of the Astronomical Observatory at Bonn, who has devoted more attention to this branch of astronomy than any other observer.

We content ourselves for the present with this bare analysis of a volume belonging to a series. The work, as a whole, will be suggestive of many thoughts, which we reserve till the publication in our language of the remaining portion. Meanwhile, we take the opportunity of commending to our readers the valuable help afforded to them by one of the most acutely observing and richly furnished minds that has ever laboured for the diffusion of exact and interesting knowledge. To know what this vast system, which we call the physical universe, really is, must be regarded as a necessary preliminary to the just appreciation of all theories which profess to expound its laws. The larger our acquaintance with facts, and with their mutual relations, the profounder and devouter will be the sentiment with which we adore the Invisible Being, of whose presence they are the signs, and of whose wisdom and goodness they are glorious manifestations.

ART. IX.—*Electoral Districts ; or, the Apportionment of the Representation of the Country on the basis of its population ; being an*

2. *Tracts of the National Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association.*

3. *Tracts of the Edinburgh Financial Reform Association.*

*Inquiry into the Working of the Reform Bill, and into the merits of the representative scheme by which it is proposed to supersede it.*

By Alexander Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Gilpin, 1848.

BLACKSTONE was a great lawyer; but no one ever suspected him of being a radical reformer. He was a staunch supporter of prerogative rights; he was an uncompromising opponent to all innovation; he upheld the finality of the vote of the House of Commons in reference to the Middlesex election; he even turned pamphleteer, and rushed into print in answer to Junius' severe strictures on the speech in which he defended and supported the proposition—that a vote of expulsion by the House of Commons is tantamount to a permanent disqualification of the expelled member. It is in one of those pamphlets that we find the following remarkable words, singularly apposite, as we think, to the present period, and to the political state of this country:—‘There is,’ wrote Sir William, ‘a fund of good sense in this country, which cannot long be deceived by the arts either of false reasoning or false patriotism.’

Emanating from a tory of the old school—enunciated some eighty years ago—this sentiment, the correctness of which has been amply attested by events both antecedent and subsequent, is far too valuable, whether as regards its author, its abstract truth, or the pithy language in which it is embodied, to be permitted to remain, like a grain of wheat amidst a bushel of chaff, hidden from the public eye, and lost to tens of thousands who, while they respect his political prejudices, regard the productions of Blackstone on matters of law and ethics with a feeling akin to veneration. Hence, we give to the above-quoted passage a prominent place, as a sort of *avant courier* to the observations we are about to offer a subject of far greater magnitude, and of far more importance to the community at large, than the narrow question which elicited the brilliant fire and withering satire of Junius, and the well-turned and elegant reply of Blackstone, in which he bore testimony to the irrefragable truism,—there exists in this country ‘a fund of

good sense, which cannot long be deceived by the arts either of false reasoning or false patriotism.'

But long before the days of Blackstone, on many memorable occasions, our countrymen evinced that a 'fund of good sense' existed in their head, and an indomitable spirit struggled within their breast. Every page of history testifies to the stubborn determination with which, at almost every period, our ancestors resisted oppression; sought, though often in vain, to recover alienated rights, and to secure for themselves and their posterity toleration in religious matters, and in secular such a system of representative government as should, on the one hand, protect the nation from the avaricious tyranny of despotism, and on the other, from the destructive and scarcely less pernicious consequences of an oligarchy. John Hampden's patriotic resistance to Charles I.'s fiscal imposts, and the stand made by the six bishops in the reign of his bigoted son, are glorious verifications of the Blackstone aphorism—'There exists in this country a fund of sound sense, which cannot long be deceived by the arts either of false reasoning or false patriotism.'

And now, before we proceed to our immediate subject, it may not be amiss to pause a moment while we reflect upon the character of the English people, and on the fact, that, with one memorable exception, they have, ever since the conquest, manifested an affection and respect for the monarchical institutions of this country, which constitute the best possible guarantee for the security of the crown. However unreasonable the demands, or galling the tyranny; however oppressive or unequal the burdens of taxation; however dictatorial and intolerant in religious matters, the various governments of the nation have been from time to time; yet the stability of the crown has seldom been endangered—the allegiance of the people to their lawful sovereign has never been forfeited, save in the cases of Charles I., and of his bigoted son James. Undoubtedly in the latter, and to a great extent, if not so completely, in the former case, the conduct of the monarch was oppressive and intolerant beyond all endurance: the only alternative to a degrading submission in each case respectively was the dethronement of the former, and the substitution for the latter of another and a better king. People suffering from oppression and persecution alternately, at the hands of their rulers, naturally enough experience, and are actuated by feelings thus beautifully expressed in language by *Junius*: 'To alienate even our own rights would be a crime as much more enormous than suicide, as a life of civil security and freedom is superior to a bare existence: and if life be the bounty of heaven, we scornfully reject

the noblest part of the gift, if we consent to surrender that certain rule of living, without which the condition of human nature is not only miserable but contemptible.'

This regard and preference for constitutional monarchy have been evinced on many widely different occasions. During intestine commotion, the preponderating feeling has always been that of attachment to the crown, notwithstanding the strongest temptations to defection. While neighbouring nations have deposed their rulers, and substituted republican forms of government; while time-honoured laws have been unceremoniously declared by the *vox populi* to be no longer binding, and the bonds of social order have been burst asunder; while ministers of state have been sacrificed to popular resentment and unbridled fury, and kings, and queens, and governors have either forfeited their lives ignominiously or saved them by escaping to some convenient lurking-place; while streets were deluged with blood; and the oppressed masses were rioting and feasting in the oppressors' palaces, in all the frenzy of lawless victory and insatiable revenge;—while these terrific scenes were being enacted, the people of England stood by, passive spectators, uninoculated by the virus which a few unprincipled demagogues strove to introduce into the veins of the nation: that true spirit of loyalty and constancy, which is peculiar to us as a nation, ay, and that 'fund of good sense' recognised by Blackstone, stood by the people of England in their hour of temptation—they resisted the evil genius, and remained true to the person of their sovereign, and faithful to their allegiance. But when danger to the state has been apprehended—when insult has been offered to the national flag—what has been the conduct of the British people? Need we do more than point to the plains of Vimeira, Salamanca, Waterloo, Ghuznee, Cabul; or refer to the victories of Blake, Howe, Jervis, Nelson, *cum multis aliis*? Who, then, have fought our battles?—*the people*. Who have reared the great superstructure of our commercial intercourse with the uttermost corners of the earth?—*the people*. Who have improved our manufacturing system, and brought to the present state of perfection the various processes which but yesterday were inchoate?—In fine, who have made the British Empire what she is in arts and manufactures, in commerce and political importance—at once the admiration and the envy of the world, but—*the people*? How, then, can we characterize the British people otherwise than as industrious, ingenious, enterprising and ingenuous; patient under long suffering and oppression, forbearing towards their rulers, yet possessed of moral courage to resent insult, and die rather than finally surrender any privilege to which they are entitled.

If, then, the popular character be such as we have portrayed, does not the question naturally enough suggest itself—Is it safe to trifle with such a people? Is it wise to endeavour to withhold from them even one tittle of their constitutional share in the government of a nation in which they are co-partners, and of which they constitute by far the larger portion—at once upholding the honour, and being the protection, of the remainder? To these queries we will not vouchsafe an answer. The *tory* reader may do so if he please: the enlightened reformer will feel that an answer has been already given, by anticipation, in those memorable words enunciated by Sir William Blackstone nearly a century ago.

The year 1852 has opened upon us. Politically, it promises to be an eventful epoch in our history. Divers grievances in church and state have long been complained of, some of which are admitted by the powers that be, to have an existence in fact, while others are completely ignored. The Premier has pledged himself to a development of his views on these matters at an early period of the Session. He will, at the same time, lay on the table of the House of Commons a ministerial measure for the melioration of the political condition of the state.

Hence, as introductory to our subject, it will be no less important than interesting, that, considered in relation to the wealth and commercial importance of the nation, we here take a *coup d'œil* of the actual condition of the people.

The returns of the recent census not having yet been made public, and the mode of stating the revenue returns having been somewhat altered since the year 1845-6, we shall take that year together with an assumption that the population of the United Kingdom was then about thirty millions, as the basis of the principal items in the following estimate of the

#### POPULATION AND WEALTH OF THE BRITISH NATION.

(*This estimate relates only to Great Britain and Ireland.*)

Population of Great Britain and Ireland in 1846-7 . . . . .	say 30,000,000
Of whom there were engaged in, or dependent upon, Agri- cultural pursuits . . . . .	say 7,000,000
And of whom there were engaged in, or dependent upon, trade, commerce, manufactures, and independent . . . . .	say 23,000,000
Annual value of the real property of the United Kingdom, assessed to the poor in 1841 . . . . .	£85,000,000
Imports and Exports of the United Kingdom in 1846 . . . . .	{ Exports £150,879,986 Imports . 85,281,958 } £235,281,944
Shipping: on Jan. 1, 1848, registered as belonging to the United Kingdom, including steamers . . . . .	{ vessels 24,409 tons burden 3,254,353 }
Revenue: gross income of 1846-7 . . . . .	£58,438,000
Of the gross amount, there were derived from land-tax, pro- perty tax, and assessed taxes . . . . .	£7,748,000
Derived from taxes on industrial and other sources . . . . .	£50,690,000



By reference to the foregoing table, it will be seen that the annual value of the real property of this kingdom is such, that were it equally divided amongst men, women, and children, each would be possessed of (within a fraction) £3 per annum. Assuming the interest of money to be 3 per cent., each man, woman, and child in the kingdom would be worth £100 sterling! Very well. This fact, taken in conjunction with the exports and imports, the shipping and revenue, is surely sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical that the people who, by their combined exertions, have contributed to the formation of a nation so important and so wealthy, are entitled to every consideration in the adjustment and distribution of political privileges and power. From this proposition, we apprehend, no well-constituted mind will feel disposed to dissent. But, many (and we give them full credit for obtuseness of intellect and honesty of purpose) believe and contend that the conduct of our national affairs at present is such as is best calculated to secure prosperity and contentment at home, and respect and peace abroad: and that the present distribution of political power is that which is best calculated to subserve the interests of the community at large. These are mere illusions; transparent illusions supported by transparent sophisms; and with each in its order it will now be our business to deal.

In the first place, what is the conduct of our national affairs? Just this:—Thirty millions of people, located in two moderate sized islands, with a peaceful, industrious population, are ruled by a government which absorbs for its maintenance, and the maintenance of its recognised collateral establishments, as nearly as possible, £90,000,000 per annum. Including church-rates, poor-rates, income, property, and assessed taxes, and the usual revenue exactions, the people of Great Britain and Ireland pay, more or less, in round numbers, NINETY MILLIONS OF POUNDS annually in the shape of taxation—direct and indirect! Were men, women, and children equal contributors, this would be equal to a poll-tax of £3 each; or, to speak more correctly, taking the adult male population at 7,000,000, and assuming that adult males alone contribute to the payment of the taxes, each pays at the rate of about £13 per annum. But this calculation must be taken on the assumption that taxation is equal. That it is far otherwise, we shall presently show. In the meanwhile, that the above is a compendious statement of the ‘conduct’ of national affairs cannot be denied. Those who are curious upon the subject, and wish to learn the precise items, may do so by referring to divers blue books and parliamentary returns, which have been published on the subject. Our object is, by stating facts in the



aggregate, to call attention to the existing evils and injustice of a system, which some few consider, or affect to consider, as an approximation to perfection. And here it may not be amiss to call attention to the manifest injustice which pervades the system of taxation, as set forth in the preceding table. Out of nearly 59,000,000 of money obtained by taxation (exclusive of some £80,000,000, levied as poor-rates, &c.), the industrial and commercial classes are compelled to contribute upwards of *fifty millions*, or five-sixths of the whole! The *real* property of the kingdom—that which is of the annual value of £85,000,000—is taxed in the shape of land-tax, property-tax, assessed taxes, &c., to the extent of only, in round numbers, £8,000,000!\*

And here we regret that we cannot do more than cursorily advert to the present most objectionable system of keeping the public accounts. In 1848, when Dr. Bowring brought this subject before the House of Commons, in the course of an elaborate speech, he made the following statement:—

‘It had been proved, by documents laid on the table, that the sum of nearly £7,000,000 every year escaped the authority of the House; and it was an astounding fact, that since the passing of the Reform Bill, from £110,000,000 to £120,000,000 had been disbursed without the authority of the House of Commons. In 1837, the different Revenue departments expended in this unauthorized way £6,155,000; in 1843, £5,507,000; in 1846, £6,152,000, and in 1847, £5,904,690. It appeared that, in other departments, such as the Treasury, the Privy-Council, and the Army, Navy, Ordnance, &c., there was expended in the same way in 1837 a sum of £767,000; in 1843, £1,199,000; in 1846, £909,000; and in 1847, £1,099,747: making a gross amount expended without Parliamentary authority, in 1837, of £6,922,000; in 1843, of £6,706,000; in 1846, of £7,061,000; and in 1847, of £7,004,437. In this country there was no such thing as a Central Account kept. There was no department where one could see at a glance the whole of the Public Receipts and Expenditure. It was certainly singular that, in a commercial country like this,

\* The following statistics, extracted from the ‘Prize Essay on Taxation,’ published in 1849, are interesting, as showing that in France, Prussia, and even Austria, taxation has been imposed with far more equity, as regards the owners of the soil, and the industrial classes, than in our own country.

‘We find that, previous to the late convulsions,

In France the Land Tax yielded . . . . .	£23,250,000	}	£40,850,000
Industrial Taxes yielded . . . . .	17,500,000		
In Prussia the Land Tax yielded . . . . .	3,094,000	}	6,761,000
Industrial Taxes yielded . . . . .	3,667,000		
In Austria the Land Tax yielded . . . . .	7,797,000	}	15,497,000
Industrial Taxes yielded . . . . .	7,700,000		
whilst in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,			
The Land Tax yielded in the year 1849 . . . . .	£1,158,245	}	3,716,038
Real Property yielded in the year 1847-8 . . . . .	2,557,793		
And Industrial Taxes . . . . .	54,852,712		58,568,750.*

there was no set of books from which it could be known what the gross Revenue and Expenditure of the kingdom was, and how they were applied.'

Well might the honourable member say it was 'certainly singular there was no set of books'—why, the fact is notorious in the commercial world, that the fate which would inevitably attend an unfortunate merchant who should present to the Court of Bankruptcy such a set of accounts as that which the British Government presents yearly to the country, would be a refusal of his certificate. But so it is. That which would not be tolerated in private transactions, but would rather be visited by condign punishment, in *state* affairs is regarded with an indulgent eye, or even openly justified!

Into ecclesiastical matters we dare not trust ourselves to enter; and as to the management of our colonies, we must content ourselves with giving one short extract from the able speech of Sir William Molesworth on 'Colonial Affairs' in the session of 1848:—

'The Colonial Government of this country,' said the honourable baronet, 'is an ever-changing, frequently well-intentioned, but invariably weak and ignorant despotism. Its policy varies incessantly, swayed about by opposite influences; at one time directed, perhaps, by the West Indian body, the next instant by the Anti-Slavery Society, then by Canadian merchants, or by a New Zealand Company, or by a Missionary Society: it is everything by turns, and nothing long; Saint, Protectionist, Free-trader, in rapid succession; one day it originates a project, the next day abandons it; therefore, all its schemes are abortions, and all its measures are unsuccessful; witness the economical condition of the West Indies, the frontier relations of the Cape of Good Hope, the immoral state of Van Diemen's Land, and the pseudo-systematic colonization and revoked constitution of New Zealand.'

'Such a government might suit serfs and other barbarians; but to men of our race, intelligent and energetic Englishmen, accustomed to freedom and to local self-government, it is one of the most hateful and odious governments that can well be imagined.'

So much for the 'conduct' of our national affairs, as regards the general incidence of taxation. The limits of this paper preclude us from entering at greater length upon this subject. Suffice it for our purpose to affirm, that, whether as regards unnecessary or unequal taxation—the mismanagement of several departments of the state—the crying abuses of the colonial, ecclesiastical, and legal establishments—the 'conduct' of our national affairs is such, as to form a system directly antagonistic to the prosperity and contentment of the people.

If, then, it be conceded that the present conduct of the affairs of this great and powerful empire is incompatible with the commercial prosperity of the state, and the social welfare of the

people ; if it be true that the system of taxation is wrong in principle and oppressive in operation ; that the various departments of government require to be remodelled ; and that laws exist which are inconsistent with the true principles of civil and religious liberty ; the question arises—how comes it to pass, that in a country famed for the intelligence of its inhabitants, these things are so ? The reply is as simple as it is incontrovertible. The reason why these things are so, is because the government of the country is in the hands of, and distributed amongst, the aristocratic minority of the population, pretty nearly to the exclusion of the middle and operative classes. The former conceive, most erroneously, that their interests are not in common with the interests of the latter. Their feelings, their habits, their pursuits, are all widely dissimilar, it is true. Hence, the error into which the former have fallen. Hence, the difficulty to persuade them that they are far more dependent on the people than the converse. But so it is ; and so long as the wants and the grievances of a people are referred for consideration to a body, the constituent members of which are, for the most part, strangers to the feelings and requirements of those for whom they are called on to legislate, so long will national grievances remain unredressed, and national wants unsupplied, until, indeed, trumpet-tongued rebellion, or something bordering close upon it, shall extort, by fear and menace, that which was denied when sought for by peaceful and constitutional means. Thus it has ever been ; the page of history tells us so ; our own memory tells us so, though carried no farther back than 1846, when Sir Robert Peel, the champion of the landed interest—he who but a few months previously had contended with all the eloquence and power for which he was so remarkable, against any relaxation in the then existing tax upon foreign corn—gave way to the popular demand, and was foremost in procuring that inestimable boon which he had so long and so obstinately resisted.

We have just said that the evils of which the people complain are referable to the constitution of the government of the country—to the power of the aristocracy ; that, in fact, class interests are paramount, and are protected and regarded to the detriment of the masses. Is this so ? It is fit so broad an assertion be supported by reference to facts. To the proof. The theory of the constitution includes a threefold power—monarch—peers—commons—each, in some respects, independent of, and all in certain respects dependent upon, the other. In a word, taken as a *theory*, it is a beautiful system ; carried out into practice fairly, fully, and impartially, we can conceive no scheme so well calculated for the government of an indepen-

dent and intelligent people. We need not stop here to inquire into the powers and prerogatives of the crown, nor into the powers and privileges of the House of Peers; but it is important that we inquire what, in a constitutional point of view, is intended by the House of Commons, and what, in a practical sense, that body really is. The House of Commons, according to the terms in which it is recognised by constitutional text writers, is an assemblage of persons chosen by the people to represent them in parliament. Therefore it is styled the 'Commons' House.' That, from a very early period, it was intended that every man in England should be represented in the great council of state, cannot be doubted, when we refer to the statute Edward I., cap. 25, to which Lord John Russell thus refers in one of his speeches in support of the Reform Bill of 1832: 'Again,' said he, 'looking at the question as a question of *right*, the ancient statute 25th Edward I., contains the germ and vital principle of our constitution: it thus declares, in the name of the king: 'Moreover, *we have granted*, for us and our heirs, *to all the commonalty of the land*, that, for no business from henceforth, we shall take such manner of aids, tasks, nor prises (*taxes*), but by the *common assent of the realm*, &c.' Thus it is obvious, that, so far back as the thirteenth century, the people, without regard to property or position in the state, were regarded as entitled to a voice in the management of fiscal affairs. Of course no one can for a moment doubt that the exercise of this right was through the medium of delegates or representatives. How far the oligarchical power of that day, and subsequent ages, succeeded in limiting the exercise of that right, and to what extent the spirit of the constitution was acted on, are inquiries upon which, though replete with interest, our present limits preclude us from entering.

Having, then, shown that, framed according to the ancient constitution, the Commons' house of Parliament should be composed of men representing the people at large, we now proceed to inquire how far the reality of the present day conforms to the promise of Edward I.?—what proportion of people is represented—what *not*?—what proportion of the House of Commons is composed of persons springing from the people, and unconnected by relationship with the peerage, in contradistinction to those who are so related either by blood or marriage?—and, finally, how far the present system of representation, as regards the *property* of the kingdom, is consistent with the principles of equity? These and other inseparable, though not uninteresting, inquiries will, therefore, form the subject of our immediate investigation, in order to substantiate our position, that the evils of this country are referable to the construction of the legisla-



edy. It must be obvious that the establishment of this system will contemporaneously dispose of the illusion y adverted to—‘that the present distribution of political is that which is best calculated to subserve the interests community at large.’

have already estimated the population of the United om, for the year 1846-7, at 30,000,000. The male adults e stated at 7,000,000. The number of male adults en- to vote at elections for members of the *People's House* ot exceed 1,100,000! Thus, out of seven millions of scarcely more than one million have any voice in the n of those who legislate for, and impose taxes upon, a tion of thirty millions of people! These are facts which is no gainsaying. This is injustice only equalled by lity. But, taking the electors as they are at present, is anything approaching an equal distribution of political amongst them? Let Mr. Mackay answer:—

says he, ‘the representative power were to be strictly apportioned t the constituent body, the result in the United Kingdom would ollows:—Taking the population of the United Kingdom in round a, as by the census of 1841, at 27,000,000, the 658 members iting the House of Commons would give one member for about 1,000 persons. So far, however, from this being the rule, the ystem abounds with the grossest and most ridiculous inequalities, e case of the Tower Hamlets to that of Bridgenorth, the former a population of 335,000 over and above the number necessary, e rule observed, to entitle it to its two members; and the latter a ion less by about 80,000 than that which it should have, to entitle e two seats which are now at its disposal. If population should be red at all in framing the representative system, what shadow of an can be offered for so extraordinary an apportionment as this, nakes a petty village in Shropshire equal, within the walls of par-, to the great human hive which swarms to the north and east of ver?

ween the three kingdoms the following is the aggregate distribution e representative body:—

	Population.	Members.	One Member to every
nd and Wales...	16,000,000	500	32,000 persons.
nd .....	2,500,000	53	48,000 „
nd .....	8,500,000	105	81,000 „

m, in England, the average number of people returning a member below that which it should be, taking 41,000 as the number en- o a member, if the representation were equally distributed. In



Scotland it is 7000, and in Ireland no less than 40,000 above the proper average.'

Glaring as are the anomalies, and gross as is the injustice which marks the representative system, when viewed in reference to population, yet when looked at in connexion with *property*, the anomalies and the injustice are in some respects more palpable. Referring again to Mr. Mackay's valuable pamphlet, we find him thus treating this branch of the inquiry:

'The total annual value of the property assessed in England, in 1841, to the poor-rates, was £59,600,000.

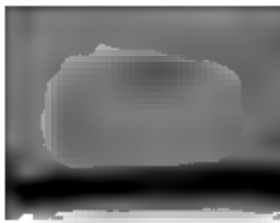
'Half of the property so rated is concentrated in the nine counties of Kent, Lancaster, Lincoln, Middlesex, Somerset, Stafford, Surrey, Warwick, and York, the assessed value of these being £29,826,000.

'Including county and borough members, these counties have, in all, 161 representatives in Parliament.

'The other half of the assessed property is distributed amongst the remaining thirty-one counties, which return in all 310 members. The amount then stands thus between them. The nine counties having 50 per cent. of the whole property, have 34 per cent. of the whole English representation; the thirty-one counties, with the other half of the property, having the remaining 66 per cent. of the representation.

'Thus, the representation of one-half of the whole rateable property of England, if pitted against the other, would be overborne by a majority of no less than 149 votes. . . . On all questions of taxation, therefore, it is obvious that the vast majority of the property of the country is at the mercy of the minority.'

Perhaps the ludicrous absurdity of the system cannot be better exemplified than by the respective cases of Liverpool and the town of Honiton. Each town sends an equal number of members to Parliament—viz., two. Thus each town has an equal voice and an equal power in the legislature. But how do these places stand relatively in respect of property? Thus: the annual value of the rateable property of Liverpool is little short of £1,000,000: that of Honiton about £10,000!!!—The population of Honiton is about 4000; that of Liverpool about 300,000! A strict calculation made by Mr. Mackay, founded upon the rateable property of the kingdom, in connexion with the representation, evolves the startling result, that forty-two pocket boroughs,—or boroughs in which aristocratic influence is paramount, and in which the aggregate annual value of rateable property is under a million sterling—neutralize in parliament the votes of all the great industrial towns of the three kingdoms:—the annual value of the rateable property of the latter (exclusive of machinery) being upwards of twenty millions of pounds! We have already stated the annual value of the rateable property of the United Kingdom at £85,000,000. Three hundred and thirty



members (a majority of the house) are returned by boroughs and towns, the aggregate annual value of the property of which is about £6,200,000. The latter sum deducted from the former leaves £78,800,000, which is the amount, in annual value, of property represented by the three hundred and twenty-eight members who compose the *minority* of the house! 'The matter,' says Mr. Mackay, 'stands thus:—Annual value of the rateable property represented by three hundred and thirty members, £6,200,000. Annual value of that represented by three hundred and twenty-eight members, £78,800,000. From this it appears, that on all questions of taxation, as well as on others, about *one-fourteenth* of the whole rateable property of the country can control the remaining *thirteen-fourteenths*.'

In proof of the defective and unjust state of our representative system—whether considered with reference to population or property—we think we have now adduced facts enough, and to spare.

Indisposed as we are at all times to leave the discussion of *principles* for the consideration of *men*, yet we cannot here refrain from adverting to the fact, that the majority of the members of the lower House of the legislature is composed of those who are so connected with the peerage, or otherwise so deeply interested in the protection of 'class interests,' as to disqualify them in a great degree as legislators for a country, the interests of the people of which they consider, or affect to consider, incompatible with their own. Of the 656 members constituting the lower House, says Mr. Mackay,—

'No less than 267 are connected with the aristocracy either by birth or marriage. Of these, upwards of 70 are lords in name. About 70 are heirs to peerages. The latter are sent to the House of Commons, as a preparatory school for the other House, where it will ultimately be their business to do—nothing. The 267 comprise only the relatives of the aristocracy. If to these we add their nominees—if they have not the absolute majority in parliament, they are not far from it. But these do not alone constitute the territorial party. We have the squires and their nominees to add to the number, giving to that party a preponderant majority. Is it not a delusion, then, on the part of the middle classes, to fancy that it is *they* who are represented in the House of Commons?'

With these indisputable facts, can any one doubt that to the defective state of our representative system, all the evils and the grievances of which we complain are clearly referable? Is not, then, our proposition amply proved? Are we not justified in re-echoing the words of the late Robert Hall—'The independence of the House of Commons is the column on which the whole fabric of our liberty rests.' How, then, can independence exist in a body constituted as is the present House of Com-

mons? It is clearly impossible. The men who elect are for the most part influenced by those who are elected. Population is disregarded as the basis of the elective system. Property is equally so, at least in the industrial districts. Thus the landed interests, and those who possess local or family influence, wield the destinies of the nation by returning their own relatives, or nominees, who are pledged to support certain 'vested interests,' inconsistent with a liberal and enlightened policy, and inimical to the interests of a commercial people.

The feeling which pervaded the public mind in the days when William Pitt moved, and Charles James Fox seconded, a motion on the subject of Parliamentary Reform—and later, when Earl Grey and Lord John Russell enlisted themselves in the same cause—still exists in the minds of the unenfranchised of this country. True it is, that the noblemen just named succeeded in effecting a move in the right direction in 1832; but twenty years' experience has led the thinking portion of the community to express an opinion that, while the bill of 1832 is an instalment of the debt due to the unenfranchised portion of the community, it is decidedly deficient as a measure for securing either purity of election, or a fair representation of the people. 'Representation,' said Robert Hall, 'may be considered as complete when it collects to a sufficient extent, and transmits with perfect fidelity, the real sentiments of the people. But this it may fail of accomplishing through various causes: if its electors are but a handful of people, and of a peculiar order and description; if its duration is sufficient to enable it to imbibe the spirit of a corporation; if its integrity be corrupted by treasury influence, or warped by the prospect of places and pensions, it may, by these means, not only fail of the end of its appointment, but fall into such an entire dependence on the executive branch, as to become a most dangerous instrument of arbitrary power.' It is vain to endeavour to conceal the fact, that, to the present system, the greater part of the above is strictly applicable. Our electors are too few, and, in many places, of 'a peculiar order and description.' In small constituencies they are not free agents; and the right which they derive from the constitution, they are denied the privilege of using in a manner calculated to protect themselves from coercion and persecution. Of the Parliament itself we may safely say, 'its possible duration is sufficient to enable it to imbibe the spirit of a corporation;' and thus its integrity is too often exposed to corrupting influences, and the temptations of place and profit, which a venal government never scruples to proffer to those who are ready to barter the interests of their country for the purposes of personal aggrandizement. That, however, the

**Commons'** House of Parliament will ever 'become a most dangerous instrument of arbitrary power,' we confess we have no fear—we believe very firmly, with Blackstone, 'that there exists in this country too large a fund of sound sense to be long deceived by the arts either of false reasoning or false patriotism.'

In whatever point of view—whether as regards the electors or the elected—this matter be viewed, we apprehend the conclusion is inevitable—the theory of the system is unsound, and the practice incompatible with the independent and unfettered exercise of political privileges. The seat and nature of the malady being now ascertained—the political physicians of almost every school agreeing upon this point, though differing as to the remedy—it now devolves upon us to glance at the various prescriptions which are at this moment lying on the public table, and endeavour to make a selection of such as appear best suited to the exigences of the case.

To enter upon a history of the origin, rise, and progress of the House of Commons would be beside the object of this article. Suffice it to say, that with the British constitution is strongly identified the sovereignty of the people. That the original theory of a second Chamber, or House of Commons, involved representation, is manifest from the early history of that assembly. That the sovereignty of the people has been recognised and respected by the Crown, from a very early period, will not admit of doubt, when we refer to the terms of *Magna Charta* in the following clause:—'No scutage shall be imposed on the people, unless by the consent of the *commune consilium* of the realm.' This charter was confirmed by John's successor, Henry III.; and in the reign of Edward I. was enacted the statute *de Tallagio non concedendo*, to which we have already referred. While these instruments remain on record, it will be vain for the supporters of oligarchical government to attempt to argue away the inalienable birthright of the people of this country to that share in its representative government which was guaranteed them upwards of five centuries ago. We assume, then, that the British constitution requires that one branch of the government shall be of a representative nature—that the members of that branch shall be the chosen of the people at large—delegated to act for them in the legislative assembly. The problem for solution is, how can that end be attained with convenience and with certainty? If it be consistent with the spirit of, and indeed demanded by, the constitution, that the will of the people be expressed in Parliament, the question is—How can we best secure the expression of that will? Clearly in but one way—by granting to every person

qualified to vote, the power to exercise his right freely in favour of the candidate whom he may consider best fitted for the duties of representative. On the very threshold of the consideration of this subject, we find a difficulty staring us in the face. It is this. Who shall be considered 'qualified' to exercise the elective franchise? This is the rock on which so many theories are shipwrecked,—this is, indeed, the 'stumbling-block' of parliamentary reform. But why? We think, because the spirit of the constitution is too much lost sight of, while the imaginary interests and prejudices of the upper classes are kept too closely in view. If the spirit of the constitution intends that the people at large shall have a voice in the election of members for the popular chamber, then our inquiry ought rather to be, who shall be *excluded* from the franchise, than, as at present, who shall be *admitted*. Let us look at the matter as a question of right and wrong. Are contributors to the support of the government of a country entitled to a voice in the management of its affairs? We apprehend there can be but one answer, accompanied, for obvious reasons, by certain disqualifications; they are these: that of the people, it is not expedient that children, females, insane persons, paupers, felons, or persons who have no continuous fixed place of abode, should be allowed to take part in the national management. These are the persons whom we would exclude. We would make exclusion the *exception*, not the *rule*. There are, at this moment, tens of thousands of persons in the United Kingdom excluded from the franchise, of whom it may be safely said, they are, in an educational point of view, far better qualified for the exercise of the privilege than many of those who are now enfranchised by virtue of their £10 qualification, and being scot and lot payers, potwallopers, &c.

Into a consideration of the views of the various political theorists of the day, including 'complete suffragists,' 'household suffragists,' 'educational test men,' &c., we have no wish to enter; neither, indeed, can we perceive that any good would result from our so doing, inasmuch as the broad principle of the constitution which we have here reiterated includes every class. As we said before, our aim should be to define the disqualifications—the constitutional qualification being so comprehensive as to include, in strictness, all who come under the denomination of 'the people.' We are aware that alarmists—those who have an object in view—are ever on the alert to meet this constitutional doctrine with a cry of 'chartism,' or 'agrarianism.' They prophecy the introduction of an uncontrollable and mischievous element in the representative system, in the persons of the humbler classes. These are mere phantasms,



which a moment's reflection upon facts will serve to dispel. Without referring back to our statistical table of the United Kingdom, we will assume the population of England and Wales in 1850 to have been (and we are not far from the mark) 17,000,000. Of these, we may assume that 4,250,000 were adult males. When from this number are excluded paupers, felons, persons who have no place of abode continuously for twelve months, insane persons, and those who would neglect to claim to be rated, the number remaining eligible for enrolment as electors would not, according to the most extravagant calculation, exceed 2,000,000. Taking this calculation, together with the ascertained fact, that in 1850 there were upwards of 800,000 registered electors in England and Wales, we arrive at this conclusion:—the extension of the franchise to every adult man who had occupied a house, or portion of a house, for twelve months, and had claimed to be rated to the poor, and who was not specially disqualified, would have the effect of doubling the present number of electors. By the adoption of this plan no one would be excluded, as might be the case in the event of the adoption, universally, of an educational test. And, on the other hand, few would be included whose exercise of the right should be regretted; for we cannot believe him to be unworthy of the franchise who is the constant occupier of a fixed residence, though a portion only of a house, who thereby gives proof that he is not a wanderer or a vagabond, and who takes the trouble to claim to be rated to the poor. This scheme, which is that contended for by a very large portion of the reformers of this country, falls very far short of that which is understood as 'universal suffrage.' It is certainly larger than mere household suffrage; but then it has this advantage, thousands who would be excluded under a system of household suffrage would be included within this scheme—thousands of persons eminently qualified by education to exercise the franchise with credit to themselves and advantage to their country. It would likewise possess the further advantage of being a well-defined, unambiguous, and uniform qualification, thereby superseding the present complex and anomalous system. Mr. George Wilson, in his evidence before the House of Commons, stated that there were twelve hundred and seventy-six different qualifications by which a county vote may be acquired.

Leaving, then, the consideration of the system of representation as regards population, it is incumbent on us now to consider the subject in reference to the distribution of the electoral power. That this is a hideous system of incongruities, indefensible on any ground, must be evident to every one who has



paid the slightest attention to the subject, or even read the preceding pages. What, then, is the remedy for the cure of this enormous evil, which renders paltry towns, scarcely indicated on a geographical map, equal in political importance with the largest towns in the kingdom! In a word, we answer—the adoption of the system of electoral districts. We do not say, just precisely as hitherto planned, or mapped out, by any particular individual; but to such an extent, and in such a manner, as shall neutralize corrupt influences in small places, and cause an admixture of persons of different interests. We advocate the adoption of this scheme on other grounds. We think that with this system, coupled with a liberal extension of the franchise, and taking population as the basis of the apportionment of members to constituents, the whole representative system would assume a higher, a purer, and a better character.

In the measure of reform promised the country, the public feel more than ordinary anxiety regarding one particular topic—we confess we participate in that anxiety. We, too, are curious to learn what Lord John Russell will do as regards an important element in the machinery of the representative system—THE BALLOT. Upwards of 140 years ago, the House of Commons declared in favour of the system of secret voting. More than one affirmation of the principle has been pronounced by that body within recent years. Reformers look to it as scarcely second in importance to an extension of the suffrage. We confess an inclination to that opinion. We think the greatest boon which can be conferred on an elector, is to protect him, in the exercise of his right, from the coercion and the persecution of those whose interest it may be to secure his vote. It is due to the dependent elector that he be protected, otherwise his vote is a curse rather than a blessing. It is equally due to the honourable-minded candidate, who will *not* bribe, otherwise he fights the battle of an election at fearful odds against one who has no principle, and plenty of money. Objections to the ballot, we are well aware, are very numerous; and, amongst others, we have heard it soberly urged that the ballot would facilitate bribery! The idea is simply preposterous. The revelations of election agents, from time to time, show that there is difficulty enough, under the present system, to secure an election, even by bribery. The briber is often deceived in his man, and not unfrequently loses both his money and his vote. But with the ballot, no man would be sufficiently insane to pay money for that which he would then have no possible means of securing. There is some chance of security now: there would then be none. Further than this, solicitation and intimidation would be useless weapons—the

small tradesman would be freed from importunity prior to an election, and be in no dread of consequences afterwards. In short, we look upon the ballot, to use Mr. GROTE's language, as a means to 'emancipate honest voters—to rescue political morality from the snares which now beset it, and from the storms which now lay it prostrate.'

This article has already exceeded its anticipated limits. Many points of interest and importance have been but glanced at—on the subject of electoral districts, and the apportionment of representatives on the basis of population, in preference to property, we had intended to treat much more fully; while upon the subject of the duration of parliament we have not yet touched. The fact is, the whole question grows upon us. Its magnitude is so great, and the interests involved are so many and so serious, that when on one topic it is difficult to leave it for another. As to the duration of parliament, little need be said. The septennial system is of comparatively modern date. The earliest parliaments were, beyond doubt, of mere sessional duration. They were summoned 'once in the year, and twice if need be,' 5 Edw. II. c. 29. In the reign of William III., an act was passed limiting their duration to three years, which continued the law of the land until 1716, when the present septennial act was substituted, after its opposition in both houses, as a measure 'dangerous to the liberties of the people, and a violation of the Constitution.'

The old adage, 'short accounts make long friends,' was never more appropriate than in reference to this subject. We are averse to political turmoil whenever it can be avoided, while, at the same time, we highly approve of a frequent adjustment of accounts between representative and constituent. 'It is intolerable,' wrote Robert Hall, 'that in so large a space of a man's life as seven years, he should never be able to correct the error he may have committed in the choice of a representative; but be compelled to see him every year dipping deeper into corruption, a helpless spectator of the contempt of his interests, and the ruin of his country. During the present period of parliaments, a nation may sustain the greatest possible changes; may descend, by a succession of ill counsels, from the highest pinnacle of its fortunes to the lowest point of depression; its treasure exhausted, its credit sunk, and its weight almost completely annihilated in the scale of empire.'

Here, then, we must take leave of a subject which, at the present period, is uppermost in the mind of every reformer. It is not for us to indicate any particular plan of reform as faultless or perfect. The question is supposed to be beset with difficulties. To us, they do not appear to be at all insur-

mountable. If the two general principles which we have endeavoured to shadow forth—first, an extension of the suffrage upon the constitutional basis; and, secondly, the protection of the independence of the voter—be kept steadily in view, and acted upon in a comprehensive and liberal spirit, then we shall have no cause to fear the result of the approaching struggle.

A measure of reform on these principles would give the humbler classes all they can reasonably require. On the one hand, the suffrage would not be thrust upon a man, *nolens volens*, as in the scheme of universal suffrage. On the other hand, the qualification required would be easily attainable; it would, in fact, be but a fair test by which to ascertain the worthiness of the *man* to be elevated to the position of *elector*.

Under a reformed system we may fairly anticipate a cessation of mischievous clamour; of hurtful agitation; of unreasonable demands. The House of Commons would be then *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a popular assembly, a body of men returned as representatives by the free, unbought suffrages of constituencies composed of every male adult; unless just cause can be shown for his omission from the electoral roll. We should then hear no more, as now-a-days, of petitions from boroughs to be relieved from the duty of returning representatives, as the only means of emancipation from aristocratic coercion, persecution, and soul-degrading corruption. Elections would be orderly spectacles of the exercise of the proudest privilege, and most responsible duty, of a citizen; the discharge of such duty being the faithful transmission to the legislature of the sentiments and opinions of the nation at large.

Let us hope that the day when these things shall be, is at hand. That consummation of our hopes once achieved, soon would follow such a necessary revision of our fiscal system, and such meliorations in the various departments of church and state, as should be deemed by a popular parliament most conducive to the requirements of the country, the exigences of the people, and the maintenance, in all its honour and integrity, of our constitutional monarchy.



## Brief Notices.

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1. *A Hand Book of the English Language.* By R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1851.
2. *Practical Introduction to English Composition.* By Robert Armstrong, Head Master, Normal Institution, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1851.

THESE two works are as different in execution as in design. The former pre-supposes grammatical cultivation, familiarity with, at least, the elements of Latin and Greek, and an acquaintance with the geography and migrations of the north. It aims to give solely technical, abstract, theoretical information. The latter expects in a learner barely the knowledge of the *accidence* of the English tongue; and, proceeding from this, it seeks to develop in him a practical facility of using that tongue.

Dr. Latham's book is, in fact, a new edition of his 'English Language,' published in 1841, and shortly after reviewed by us. It would have facilitated the task of revising our judgments, if he had given some indication of the changes now introduced. The whole of the early part has been re-written, and greatly improved by omitting a mass of linguistic learning, which (however valuable in itself) was out of place in an English grammar. Dr. Latham has in its stead introduced new matter, of ethnological interest, involving some questions discussed at large in another new work from his prolific pen—'On the Germany of Tacitus.' The 'Syntax' (which had been very deficient) is here considerably enlarged. So much learning has been expended on the book, that it must necessarily be valued. We observe a softening of some statements to which, in the first edition, we had objected as errors; but others are not only re-asserted, but with new error that surprises us. Dr. Latham's *car* is, undoubtedly, defective. He re-asserts that *ôl* is an unpronounceable combination, and that *abô* is necessarily sounded either as *abd* or as *apt*. This we had related by the obvious appeal to the English *obtain*, which is sounded as it is spelt, and not as *obdain*, nor as *optain*. Dr. Latham disapproves of Byron's rhyme of *hearts* to *arts*, alleging that '*h* is no articulate sound,

and counts as nothing, so that the parts before the vowel are not different (as they ought to be), but identical!' He strangely supposes that the long measure of our hymn books is the same as common measure, because (as he tells us) both are called 'service' metre; that there is such a 'service metre' as *short* metre he seems also to be ignorant. He reiterates his false or unmeaning statement, that an Englishman counts the quantity of the syllables of a word by the vowels alone; and that, to an Englishman, the word *monument* has the last syllable short. Such a statement plainly shows that Dr. Latham has no ear for time, and does not know what quantity means.

In fact, the book, even thus improved, fails exactly where inferior minds would succeed. From over subtlety, from microscopic or telescopic vision, it is apt to overlook fact which lies within ordinary cognizance. The style is harsh, rigid, and such as might be called pedantic by a severe critic; and the whole book is without colour or liveliness. We indicated this before more mildly. After ten years, we think it ought to have been improved in these respects, and the more since it is now addressed to younger students. In consequence, though it must be valued as a book of reference, we fear it will never be read with willingness by those for whom it is intended.

Mr. Armstrong's little volume is one of so practical a kind that we distrust our own judgment of its utility. His experience probably teaches him that the sort of exercises which he imposes conduces to cultivate the power of composition; and that his system, *taken as a whole*, is useful, we are ready to believe on his testimony. To us, some of the questions seem to have too much the character of riddles. If ourselves exposed to his examinations, we fear we might not carry off much distinction. 'Write six sentences, in each of which two commas are required.' 'Write three complex sentences, each containing one principal and three secondary clauses.' 'Write three complex sentences, each containing two principal clauses that are equivalent.' We confess that such problems painfully remind us of the 'Nonsense Verses' of our schooldays, and seem to tend to the vice of the degenerate Greek and Roman schools, which taught words without things, instead of words as the image of reality.

At the same time we are disposed to move an earlier question. In teaching *adults*, who have greater power of coherent attention, but less power of learning a new language, it may be wise to make English the sole medium of grammatical instruction. But if *children* are to be taught grammar, we cannot but think that the shortest and most effectual, as well as the most serviceable mode of enforcing it, is by the indirect method of teaching them some second language; and, to us, the French is the most obvious and useful. Even in primary schools for children of our poorest classes between the ages of six and ten, we would certainly rather see the French language taught than any system of mere English grammar. The abstractions of grammar are, to a child, difficult and irksome; but when embodied in a foreign tongue, no effort of abstraction is needed. It is, in fact, notorious that children learn two languages, if taught by conversation, quite as easily as one, and, at any rate, no *philosophy* is required to learn a modern language; and when it has been learned, every grammatical idea will be found to have been acquired unawares.

In these remarks, however, we have no intention to decry Mr. Armstrong's



little book, which is carefully drawn up, and, we doubt not, will prove a useful aid to the teacher who intelligently, and on preference, adopts this system.

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*Philip Doddridge, his Life and Labours: a Centenary Memorial.* By John Stoughton. London: Jackson and Walford, 1851.

THIS beautiful and deserved tribute to the memory of Doddridge, was presented to the Congregational Union of England and Wales at the autumnal meeting held last October, at Northampton, the scene of his most important labours. Mr. Stoughton has done full justice to the occasion and to the theme. The introductory chapter on dissent in the reign of William III., consists of materials gathered from the historical, biographical, and other records of that eventful time; it is simple, condensed, and interesting, and is worthy of attention from those among us who are fond of regarding dissent, in the present day, as occupying in all respects a higher position than it did a century and a half ago; while, on the other hand, it affords ample evidence of the great progress which has been made,—chiefly through the firmness and activity of dissenters, sometimes accused by their brethren of going too far,—by the grand principles of religious liberty. The early days of Doddridge; his preparatory scenes and studies; his public career as a minister, a tutor, an author, and ‘a man of influence;’ his social retirement; his spiritual life; his last days; and the result of his labours:—these are the topics of the volume, and they are handled with much good taste and skill. The postscript gracefully exhibits the connexion between the academy of Dr. Doddridge at Northampton, and the New College, St. John’s Wood, London, which was inaugurated in the same month in which this memorial was read. We can quite appreciate Mr. Stoughton’s feeling when he says—‘The acceptance which the memorial met with from the meeting equally delighted and surprised the writer; but on reviewing the work for the press, he is more than ever convinced that the effect produced was mainly to be ascribed to its being presented in the place where Doddridge laboured, from the pulpit in which he preached, and to persons sitting in the very pews once occupied by the congregation of that eminent man.’ We are not in a condition to judge whether any of those who heard the memorial will be disappointed in reading it. But we are free to say that we have read it with singular gratification, and that we fully share in the writer’s hope, ‘that it may be the means of inspiring in some cases,—of reviving in others,—that beautiful, earnest and practical piety of which Doddridge was so illustrious an example.’ We believe that this elegant eulogy, belonging to a class of compositions which we should be glad to see more frequently, is wisely adapted to these ends, and we anticipate for it a large circulation and enduring popularity.

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*Norica; or, Tales of Nürnberg from the Olden Time. After a MS. of the Sixteenth Century.* Translated from the German, by August Hagen. London: John Chapman.

THIS is a quiet, unexciting, but most attractive volume, which cannot be read without much pleasure, and which throws considerable light on the



social and artistic life of Germany at the beginning of the sixteenth century. 'The burgher life of Nürnberg; the taste and opulence of her patrician merchants; the character and works of her most eminent native artists, especially Albert Dürer; the reverence and passion for art which pervaded all classes of her citizens; the poetical guild of the master-singers, with Hans Sachs at their head; the relations of the city with the empire; and the large amount of mental activity and refinement which it discloses in one of the great trading cities of Europe on the eve of the Reformation—are here very skilfully wrought into the incidents of a popular narrative, and set with vividness before the reader's eye.' The work purports to have been written by Jacob Heller, a rich merchant of Frankfurt, and to contain, in the form of a journal, an account of what he saw at Nürnberg, the then Florence of Germany. It is drawn up in simple style, is admirably characteristic of its alleged author, is full of the genuine spirit of art, introduces us to the familiar acquaintance of some of its most eminent professors, and it has moreover the charm of a tale whose virtuous and simple earnestness fixes attention, and ministers largely to the pleasure of a reader. Of the incidents of the tale we say nothing. They may be learnt from the book itself, and few who love art, and can be pleased with the quaint style of the olden time, will be indisposed to thank us for having directed their attention to 'Norica.'

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*New College, London—the Introductory Lectures delivered at the Opening of the College, October, 1851.* London: Jackson and Walford, pp. 268.

THESE lectures are prefaced with a 'notice' of New College, containing a description of the building, an account of the origin of the institution, and of the ceremony of laying the foundation, a statement of the object, professorships, course of study, and government. The lectures are on *The Inspiration of the Scriptures*, by the Rev. John Harris, D.D., *The Earliest Form of Christianity*, by the Rev. J. H. Godwin; *The Study of the Natural History Sciences*, by Edwin Lankester, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; *The Study of the Mathematics*, by the Rev. Philip Smith, B.A.; *The Exegesis of the Old Testament*, by the Rev. Maurice Nenner; *The History of Classical Learning*, by William Smith, Esq., LL.D.; and *Address to the Students*, by the Rev. Thomas Binney. We congratulate the supporters of 'New College' on the completion of their important undertaking. Each of the lectures is worthy of the lecturer and of the department. The volume, which is beautifully printed and embellished with an excellent engraving of the building, is a noble monument of the intelligence and public spirit of the several bodies united in this college, and augurs well for the intellectual, literary, and theological training of the future ministry in the congregational churches. We have read it with profound admiration of the learning, abilities, and devotional spirit of the gentlemen whose productions it incorporates. We commend it to our readers as rich in facts and arguments, illustrating a large portion of the field of liberal culture, and as indicating the happy progress of enlightened and practical views of the relation which that culture bears to Christian truth, and its propagation through the world. For 'New College' itself, we

heartily desire that it may accomplish all the sacred purposes to which it is dedicated, and thus take its place among the institutions which will be admired and cherished, for many generations, as the nurseries of glorious principles—the brightest ornaments and surest defences of a great and Christian people.

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*Dr. Robinson's Greek Lexicon to the New Testament, condensed for Schools and Students. With a Parsing Index, containing the Forms which occur, and showing their Derivations.* London: George Bell. 1851, pp. lv. 518.

WE can honestly recommend this condensed lexicon to students of the Greek New Testament. The parsing index is invaluable to those who have not been prepared, by classical discipline in grammar, to see, at a glance, the derivations of words, and the moods and tenses of verbs. The inflexions of irregular verbs, the analysis of compound words, the varied and delicate uses of Greek particles by Hebrew writers, and the well selected examples of interpretation, are given so clearly and concisely, that we know not any other book so thoroughly adapted to the purpose. We are not informed who the editor is: he has certainly undertaken a good work, and done it admirably.

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*Chaldee Reading Lessons; consisting of the whole of the Biblical Chaldee, with a Grammatical Praxis, and an Interlineary Translation.* London: Bagster and Sons, pp. 140.

*Syriac Reading Lessons: consisting of copious Extracts from the Peschito Version of the Old and New Testaments; and the Crusade of Richard I., from the Chronicles of Bar Hebraeus. Grammatically Analyzed and Translated, with the Elements of Syriac Grammar.* By the Author of 'The Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon,' &c. &c. London: Bagster and Sons, pp. 87.

BOTH these elegantly printed and accurate works will be welcomed by a class of biblical students, whose number is, we believe, steadily increasing in this country. They belong to a series of helps to the reading of the more important ancient languages of the East. Though small and unpretending, they are of great value. We should rejoice to know that they are sought after and diligently used. We tender our thanks to the publishers for such contributions to biblical literature.

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*The Household of Sir Thomas More.* London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

A BEWITCHING book which we have no mind to criticize, and whose acquaintance we recommend our readers speedily to make. It belongs to the same class as 'Lady Willoughby's Diary' and 'Ye Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton,' and possesses no inconsiderable measure of their pleasing and very attractive qualities. It would be easy, were we so disposed, to adduce passages in which the author has unwittingly dropped the mask, and so betrayed his secret. As a whole, however, the character of the narrative is well sustained. It

evidences considerable talent, and moves some of the deepest and tender feelings of the heart. The work professes to be a 'Lib' written by Margaret More, better known by her married name of B. It is of course a fiction, but its characters are historical; the general course of events is accurately detailed, and the spirit of the age is depicted with freshness, force, and truth. The interior of More's household is beautiful, and its members and occurrences are here sketched with a friendly and skilful hand. The closing scenes of the Chancellor's life—his fidelity to his convictions, his trial, his passage from Westminster, the agony of his daughter, his touching appeal to her, and her heroic reception of his remains, are depicted with great beauty and much tenderness. We pity the reader who can stop short of the close of the volume. Our own interest has deepened as we proceeded, and we would fain have the narrative much longer.

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*Early Oriental History: comprising the Histories of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Lydia, Phrygia, and Phenicia.* Edited by John Eadie, LL.D., with Illustrations from the most Authentic Sources. London: Griffin and Co

THE range of this volume is indicated on the title page, and its preparation could not have been entrusted to better hands. Dr. Eadie's reputation is sufficient guarantee for the extent and accuracy of the scholarship required, and we are glad to report that it is worthy the confidence which will greatly aid the researches of students. 'The object has been to present ancient and authentic history in an accurate and popular form. It has not been deemed enough to compose a meagre and summary narrative of the more familiar and striking events, but the geographical position of the various countries has been prefixed, and the more remarkable of their scenes and cities have been separately described in fuller detail.' Dr. Eadie has made considerable additions to the articles reprinted from 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and we cannot render a better service to the students of history than to recommend them to make immediate and thorough acquaintance with the treasures he has collected. Within narrow limits, and at small cost, they may obtain the results of extensive reading and sound scholarship, for which they would otherwise have to search through many volumes.

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*The Perverter in High Life; A True Narrative of Jesuit Dupin.* London: Partridge and Oakley. 1851.

WE have as much dislike of Jesuits as any Protestant could wish, and are willing to accept the assurance of the writer of this book, that it is a true narrative. But we seriously object to the device of giving a narrative in the worst style of the lowest grade of novels. The author does not know how to spell either English or Italian words, and indeed, whether from ignorance or carelessness, or both, it were difficult to select violations of the most ordinary rules of grammar. There are several passages and situations which provokingly remind us how much might have been made of them by a writer of even moderate skill. The pretence of

similarity with what is called 'High Life' is most shallow. The characters are feebly sketched, the descriptions of scenery are languid copies from fifth-rate originals. We think it perfectly right to expose Jesuits, and to put all ranks of English society on their guard; but we cannot accept the services of this anonymous author as at all likely, in our judgment, to help us in this good work. We feel that we have wasted our time in reading his very trashy performance. The motive may be good, but the thing is as badly done as the wildest Jesuit could desire.

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*The Christian Faith no Fable.* By the Rev. R. Brown, Superintendent of the Liverpool Town Mission. London: Johnstone and Hunter.

THIS is a condensed view of the 'Evidences' of Christianity, principally drawn from Paley and Chalmers. Its brevity and directness of purpose are great recommendations; but we apprehend that the style of scepticism against which it is directed is greatly antiquated, and that a mere repetition, however clear and concise, of such arguments as are contained here, is somewhat like fitting out soldiers with defensive armour against bows and arrows after the invention of gunpowder and twenty-four pounders.

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*A Basket of Fragments and Orumbs, containing, it is hoped, few or no crude or acid substances, but much substantial nutriment for the children of God.* Compiled by Major Rowlandson. Bath: Binns.

THE very little basket to which this very long label is affixed, contains a mass of quaint sayings, many of which mistake vulgarity for point, and irreverent familiarity for 'access with confidence.' One cannot help regretting that gentlemen in the rank of the compiler should so frequently, on embracing Christianity, pass to that extreme and spurious Calvinistic form of it, which leads to the shaking off good taste along with other worldly things, and to valuing coarseness in religious teaching, precisely because they would once have been, very properly, disgusted with it.

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*The Congregational Year-Book for 1851, with an Almanac for 1852; containing the Proceedings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and its Confederate Societies for that year. Together with Supplementary Information respecting the Associations, Ministers, New Chapels, Schools, and Publications of the Congregational Body throughout the United Kingdom.* 8vo. pp. 292. London: Jackson and Walford.

THE title of this volume, which we have quoted in full, is sufficiently explanatory of its contents. To every member of the congregational body it ought to be a most welcome visitor, while the multifarious information it contains will prove both interesting and valuable to many others. It is the cheapest publication of the day. We marvel how it can be produced at so low a price as one shilling, and trust that, by its enlarged circulation, the Union will be guarded against loss. We cannot express too strongly our sense of its value, or too cordially recommend it to the parties for whom it has been prepared.

*Preach the Word ; or, the Matter and Manner of Preaching considered.* By George F. Maberly. London : Jackson.

AN earnest plea for expository preaching ; the proclamation of Christ rather than Christianity, and the disuse of manuscript sermons—all sustained by an extended appeal to the apostolic public addresses. The essay contains much sound truth, and in its concise principles is clearly right.

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*Memorial of the Rev. Rowland Hill, chiefly consisting of Anecdotes Illustrative of his Character and Labours.* By James Sherman. London : Gilpin.

WHAT was the influence of the political and philosophical tendencies of the second half of the last century on the church ? What the want that was met by Wesley, Whitfield, and Hill ? Whence their power ? What can we learn from Rowland Hill's course as to the right notion of preaching ? How much of what he would have counted his peculiar qualification in manner and matter can we wisely now reproduce ? How much is already out of date, how much more hopelessly laid in the grave with him ? These are only a sample of the large questions that cluster round the name of Rowland Hill, and need answers. Mr. Sherman has not designed to meddle with them nor to write a life, but his little booklet is a genial pleasant sketch of the man—it abounds in characteristic sayings, and altogether, in its unpretending form, gives a better notion of 'the curate of all the lanes and commons of England' than a more elaborate production would have done. You come from it as from a personal interview, and have henceforth a living figure of Rowland Hill.

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*Skeleton Themes, intended to assist in teaching and acquiring the Art of Composition.* By Margaret Thornley. Edinburgh : Clark.

THIS is a very skilfully arranged set of outlines on subjects well selected for the purpose. It is, perhaps, somewhat questionable, whether go-carts of this sort are of much real use in learning to walk, but if that doubt be decided in the affirmative, we can safely recommend this book. The pupil will not be encumbered by too much help, nor confused by having to write on dry commonplaces of musty morality, before he can put together two sentences decently, descriptive of common objects ; he begins with the latter, is abundantly guided at first, and very gradually advances, with lessening aid, through a series of historical and biographical exercises to those which require thought and reasoning.

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*Familiar Letters on Chemistry.* By Justus Von Liebig. Third Edition. Revised and much Enlarged.

THESE deservedly popular letters have swelled at last to the bulk of some 550 pages ; and they may now be considered as a fair epitomè, still somewhat popularly treated, of the author's views of agriculture, dietetics, physiology, and even political economy, in so far as these subjects stand connected with chemistry. One of the principal enlargements of the book in the present edition, is owing to a certain amount of discussion of the



history of his favourite science; and, among other things, alchemy and the alchemists are looked at from a more liberal, if not a more elevated point of view than usual. At the same time, if the reader should like to see that curious and deeply interesting topic considered from more philosophical premises, we cannot help referring him to 'A Dissertation on the Alchemists,' lately published by the Chambers' of Edinburgh, in one of their quarterly volumes.

As for the chemical information conveyed in these letters, it is well chosen, extensive, and admirably given; but it were impossible to attempt anything like a critique of the many chemical and other opinions, enforced and illustrated by that information, within our present limits. If we were to say all we have to say on these matters we should fill a volume almost as thick as Liebig's. Suffice it, in general, that our opinion is that the chemistry of the book is the best of it. Its physiology and political economy, and still more its feeble attempts at something like a philosophy of man, are woefully defective to our thinking. Iago was nothing if not critical: Liebig is nothing if not chemical. Then he is as arrogant as Ben Jonson's alchemist. The impetuous contempt with which he spurns such things as homoeopathy, mesmerism, phrenology, abstinence from alcohol, vegetarianism (it matters not what, so it be not esteemed orthodox in the schools), would be painful if it were not comic. The fact is, that nobody has a right to the smallest degree of heterodoxy, but Liebig the Giessen Von! He is a man of undenied genius in chemistry, of considerable general talent and knowledge, but altogether physical and materializing in his style of thought, so that mixed subjects, like physiology, quite escape the cunning of his touch. On the other hand, his moral nature is coarse and vain enough to hinder him perceiving and observing many of the courtesies of life; although it is quite possible (for aught we know to the contrary) that he is a gentleman in private life. At the same time, these letters constitute a very interesting work; and nobody will fail to remember the perusal of them with pleasure, if only well guarded against the half-assertive dogmatism and materializing tendency of their distinguished author. To be forewarned is to be fore-armed.

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*Handbook of Natural Philosophy.* By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. First Course. Upwards of 400 Illustrations.

THIS is the first of two large volumes on the various departments of natural philosophy, from mechanics to astronomy inclusive. The whole affair seems to be a condensation of Lardner's 'Cyclopædia,' a voluminous work which had a run of success some fifteen years ago, each subject being brought up to the present time. As such, it promises to be an excellent digest for the use of the medical student, the man of letters, the artist, the public man, the gentleman, or rather (to be explicit), for all such as do not want or wish to know natural philosophy mathematically. This is the most that can be said for it, and it is also the least. The reader must come to it, not for profound views or rigid definitions, but for great wealth of information and clearness of conveyance. It contains no more, but in our opinion no less, natural philosophy than every person



should know. Yet not one in ten thousand knows it. Nay, not one in ten of the most intelligent society in Britain knows a tenth part of it. Whence the value of such a compendious and simple treatise as the present.

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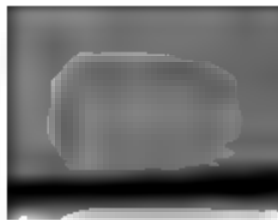
*First Class-book of Astronomy ; illustrative of the Planetarium, Tellunarium, Tellurium.*

THE planetarium and its companions are pieces of apparatus intended to set forth the rudiments of astronomy, and they are well adapted to that purpose. Sutherland and Knox deserve well of teachers and parents for producing such things, including Mollison's planisphere, at prices so reasonable. A school-room, public or private, may get the whole of these interesting and instructive models for some 5*l*. Few adults know as much astronomy as these toys could teach them in a week.

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*The Acknowledged Doctrines of the Church of Rome ; being an Exposition of Roman-catholic Doctrines, as set forth by esteemed Doctors of the said Church, and confirmed by repeated publication with the sanction of Bishops and Ministers of her Communion.* By Samuel Capper. Volume II. London : C. Gilpin. 1851.

IN a former number we had great pleasure in recommending the first volume of this work 'as a faithful compilation and useful hand book of Roman-catholic doctrines.' The second volume contains thirty-four chapters. The editor observes in the preface, that, so far as he knows, no Romanist publication has bestowed a single remark upon the work ; and he accepts this silence as a 'tacit admission of the authority and authenticity of the sentiments therein developed ; or, on the other hand, that they are fully in accordance with the recognised teaching of the Romish Church at this day, and, consequently, with the views by which the tactics of the Roman campaign, recently commenced in this country, are directed.' Mr. Capper has not expressed himself very clearly, as he has used the form of an alternative without the substance. We fully agree with him in the use which he makes of the softened exhibition of Roman-catholic doctrines which is given in the 'Notes' prepared by the ecclesiastical authorities for English readers. There are other sources of information besides those which Mr. Capper has so diligently used, and the stronger modes of putting forth the doctrines most offensive to Protestants are often brought before us. Many advantages are likely to result from the quiet manner in which the Church of Rome is here exhibited as teaching her own doctrines to the English people. It is only fair that this should be done, and that both Romanists and Protestants should judge for themselves of the soundness of such teaching. Assuming, as we do, that the passages are accurately copied (*misprints* included), no Romanist can consistently object to this publication ; on the contrary, we seriously think that the clergy of that church could not do a better thing than endorse it. Their so doing would dissipate a large amount of prejudice against them, and with their convictions of the truth and value of the instructions here collected, they would thus secure a considerable body of candid readers among Protestants who have been shocked, perhaps disgusted, by the extravagant representations of Romish doctrines to which



they have been doomed to listen. We do not, of course, expect that the gentlemen for whose benefit we have expressed these thoughts will take our advice. The advice itself, however, is not the worse for that; nor are we less sincere in tendering it. Others will, perhaps, give heed to our counsel. To them we say, in all simplicity, 'Study these volumes. If you have opportunity, compare the extracts with the books from which they are taken; make up your own minds on what the Church of Rome gives as the exposition of the Scriptures, and see whether such an exposition is, or is not, in harmony with the manifest scope of the inspired writings.'

The following 'Notes' are very significant:—

'Hebrews xiii. 17; Douay, 1633.—Obey your prelates, and be subject to them. For they watch as being to render account for your soules; that they may doe this with joy, and not mourning; for this is not expedient for you.

'1633, 1816.—There is nothing more inculcated in the Holy Scriptures than obedience of the lay people to the priests and prelates of God's church, in matters of soule, conscience, and religion. Whereof the apostle giveth this reason, because they have the charge of men's soules, and must answer for them; which is *an infinit pre-eminence and superiority*, joyned with burden, and require the marvellous submission and most obedient subjection of al that be under them and their government. From this obedience there is no exception nor exemption of kings nor princes, be they never so great.

'Luke xvi. 8; Douay, 1633.—And the Lord praised the bailife of iniquitie, because he had done wisely, for the children of this world are wiser than the children of light in their generation.

'1633, 1816.—This man's deceiving his master is not praised, nor we warranted by his fate to gaine unjustly for to have wherewith to give almes; but his prudence, in that he provided so substantially for himselfe whilest his maister's goods were in his handes, is commended, not for a vertue, but for a worldlie pollicie; and proposed as an example of the careful provision that rich men (who are God's stewards in the earth) should make for their soules, against they be put out of their bailship and be called to an account which is the day of their death; and for a condemnation of healthful mens folly and negligence, that being assured they shal be put out of their offices, and *wel knowing they might gain salvation by their money*, have so little regard thereof.

'..... Almes bestowed specially upon holy men, who by their merites and prayers are great in God's grace, may much more help us then our charitable deedes done upon vulgar men in necessitie, though that be of exceeding great merit also.'

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*Paul's 'Man of Sin' identified with Papal Antichrist.* By John Morison, D.D., LL.D. London: W. F. Ramsay. 1851.

DR. MORISON has here compressed within narrow limits the substance of a great controversy. He has ably proved his main points. We wish his pamphlet a wide circulation, which we are sure it deserves.

*What is Popery? A Catechism of the Principles, Doctrines, and Practices of the Roman-catholic Church.* By John Hayden. London: Jackson and Walford. 1851.

THERE are some advantages in the catechetical mode of instruction which, in judicious hands, more than countervail the prejudice arising from its abuse in *authorized* forms. To those who do not know what popery is, this catechism of Mr. Hayden will supply much sound information which all English people ought to possess.

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*A Plea for the Rights and Liberties of Women imprisoned for life under the power of Priests. In Answer to Bishop Ullathorne.* By Henry Drummond. London: T. Bosworth. 1851.

MRS. DUMMOND here boldly meets the Roman bishop with a large collection of facts, 'from works of Roman-catholic writers alone,' to prove that in the convents which the bishop describes as the happiest spots on earth, there is no protection whatever from the despotic power of priests and abbesses. He says, 'if Bishop Ullathorne is not content with what I have here stated, I will promise him ten times as much more.' We are glad to find that, whether the House of Commons be the proper place for such representations or not, Mr. Drummond is neither afraid nor ashamed to speak out boldly on a subject of pre-eminent practical importance in our dealings with the wily subjects of the pope.

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*The Scottish Protestant.* Glasgow: W. R. McPhun. 1851.

OUR brethren in the north are ever foremost in their denunciations of the papacy. This is the first number of a cheap weekly periodical devoted to this one object. It reminds us of Mr. McGavin's 'Protestant' which did such good service many years ago. It is worthy of support, and we give it our cheerful recommendation.

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*Roger Miller; or, Heroism in Humble Life.* By George Orme. London: Gilpin.

THE subject of this biography was a most indefatigable and successful missionary among the lowest of our London population. His life, as narrated here, gives us the idea of a man of zeal, tact, and warm-hearted piety.

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*The History of England.* By Miss Corner.

*The History of Greece.* By Miss Corner. London: Dean.

WE should not have thought that the world stood much in need of more school histories, but it seems it did, as here is the seventeenth thousand of the former of these two volumes. The authoress writes in a clear and interesting way, compiles with great diligence, and selects her sources well. This is the case with both these volumes, the second of which is marked by the same characteristics as the first, and so will, we suppose, have similar success.

*Home is Home. A Domestic Tale.* London: Pickering.

THERE are in this book more model people than any of our readers, even the oldest, can have the felicity of numbering in their acquaintance. There is a young lady, the daughter of the ruined gentleman whose domestic calamities make the burden of the tale, wholly perfect, and only surpassed by another lady, to whose children the first entire and perfect chrysolite is governess. Of course there is a model young gentleman to match, with a 'classical and beautiful head and bust, dark hair curled in graceful waves, soft yet brilliant black eyes beaming with *every bright intelligence and virtue*,' and so on for half a page. This gentleman, a sort of compound of the Apollo Belvidere and a 'Young England' clergyman, turns out to be the son of an eccentric old gentleman, who, on the strength of vehemently protesting on all occasions, that he hates M or N, as the case may be, establishes a reputation as an original and mysterious sort of person. Then there are a number of other model people—sons, daughters, servants, clergyman, including an Irish woman and a Scotch one, both of whom are the humorous characters, by virtue of speaking two dialects, of which we are very certain that Dublin and Edinburgh respectively have no knowledge. Put all these people together, plunge them into the depth of distress, and then gradually elevate them, send no substantives into the world without a body guard of adjectives, and take special care to let your characters do nothing that may show whether you have described them rightly or wrongly—for what is the use of your telling your readers what your people are, if there is anything in their actions by which it might have been learned—and you have made a story which will be quite as good as 'Home is Home'—probably better.

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*The Christian Sabbath, considered in its various Aspects, by Ministers of different Denominations.* Preface by Hon. and Rev. B. Noel. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

THE Essays contained in this volume have already appeared as a series of tracts. They owe their republication in their present elegant form, we presume, to the same gentleman who has been the life of the Sabbath-movement. The authors are from all parts of the Christian church, beginning with the venerable Dr. Wardlaw, whose contribution is mainly a condensation of his former work on the question, and including the late Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Bickersteth, Dr. James Hamilton, (very characteristic with his sketch of a happy home on a Sunday,) Mr. James, and others. The greater part of the volume is wisely devoted, as we think, to presenting the manifold advantages, temporal, moral, intellectual, and religious, accruing to individuals, families, nations, and churches, from the observance of a day of rest, a day of worship for the Christians; and whatever views we may hold of the correctness of the positions maintained in the earlier essays, and implied throughout all, as to the Christian duty with regard to a seventh day's consecration, and the grounds of the obligation, we must receive this volume as a powerful plea for the unbroken stillness of the labourer's great blessing—the day of repose. All the essays are marked by high qualities; but it is neither good taste nor

necessary to the discharge of our duty that we should particularize in our commendation.

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*Lectures on the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations.* By Count Valerian Krasinski. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

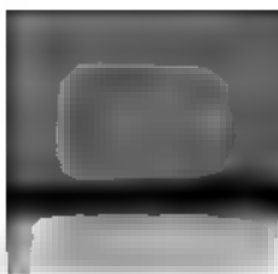
THE Hungarian earthquake revealed to the astonishment of Western Europe that there was slowly maturing, among these Slavonic races, a power that was destined to do something some day; and forthwith we were deluged with books, and pamphlets, and review articles about them, till printers and plain readers were driven to despair with strange agglomerations of curdled consonants; while Panslavism and Magyarism became household words—familiar to our eyes, but we rather suspect never very much so in our mouths. Amid all this bountifully-imparted light, nobody thought of telling us anything about the most important element, formative or conservative, of individual and national life, the religion of these peoples, till the author of the volume before us stepped in. His descent, his attainments, and his own religious convictions, are guarantees that the work is done truthfully, copiously, and from that point of view most fitted for English readers. The book is in the form of lectures, which is simply an alias for chapters, treating respectively of the introduction of Christianity among the Slavonic nations, and of its growth in the separate fields of Bohemia, Poland (two lectures), and Russia. The author has a thorough mastery of his subject, and writes *con amore*, with much clearness and animation. He has given us a volume which fills a gap in our ecclesiastical history. That is something: but the merits of the work, as a perfect storehouse of facts, gathered with great industry, and exhibited with very considerable skill, entitle it to an honourable mention, without reference to the accident that it happens to be the only English book on the subject.

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### Review of the Month.

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THE RUSSELL CABINET STILL EXISTS. How long it may do so is matter of conjecture, and very different opinions are entertained on the point. 'The Times' alternately flatters and counsels. One day it warns the landed gentry of the agitation which will be consequent on their return to Downing-street; then it soothes Lord John, by referring in favorable but vague terms to his position as a leader; and, anon, it urges the necessity of the cabinet being reconstructed on a broad and comprehensive basis! 'The Morning Herald' and other protectionist papers vaunt a coming reaction, and poorly conceal their misgivings by abuse of opponents and falsification of facts. 'The Morning Chronicle,' after being discreetly silent during the negotiation of the premier with Sir James Graham and the



Duke of Newcastle, has spoken out in no gentle or loving mood; while 'The Daily News' gives feeble utterance to convictions which ought to be announced in a voice of thunder. Amidst this diversity one thing is evident. Neither friends nor foes believe in the permanence of the present ministry. All unite in a common sense of uncertainty, which the former would discredit were it in their power, and the latter would turn to their own advantage could they see the slightest possibility of success. No mortal man would be surprised to hear, at any moment, that Lord John and his associates had resigned the seals of office. This uncertain tenure of power has characterized the Russell cabinet for some time past. No prescience has been required to foresee that it could not long continue in its present state. It is evidently 'out of joint' with the times, and requires an infusion of new blood, the accretion of more popular and vigorous men, in order that it should continue to lead the reform party of these kingdoms.

This impression has been vastly strengthened by the recent dismissal of Lord Palmerston. We mean not to prejudge this event. It is due to the premier that he should have an opportunity to explain, and this will speedily occur on the meeting of parliament. It were mere affectation, however, to pretend that this event, happening at so critical a time, and under circumstances so adapted to engage popular sympathy, has not had a disastrous influence on the confidence inspired by the ministry. So far as our observation goes, it has destroyed respect for the talent, as well as faith in the stability, of the administration. Right or wrong, it is suspected that the late foreign secretary has been sacrificed to other than national or English interests. How far this may be so remains yet to be seen, but in the meantime, we doubt not that, were the premier and his recent colleague to contest any really popular constituency, the latter would be returned by an overwhelming majority. The explanation given by 'The Times' and some other journals, of Lord Palmerston having avowed an approval of the recent French revolution is, to say the least, not credited. It is regarded as a slander concocted in Printing-house-square, in order to blast the reputation of a statesman, whom the great oracle has perseveringly and bitterly assailed. We say not that it is so. We affirm only that such is the general persuasion, and are content to wait the explanation that must be forthcoming. Should it turn out to be so—which we do not at present anticipate—the nation will approve the decision of the premier. But if the charge be clearly and fully denied, if, without equivocation or reserve—not in parliamentary phraseology, but in plain good English—it be branded as a slander and proved to be such, then no words are sufficiently strong to express the feeling with which an outraged people will denounce a government which, at such a time, and at the bidding of such parties, could sacrifice their most able and popular colleague. The mystery must soon be solved, and all wise and candid men will wait the revelation.

In the meantime, it is of importance to note the measures taken by the premier to strengthen his position. From those measures we may gain an insight into his policy, and we should be glad, were it in our power, to report that they are of an order to inspire confidence in him as a leader of the people. This, however, we cannot do. There would be no truthfulness in us were we to attempt it. The fact is suffi-



ciently notorious that a negotiation has been going on with Sir James Graham, the Duke of Newcastle, and other members of the Peel party, and that this negotiation has failed. What has been the cause of failure we know not; perhaps we never may. Rumors are, of course, afloat, and they probably contain some elements of truth with a large infusion of falsehood. It may be that the member for Ripon, with his associates, would not be indisposed to unite with Lord John in the formation of a new Cabinet, but are unwilling to enter one already constructed, whose policy is fixed, and the reputation of which, to say the least, is somewhat damaged. But waiving these conjectures, it is of more importance to note, that the premier seeks strength, not from his own party, the majority of whom are in advance of himself, but from a section of the conservatives, distinguished, it is true, by administrative talents, but conservatives still in heart and policy, notwithstanding their isolation from the protectionist camp. We confess to much regret on this account. If we are to have a conservative ministry, let it be avowed, but if 'reform' is to be our watchword, let us beware of admitting to the citadel men who will undermine our strength, and frustrate our hopes. The people yet want representatives in Downing-street, and what has recently occurred only strengthens our conviction, that the whigs, equally with their opponents, will leave no means untried to keep them excluded thence. Any coalition will be attempted, any exigency be braved, before this alternative is conceded. Administration after administration may possibly be broken up rather than submit to such an indignity. But submit they must. The power of the middle-classes cannot but make itself felt, and if whig nobles are too proud to admit them to co-partnership, they must give way to men whose sagacity and business habits qualify them for the discharge of public trusts.

WHAT HAS OCCURRED IN THE CABINET moderates our expectations concerning reform. No very large or genuinely popular measure can be intended, when such colleagues are sought as those we have named. Nor, indeed, were our anticipations ever very high. The policy of the premier, since the passing of the Reform Bill, has been conservative rather than otherwise. For a time the doctrine of *finality* was avowed; and when this was discarded, a practical construction, essentially one with it, was put on the provisions of the great measure of 1831-1832. Its liberal tendencies were never favored. His lordship appeared to be alarmed at his own progeny, and the whole strength of his government has been frequently arrayed against its natural and just demands. However, a promise was volunteered last session, and the nation has generously confided in its fulfilment. From the moment that the premier engaged to introduce a measure in 1852 to correct the defects of the Reform Bill, it was in vain for any private member to solicit parliamentary attention to the subject. The question was deferred by general consent, and the policy of the House was approved by an overwhelming majority of the people. The time is now approaching for the redemption of his pledge, and all kinds of rumors are in consequence afloat. The material comforts of the people, and their want of confidence in the stability and reform principles of their rulers, have prevented their evincing much enthusiasm on the matter. They have looked on with a provoking measure of indifference. Manchester and a few other places have, indeed, spoken out, but there has



been nothing like a national movement. It was so before the accession of Earl Grey to power, and our rulers will do well to study that period attentively. If emboldened to refuse the redress of wrongs and the protection of the oppressed, by the apparent apathy of the people, they will speedily rue their folly. Had Old Sarum and other 'rotten boroughs' been abolished, the Reform Bill might have been deferred for many years; and if now our rulers honestly address themselves to enlarge and purify our electoral system, they may perpetuate, for the benefit of our children, whatever is useful and of good report in our much vaunted constitution. But we need not enlarge, as our views are unfolded in a separate article. Whatever be the intentions of the premier, there seem good reasons to believe that much diversity exists in the Cabinet. Its meetings are more frequent than usual, they are numerously attended, and are more protracted than is customary. It is idle to speculate on what passes at such meetings, or to imagine what opinions are expressed by individuals. We shall soon know the result, and in the meanwhile our expectations are moderated by the fact, that, so far as we know, the premier is the only minister pledged to the country on the subject of reform. The Cabinet is believed to be divided on the course to be pursued respecting certain small boroughs, which, though not technically *nominations* boroughs, are so practically. Lord John, it is said, advocates their surrender, while other members of the Cabinet refuse to be convinced by the arguments, or to share the patriotism of their leader. What may be the *immediate* result time will show. The aristocratic element may prevail for a season, but the *issue* is not doubtful. Even 'The Times' admits this, and considering its position, the language it adopts is ominous. 'Though it is impossible,' says that journal on the 17th, 'wholly to extinguish bribery and "influence" in this mixed state of things, yet no Reform Bill will satisfy the people which does not abate a good deal of both these abuses. Lord John Russell knows that, happily for his credit and his power. Should the refractory boroughmongers persevere in preferring their boroughs to their principles, they should fight the battle out of the Cabinet. They happen to be men who would either be no great loss, or who would consult their comfort and convenience by a timely, though late, retirement from public life. That is the only possible consequence of their pertinacity.'

ON THE 5TH, A NUMEROUS DEPUTATION FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOL ASSOCIATION waited on the premier, and the conference which ensued is largely reported in the daily papers. The deputation included amongst others, the Rev. Drs. Davidson, M'Kerrow, and Beard, of Manchester, and Edward Swaine, Esq., of London. We regret the adhesion of these gentlemen to a cause which we deem seriously objectionable, though we are free to confess that the scheme they advocate is exempt from many of the objectionable features attaching to others which have been named. The deputation was, of course, received with courtesy and a due measure of ministerial reserve. Lord John cautiously guarded himself from being understood to speak the opinions of the government, which he said had not come to any decision on the subject. 'My own opinion is,' he subsequently remarked, 'that the question is advancing to a solution; but I know it is the opinion of Lord Lansdowne—and it is my opinion also—that the question is not at present in such a

state as to be ripe for the government to undertake it, and that, by undertaking it prematurely, they would be more likely to mar the object than to promote it.'

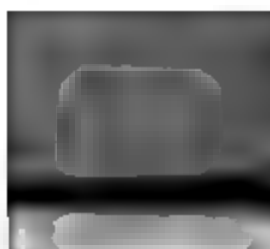
The 'Times' leader of the 8th was in harmony with this; and clearly indicates that nothing—save popular favor—is wanting to insure ministerial support to some such scheme as that of the National Association. 'We are not quite prepared,' says that journal, 'with the gentlemen from Lancashire, to neutralize, hamper, or supersede all that has been done by individuals, and all that is attempted by the State, in order to clear the ground for a perfectly new system. Of the two alternatives, surely the best is to work existing means as well as can be done.'

So far all was unobjectionable; but now comes a marvellous chapter in the history. As the premier had received deputations favorable to national education, it was not unnatural that those who objected to the interference of the State in such matters, should wish to lay before his lordship the grounds of their conviction. Nor does it appear to have occurred to them that any objection could possibly be taken to their doing so, much less that the opportunity would be refused. His lordship, however, thought otherwise. He has a singular rule of judgment on points of this kind, the infelicity of which is, that it comports better with the prejudices of a partizan than with the impartiality of a statesman. Mr. Morley, chairman of the Congregational Board of Education, applied for an audience on behalf of several gentlemen connected with educational boards in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and London; and in doing so, expressly referred to the deputations already received by the premier as a reason for the application. 'They have been induced,' said Mr. Morley, referring to the parties he represented, 'to seek this interview in consequence of the several deputations which your lordship has received.'

'The present application is made in concert with correspondents in Manchester, who deem it due to themselves, and the cause they advocate, to offer such statements as they think just, in opposition to those which have been made to your lordship in promotion of the local scheme, and in behalf of the National Secular System.'

To such a communication one reply only would seem to have been possible, and we are amazed at the folly—to say nothing of other things—which overlooked this. Instead, however, of the answer anticipated, a letter was forwarded two days afterwards, stating,—'that as the government do not intend to introduce any measure with reference to education in the ensuing session of parliament, his lordship does not think it would forward the objects to which you advert if he were to receive the deputation for which you have requested an audience; and, indeed, owing to the great pressure of business upon his attention at the present period, it would now be difficult for him to fix any time for the purpose.'

On this reply we will not trust ourselves to comment. Lord John must be strangely ignorant of his position, if he imagine that such superciliousness can be evinced without detriment to his reputation as a legislator, and to his power as a parliamentary leader. It would be easy to expose the hollowness of the pretence advanced in the latter part of the reply; but it is not needful. No reader will fail to perceive that it is a mere make-weight,—a something added, because no confidence was felt in what



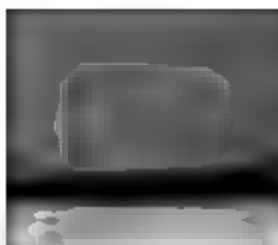
had gone before. To confide in his lordship's impartiality, much less to trust his guidance, after such an exhibition, would be to render ourselves ridiculous to all intelligent by-standers.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CONTINUES TO BE THE SCENE OF INTERESTING STRIFE. Its advocates must refrain, for very shame, to plead on its behalf that it secures unity of faith. It has long been evident to reflecting men that it does nothing of the kind, but the diversities of religious opinion which flourish within its pale are now more palpable than ever. The weapons borrowed by some episcopalian writers from the armoury of Bossuet are turned against themselves, and a prudent silence may consequently be reckoned on. We have no wish to make an ungenerous use of the perplexities of opponents, but it is due to truth, to note the fact, and to draw from it an instructive warning. A *Declaration* signed by 3263 clergymen, 'among whom are seven deans, twelve archdeacons, and a large number of the dignitaries of the church,' has just been presented to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. The number of signatures, we are told, might have been considerably increased if the ordinary mode of procedure had been adopted. Enough, however, was obtained to answer the purpose contemplated, and the correspondence is now made known for the information of the public. The memorialists evidently belong to the evangelical party, and after expressing their surprise and concern at the attempts made by parties holding office in the church to invalidate and nullify the judgment recently delivered by the sovereign, as 'supreme governor of this realm, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal,' by the advice of the privy council and the primates of the church, in the case of 'Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter,' proceeds to declare their 'thankfulness for the judgment so delivered,' and their 'conviction that it was a *wise and just* sentence, in accordance with the principles of the Church of England?' Two things strike us in this *declaration*, which are alike instructive and ominous. In the first place, the royal supremacy in its broadest sense is affirmed by that section of the clergy, which makes a somewhat boastful appeal to the 'Bible' as the sole rule of faith; and secondly, the judgment which declared that opposite opinions on points of essential moment are alike compatible with the doctrines of the church, is said to be '*wise and just*.' How the former could be affirmed by those who maintain the supreme obligation of truth, or the latter by such as assert the spirituality of religion and the doctrine of justification by faith only, we know not. The truth of the matter is, that the church of England is herself a compromise, and no ingenuity can preserve the consistency of her members. Each of the two parties now struggling within her pale is right or wrong according to the standard by which it is judged. Calvinistic articles and popish offices cannot harmonize; and the marvel is, how honest men can avow their assent and consent to both. Let us rejoice in our liberty, and stand fast therein.

THE CAFFE WAR UNHAPPILY CONTINUES, and, so far as human foresight reaches, is destined to do so for some time to come. Large reinforcements have been shipped for the Cape, and new and deadly weapons are sent out; but it yet remains to be known that measures have been adopted to restore confidence in our good faith, as well as to recover the reputa-

tion of our arms. The latest intelligence from the colony is far from propitious or flattering. The Caffres were on our territory, feasting at our expense, and spreading ruin and terror in all directions. Their confidence was greater than at any former period; disaffection was spreading among other tribes, and our boastful governor, after showing the insolence of power, was proving himself—no uncommon case—utterly unequal to the crisis he had provoked. One hopeful circumstance has occurred. Sir H. Smith has been superseded by Major-General Cathcart. Of the new governor we know nothing. His past career affords no guarantee for his fitness to conduct the affairs of the Cape at this critical period. We much fear that his appointment has been made on grounds similar to those which ordinarily rule in such matters. If so, John Bull will have to pay another penalty for the aristocratic and military prepossessions of his rulers. But we will hope for the best. It may be that the new governor is all that the necessities of the Cape require. If so, we may be grateful to an overruling Providence rather than to our ministers, for the latter are clearly without proof of such being the fact. We trust that the whole question of this disgraceful war will obtain a searching inquiry on the meeting of parliament, and that our troops will be speedily recalled to the defence of our own coast against any possible invasion, which the madness or necessities of the French president may prompt. We are not alarmists, but these are not times when we can afford to leave our shores unprotected, in order to wage an exterminating war against African marauders. Let justice be done to Cape colony and its neighbours, and our soldiers may safely return to their proper station.

THE OPERATIVE ENGINEERS OF LANCASHIRE AND LONDON are affording another illustration of the miseries consequent on large bodies of men combining for the purpose of controuling their employers, and of giving effect to an artificial arrangement between workmen and masters. We deeply deplore their position. Thousands are out of work, and the funds on which they depend will speedily be exhausted. What are they to do then? They have no capital to fall back on, no accumulated funds of which to avail themselves. Their labor is their subsistence; and if this be suspended, the means of daily livelihood are wanting. Would that at the eleventh hour they could be induced to review their position, and to eschew the men who have misled them. The masters are right in resisting the demands of *The Amalgamated Society*, and the real interests of the operatives are promoted by their doing so. The attempt now made to conceal the demands out of which the present agitation has arisen ought to open the eyes of the men: and in the meantime the masters should considerately regard the interests of those workmen who do not belong to the society. To confound such with others, who have preferred unreasonable requests, is to punish the innocent with the guilty, and to lose the advantage of that moral influence which would otherwise operate on the recusants. We shall be glad to find that a distinction is made between the classes we have specified, and are convinced that the interests of the capitalist will be advanced by it, while the destitution and wretchedness of his workmen will be greatly diminished.



## TO OUR READERS.

WE deeply regret that a pamphlet, written by a gentleman whose book had been reviewed in this journal, in November last, was stitched up with our January number. It is our invariable practice to insert in the 'review' any observations correcting real or supposed misstatements in articles which we have published. Mr. Scott Porter complained to us of such misstatements, and we immediately tendered him an opportunity of setting himself right with our readers. Instead, however, of availing himself of this permission, he forwarded the pamphlet to which we have referred, and which we had not time to examine, as its arrival in London was unknown to us until late on the 29th of December. Had we examined it we should certainly have declined to permit its being stitched up with our journal, as it violates all the proprieties of the case, and indulges in aspersions as ungentlemanly as we believe them to be untrue. The reviewer of Mr. Porter's volume has sent us a communication which we subjoin. — EDITORS.

'With respect to myself, I have merely to say, I cannot condescend to enter the lists of what ought to be honourable and charitable literary warfare with a person who repeatedly accuses me of direct and deliberate falsehood, and of having some sinister purpose to serve by pronouncing the judgment I have pronounced, and which ought to be impartial, and is really so.

'The *gravamen* of my impeachment is, that the author had in his preface represented his own work as the first upon the entire subject, and that he had reluctantly come forward with it after waiting long to see the same thing done by some abler pen, whereas this was a dishonourable ignoring of Dr. Davidson's work, which he himself, in page 27 of his present pamphlet, admits is upon the very same science of textual criticism. This is the offence, on my part, which he charges with direct and deliberate falsehood. Yet at page 5 we read, "I have said what was intended to imply, and what I now repeat, that no English work had appeared, up to the date of my publication, upon a similar plan with mine, or calculated to effect its intended object—viz., to furnish a handbook of textual criticism—(1) in a moderate compass and at a moderate price; (2) wherein the most important principles by which a critic must be guided shall be briefly investigated; (3) the main facts relating to the text both of the Old Testament and the New shall be accurately stated; (4) the mode of applying these facts and principles for the correction or verification of the text, illustrated by a few interesting examples; and (5) references given to the chief writers who have treated on the science, and in whose works more ample information may be procured. *No book had appeared in English at all answering to this description when mine issued from the press.*"



'Yet Dr. Davidson's 'Lectures' do answer to every one of these particulars, and the chief difference between the two works consists in the ordering of the materials. Out of his own mouth, the charge of dishonourably ignoring his predecessor is substantiated. Nothing he has written in his pamphlet mitigates in the slightest degree the charge I have made against him. All he has written only confirms it. The verdict I have given I can only reassert. I have given it impartially and independently, and though I readily concede to any man the right to impugn my judgment and question my ability for reviewing such a work, yet I will suffer no man, uncontradicted, and least of all the man who is the subject of that judgment, and whose offensive assumption of superiority I have chastised, to impugn either its truthfulness or its conscientiousness. Beyond that judgment I am indisposed to go, even to gratify this blustering author, whose self-esteem has transported him beyond all the bounds of truth and reason. I assure you I treated him forbearingly and candidly in the review, as a stranger whose name I had never heard or seen till I took in hand, at your request, to review his book. He acknowledges that I have pointed out some important errors. I could readily point out many more, of which he seems entirely unconscious. But since he has proved so ungrateful for my services, and so refractory under the strokes I have inflicted upon him, as to provoke more and harsher ones, I have only to say that, by his insulting servility, he has placed himself *hors de combat*, and will receive no further notice from

THE REVIEWER.

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## Literary Intelligence.

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A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, exhibiting a systematic view of that Science. By S. Davidson, D.D. In 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume is just going to press.

*Just Published.*

A Manual of Geographical Science, Mathematical, Physical, Historical, and Descriptive.

A Dictionary of the French and English Languages. In Two Parts. I. French—English. II. English—French; with Vocabulary of Proper Names, for the Use of Schools and for General Reference. By Gabriel Surene, F.A.S.E.

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Norica; or, Tales of Nürnberg from the Olden Time, after a MS. of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from the German of August Hagen.

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Cautions for the Times. Addressed to the Parishioners of a Parish in England, by their former Rector. No. XIII.

**Women of Christianity exemplary for Acts of Piety and Charity.** By Julia Kavanagh. With Portraits.

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**The Triple Crown ; or, the Power, Course, and Doom of the Papacy.** By William Urwick, D.D.

**Christianity the Weal of England. Popery and Infidelity the Woe of France.** A Discourse preached in the Congregational Church, Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 14, 1851. By Rev. W. P. Lyon, B.A.

**New Medical Dictionary for the People.**

**The Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery.** By Spencer Thomson, M.D.

**The Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstainers' Almanack for 1852.**

**Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet. With Translations.** By John Edward Taylor.

**The Successful Merchant. Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill.** By William Arthur, A.M.

**The Religion for Mankind. Christianity Adapted to Man in all the Aspects of his Being.** By James Spence, M.A.

**Bible Gleanings.** By Matilda Bassett.

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**Memoir of William Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., of Kingston upon Hull.** Abridged from the 'Christian Philosopher Triumphant over Death.' By Newman Hall, B.A.

**The Anglo-Catholic Theory.** By Bonany Price, M.A.

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MARCH, 1852.

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**ART. I.**—*The Works of John Bunyan, with an Introduction to each Treatise, Notes, and a Sketch of his Life, Times and Contemporaries.* Edited by George Offer, Esq. Vols. I and II, royal 8vo. Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

THE three greatest *natural* geniuses of Britain hitherto, have been a player, a tinker, and a gauger, Shakspeare, Bunyan and Burns. It is marvellous to think of the *Divinæ particula auræ* passing by palaces and courts as in scorn, and shedding its selectest influences on heads not only uncrowned, but actually loaded by a penumbra of contempt, and the ‘foregone conclusion’ of three of the most unpoetical of professions. Marvellous, and yet not, perhaps, to remain for ever unparalleled; for would our readers believe, that the three most rising poets of our day are a brewer, a wine merchant, and a seller of shawls? *Verb. sat. sap.*

Facts like these prove unquestionably, that poetry is a gift, not an art; that *poeta nascitur non fit*; that genius, like the will of that Being of whose breath it is a *minor* inspiration, is sovereign, and like the wind, bloweth where it listeth; and that to feel contempt for any lawful trade is a vulgarism and fallacy liable to the exposure and reversal of the Almighty himself.

Shakspeare might have been a chimney-sweep instead of a stage-player; Burns might have been a hind instead of a

farmer holding his own plough ; and Bunyan a camp-suttler, instead of a soldier in the parliamentary army. It had been the same to the great breath, which, in poetry as in religion, seems to search about, to wait long, and to 'return according to its circuits,' in order, by choosing the weak and the base things, yea, and the very nonentities of this world, to bring to nought the things that are, and to confound the things that are mighty. The walls of the seventh heaven of invention are not to be scaled by mere ambition or art ; inspiration, if genuine, descends from above, and in descending, must, like the lightning, be permitted its own proud and imperial choice.

Let, then, the stage-player, the tinker, and the gauger, appear for a moment together upon our stage. The first is a swarthy and Spaniard looking man, with tall forehead, sharp sidelong eyes, dark hair curling over his lips and chin, and firm deep-cut nostril. The second has a fresh complexion, auburn locks, round brow, hair on his upper lip after the old English fashion, and sparkling glowing eyes, not the least like those of a dreamer, but resembling rather the eyes of 'some hot amourist' as John Woodvil hath it. The third has a broad low brow palpitating with thought and suffering, eyes, shivering in their great round orbs with emotion, like the star Venus in the orange west, nostril slightly curved upward, dusky skin, black masses of hair, and dimpled, undecisive chin and cheek. All three have imagination as their leading faculty, but that of the player is wide as the Globe ; that of the tinker is intense, almost to lunacy ; and that of the gauger is narrow and vivid as a stream of forked lightning. All three have strong intellect, but the intellect of the one is capacious, that of the other casuistic, and that of the third clear. All are partially educated, but Shakspeare's culture is that of the society of his age, Bunyan's that of solitary reading, and Burns' of a compound of both. All are men of 'one book,' Shakspeare's being the universe, Bunyan's the Bible, and Burns' the ballad poetry of Scotland. All are men of intensely ardent temperament, which in Shakspeare is subdued by the width of the mind in which the furnace glows, which in Bunyan becomes a purged flame, but which in poor Burns bursts out of all restraint into a destructive conflagration. In the works of all, *materiem superat opus*, the genius of Shakspeare flaming out of mean structures of farce and tragi-comedy, Bunyan's power overflowing the banks of narrow controversial treatises, and the great soul of Burns o'er-informing the tenement of fugitive poems, *jeux d'esprits*, satires, and semi-scandalous ballads. All sprang from the people, but while Shakspeare and Burns belonged to its upper stratum, Bunyan appeared amid its

vest dregs, like a new creation amid the slush of chaos. All had something of a religious tendency, but while in Shakspeare takes a vague diffusive form, and in Burns never amounts to much more than what he himself calls 'an idiot piety,' in Bunyan it becomes a deep burning principle of thought and action, at once swallowing up and sanctifying his native genius.

The fate of the three was curious and characteristic. Shakspeare, the sublime stage-player, outliving his early self, with those mysterious errors which are partially revealed in his annals, subsided into a decent, retired, self-indulgent gentleman, like a dull, sleepy, soaking evening following a day of ended storm and splendour. Burns, after many a vain attempt to rally against the misfortunes and sins of his life and temperament, fell down at last their proud recalcitrating victim, living and making but dubious signs; while John Bunyan, strong in supernal might, victorious over his tendencies, having bound his very madness in chains, and turned his tears and misfortunes into the elements of hope and triumph, crossed the dark river, singing in concert with the shining ones, and passed to eternity, perfect through suffering, and resembling rather one of its own native children than a poor burdened sinner among the City of Destruction. Philosophers might speculate long and vainly on the causes of those very different destinies. Our theory is the simple Christian one:—God endowed the three with almost commensurate powers, but one only, through patient struggle and solemn search, reached the blessed hoped-for new life of Christianity. And we come to the farther analysis and illustration of Bunyan's genius, with this exulting thought—'we are not about to speak of a ray which has wandered, or even of a magnificent world unfinished, unnamed, unbaptised of God, but of a star once astray, but which turned and received a place in the great galaxy of the worshipping and holy heavens.'

It is curious to mark the slow and gradual progress of this man's fame, when compared with the rapid growth of his reputation. It was to some extent the same with Shakspeare and Burns. William Shakspeare was very popular in his lifetime, for the sake of the humour and geniality of his plays, but it took a century or two for the world to see that he was the greatest poet that ever lived. Burns' wild and witty and pathetic poems pervaded all Scotland like the winds of April, swift and as soft; but forty years had to pass ere Carlyle ventured to pronounce him the first man, in genius, his country had ever produced. Bunyan's first part of the 'Pilgrim' was speedily translated into other languages, as well as widely circulated in



his own ; but nearly two hundred years revolved ere any critic was hardy enough to call it a work of genius. Previously to this it was named and praised with misgiving, and in cold and timid terms. 'Wonderful book for a tinker ; clever allegory ; pity it is so Calvinistic ; considerable dramatic power in it ; an excellent book for the vulgar.' Such were some of the *morceaux* of criticism with which the eighteenth century bestrewed it. Dr. Johnson, to be sure, praised it for its invention and the conduct of its story, but laid too much stress upon the mere popularity it had acquired ; and though he compared its opening passage to the first lines of Dante, he seemed ignorant of the author's other works, and probably regarded the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as a kind of *lusus naturæ*—an exception and not an expression of the general character of the author's mind. Scott says of it, in rather a disparaging tone, that 'it rarely fails to make an impression upon children and persons of the lower rank of life.' Campbell compares Bunyan to Spenser, but it is with a patronizing air, and he seems to start back, affrighted, at the 'sound himself hath made.' Cowper, indeed, long before, had sung the 'Ingenious Dreamer,' in worthy strains ; but it required the tongue of Coleridge, the pens of Macaulay, and Montgomery, and the pencils of Martin, Melville, and David Scott, not to speak of the excellent lives by Philip, Southey, and others, fairly to elevate him to that position, as an unconscious artist, whence it were hopeless now to dislodge him, and before which the intellectual and the Christian world universally and emulously bend.

We are not sure but the history of all works of profound genius and permanent influence is precisely similar. They are not, in general, as Wordsworth thinks, ignored or despised at first, but consisting, as all great productions must, of the splendid and the deep, the bright foam above and the strong billow below, their brilliance attracts in their own age, while their profounder qualities fascinate the future. It was so with Homer, with Æschylus, with Sophocles, with Lucretius, with Dante, with Spenser, with Milton, with Dryden, with Cowper, with Byron, with Wordsworth himself. All these obtained reputation in their lifetimes, for properties in their writings of interest, or elegance, or oddity, or splendour, which were not their rarest or most characteristic, and all afterwards grew up to that fame, which now 'waits like a menial' on their immortal names. To this there are exceptions, but we believe it to be the rule, and a rule, moreover, in strict accordance with the principles which prevail through the universe. We see long before we can *weigh* the star.

In analyzing the mind of Bunyan, the first quality which

strikes us is the thorough equality and almost identity of the subjective and the objective. Not only are thought and imagery *one*, but imagery and reality seem one also. He does not think, but imagine—not imagine, but see. We have no doubt whatever, that many of his pictures, like Blake's, stood out from the eye; that he saw visions as well as dreamed dreams, and that this perilous faculty did not unhinge his mind, owing to the strength of his bodily constitution, the simplicity of his habits, and that vigorous intellect which burned yet was not consumed amid the blaze of his imagination. But if ever a man since the prophets of Israel deserved, in a lower sense, the name of 'seer,' it was John Bunyan. It was as if his brain throbbed and thought in his eye, every motion of which seemed 'scintillating soul.' If this objectiveness might be termed diseased, it was the divine disease of Dante, of Spenser, and of Michael Angelo—a disease perfectly compatible with strength of judgment, and even with severity of purpose—but the infection of which has, unfortunately, not been perpetuated, for the two, who in modern times most resembled him in this quality, wanting Bunyan's ballast, became morbid, if not mad. We refer to Blake and Shelley. In Bunyan, at the period at least when he wrote his works, it was a power healthy as the vision of the eagle, and yet peculiar and inimitable as the eyeless intuitions of clairvoyance—that blind goddess who is reported to see so far.

In close connexion with, and dependence on, this peculiar faculty, is his child-like simplicity, or unconsciousness of self. This is, we think, always connected with real sight. Who is *proud* of the landscape which he beholds, however *pleased* he may be with the spectacle? To one who actually sees, there is nothing for it but a *cry*—a Eureka—if he does not first fall down as a dead man. He may, indeed, afterwards begin to speculate on the power and perspicacity of his eye; but he will have little leisure and less inclination to pursue this, if visions after visions, new and varied, continue to press forward in panoramic vividness and succession upon his soul. As to 'dare, and to dare, and to dare,' was Danton's method for a revolutionist, so to 'see, and to see, and to see,' till the eye be shut in death, or rather opened on eternal realities, is the method and the history of a poet.

Nay, the fact that these sights are frequently terrific and bewildering, is itself enough to check, if not to crush, the vanity of vision. And how often must the dreamer, as he awakes, like Jacob, exclaim—'How dreadful is this place;' and not always, like Jacob, be able to add—'It is none other than the gate of heaven!' Perhaps rather he has been led past the mouth of

the pit, and his cry has been not that of exultation, but of anguish and despair.

Bunyan, at least, felt in the first instance no great joy, and no selfish satisfaction at all in his marvellous dreams. Unlike Caliban, he sometimes cried 'not to dream again.' Did he ever awake, like poor De Quincey, in struggles, and cry out—'I shall sleep no more?' Whether awake or asleep, his visions seemed to have passed before him swiftly, as clouds in a wind-tost sky—himself as helpless as the wanderer who watches their veering shapes and changeful shadows amid the solitary hills. He had thus a 'dreadful post of observation;' but it did not darken every hour, but brightened on and on, till, behold! the morning was spread upon the mountains, and in a cloudless sky the 'sun rose upon Christian, and he had daylight all the rest of his journey.'—Something, indeed, of childish gratulation does appear in the prefatory poem to the second part of the 'Pilgrim,' but it is child-like, the mere momentary crowing of an infant; and is speedily swallowed up in the fresh glories which dawn upon his touched and ever-advancing spirit.

How sublime this perpetual attitude of reception! And how little does a mere literary man—perpetually on tiptoe—now seeking to smile down, and now to frown up inspiration—or lashing himself into a false furor by selfish passion, look beside Bunyan lying prostrate before the Invisible Power, which 'moves him at times,' and draws forth from him the simplest, yet noblest music. And while remembering the vast difference between the inspiration of prophecy and of genius, we may nevertheless say, that not more abandoned to the power of supernal influence was Ezekiel, when lifted up by a lock of his hair between earth and heaven—or when watching the dreadful wheels as they moved in the might of the unseen Spirit, than was the tinker of Elstowe, when following the footsteps of Christian in that immortal pilgrimage—or when beleaguering Mansoul with those multitudinous hosts of darkness. His visions *came* upon him as he sat still and expectant, like those cloven tongues of fire which crowned the heads of the disciples at Pentecost.

We have alluded to Ezekiel. Some critics have ventured to deny to him the high poetic quality which they concede to Isaiah and Jeremiah. Now we admit that his language and imagery are not so rich as theirs; but then, how grand the objects and the scenery he beholds and describes. His style serves severely to daguerreotype the vast fire-edged and wind-swept visions which crossed his daring and solitary soul. It is the same with Bunyan. His style seems poor and bald compared to John Howe's or Jeremy Taylor's; it has no beauty;

golden images sparkle on his page; but his figures are is; his images are characters; he does not decorate, but te; and though seeming, like that prophet of old, to stand valley of dry bones, he soon causes them to live and move exceeding great army, fresh with colour, strong of sinew, prepared for the battle. In him imagination exists—not dilution, but as an intense essence; and, while the least d of writers, he is the most poetical of thinkers. In this t he resembles Dante, who, while possessed of infinite ntiveness and sublimest conception, is as literal and hard is diction as Defoe. But he *has* similes, scattered, though ingly, over his poem; whereas, all Bunyan's are derived i Scripture—as if he were afraid to adorn the borders of solemn way with any flowers but those which had been eplanted from the garden of God.

his peculiarity is quite in keeping with Bunyan's child-like acter. Children seldom speak in metaphor; but they are essentially poets; they live in a world of illusion. A en walk becomes to them a pilgrim's path, which they d with imaginary characters and adventures. A puddle it is an Atlantic with a thousand ships sailing on its m, with perpetual confictions of storm and calm. They re everlasting little Robinson Crusoes, and Progresses of own, and even when they sleep, the fine shuttle of their y continues to move in its aerial loom of dreams. This ic tendency is too often crushed by worldly influences; but me favoured souls, it survives and becomes the germ of the t. But in Bunyan—and Bunyan alone—it seems to have uined *entire*, unchilled by worldly feelings; for of these he little—unmodified by culture—for his culture was slender—having defied time itself to cool its virgin flame. Whether ming or awake, a blackguard or a saint, in youth, manhood, ge, in the pulpit, or with the pen in his hand, living or g, John Bunyan was equally and always a child.

he exceeding *earnestness* of the man is the next quality we ce in him. Many talk as if earnestness were like Californian—a thing newly-discovered, and not as old as man or God. yet it is a lesson, verily, taught us alike by material objects spiritual powers. Are not angels in earnest in their varied strations to man? and are not even devils in terrible earnest, ey struggle against the laws of the universe and the 'silent nanimity of Nature and her God? and is not that awful ig himself in earnest, as He pursues his immeasurable s for man's good and his own glory? Verily, this is no d for triflers, and, least of all, for trifling professors of the t earnest of all faiths. A Christian without earnestness,

with what comparison shall we compare him? He reminds us of a galvanized corpse, with motion in the limbs, but with no bloom on the cheek, or life in the heart—it smiles, but it is cold—it moves, but it is dead.

No such feeble factitious Christian was John Bunyan. All his works beat with heart, with passionate purpose, with deep faith, and with the reverberations of past suffering. Every work he has written is a chapter in his autobiography; and the more unintended the more vital the chapter is. We wonder that Thomas Carlyle has never described the earnestness of Bunyan. Had he tried it, it might have been in language something like this:—‘Here, too, under a poor shed of Bedfordshire, there appeared a brave, true-hearted man, striving forward, under the immensities, and toward the eternities, bearing, in his own stout dialect, a burden on his back, and seeking, as with unutterable groanings, to cast it from him and be free. No sham woes were his, no hearsay was hell, no simulacrum was sin, no vague vapor death, to him. He had been in the outer, nay, the outmost darkness; he had awoke from terrific sleep, and felt the worm that dieth not around his neck, and heard at his bed-side the ripple of the slow-moving waves of the unquenchable fire. He had been in the ‘iron cage,’ and in the grim dungeons of Despair; had groped in his bosom for the key called Promise; and had shouted in trembling joy as he saw from Mount Clear a little of the glory of the city. Nay, in the Black River he had once and again dipped his feet, long before he was called to pass through it. Honour to thee, brave pilgrim, for thou also wert a hero; and with all thy tinkering thou hast not mended but made one right manly piece of work, which shall live long in the memory of men.’

All this Carlyle might say, and it were all true, but not the whole truth. Bunyan, indeed, fled from his burden of sin and his City of Destruction, but it was into the arms of a Saviour. His burden clung to him like the gripe of death till he saw the cross and the sepulchre, and felt, without being able fully to express, save by tears, the divine mystery, the awful incarnation of love exhibited there. Carlyle’s ‘Sartor,’ seeks after peace as sincerely as Bunyan, but in haste, or pride, or some fatal blindness, he overlooks the cross, overleaps the sepulchre, and stumbles here and there, till, by a retrograde motion, he gains the town of False Security, which is hard by the City of Destruction, and which trembles at times, in sympathy with the earthquakes, muttering fitfully below its devoted towers. Or, shall we rather say, Bunyan is his own Christian, a manful struggler, who, if he falls, rises again and pursues his journey; who, if he wanders, returns to the way; and who,

if he trembles, trembles *forward*; while 'Sartor' too often resembles Mr. Weary-of-the-world (not *weaned* from the world), whose life was a long suicide, who fed on bile, and mistook the recoil of hatred and disgust at the earth for humble, prayerful, and simple-minded search after a better country.

Many, we dare say, are disposed to say of Bunyan, as Joseph's brethren said of him, in a sneering spirit, 'Behold this dreamer cometh!' Pshaw, 'a mere half-lunatic man of genius.' But let such, for their own sakes, beware of entering into controversy with this dreamer, else he will make a fool of them all. Let them beware, too, of remaining too long in his eye, else he may hold them up on his rude calotype to immortal scorn. This lunatic dreamer can argue as acutely as any casuist or schoolman. He can, by the quietest touch of sarcasm, dropped as from the shadow of his strong hand, wither up a pompous pretender, tear off the mantle of a hypocrite, expose a fool and blast an impostor. This dreamer is, at times, dangerous, alike in his earnest anger, and in the cool *naïveté* of his satire. He has a rough forceful logic, ay, and a 'tinkler tongue' of his own. His dreams are dramas, rich, vivid, varied as Shakspeare's. He carries along with him a great key which can open every lock of human nature,—the chapels of its worship, the dungeons of its despair, its airy roofs of grandeur, and its pleasant halls of mirth. He paints at one time a Beulah, and at another a bypath to hell; now a Mercy, and now a Madame Wanton; now green-headed Ignorance, and now Mr. Greatheart; now giant Maul, and now the three Shining ones; now the den of Diabolus, and now that City which hath no need of the sun. Truly has it been said, 'Oh rare John Bunyan, what an intense particle of power was deposited in thy rude body and ruder soul! With a burnt stick for a pencil, what graphic, pathetic, sublime, true, powerful, and tremendous pictures hast thou drawn!' 'Mighty,' too, is this dreamer 'in the Scriptures,' and his enemies must know that when he holds a sword in his hand it is no misty meteor, but a right Jerusalem blade, it is the two-edged sword of the Spirit, it has been bathed in heaven, and it glows and glitters 'anointed for the slaughter.'

The Bible we have called Bunyan's one book; and his case corroborates the common notion, beware of the man of one book; of one who by frequent perusals has drunk so deeply into a book's spirit, has got so much into its thought and feeling,—travels, in short, so easily and naturally in its track, that without any conscious imitation his works become duplicates of the original. This is true of other books, but much more of the Bible. It is a Pactolus, and he who bathes in it



comes out dipped in gold; nay, it resembles that other fabled stream which made the bather invulnerable and immortal. Bunyan had read little else; he had read it too in circumstances which burnt and branded its language upon his soul; he had read it as its blessed words swam on his eyesight through tears; he had read it amid the Slough of Despond; by the red lightnings of Sinai; and as he gazed upwards from the Delectable hills to the far-streaming glory of the city; even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he had continued to clasp while unable to see it; every chapter in it was a chapter in his history, and every verse touched and thrilled some chord in his heart. Like the poor man's lamb 'it lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter.' Many millions have loved the Bible, but we question if any one surpassed or equalled Bunyan in the depth and fervour of his love. Many have framed concordances, and made entire transcriptions of it, but Bunyan's concordance was his memory, and it lay all transcribed, every word and syllable of it, in his heart.

Bunyan's theology is now despised by many who admire his genius; and yet, when stripped of the phraseology and severed from the mistakes of his age, his book seems to contain the best, clearest, and boldest exhibition of truth ever given by uninspired man. Man's anomalous condition by nature—the fearful and hereditary woe which hangs over his cradle—the dark something, call it a rent, or fissure, or fatal flaw, which mars his being *ab origine*—the God-inspired thirst for light, safety, and a sublimer existence which comes over him—the struggles through which this feeling must be born—the worthlessness of mere human merit—the importance of the Spirit's teaching—the power of a simple-minded faith in divine revelation—the glorious lines of truth and beauty, which, rising from earth, and stooping from heaven, meet and converge in the cross—the doctrine of atonement, shining, in the shape of an uplifted lamb through the darkness of a guilty earth—the importance of humility—the progressive character of the Christian life—the warlike attitude of the Christian himself—the resistance he meets at every step—the fate of the miserable pretenders to his faith and walk, who entangle and annoy him—his constant dependence upon supernatural aid—his feebleness and frequent falls—the personal character of real Christianity—the increasing clearness of his path—the certainty of his coming to his journey's end—the fact that the complexion of his deathbed is determined by that of his life, and the type which the individual believer forms of the history of the church as a whole; these are some of the important truths which, apart from special dogmas, are presented in the pictured page of Bunyan. But

how they seem to live, and move, and swell, and fructify there! How different from the dry catalogues, and dead rattling autumn-leaves of our catechisms and creeds. Let our theological students burn their systems, and apply themselves to John Bunyan. They often lose the Christian path in mazes, or sink it in marshes, or carry it along roads uniformly flinty; he invests it with the vitality, the variety, and the beauty of real life; and whether it be with a sunbeam or a flash of lightning, or a glare of hell-fire, or the chiaro-scuvo of death's valley, that he shows that narrow way, it is always clear, as if out out now in blackest ebony, and now in whitest ivory; but in both distinct and vivid as the 'terrible crystal, and the body of heaven in its clearness.'

We pass now from Bunyan's general qualities to his writings, although our space warns us to be rapid in our remarks. We shall omit his theological treatises, properly so called, and also his minor allegories, such as 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman.' The 'Visions of Heaven and Hell,' usually printed in his works, are decidedly not his; their better passages are in style above him, and their worse are in spirit beneath him. The author, our readers will remember, introduces Hobbes into hell, and minutely describes his punishment and feelings there. The Bunyan of the 'Pilgrim,' even had he seen that spirit in torment, would, like his own heroes near the open mouth of the pit, have passed on in silent awe and sorrow. 'The Visions of Heaven,' again, are apparently written by a scholar, who quotes Milton, and rounds splendid sentences. We confine ourselves to the 'Grace Abounding,' the 'Holy War,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

The first is his heart turned inside out—is his inner history minutely and lingeringly portrayed; this lifts it far out of the sphere of mere art; literary merit it has hardly any; the little chapters into which it is divided are successive throbs of his big heart. The strangest thing about it is the clearness and self-possession, which not only distinguish his record of his past sufferings, but which have evidently been with him through every step of the terrible process. It is as though a madman were to feel with his own finger his pulse while at the wildest; it is as though a martyr in a burning fiery furnace were to measure his paces through the fire, or to count the minutes of his agony. Bunyan proves himself equal for tasks like these. All the agonized experiences of his heart—its tumults—its treacherous quiet—its fluctuations, so speedy, between the tempest and the calm—its trances, dreams, and strange imaginings, have been observed, as by some calm collateral eye, and have been jotted down, as by the firm

finger of a bystander. That eye and that finger are those, in fact, of Bunyan's own clear and powerful intellect, which had the art of standing aside from the fierce rush of his fancy, and of beholding, remembering, and registering its whirling words, and yet wilder conceptions. It is conscious frenzy, a fearful gift, only possessed by two or three since Bunyan, one of whom, strange to tell, was Rousseau.

Bunyan's confessions, however, unlike Rousseau's, are almost entirely of spiritual sin and spiritual struggle. His sins were all of the spirit and none of the flesh. Whatever ardour there might be originally in his temperament, was soon drained out of it, into the reservoirs of his imagination and heart, and these in their turn either slept or stormed, to the lulling zephyrs or the rushing blasts of his religion. Sore for a season is the contest around the wanderer between the sun and the wind; but the wind at last subsides, and the sun shining from a higher sphere, and burning with a purer blaze, sheds upon his path what seems only a mightier moonlight, a holier day, so soft is its warmth, so gentle its glare, and so shorn and meek its effulgence.

The life of the Christian is described in Scripture under many analogies. Three, however, are most common and most striking. It is now a race—('so run that ye may obtain'), now a walk—('walk ye as children of the light'), and now a battle ('fight the good fight of faith'). The two latter of these seem particularly to have struck Bunyan's imagination, and to prove it, he has written a book on each—the 'Holy War' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Which of these two books should be the better, was, we think, entirely a question of time. Had he written the 'Holy War' first, and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' last, the last had been first, and the first last. But ere he built up Mansoul, or marshalled around it those dark armies, he had, in some measure, exhausted his creative genius, emptied out his martial ardour, and strained the energies of the allegory itself, in the broad and manifold structure of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a book which, besides its peaceful pictures, contains the record of some contests which in fire and vigour Homer himself has not surpassed; and the praise of certain warriors, such as Valiant for Truth 'with his sword cleaving in blood to his hand'—worthy of the days when battle had its deity, and war might still be called divine.

And yet, though somewhat worn, the old parliamentary soldier enters on the 'Holy War' with marvellous spirit. It is a dream, less *vraisemblable*, less varied, less beautiful than the Pilgrim, but full of rugged power and unique purpose. There are florid wars as well as books, with fine and empty flourishes

of endeavour, with niding commanders and faint-hearted troops. Bunyan's is of a different kind. It is earnest, fierce; all scabbards tossed away, no armour for backs, and victory or death the watchword of the day. The field is wide and one—'Mansoul'—the hosts are twain—those who are called chosen and faithful, and those who are the serfs of sin and Satan. The commanders are also two, the Word made flesh, his garments dyed in blood, his eyes as a flame of fire, his face more marred than that of man, and the Prince of Darkness, with pride and fury, glaring through his miserable eyes, with the scars of thunder on his cheek, holding, in defiance, his garment of gloom around his scorched frame, and saying—'Evil, be thou my good;' and saying again—'What matter *where* if I be still the same?'—the result one; for it has been settled from everlasting that Mansoul shall be saved, Diabolus defeated, and 'that great country Universe' made as happy and beautiful as the throne round which it revolves. Let those who would see in what living fire, in what crowding figures—not of speech, but of action—in what bare yet burning words, and with what profusion of martial incident, and eloquence of martial dialogue, Bunyan tells this brief but pregnant tale, read his 'Holy War;' although, we fear, it lies now neglected as some old claymore, which once reeked at gory Culloden.

Not so with his 'Pilgrim's Staff.' *That* who has not seen and handled, and now wept over, and now worshipped, beside? Who has forgot his emotions on reading this wonderful book, which, for the first time, seemed to realize to him his early faith in Christianity? It is to us, at least, an era in our life. We read it beside our mother's knee; and never can we forget the Dreamer, or that road which his genius has mapped out for evermore. Never can we forget the cave where he dreamed the dream—the Man with the Book in his Hand—the Slough of Despond—the Apparition of Sleep—Pliable turning to the wrong Side—the Starry Wicket-gate shining through the darkness—the cliffs of Sinai overhanging the bewildered wanderer—the Interpreter's house with its wondrous visions—the Man in the Cage—and Him, the Nameless, rising from the dream of the Judgment-seat—the Hill Difficulty, with the two dreary roads of Danger and Destruction diverging from its base—the arbour halfway up—the lions on the summit—the House called Beautiful—that very solitary place, the Valley of Humiliation—that 'other place,' the Valley of the Shadow of Death—the Town of Vanity—the green meadow called Ease—the dungeons of Despair—the Delectable Mountains—the short cut to hell—the Enchanted Ground—Beulah, that lovely land where the sun shineth night and day

—the Dark River, over which there is no bridge—the ridges of the Everlasting Hills rising beyond ! Never can we forget even the little well-worn copy of ‘Cooke’s Classics,’ with its dark binding, its crude prints, and its torn-out leaves here and there, which contained the precious treasure, and on which we can hardly now think or look, without tears—so deeply are joys and sorrows, with which no stranger may intermeddle, bound up and blended with its memory.

We may sum up what we have further to say of the ‘Pilgrim,’ under some remarks on its pictures, its characters, its scenes, and the comparative merits of its two parts.

It is the only perfect picture-book in literature. Every page of it might be illustrated ; nay, is illustrated already by the painter’s hand. Many of its pictorial points have had full justice done to them by artists, but there are still two or three we have never seen successfully represented, if even attempted at all. One is the interior of the City of Destruction. Who, going to work on the hints dropped by Bunyan, shall paint us the Lust-lanes, Murder-alleys, Theft-corners, and broad Blasphemy-squares of that fearful place, with the lightnings ever and anon dipping down into its midst, and with the scowl of heaven forming a permanent and prophetic blackness over its walls ? Then there is Beelzebub’s Castle lowering over against the bright Wicket-gate, with one solitary watchman pacing along its battlements, night and day, haggard with his eternal vigil, and calling, as each new pilgrim approaches, on his archers to take their aim. Then there is Turnaway, brought back by devils, and with the words inscribed on his back, ‘Wanton Professor and Damnable Apostate.’ And, in fine, there is still waiting for representation the FACE of Ignorance, with the blank of vacuity and the blackness of darkness mingling in its expression, as he is refused admittance at the gate, and told, that he who could scarcely go forward, must be taken in a whirlwind *back* !

The variety of the characters in this book is wonderful, and the vividness of their portraiture. So is the intensity of the individualism of all and each, even of those who represent large classes of men. But perhaps the most surprising thing is the liking Bunyan entertains and makes us entertain for all of them. It is so with all creators. But it is less strange in mere artists, like Shakspeare and Scott, than in one whose art was subordinate to his earnestness. Whatever be the cause, the effect is certain. We may condemn, we must pity, but we do not, and cannot hate, one even of the vile and depraved characters introduced into this parable. We sigh behind Pliable ; we would box the ears of Obstinate, indeed, but we would box

him *onwards*; and we feel a sneaking kindness even for Worldly Wiseman, for Shame, for Adam the First, for Green-headed Ignorance, and his complaisant ferryman. Why? Because, first, their author unconsciously felt, and unconsciously wished us to feel, the same; because, secondly, all genius has covered, with a like catholic mantle, the basest and lowest of its handiworks, even as the sun dyes worlds and worms in the same radiance, and gilds the clouds of the sky, and the webs of the spider with the same gold; and because, thirdly, it must do so from its peculiar power, which is that of looking on a broad scale, and in a mild light, as if at the angle of all science, upon the affairs and productions of the universe.

There is but one character in the 'Pilgrim' for whom we profess a thorough detestation, and that because he not only refuses to be good, but ignores the possibility of all goodness, and the existence of God himself. This is *Old Atheist*. How well named! for there are no young Atheists. How hollow his laughter! And yet we have heard its echo again and again, from learned throats, too, in these miserable days of ours. But never did we enter into the perfect badness, the intricate abomination of the character, till we saw David Scott's picture of him. Just look at it a moment. There he stands in the way of the two simple-minded wanderers—tall—a very pyramid of scorn and pride, with fingers uplifted and snapping at the idea of a God and immortality; with long ears, as if listening, but *hearing nothing*; with eyes full of lust, deceitfulness, and malignity, as if the souls of two Voltaires had been shed into their sockets; and with words which you hear not, but seem to see entering into, and withering the very heartstrings of the pilgrims. It is a figure which might be divided among a multitude of modern sceptics. Poor dear David Scott! He knew not, when drawing this figure, what he did; for, alas! he lived in darkness, and he died a dupe to the shallowest system of Edinburgh philosophism, which yet impudently pretends to be a better *alias* of Christianity, nay, the only Christianity that ever existed!

The scenery of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is to us one of its dearest elements. We have often puzzled our brains to conceive, especially when in Bedfordshire, and looking at hills which you were tempted to kick out of your road, like busks in a pine-wood, how Bunyan, reared in a country so tame, and who, like poor Cowper, could never hope to see mountains till he saw them in heaven, has yet sketched an outline of scenery in the 'Pilgrim' so free, so varied, so bold, and so studded with lofty hills. Many green meadows, like Ease, he must have seen, and some evening landscapes from church towers, which



might have suggested Beulah, but where could he have studied for the deep solitary Valley of Humiliation, or the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or for the Delectable Mountains, where Mount Danger seems to tremble as it looks down its own tremendous precipices; where, from Mount Error, not momentary avalanches, but momentary *men*, are falling, to be crushed to atoms at the base; where, from Mount Caution are to be seen the blind wanderers among the tombs, remaining in the congregation of the dead; where, on Mount Marvel stands the man removing mountains by a word; where, on Mount Innocence appears he against whom Prudence and Ill-will are flinging their dirt in vain; and where, highest far, Mount Clear looks through crystalline air, right upward to the golden gates of the city. And then there is the Slough of Despond, and the shaggy Sinai, and the steep hill Difficulty, and the wild roaring torrent edging the grounds of Giant Despair and his frowning castle, and innumerable other outstanding points or pinnacles of scenic interest. Indeed, had the inspired tinker travelled in Scotland, had he visited the black gorge of Glencoe, had he gone up Glen Mirk alone as the shadows of evening were doubling its darkness, had he bathed after sunset in the dark waters of Loch Lea, had he stood on Loch-na-Gar and looked down through mist on the eternal snow lying in its clefts, or on the lonely lakes surrounding its base, or had he on the summit of Ben MacDhui, seen the awful array of giants which seem absolutely to press on each other, and make the spot the 'Meeting of the Mountains,' with one tarn, dark and deep as a murderer's eye, watching the precipices which rise to three thousand feet on three of its sides, he would not have better painted the wilder and grander scenes in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' As he did none of this, so much the stronger evidence has he given of the force and the rich resources of his own genius.

The first part of the 'Pilgrim' may be called the Iliad, and the second the Odyssey of Bunyan's genius. There are in the one more sublimity, boldness, and wealth; in the other more tenderness, sweetness, and beauty. The road in the first part is travelled by sunlight, chequered indeed with clouds, but producing bold masses of light and shadow; in the second, the sweet still light of a full moon rests on the whole landscape. The second has no such Dantesque pictures as the Man in the Cage—no such Homeric contest as that with Apollyon—no such romantic episode as that of Giant Despair—no such exquisite satiric sketch as that of Talkative—no such happily conceived series of adventures as those of Faithful—no one character so well sustained as Ignorance, and no one death scene like that

of Christian and Hopeful. The gloss, too, is in some measure off the subject, and the road has not quite the same freshness of glory.

But then, in the second part, there is the matchless female character of Mercy; there are the boys, dear little fellows diversifying the road with their fine prattle; there is one who peep into the gossip and scandal of the City of Destruction, where Mrs. Timorous, Lady Bats-Eyes, &c., play their parts; there is that jewel of a man Mr. Brisk; there is the Valley of Humiliation shown in a new and more congenial light, with a boy resting and singing on that lonely sward, where erst Apollyon had spread his dragon wings; there is the gradual gathering in of tributary pilgrims to swell the general current, which at last fords the black river; there are old Honest and Valiant-for-Truth—there is the storming of Doubting Castle, and there is the characteristic passage of each pilgrim through the waters, especially that of Much-afraid, who goes over singing, but no one could tell the words of her song, for it is the language of the spirit-world, already trembling on her lying tongue. It is wonderful how Bunyan has passed over the same road twice without in one instance repeating or imitating himself, but pouring out, at every turning, from his overflowing invention, new incidents, new characters, new meaning, and new life. In the 'Odyssey,' Homer has changed the scene, the hero, the mode of life, perhaps the age, and thus easily secured variety to his second work. Bunyan has dared, both his parts, the difficulties of the same scene of similar characters, and a similar moral, and has not dared them in the first.

In those works allegory came to its culmination, and has since declined. We have had no great work in this style since. The best allegories of later days have been the short ones of Addison, who has caught much of Bunyan's spirit, of his simplicity of style, and has added a quiet mellow-colouring all his own. Johnson's are in general too plain and laboured; his best thing of this sort, the 'Vultures,' is rather a fable than an allegory. The express imitations of Bunyan (with the exception of the history of 'Tender-Conscience,' which is very interesting, and has one splendid description, that of the Cave of Contemplation) are considerable.

Edgar has some forcible allegories in the 'Student;' Edgar left one or two striking, almost sublime, dreams of a description. And there are many others, we believe, scattered through our periodical literature. But we think that the time has nearly arrived for a new allegory adapted to the

age, and expressing the deep cravings, wild wanderings, peculiar temptations, and only possible resting-place of sincere religious thinkers at present. Such an allegory, if thoroughly well executed, would do more than many elaborate treatises to show us our present state of progress, would say things which formal statement could not say, would dart a broad light upon some of the dark and difficult places of our present road, would turn our perplexities, our uncertainties, and divine despairs into beauty, our groanings, that cannot be uttered, into music, and if it did not calm, might brighten the waves of our tempest-tost era. The hour is well nigh come for such a work, but where is the man?

We need scarcely say, that we heartily welcome the edition of Bunyan's Works announced at the head of this article. It is one of the best republications of the day, and the manner in which it is brought out reflects great credit both on its publisher and editor. It is 'got up' in handsome style, with numerous embellishments, and at a price which places it within the reach of most readers. The editorship, moreover, has been entrusted to a gentleman, whose profound attachment to Bunyan, and unwearied diligence in the collection of previous editions of his works, pre-eminently qualify him for the task. No doubt will be entertained on this point by any one acquainted with his edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

'An ardent admiration,' he tells us, 'of all Bunyan's works led me to collect the earliest editions, and I read with the highest gratification his sixty-two treatises. For more than half a century they have beguiled many leisure hours, and, at the request of valued friends, I have agreed to devote a few years of the decline of life to venture upon editing a new and complete collection of these important works. They will all be accurately reprinted from the author's own editions, in a handsome form, with suitable embellishments. No expense or labour has been, or will be spared, to raise, upon a solid foundation, a lasting monument to the fame of John Bunyan, and to render it worthy of his memory; at the same time, it will be easily accessible to the poor. Every treatise will be accompanied with an introduction and notes. All obsolete words, or ancient customs, will be carefully explained and illustrated.'

It is matter of surprise that such a work should have been reserved to our day. The great popularity of Bunyan would have led us to expect the early appearance of a uniform edition of his works: but their homely style, combined with the absurd prejudices entertained respecting him as an illiterate preacher, operated against their general acceptance, while the difficulties which arose on the score of copyright delayed their publication, until original editions became so rare as to escape the most diligent research. It is much to the honour of Mr. Offer that

he has rescued from oblivion four treatises which have never appeared in any former collection of the works of our great allegorist.

Soon after the death of Bunyan an attempt was made to collect and publish his complete works, by his friends Doe, Wilson, and Chandler; but the question of copyright prevented the completion of their design, and the first volume, therefore, containing twenty-two treatises, alone appeared in 1692. A second edition, in two volumes folio, comprising forty-seven treatises, was published in 1737; and a third, in 1767-8, containing forty-nine pieces, with a hearty recommendation by George Whitefield. Various other editions were issued from time to time, until, in 1784, Mr. Alexander Hope published a more complete collection than any of his predecessors.

Mr. Offer has prepared himself for his work with most exemplary diligence. His researches have been unwearied. Nothing has been neglected which could throw light on the history and opinions of Bunyan, or aid in restoring his text to its original purity. Labor which most would deem wearisome—the very drudgery of literature—has been submitted to, in order that his hero might appear in proper style before the public. His pains-taking has been well rewarded, and we thank him—honestly and warmly—for the service he has rendered. An introduction to each treatise is furnished, ‘giving an account of the time and circumstances under which it was originally published, with its design, and method of treating the subject.’ The table of contents is also furnished with a brief analysis of the works, and, at the close of the third volume, a general index will be supplied.

The edition is issued in parts, and is expected to consist of about twenty-two, price two shillings each. The first and second volumes are now before us; and the third, containing Bunyan's ‘Allegorical Works,’ is in the course of publication. On its appearance, we shall again call attention to this edition, and in the meantime, recommend it most cordially to our readers. It cannot fail to be the standard edition, and is every way worthy to be so. Should it be the means—as we hope it will—of attracting more general and studious regard to the writings of Bunyan, it will confer a benefit on our age and nation not easily surpassed.

ART. II.—*Africa Redeemed ; or, The Means of her Relief illustrated by the Growth and Prospects of Liberia.* London : J. Nisbet and Co. 1851.

2. *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, May, June, and October, 1849.

3. *Annual Report of American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.* New York. 1850.

4. *North Star*, May 22nd, 1850.

5. *Pennsylvania Freeman*, May 29th, 1850.

6. *New York Weekly Tribune*, May and June, 1850.

THE volume which we have placed first at the head of this article, is got up in a taking form. Its title, binding, letter-press and illustrations set off the matter to advantage ; and should the American Colonization Society, or its child Liberia, fail to enlist the sympathies of Britons, it will certainly not be for lack of a most alluring picture presented in the pages of 'Africa Redeemed.'

We feel somewhat at a loss to form a definite opinion of Liberia, from the fact that it owes its origin and advancement to the American Colonization Society, though it is now in an independent position. After a careful review of the history of the colony and of the society, we have arrived at the conclusion, that, as regards the continent of Africa, and especially the western coast, hitherto the head-quarters of the slave trade, the new republic is a hopeful, and, so far, a successful, experiment. So palpable have been the social as well as the commercial advantages held out by Liberia to the neighbouring populations, that no less than 240,000 natives, comprising entire tribes, with their sovereigns, have placed themselves under the government of this little republic, while the slave-hunting tribes are kept in awe. But as regards the voluntary immigration of men of colour from the United States, Liberia furnishes no adequate inducement. Of the citizens, 2000 only were free before they left the States ; the remainder being emancipated slaves, whose freedom, obtained in many cases by severe extra labour, was clogged with the condition of quitting the American soil. As we have the conviction that British philanthropists are being imposed on by highly-coloured statements, not only to aid Liberia, but indirectly to strengthen the American Colonization Society in its wicked persecution of American men of colour, we shall endeavour to give as explicit an account as possible of the rise and progress, the moving principle, the actual character, and present position of that society.

When the United States Republic was organized in 1788 the number of slaves was three quarters of a million. A suitable opportunity was then afforded for legislating with a view to the extinction of slavery; but it was allowed to pass in the expectation that the influence of the free states, and the manifest superiority of free labour, would bring about its gradual abolition. The spirit both of the 'Declaration of Independence,' and of the 'Constitution of the United States,' as well as contemporary history, indicate this distinctly enough.

Jefferson's famous proviso, 'that, after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said (additional) states, otherwise than in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty,' was adopted by a decided vote of Congress in 1787; and even Mr. Webster has repeatedly acknowledged that the original compromise applied only to the thirteen states, and that Congress was not justified in authorising its extension into those afterwards formed.\*

From the 'Constitution,' Art. I. § 9, it appears that 'the power of Congress was recognised to prohibit the migration and importation of slaves, not only into new states, but also into the original thirteen states after the year 1808; but the extraordinary and shameful compromise by which the Southern slave-holders were entitled to a representation for three-fifths of their slaves, has prevented to this day the fulfilment of the intentions of Washington and his noble compeers.

Not only were new states admitted on the basis of slavery and slave representation, but the inter-state slave trade, with every such addition, received an amazing impetus, and this at a very time when the planters denounced the African slave-trade, and heaped anathemas on Britain for her legacy of crimes.

Contemporaneously with the rapid increase of slaves, arose a new element of perplexity and alarm to the slave-holding community—we refer to the rising numbers and intelligence of free-coloured people. Their presence in the slave states prove a hindrance to the chattel system of forced labour; it has accordingly been the general policy of the slave-owners to annoy them in every possible way. The difficulty is not so great, if the constitutions of the various free states be dealt fairly with the coloured man; but unhappily for them (and we must add, yet more unhappily for the white slaves of those states), not even in Russia, or in Hindostan,

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\* Speeches of Daniel Webster, at Buffalo and Albany, May, 1851.



does such pride of caste, such petty intolerance, such insolent assumption prevail. He is a *marked* man—a fugitive, though free—persecuted as was Abel—he is yet branded as another Cain.

It was under such circumstances that the American Colonization Society was formed at Washington in the beginning of 1817, chiefly, as it would appear, through the influence of Elias Caldwell, and other real friends of the negro race. The free people of colour, and not the slaves, were the parties proposed for the patronage of this society. For many years the scheme was regarded as very philanthropic, so much so that both Wilberforce and Clarkson gave a hearty welcome to the pioneers sent out to Africa; and even as late as 1830, the Tappans and William Lloyd Garrison were its supporters.

An excellent settlement was secured at Cape Mesurado, a bold tongue of land, rising 250 feet above the level of the sea, which bounds it on the south-west; while on the north-east flows the Mesurado river, about midway between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas. The first settlement was called Monrovia, after President Monroe; and in the course of years a number of other flourishing settlements were formed along the coast and up the various rivers, as new lots of land were purchased, or voluntarily surrendered by the neighbouring tribes. By an Act of the United States' Congress, 3rd March 1819, a government agency was appointed for the purpose of receiving 'all negroes, mulattoes, and persons of colour,' rescued from slavers by commanders of United States armed vessels, which has proved of essential service on various occasions, especially in the case of the 756 negroes rescued from the slaver 'Pons.'

In the meanwhile, the 'tribes along the coast were anxious to be on friendly and commercial terms with neighbours at once so powerful and so peaceful (as the Liberian colonists). The Dey chiefs made grievous complaints, because the influence of the Colony began to injure the slave trade; for it soon became evident that, wherever its influence extended, a more healthy and peaceful trade sprang up in its stead.' In 1827, the citizens of Monrovia sent an address to the coloured people in America, explanatory of their condition and prospects, from which we extract the following:—

'We are proprietors of the soil we live on, and possess the rights of freeholders. Our suffrages, and, what is of more importance, our sentiments and our opinions, have their due weight in the government we live under. Our laws are our own, framed for our exclusive benefit, and administered either by officers of our own appointment, or such as possess our confidence. We have a judiciary chosen from among ourselves. We serve as jurors on the trial of others, and are liable to be tried ourselves

only by jurors of our fellow-citizens. We have all that is meant by liberty of conscience. Forming a community of our own, in the land of our forefathers, having the commerce, soil, and resources of the country at our disposal, we know nothing of that debasing inferiority with which our very colour stamped us in America.'

Defensive war they have been compelled to maintain on various occasions, when the very existence of the colony was imperilled, and, indeed, with such blood-thirsty kings as Gatumba, and such tribes as the Dahomans, who attack only to enslave or to destroy, we cannot see either the wisdom or the right of non-resistance.

A virtuous tone of feeling seems to have pervaded the community from the first. Captain Outerbridge of the 'Rover' remarks,—'I heard not a word of ill fame while I was at Monrovia, among the Americans; for it appeared to me they had left off that practice, as well as drinking. You will see them all going to church on Sunday, three times a day, and they appear very strict in their devotions. You cannot get a man to work on Sunday for love or money.' Mutual labour schools, lyceums, benevolent societies, educational and religious institutes, have sprung up and kept pace with the increasing population.

As the settlements planted by the different State Colonization Societies of America continued in some measure under their control, and often came into collision with each other, it was thought expedient to unite them by one constitution, under one efficient government, granting to the settlers a greater degree of power than they had hitherto exercised, and customing them to the responsible duties of sovereignty.'

The following are among the articles in the new constitution:—

Art. 1st. The legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Governor and Council of Liberia; but all laws enacted by them shall be subject to the revocation of the Colonization Society. Art. 20th. There shall be no slavery in the Commonwealth. Art. 21st. There shall be no buying or selling of slaves by any citizen of the Commonwealth, either within or without the bounds of the same. Art. 23rd. The right of trial by jury, the right of petition shall be inviolate. Art. 25th. Every male citizen of the age of 21 shall have the right of suffrage. Art. 26th. All elections shall be by ballot.'

This constitution was accepted by the colonists, though we are told, 'some demurred at the *veto* power of the governor.' Against the earliest acts of the new legislature, which held its session in September, 1839, was one providing for the support and maintenance of aged widows, destitute orphans, poor, and invalids, from the public treasury, provision being

made for their occupation in industrial pursuits, and for education. In each county of the Commonwealth asylums were to be formed on this principle.

The common school system of New England was also introduced. From the very commencement of the colony, every parent was required to educate his children, and if poverty prevented, aid was rendered from the public treasury; and the coloured pupils, natives as well as emigrants, seem to have proved apt scholars. Mr. Williams, a coloured missionary, who accompanied an embassy to King Boatswain, in 1834, writes as follows:—

‘ During the protracted residence of the commissioners at court, I employed my leisure time in teaching a school of fourteen persons, from the ages of seven to fifty years. Their proficiency was truly astonishing; and, in the space of six weeks, boys who had never seen a book, nor could speak a word of English, were in words of five syllables. Their attention was most regular, and their deportment correct. The eldest pupil was a Mandingo, who, when he found it difficult to retain the English sound, would write it in the Arabic characters, and by that means was enabled to pronounce it accurately.’—p. 132.

Mr. Wilson, teacher at the White Plains Settlement, bears similar testimony.

There are now in Liberia about thirty places of worship, and as many Sabbath and day-schools. The scholars exceed 2000 in number, and of these a considerable proportion are native Africans. The communicants in the various churches comprise some hundred native converts, either rescued from the slave-traders, or belonging to the contiguous tribes, in addition to a larger number from among the emigrants. Mission stations in connexion with the colony, have been established in the wilderness. As a sample, we extract the following from the pages of ‘Africa Redeemed:’—

‘ Shall we take a peep at Mr. Ivory Clarke, another excellent missionary of the Baptist denomination? King Joe Harris had long wanted a man to come and teach his people “book.” Joe offered to build a house for anybody who would come. At last, Mr. Clarke made a journey to his town, where he preached upon the creation. Joe and his people listened very attentively. After Mr. Clarke had finished, the king wanted to tell what he had always thought about it. “God made, first time,” said he, “white man, den white woman; den black man, den black woman. God den hold out his hands—book in one, rice and palm-oil in other—choose which, you both? White man choose book; black man choose rice and palm-oil. Book tell white man how get everything else; black man never get nothing but rice and palm-oil. I want you come teach book to me—my people—then we get more.”’—p. 173.

When Mr. Clarke explained the treasures which the book

unfolded, the poor creatures seemed touched by the life and death of Jesus. 'Preach more—more book,' they cried. Several missionaries were sent over to Liberia by the Presbyterian Board, to 'preach more—more book.'

Again, p. 206 :—

'Preaching being again re-established among the tribes, a renewed desire was manifested, on the part of the natives, to receive Christian instruction. Great numbers of native children were sent to Liberia to attend school, even from places as remote as Bo Poro. "I sen' you my piccanninie. I want you for keep him, larn him white man fash; s'pose him no larn, flog him." Mr. Elijah Johnson, in extending his missionary tours, found the people everywhere begging, "When you go, bring that God palavar to my town." In some cases, the head men did not reciprocate the wishes of the people, lest God's palavar might entirely destroy the influence of the Devil's Bush, which they considered necessary in order to keep their wives in proper subjection. The women, with the quick perception of their sex, beheld all the advantages which God's palavar had in store for them, and only pled for it more earnestly.'

It was the earnest effort of the Liberian government to break up the traffic in slaves, both by negotiation with the various tribes, and by aiding to suppress the hideous barracoons along the coast. On more than one occasion the colony was placed in imminent peril, while her small military force was in conflict with unprincipled white slave-traders and the native chiefs. The principal articles of peace at the close of such conflicts, were always that the chiefs would never deal in slaves again, or enter in any way into the slave-trade. Such was the case with Bah Gsay, a notorious slave-dealer and famous warrior, who gave up at once the slaves in his possession, and ultimately incorporated himself and his people with the Liberian commonwealth.

'The feeling began extensively to prevail (among the tribes) that in Liberia, and in Liberia alone, were they secure from the liability of being seized and sold into slavery.'

One grand source of all these wars was to be found in two great slave-marts, the Lesters and Gallinas, the one seventy miles south-east, and the other as far north-west of Monrovia. Theodore Canot and Don Pedro Blanco were at the head of these establishments, and supplied to the native kings in league with them abundant arms and ammunition.

'Their factories and barracoons (eight in number) were extensive and strongly defended; slaves were bought with goods amounting to about 20 dollars, and sold at Cyba for 350. To give some idea of the immense profit arising from this traffic, a slaver took a cargo of 900 slaves at Gallinas, landed 800 at Cuba, and cleared 200,000 dollars, free of all

expenses.' . . . 'The vicinity of the slave-marts was highly injurious to the interests of the colony; "and no truth is more certain," said Governor Buchanan, in one of his despatches, "than that, sooner or later, we must fight the slavers, or surrender the high principles upon which we have planted ourselves." In 1840, Captain Denman, of the British navy, stormed and completely destroyed these strongholds of the slave-trade. "Previous to the settlement of Liberia, the mouths of the rivers Mesurado, St. Paul, and St. John, were the greatest marts for slaves on the windward coast. Thousands came annually down those streams for transportation. Now, those rivers are used by the husbandmen to bring their produce to Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Edina, and the negro paddles his light canoe in safety, protected by the stout arm, the free strong heart, of this Christian colony.'—'Africa Redeemed,' pp. 198, 199.

In Commodore Perry's despatches to the Secretary of the United States Navy, he says—'As far as the influence of the colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave-trade; and their endeavours in this respect have been eminently successful. And it is by planting these settlements (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verde to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented.'

It thus appears, that in two most important particulars, Liberia is likely to prove a blessing to Africa—as a nucleus of Christian civilization for the western coast, and as an important, and we may say essential, element in putting down the slave-trade. We must mention another way in which this colony may be made greatly conducive, commercially, to the benefit of Africa, and politically to the ultimate emancipation of her kidnapped sons. We refer to the cultivation of cotton, sugar, and coffee, at present the staple produce of the slave states of the North American Union, of Cuba, and of Brazil. This brings us at once to the point which we have had before us all along—the point of Liberia's divergence from the real aims of the American Colonization Society. It may appear to some that we have been all this while virtually endorsing the claims of that society upon the patronage of the friends of Africa and of the slave. Not at all: we have, as we conceive, made out a strong case in favour of the capacities of the coloured race for education, industrial pursuits, citizenship, self-government, moral and religious advancement, in a manner and to a degree which should put their defamers to the blush. We say, once for all, that the idle vagabond negroes in some of the American cities are in great measure involuntary outcasts, degraded and debased by a jaundiced public opinion, trammelled and bound down by laws and usages which cannot but hinder their social and moral elevation. They are by no means a fair specimen of the coloured race. We venture, from the prosperity of the com-

monwealth of Liberia, to derive a conclusion favourable to the abolition of caste in the United States. If 2000 coloured freemen, and 5000 emancipated slaves, with so few advantages, amidst so many difficulties, have done so well, what is to prevent the half-million coloured freemen and the three millions of slaves on their own American soil, to develop the same capacities, equal justice being done to them? The Colonization Society has, from the commencement, contrived to conciliate the slaveholders of the Southern States, and has had, we believe, slaveholders always in its constituency. Its president for many years past has been Henry Clay, of Kentucky; and the avowed sentiments of many leading supporters of the society put it beyond doubt that the main object of the scheme is, to render the solution of the slave question, if possible, more easy. Mr. Clay would argue that the presence of freemen of colour, especially in the Slave States, is a positive hindrance to the emancipation, which he may think desirable some fifty years to come; but other slaveholders, yet more *interested* than he in the perpetuation of the system, would zealously push on the scheme of expatriation, under the guise of voluntary emigration, throwing dust into the eyes of abolitionists, and propping up all the while, and all the more, their selfish, grasping, and inhuman 'domestic institution' of slavery. Considering the religious profession they make, their guilt appears to us more flagrant, and their hypocrisy more impudent, even than that of Pedro Blanco at Gallinas, who argued, in favour of *his business*, 'that the condition of the natives is greatly improved by a removal to Christian countries, and that he was effecting more good than all the missionaries in Africa, inasmuch as they convert comparatively few to Christianity, while he sends thousands yearly where the sound of the gospel could reach them, and the influence of Christian institutions could mould their characters and affect their hearts.' But these would-be philanthropists affect to despair of such obtuse understandings and such debased hearts as attach to coloured people ever becoming moulded like the white man's. The influence of the numerous Christian institutions in the United States having been, of course, fully brought to bear upon them (!) has proved powerless; but transported beyond the seas, observe what they will become! Passing strange it is that such sophists feel not the strong rebound of their argument upon themselves. If American Christianity is not only so powerless for good, but, if we are to believe them, so powerful for harm, could a stronger argument be advanced for immediately removing this generation of slaves *en masse* from their surveillance, lest, haply, a new race of planters should arise of another mind?



We look for a peaceable solution of the slave question in the United States, as a means to which it must be Britain's part to promote, in every possible way, the cultivation of free labour produce, and this especially along the African coast, where emigrants have not to be brought from a distance, acclimated, and overworked, as in the West Indies, but where millions of native Africans can be obtained as labourers at low wages. It has been found that 'for every 300 men made available by the slave trade to the Cuban and Brazilian planters, Africa loses 1000; or the proportion may be stated as three to ten;' and in seven years these three are also gone.

Three slaves in Cuba labouring (at the maximum)	18 hours per day	=	54 hours
Ten freemen in Africa	" " 5½ " "	=	55 "

Now as there are 160,000,000 in Africa to 8,000,000 of slaves throughout the Western World, and as the slave-trade is likely to receive a decisive check by such colonies as Liberia, were Britain once to set on foot an extensive system of plantations along the west coast of that continent, avowedly with the view of discontinuing the use of slave-labour produce, slavery itself would become too unprofitable to be maintained any longer. In an appendix to 'Africa Redeemed' are copious extracts from some lectures by Professor Christy, of Ohio, containing much valuable information on this subject, though mixed up with some of the expediency notions of the London 'Economist.' One of his propositions is—'That Africa is the principal field where free labour can be made to compete successfully with slave labour in the production of exportable tropical commodities.' It appears that 'the colonists of ability can secure from the natives all the labour necessary, at very low wages. This is now so well understood as to discourage those emigrants from the United States who desire to go as day-labourers.\* . . . . If the products of free labour can be increased, they will displace an equal amount of the products of slave labour. This will diminish the demand for slaves, and, consequently, lessen the extent of the slave-trade. But the hands now employed in free labour cannot, to any great degree, increase their products, even at the present cost; and things must remain as they now are until additional free labour is elsewhere employed. These additional labourers, willing to work for low wages, can only be found in sufficient numbers among the teeming population of Africa,' (p. 277.) It is easy to see that

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\* Mark, however, the bearing of this on American colonization. No emigrants dependent on labour are wanted, and yet the great proportion of emigrants are likely to be of this class; and if none but native labour is employed, will not the inevitable tendency be to create caste?

Professor Christy's remarks are all based on the assumption, that the day is far distant when slavery will be abolished in the United States. 'Interrupt,' he says, 'the kidnapping of slaves from Africa, and no new field can be found to supply the market.' This might seem true, were there not in the United States themselves a slave-trade, truly described by Mr. Macaulay, (Speech on the Sugar Question, Feb. 26, 1845,) as 'more odious and more demoralizing than that which is carried on between the coast of Africa and Brazil.' And yet this professor has the hardihood to maintain that these slaveholders are no more guilty than those who consume the produce of slave labour. Britain is unhappily at present dependent on slave labour for many important articles of consumption; and the sooner we are rid of this odium and indirect stimulus to slavery, the better; but we may well retort on such accusers—'Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.'

We say, then, to colonizationists, and to all avowed friends of the negro race in America—When you have destroyed your own slave-trade and your own slavery, then it will be time for you to denounce the conduct of others. Let American philanthropists seek to increase the products of free labour on *American* soil, so as to compete with and displace the products of slave labour. Let them prove to the slaveholder that free labour is really the cheapest in the end—that free men of colour would do better work than slaves in half the time. The *gradual* emancipation advocated by colonizationists would only increase the number of the unemployed, so long as the planters obstinately cling to their accursed system; for they discourage in every way they can the manumitted negroes. No such difficulty would be felt in the United States, as that which seemed to necessitate the introduction of immigrants to cultivate the West Indian plantations. The freed negroes would have a stimulus to labour arising from competition, not only with their own race, but with the multitudes of Europeans constantly pouring into the States; and if Mr. Webster would propose the appropriation of the money derived from the sale of new land—not to transport free blacks to Africa, but to develop a better system of agriculture in the southern states by the employment of free labour, he would have some title to be regarded as a benefactor of his country.\* How long are the real interests of the United States to be controlled by a clique of 150,000 slaveholders,

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\* Cotton raised by free labour in Tennessee has been manufactured at Manchester for three years past into fabrics of good quality.

drowning, by means of their shameful slave-representation, the voice of justice, and that of the community at large ?

Our remaining space must be devoted to an investigation into the real character of the Colonization Society. It may be well to state, in the outset, that the constitution has been three times changed, as it would appear, from motives of expediency, to enlist as much public sympathy as possible in its favour. It is a significant fact, that its principal office-bearers and supporters are still, as they have ever been, southerners and slaveholders. The object of the society, formally proposed, was the removal to 'another country of those among the coloured population, who were already free, or were expected to become free.' It has constantly maintained that emancipation and colonization must go hand in hand ; and it boasts that 'it has constantly disclaimed all intention whatever of interfering, in the smallest degree, with the rights of property, or the object of emancipation, gradual or remote.' The language of its first report is its language still : 'All emancipation, to however small an extent, which permits the persons emancipated to remain in this country, is an evil.' The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, at the last annual meeting of the society, 'vowed that he would never be instrumental in procuring the emancipation of slaves again, unless the manumission was connected with their transmission to the land of their fathers.' By disclaiming all intention of interfering with 'the rights of property,' they give their virtual sanction to the inter-state slave-trade, with all its frightful atrocities—the buying and selling of negroes as chattels—the violent disruption of the dearest ties of relationship—the denial of 'all access to the fountains of knowledge and the light of life.' 'It is most painful,' says the 'Anti-slavery Reporter' (May, 1849), 'to read the terms applied to the coloured population, both free and bond, by the leading members of the society. As specimens we give the following:—they are "*the most degraded and most abandoned race upon the earth*"—"an anomalous race of beings, the most debased upon the earth, who hang as a vile excrescence upon society"—"nuisances"—"*ALIENS, political, moral, social aliens.*"' Yet it is proposed to transport these wretched beings, who, according to the estimate formed of them by the society, '*have been scarce reached in their debasement by the heavenly light*'—to civilize and christianize the African continent. The ground continually taken by the Society is the *necessity* of removing all the people of colour from the United States, because, according to them, it is impossible either to amalgamate them with the whites, or *raise* them to a civil and social equality. Mr. Lewis Tappan, the indefatigable Secretary of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has furnished

most conclusive proofs that the spirit, objects, and aims of the Colonization Society are antagonistic to the real interests of the coloured race; and we need, therefore, do little more than refer to an article of his in the New York 'Congregationalist,' copied into the 'Anti-Slavery Reporter,' October, 1849, in which he fully establishes against the society the following grave charges:—

'1. The Colonization Society traduces the free blacks, sanctions and strengthens the existing prejudice against them, discourages and opposes their elevation in this country, and countenances oppression to induce emigration.

'2. The Colonization Society, in its publications, apologises for slavery, justifies the sin of slaveholding, and "cries peace" to all who perpetrate it.

'3. It tends to fortify the system of slavery, by making it easier, safer, more reputable, and more profitable, for masters to hold slaves; and it urges this tendency as a claim upon the patronage of slaveholders.

'4. It condemns immediate emancipation, and emancipation in any way which permits the emancipated to remain in this country.

'5. It denounces and vilifies all who advocate immediate emancipation.

'6. It opposes the instruction of slaves.

'7. It lowers the tone of public sentiment upon the subject of slavery, weakens the abhorrence of its abominations, and blunts public sympathy.

'8. It contemplates the forcible removal of the people of colour, and violates its own constitution. Even the president of the society (Hon. Henry Clay) recommends forcible expatriation as the condition of emancipation, the expense of which is to "be defrayed by a fund to be raised from the labour of each freed slave."'

So much for Mr. Tappan's charges against the American Colonization Society and its auxiliaries—clearly showing them to be utterly unworthy of support from enlightened, philanthropic men.

The wishes of the coloured people themselves are never consulted by the society, while their feelings are outraged by shameful insinuations and the grossest libels. From the beginning they seem to have suspected the intentions of their would-be friends, and have repeatedly protested against the society, as inimical to the best interests of the coloured race. At a great meeting of the coloured citizens, held in New York, 23rd April, 1849, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

'Resolved, That the testimony of our generation of the people of colour is entirely, uniformly, and absolutely against the scheme of African colonization, and that their solemn testimony, peculiar to the history of this people, should be abundant evidence to all men that we will not remove to Africa, except by the exercise of force.

‘Resolved, That, as natives of the soil, we feel an affinity, an attachment thereto, which neither injury, oppression, nor insult, in the form of the American Colonization Society, or any other similar wicked scheme, can destroy; and it is our solemn determination, while life lasts, to be neither seduced nor driven from our homes.’

It would be strange if the Colonization Scheme was not opposed by the free people of colour, when it has strengthened the prejudices against them, and has induced various state legislatures to pass most oppressive laws against their race.

In the ‘New York Tribune’ of April 24, 1850, an advocate of the society is candid enough to say—‘The great object is to get rid of the free coloured population, which is increasing rapidly in numbers, and is viewed with fear in the slave states, and antipathy throughout the whole Union. Many of the states have prohibited the admission of free negroes or mulattoes, and have authorized even the selling of the intruders into slavery.’ Some of the slave states threaten to remove their free coloured people by force, with the aid of the Colonization Society. The house of representatives of Georgia passed in 1849, by the strong vote of ninety-three to twenty-nine, a bill to repeal the law laying restrictions on the introduction of slaves into that state, while in the same house a resolution has been introduced, to remove all free negroes now in that state to the colony of Liberia. The resolution was referred to a select committee. In Virginia, the sum of 30,000 dollars is appropriated annually for five years, for the Liberian project, by act of legislature; and another act has been passed ‘to induce the free negroes of this commonwealth (Virginia) to emigrate therefrom,’ by which an annual tax of one dollar each is levied upon every free negro between the age of 21 and 55, to raise a fund to be added to the above appropriation. There are 30,000 free men of colour in that state. The ‘African Repository’—official organ of the Colonization Society—remarks on this, ‘It will be a matter of general joy among our various readers, that the above act has been passed by a decided majority in the Virginian legislature, and is now in full force. It is a grand moral demonstration of the immense importance of the work of colonization!’

Well may British philanthropists unite with the coloured people of the States in utterly repudiating the principles of the Colonization Society. The emphatic protest of Wilberforce, Lushington, Buxton, Macaulay, Gurney, Allen, and their associates, in 1833, against the Colonization Society, has greater force now than ever. They affirm it to be their ‘deliberate judgment and conviction, that the professions made by the Colonization

Society, of promoting the abolition of slavery, are altogether delusive.'

'Our objections to it,' they remark, 'are briefly these:—While we believe its pretexts to be delusive, we are convinced that its *real* effects are of the most dangerous nature. It takes its root from a cruel prejudice and alienation in the whites of America against the coloured people, slave or free. This being its source, the effects are what might be expected; that it fosters and increases the spirit of caste, already so unhappily predominant; that it widens the breach between the two races—exposes the coloured people to great practical persecution, in order to *force* them to emigrate; and, finally, is calculated to swallow up and divert that feeling which America, a Christian and free country cannot but entertain, that slavery is alike incompatible with the law of God and with the well-being of man, whether the enslaver or the enslaved.'

Kentucky, in great measure through the influence of the president of the Society, has followed the example of Virginia in proscribing the free people of colour. The same course has been pursued by the legislatures of Maryland, and even of the free states of Indiana and Illinois. One example will suffice. By the new constitution of Indiana, negroes and mulattoes are excluded from hereafter settling in that state. It has further decided, that all contracts with such persons shall be void; that any one employing them, or encouraging them to remain in the State, shall be liable to a fine of not less than 200, or more than 500 dollars; and that such fines shall be applied towards the gradual colonization of the negroes now in the State. Who does not see, after this, the real drift of the colonization scheme? It is to us from first to last a compromise project, and that, too, of the worst kind. The Society was founded in the Capitol at Washington;\* it was connected indirectly with the United States' agency on the coast of Africa; by the protean shapes it has assumed, at successive times and in different states, it has succeeded in obtaining, during the thirty-four years of its existence, no less a sum than a million and a quarter dollars, of which 913,636 dollars have been thus expended:—'the National Society, in removing 6116 emigrants, at a cost of 149 dollars, 38 cents a-head.' The income for 1850-51 is stated at 64,000 dollars; and yet, notwithstanding the scheme has so palpably failed, and the cost of immigration is so great, its supporters are now urging Congress to establish a regular line of steamers to Liberia, at government expense; and Mr. Webster, in his time-serving policy, has proved so completely

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\* By the second article of its constitution, 'The Society shall act to effect its object in co-operation with the general Government, and such of the States as may adopt regulations on the subject.'



recreant to his former principles, that, in his speech in Congress, March 5th, 1850, he said:—‘If any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme of colonization, to be carried on by this government on a large scale, for the transportation of the free coloured people to any colony or to any place in the world, I shall be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. . . . There has been received into the treasury of the United States 80,000,000 dollars, the proceeds of the public lands, ceded by Virginia, which have been already sold; and if the residue shall be sold at the same rate, the whole will amount to more than 200,000,000 dollars. Now, if Virginia and the South see fit to make any proposition to relieve themselves from the burden of their free coloured population, they have my free consent that this government should pay them out of these proceeds any sum of money adequate to that end.’ This speech seems to have struck the key-note to the State colonizationists, who have not been slow in urging such a policy on their respective legislatures. But the baseness of the proposal, no words that we could use are adequate to characterize. To enlist southern support to his candidature for the presidency, he not only gives his *imprimatur* to the infamous Fugitive Slave Bills, but actually offers a bonus to the slaveholders; for he must know as well as they do, that no measure could tend more effectually to perpetuate slavery. The influence of the free coloured people has already tended materially to elevate the mental and moral status of the slaves in many of the States—to elevate them in their own estimation, and in that of their masters, from the condition of *chattels* into that of *men*. But this state of things is, it seems, perilous to the satisfactory working of the slave system, and must therefore be by all means put an end to; and Mr. Webster gratuitously comes forward as their most potent ally. We shall expect, before long, to hear the formal proposal, that government forcibly expatriate all the free people of colour, supported by the casuistry of Mr. Webster, and of Henry Clay. We can fancy them pleading for the necessity of the measure, as the only means to perpetuate the union. But we trust they will plead in vain; and unless the great body of Americans are bankrupt in moral principle, we cannot believe that Daniel Webster, whatever other claims he may possess to public esteem, will ever be president of the United States.

From such speeches as Mr. Webster’s, from such legislative action as we have referred to, in various states, from the articles in various influential newspapers, especially the ‘African Repository,’ the ‘Union,’ the ‘Colonization Journal,’ the ‘Journal of Commerce,’ the ‘New York Herald,’ the ‘Christian

Observer,' the 'Philadelphia Bulletin and Herald,' it would seem that there is a wide and deep-laid conspiracy to expatriate the free people of colour. As a sample of the spirit of the press, we extract the following from the correspondence of the 'Philadelphia Bulletin.' After denouncing the coloured people as the vilest and most miserable dregs of society, as degraded by every vice, and incapable of any elevation in America, the writer continues:—

'The only method then of removing this social pest from our midst, is *by forcing them to emigrate.*' After referring to the law of Virginia, appropriating 80,000 dollars to colonize the free people of colour, he asks—'Now, cannot Pennsylvania follow in the same beaten track? At the least calculation, the free negroes, within the borders of this state, number 70,000 souls. A tax of one dollar per head would bring in a revenue of 70,000 dollars, available for colonization. This sum applied to such a purpose would not only check the increase of this unhappy people, but it would gradually work into the principal, and consequently diminish the increase and the increasing power. If a tax of one dollar should not be deemed sufficient, let two dollars be the amount, or three dollars; only for Heaven's sake, and the sake of these unhappy wretches, who are unable and unwilling to help themselves—*let us have some efficient plan of diminishing their numbers among us.* As for the mulattoes, degraded white men will finish the work for such as are unwilling to go to Mexico, and their identity will soon be lost. But the negro *must be forced* to leave us, or some day we will experience the reality of troubles of which, as a nation, he has lately given us a foretaste.'

This infamous proposal the 'Bulletin deliberately adopts and defends, declaring—'Without hesitation we endorse our correspondent's opinion, that, if the people of the United States should so will, government would be justifiable in colonizing the negroes, if necessary, *by force.*'

This is colonization in its true colours. And after such an exposure, we do most earnestly hope that neither Mr. Elliot Cresson, nor any of his colleagues, will meet with success in deluding the people of this country in support of so inhuman a scheme. The colonizationists, in common with their half-brothers of avowed pro-slavery principles, have had singular and alarming success in making evil appear as good, and good evil; and none more so than the recent converts. Dr. Samuel Cox, of Brooklyn, not many years ago, spoke of the hoax of civilization, but now lauds it to the skies. In 1836, he wrote in sanguine terms to a friend in England, of the organization of a grand philanthropic union for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade throughout the world; but in 1851, by his own account, when an Anti-Slavery Evangelical Alliance is proposed to be held in the United States, he writes back to England that 'Americans would not tolerate such an Evangelical Alliance as would exclude slaveholders, and that if they did, it would do no

good.' In his speech at the last annual meeting of the Colonization Society, at Tripler Hall, New York, he endeavoured to prove from the New Testament that slavery is *no sin*, and charged those who had caused the schism in the American churches 'by the rabid slavery agitation,' as being 'guilty of a like sin to that of Jeroboam, who created a division in the twelve tribes of Israel.' At the same meeting, Dr. Tyng declared of the Fugitive Slave Bill that '*he regarded it as indispensable to the existence of slavery.*' And the 'Colonization Journal' has all along given its covert advocacy to the bill. If such are the avowed sentiments of Christian ministers, we cannot be surprised at the deplorable exhibitions of unholy feeling in the very bosom of the church towards the down-trodden children of Ham. Were we in membership with such churches, we must in conscience secede, and thus enter our practical protest against the false teachings to which they virtually subscribe.

One of the most recent champions of civilization is Dr. Drake, of Ohio, who, in his letters to the 'National Intelligencer,' openly advocates the expulsion of the free-coloured people of the United States to Africa, and urges the right and duty of government to interfere for the purpose, offering to the coloured people the alternatives of banishment or slavery. What coming events are thus casting their dark and baleful shadows before? What new developments of inhumanity, of false philanthropy, of perjured Christianity, await us? Verily, these republicans make us tremble for the rights of men, which they are the foremost to trample beneath their feet. 'They know not what spirit they are of.' May the God of all nations withhold their hands from inflicting yet deeper and enduring wrongs on their unoffending countrymen, lest measures more shameful than the Fugitive Slave Bill be enacted, and lest, under the guise of philanthropy, more dreadful exhibitions of human wickedness and human sufferings pass before us than have been witnessed in this age of civilization, or even in barbaric times. The light in which the colonization scheme is regarded by the abolitionists will appear, not only from the paragraphs we have already quoted from the lucid statement of the secretary of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, but also from the following preamble, and resolutions adopted by the American Anti-Slavery Society, at their last annual meeting:—

'*Whereas*, It is manifest, from the recent proposals, inquiries and debates in the Congress of the United States—from the laws, resolutions, and appropriations of various State legislatures—from the proceedings of the last anniversary meeting of the American Colonization Society, as well as from many other circumstances and indications, that a new, gigan-



tic, and national effort is about to be made, to effect the expulsion from these shores of the free coloured population to the foreign and pestilential coast of Africa. *And whereas*, This nefarious and cruel scheme of wholesale expatriation is based upon the hypocritical, inconsistent, and infidel plans that, '*Christianity cannot do for them* (the free coloured people) *have what it will do for them in Africa*,' and that the injuries inflicted on Africa, are to be repaired, '*by sending back to their original country a race of men endowed with all the attributes of civilization, Christianity, and the arts*.'

'*Resolved*, That of all the dwellers upon the continent of America not being aborigines, the coloured people have the clearest and most sacred title to a secure and unmolested habitation.

'That any proposition not emanating from the coloured people of these States, themselves, to colonize Africa through their expatriation, is an *insult*, a *wrong*, and an *outrage*, and ought to be resented as such by all just and generous persons.

'That the American Anti-Slavery Society, called into existence to vindicate the rights of the coloured race upon this continent, and to extirpate the foul and infernal system of slavery, would again record its deliberate condemnation of the American Colonization Society, every development of whose spirit and design proves it to be the friend and ally of slavery, and the instrument of a proud, insolent, and fiendish prejudice, the legitimate offspring of that system which has made American—human—beasts of three millions of God's children, created for glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.'

It only remains for us to mention two or three facts in connexion with Liberia, which cause us to entertain doubts as to its claims on philanthropic support, independent of its connexion with the American Colonization Society. Captain Forbes, in his recent work on 'Dahomey and the Dahomans,' Vol. I. p. 148, reports that, 'in Liberia, there is as much if not more domestic slavery—that is, the buying and selling of God's image—as in the parent States of America;' and 'that the model republic is, in reality, a new name and form of slavery in enslaved Africa.' This statement has been indignantly denied by the Committee of the Colonization Society, but reiterated by Captain Forbes, who owns, however, that it was against the law. Knowing what we do of the history of the republic, we should have considered Mr. Forbes' statement as much exaggerated, if it were not strongly corroborated in other quarters. Dr. Bacon, who was formerly acting physician at the colony, though his name does not appear in 'Africa Redeemed,' stated as long ago as May 4th, 1849, in the 'Ram's Horn' of New York, that 'Joseph J. Roberts, the president of the colony, . . . and John N. Lewis, the secretary of the colony, were, in 1837, the agents, employers, and factors of Pedro Blanco, the greatest slave-trader on the coast. . . The colony in 1836-37-38 and 39, was one of the greatest auxiliaries of the

slave trade, and the slave-traders, in return, were the chief support and defence of the colony. Without their aid, the colony would have nearly perished in 1838. . . The pastor of the Baptist church at that time, the Rev. Colin Teage, was employed at the same time with John N. Lewis, to store cargoes for Pedro Blanco. His store-house was also a depôt for the slave-traders, and he received plenty of money from Blanco without hesitation. . . The Liberian colonists themselves freely bought and owned slaves at that time.' Nothing can be more contradictory than such testimony and the statements of the anonymous writer of 'Africa Redeemed.' One or the other must be grossly deceiving the public. We feel in duty bound to state the case on both sides, and shall be most happy to find that the colony has been libelled.

It is now five years since Liberia's independence was acknowledged by the governments of France and England; but as yet, we believe the United States' Government has not followed this example. This fact requires a satisfactory explanation, as it appears suspicious, when taken in connexion with the proposal for a government line of steamers, and a government system of expatriation of men of colour to the colony.

As an experiment, we are willing that the clause in the original constitution of Liberia by which *no white man* is allowed to become landholder in the colony may be fairly tried; and yet there appears to us much injustice and unnecessary exclusiveness in such a law. It is as if the Americans would stereotype their own ideas of the inferiority of the coloured race, by shutting them up in a settlement of their own, where none of the influences of modern civilization shall be allowed to operate; while, according to their own statements, the immigrants have turned out so incorrigibly bad in America, that they cannot be suffered to remain. Besides, we must confess a decided repugnance against exclusiveness even under the least objectionable form. Let the citizens of new colonies be allowed to legislate for themselves, and to mould their laws and institutions in accordance with their own convictions of propriety and right, with the experience of history to guide them. We cannot see any real advantage likely to accrue from such exclusiveness in either Church or State, from the constitutional prohibition in Otago of all religions but Free Churchism, and in Canterbury\* of all but Church of Englandism, and in Liberia of all colours but ebony.

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\* New Zealand.

ART. III.—*Lectures on the History of France.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., LL.D., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. In two volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

Of all the European nations, it would probably be difficult to select one whose history is more instructive than that of France. He who goes to the study of history merely to read what man has done in his little day,—what works of glory or of shame, of utility or of ruin, and with the same desire for pleasurable mental excitation which is obtained from the perusal of an ably-written romance, will not receive from the history of the French nation those great and salutary lessons it so pointedly teaches. But he who regards history as time's follower, registering the great results of human being and action, and as the biographer, not of man in his isolation, but of man in society, will find prominently, and often, in the pages of French history those great truths which it is the province of history alone to teach. How much may be learned from the perusal of the life of a single man who has risen from obscurity to the highest posts of fame! What instructive teaching do we receive from the record of his virtues and his activities, his exaltation and his power! But how great and valuable are the truths which the thoughtful and discriminative may gather from the study of a nation's biography—the careful record of its outward and its inner life—its growth from nomadism and barbarity, through all the various stages of its progress, to the building of cities and the formation of a national code—the arising of sciences, and the nurture of the arts—the expansion of the religious principle, the outburst of popular passions, and the selfish and cruel rule of the *noblesse*—the good or evil influence which a nation exerts upon other realms and upon the world—the happiness it enjoys, or the evils under which it groans! It would not be easy to select any nation in whose story all these advancements and varieties are more clearly discernible than in that of France. No history more forcibly teaches us how man, even in the degradation of a barbarous existence, struggles after a higher life; how laws and institutions are a gradual and yet beautiful growth, the expression of the sternest necessities of being; and how a human society, moulded partly by external circumstances and partly by a desire after elevation, shapes itself into a great, powerful, and refined nation. It is well to



learn thus, how a rude tribe, emerging from the marshes and the woods of an uncultivated continent—a primary condition of the wildest barbarity—at length, by the laws of a sublime development, grew into an organized nationality, with distinctive institutions, habits, and laws.

We cannot pretend to state all the reasons why the history of France deserves from the student more attention than that of almost any other nation. A few of these reasons, however, must be patent even to the merest sciolist in European affairs. Among all the states of modern Europe none possessed such power, and none was so truly great as France under the old *régime*, if greatness is to be estimated by the force and extent of the national influence. Strong in her government, although that government had altogether ignored the existence of democratic institutions; and with a people devoted to their fatherland, loving its very soil, its broad rivers, its luxuriant valleys and fertile farms, its chateaux and homesteads, and skilled in all the arts which enrich and exalt a nation, and which give gentleness and dignity to human life, France for ages led the civilized world. Inferior to England in the industry and practicalness of her people, in governmental skill—that rare attainment in the life of nations—and in her love of religious freedom; later in development than the Italian states, and far behind them in the production of the humanizing arts of poetry and song; unequal to the German in his fond love of fatherland, in his demand for spiritual emancipation, and in his profound and scrutinizing philosophy, France has, notwithstanding, during several centuries of her history, exerted upon mankind a greater influence than any other nation. When she has desired war, Europe has been in arms; when she has demanded peace, monarchs have been acquiescent in her wish. Her language for ages has been almost vernacular throughout the civilized world. Her industrial arts have borne the palm, and her manufactures have been imitated, and but rarely equalled, by people foreign to her soil. If her theology has been unimportant, her philosophy at least has had not a few adherents. Her institutions and her policy have had great influence on European society; and her banners—regal, republican, and imperial—have triumphantly floated in the greater number of continental capitals.

The history of this great people has three chief eras, in each of which, under those laws which regulate national development, we observe a gradual elevation, a gradual tendency towards an ever-increasing civilization; and which confirm that axiom, patent on the page of every history, 'that the healthful growth of good government must be a spontaneous develop-

ment from within, and not a compulsory envelopment from without.' The first era is comprised in the period which lies between the dissolution of the Roman despotism and the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles VIII. The second is terminated by the death of Louis XIV., after a long, and on the whole inglorious reign, notwithstanding its early military triumphs. The last era closes in the revolutionary catastrophe of 1789, and in the murder of the well-meaning, but vacillating and feeble, Louis XVI., when the French aristocracy reaped that bloody harvest which had been the growth of nearly a thousand years of national oppression and cruelty, and of popular wrong and degradation. It is much to be regretted that the student can obtain the works of so few French historians, who, skilled in the philosophy of history, have delineated with a master-hand the national origination, development, and maturity. The earlier French historians—Mezerai, the Abbé Velly, Villaret, and Garnier—reckless and sentimental, declamatory and prolix, are of little worth. The Jesuit, Daniel, in the earlier portion of his work especially, possesses considerable merit. M. Anquetil has given the world a valuable abridgment of the writings of the preceding historians; and M. de Sismondi alone seems worthy to be taken as a guide through a considerable portion of the French history. Mr. Hallam's 'History of the Middle Ages,' and M. Guizot's 'Lectures on the Progress of Civilization in France,' are well deserving the close attention of the student; and these masterly 'Lectures,' by Sir James Stephen, successor to the lamented Professor Smythe, in the University of Cambridge, although they take rather new ground, will be found to cast a flood of light on the external and internal histories of the French people, discussing, as they do, fully, and with consummate ability, as was to be expected from the author of 'Ecclesiastical Biography,' the monarchical, judicial, and economical institutions of the Great Nation.

The earlier French historians have erred, in assuming that the French nation was already defined and the monarchy consolidated under the dynasties of Clovis, Charlemagne, and Hugues Capet. The Frankish empire extended only over that country which lies between the Rhine and the Loire, although Justinian subsequently annexed to it Provence. The people of Bretagne and Aquitaine formed each a state separate from that empire; and indeed the history of France proper commences, in reality, only from the election of Hugues Capet to the sovereignty. When the Roman power began to decline—that vast government which collapsed and fell only, it may be assumed, because licentiousness and profligacy had debauched

all society in Rome, and had weakened, if not destroyed, not only that martial prowess, which of old had brought the world into submission to the seven-hilled city, but also that skill and aptness in government and in colonization, which were especially noteworthy qualities in the character of the Roman political chiefs—the sceptre, which had once been held by the vigorous hands of Octavius, Tiberius, and Trajan, had passed into the possession of degenerate successors. The warrior-spirit and the lust for extended sway dwelt no longer in the breast of the effeminate Cæsars; but, while the imperial purple was often merely the gift of a licentious and turbulent soldiery, the emperor dwelt in an elysium of luxury, and lost in an enervating repose, both martial ability and governmental skill. An unhealthy state of society in the metropolis of the empire speedily extended itself to the provinces; and Gaul, which had for ages been suffering from fiscal exactions and oppressions, inadequate to its own defence, was ravaged successively by Franks, Burgundians, Allemans, and Saxon pirates. The emperors Julian and Valentinian had more than once repulsed these barbarians, so that they effected no permanent settlement in Gaul; but the imperial power was too weak, and the empire was assailed from so many different points, that the Roman eagles, whose appearance alone was once almost sufficient to scatter the hordes of barbarian spoilers, were borne no longer by victorious cohorts, and the very legions themselves were swept away by the repeated inundations of the savage hosts of the north, whom the warmer air and the profuse wealth of the south attracted to conquest and to plunder. So soon as the empire gave way before these rude and oft-repeated shocks, and the sceptre of the Cæsars was torn from the hand of its imbecile possessor by the Ostrogoths, Gaul became the prey of barbarous tribes. Unequal to their own defence; with no distinct nationality; lacking a principle of union and of strength; with no national religion, that common superstitious sentiment which binds even the rudest tribes in strong union, for the gradual increase and gentle influence of Christianity had completely destroyed the ancient Druidism;—the Gallic people were overcome, and became merged among a host of invaders from beyond the Rhine. Indeed, so completely had the nationality of Gaul been merged in the all-engrossing Roman empire, that the Celtic language, once spoken by its people, was lost, except in Bretagne alone, and an indescribable patois had taken its place—a corruption of the Latinity spoken by the legions, or an admixture of that Latinity with several provincial dialects.

It may not be out of place here, if we hastily allude to the

**Influence of Christianity on the Romano-Gallic province.** That mighty solvent of the superstitions and habitudes of the old world had silently worked its way from the banks of the Jordan to the Rhine and Rhone. Arising in the east, and, in this respect, resembling in its origination some of the other great possessions of mankind, language and writing, weaving and sculpture; tending westward, it had already revolutionized, not Palestine and Egypt, nor the lesser Asia merely, not only Ephesus and Thyatira and Corinth, but Athens the queen of the arts, and Rome the queen of the world. From Rome, the metropolis of the earth, the current of Christianity had been borne by a thousand arteries, or channels of communication, into her remoter provinces. Already, the swarthy sons of Mauritania had learned the new and purifying faith. The Spaniard had received, among the vines and olive-trees and browsing flocks of his magnificent land, tidings of that mercy which is worthy of Him who bestows it, and of that Gift who was to be at once man's Teacher and Saviour. The Thracian and the Teuton had listened to the divine story, and had received its truth with tears of joy; and, afar, the grim Parthian on his tented plains had told his kinsmen, seated around their watchfires, how in Palestine there had come one to bless the poor, to reclaim the savage, and who had loved the wandering son of the desert equally with them who were nursed in cities amid ease and luxury. Gradually, the healthful leaven of the new faith had diffused itself in Gaul; and already, by the middle of the third century, Christian churches had been founded in Tours, Clermont, Paris, Toulouse, and in several other towns. In Armorica, Druidism still lingered; but fashion, which exerts an influence in the religious as well as in the social world, led the people ultimately to adopt the Christian faith, and they, with all that zeal which so often is observable in new converts, destroyed far and wide the shrines of heathenism, and overthrew all that reminded them of the superstition which had been to them and to their fathers a religious system. Indeed, Christianity, which so expressly reveals the divine love for man, and which so clearly inculcates upon all its adherents the duty of universal kindness, peace, and charity, exactly suited the condition of the great mass of the Gallic people. They were slaves, and the Gospel commanded freedom for the body, while it brought a perfect liberty to the soul. They were oppressed by fiscal regulations, and by the cruel rapacity of the men who farmed the imperial taxes, and they found in Christianity that which confronted the robber, and bade him restore that of which he had wronged his neighbour; which checked even the imperial despotism,

and demanded that men should remember, in all duties and engagements, that they were still brethren. It is worthy to be mentioned, as indicative of the peculiar nature of Christianity, that so soon as it entered the Roman empire, slavery began to decline; the poor were cared for, the rich were instructed in the duties of charity, and the great principle of the franchise of election was revived and adopted by the Christian church.

Such were the blessings conferred upon Gaul by the extension of Christianity, and happy indeed was the influence of its purifying and exalting faith, until the imperial power was utterly overthrown during the feeble rule of Augustulus. The Franks, who were a collection of German tribes, had become established, during the latter ages of the Roman rule, on the east bank of the Rhine. Their princes were termed Merovingians, or Meer-wigs, because they claimed to be descended from Merovius, 'the sea-warrior.' Clovis is the earliest of their monarchs known to history. Towards the close of the fifth century of the Christian æra, heading some Salian Franks, he conquered Gaul. Marrying Clotilda, a princess of Burgundy, he became a convert of Christianity; and uniting all the ferocity of a savage to the indiscriminating zeal of a recent convert, as he had adopted the creed pronounced to be 'orthodox' by the Council of Nicæa, he attacked the Visigoths, who professed to hold the Arian dogma. His dominion extended from the Lower Rhine to the Loire and the ocean, and on his death, in 511, descended to his four sons. The French historians generally regard Clovis as the founder of the Merovingian dynasty, as the first *French* monarch, but not with good reason. That ruler must not be estimated, as some of the later French historians would judge him, by the light of the nineteenth century. Stripped of the romantic investiture with which the earlier chroniclers have surrounded him, he was simply a bloody savage, long-haired, and roughly clad; no great commander, as it is the fashion in France to believe, but a rude robber, skilled in rushing from his Frankish forests to a slaughter or a raid, utterly unworthy to be called a general, when we think of the skill and ability of modern commanders. Christianity hardly humanized a man so completely barbarous; and although time has cast a mist of impenetrable obscurity over many of his achievements, we cannot but think that Sir James Stephen has justly compared his victories, 'not with the actions of Condé or Turenne, but rather with the recent victories of the Zooloo chief, Dingaan, over the forces of the Kaffir tribes in Southern Africa'—and that 'his wars were but the levying of so much black mail; that his negotiations were

but so many palavers; and that between the long-haired Merovings and the princes of the house of Bourbon there was little more in common, than between the Indian chief who scalped his enemies on the banks of the Potomac and the President of the United States of America.'

The Merovingian kings, the direct descendants of Clovis, ruled over the Franco-Gallic kingdom, until the deposition of Childeric, in A.D. 752. The dukes of Austrasia, Pepin l'Heristal, Charles Martel, and Pepin-le-Bref, after the deposition of Childeric, successively ruled over what remained to them of the empire of Clovis. But it fell to the destiny of his illustrious son, Charlemagne, to found a new empire, whose renown has not been altogether obliterated by the intervention of a thousand years. The policy which this great and deservedly famous emperor pursued throughout his reign was, studiously to maintain the institutions of his German subjects, to anticipate the invasions of the northern barbarians, and, allying himself with the great potentates of Europe, to form also the most intimate relations with the ecclesiastical power. All praise must be accorded to the great chieftain, because, living in a benighted age, and surrounded always by courtiers who were but a few removes from the present civilization of the Apaches, he saw, with the unnerring sagacity of genius, that his throne would have an enduring foundation only so far as his subjects attained to a social and religious elevation. Inspired with this idea, worthy of nobler times, and, if it were possible, of a more extensive field for its development, he aimed at nothing less than a re-establishment of the empire of the Cæsars, with all its attendant dignities, immunities, and security of possession for his subjects. The truly great appear to combine in themselves all talents, to have the endowment of all capacities. The heroic mind is always many-sided; it is not engrossed, as less natures are, by one idea. To know much, and to do much, is its constant aim. Napoleon was at once general, lawyer, mathematician, and shrewdest mental analyst; and, although we know him, not by the help of printing-presses, wondrously productive of journals and pamphlets, and although he looms in the far past, not wholly obscured by the darkness of a remote antiquity, Charlemagne, even at this distance, appears to possess all those qualities which constitute a man a hero, statesman, and reformer, and which shed a lustre on his age, and give a peculiar fascination to the story of his life. Eginhard tells us that, with a lofty stature, a nobly-open countenance, with eyes of an unusual size and brilliancy, and with a dome-shaped head, characteristics peculiarly attaching to a hero and a king, he knew not, at seventy, what it was to



suffer from disease or pain ; but even then, after the wear of sixty campaigns, he possessed all but the freshness and the vigour of his youth, without the semblance of decay. Although he lived at a period of much barbarity, Charlemagne, like all the truly great, was far in advance of his age. Indeed, when all the circumstances of the time are considered—the barbarism which everywhere covered the world, the selfish tyranny of the nobility, the brutal ignorance of princes and of people, the want of a proper medium of communication between neighbouring towns, the wretched condition of the roads, the rareness of commercial interchange, the absence of all books, and of the ability to read them, excepting such manuscripts as were in the possession of the Church—Charlemagne was one of the most accomplished monarchs ever known to Christendom. As a general, his success depended rather upon the celerity of his movements, than upon his actual knowledge or skill in the military art, although he was not deficient of ability in strategical combinations. His soldiery were no longer equipped like their barbarian fathers, when they rushed from the rude fastnesses of Germany to plunder and to slaughter. The terrible days of Alaric and Attila had gone by for ever, and the grosser atrocities of their warfare perished with them. Commanding troops equipped after the old Roman model, for forty-six years Charlemagne ruled an empire more extensive than that which in our own century owned Napoleon as its lord. From the Baltic almost to Naples, and from the Spanish sea-board on the Atlantic to the mouths of the Danube, his sway was acknowledged. In firm alliance with the Church, which at that time possessed whatever light, knowledge, and worth were in the world, and which already had treasured up in her cloisters and libraries those literary treasures, the relics of the past, and the glory of the Christian world—those treasures which the Reformation and the wondrous industry and research of Germany were to bring forth, to instruct and improve mankind—the great emperor was at once the protector of the patrimony of St. Peter, and in amity with the infidel Kaliphat. It is not, perhaps, too much to assert that the empire of the world was divided between the Frankish emperor and the never-to-be-forgotten Haroun-al-Raschid.

Charlemagne well knew that the most powerful state in the world, without moral power, must speedily fall to ruin ; and with this fact in his mind, that great prince, although he could not write his own language, compiled, by the assistance of the most learned men in his empire, Eginhard, Alcuin, and Erigena, a comprehensive code of laws, which we may justly deem to have been the foundation of the subsequent system of European

elation. But Charlemagne learnt that fact, to which the wisest monarch must attest, that the splendour of human affairs rises and passes away; that the strongest government may be dissolved by trivial circumstances, over which its founder had control; and that the path of the statesman, the mission of the mighty and the good, and the life-work equally of them, may have been benefactors and scourges to humanity, 'lead but to the grave.' The emperor found at last that there was a force stronger than his own—that destiny overpowers the will of man—and that the firmest hold of the sceptre becomes, under mutations of time, but a feeble grasp. The great Charles, regenerator of Europe, and founder of the German empire, died down to die.

Charlemagne was essentially a German in his tastes, in the ideas of his officers, and in the habits of his daily life. His empire on both sides of the Rhine had been indiscriminately called Franks; but as this appellation had been long dear to the Celtic people, they gave their country the name of Francia, and called themselves François. On the other side of the Rhine, the people, who had no national sympathies with the François, styled themselves Germans; and the two people became each the rival of the other. Charlemagne's son, Louis-le-Débonnaire, succeeded to his government. Then fell to pieces that mighty empire which had been reared at such pains, and at so great a cost. When the church lost her patron and protector, her monasteries were cruelly pillaged, and sacrilege defiled her houses of prayer. Then, the fierce north pirates who had feared the achievement of the great emperor, and trembled at his very name, finding no longer in their retreats, swarmed upon the coasts of France. The rich province of Normandy was wrested from his generous descendants, and his empire was reduced almost to a province. The monasteries, which, while the emperor lived, were the peaceful abodes of the faithful; where, in undisturbed quietude, they might pass their lives of painful abstinence and prayer; and where, too, the wandering pilgrim, as he traversed the forest or the plain, might always find refuge and repose in the night of storms, were changed, by the stern necessities of the times, from being houses of peaceful monasticism, to grim fortresses. The formerly peaceful village, or prosperous town, had to surround itself with a ditch, or to build a tower for its defence against those marauding Northmen, whose hearts were steeled against the emotions of pity. The pious, in that doleful age, reading, as they dimly could, from the predictions of the Apocalypse, believed that now the time was come, foretold in the last book of God, in the which the beast would ravage the earth, and the harassed, labouring, and well-

nigh fainting Church should know neither rest nor peace until her Lord came to reign in millennial glory over a vanquished world. So long, also, as Charlemagne reigned, the haughty, barbarous, and ever-cruel chiefs of the aristocracy were in fitting subjection to the power of the Emperor; but, under the rule of his feeble and pitiable descendants, these chiefs greatly increased their power, and asserted their irresponsibility; and not content with ruling their serfs with a rod of iron, they encroached on the imperial prerogative, until the monarch himself became dependent on these savage barons, and was, indeed, at last vanquished and humiliated by them. So complete, indeed, was the ruin which ensued under the disastrous reigns of the immediate successors of the great Charles, that the kingdom of France itself was no more than a combination of countries each under its own lord; when, as Sismondi observes, 'royalty was all but annihilated in France, and there was utterly an end of the legislative power.' But, when Hugues Capet ascended the throne, in A.D. 987, the power of the crown was increased by the addition of the domains of which he was feudal lord. Our object, however, in this brief article, is not to present our readers with a sketch of French history, in the regular succession of the kings of France, but to show the external and internal circumstances which moulded the rude Carlovingian or Capetian commonwealth into that distinct nationality which we know as France.

It is probably owing to Louis VI., who first enfranchised the civic population of France, that the popular element was brought to bear upon the wretched feudalism which held French society in its iron grasp. No man could be a *bourgeois* unless he were free. Criminals and persons guilty of treason could not become *bourgeois*, or they lost the rights of citizenship from the period of their conviction of crime; but the franchise might be acquired by birth, by marriage, or by prescriptive right. The introduction of this popular element had a very happy effect upon the general state of the nation, for, in every French *bourg* no taxes could be imposed on the *bourgeois*, with a trifling exception, without their own consent; and when the suzerain levied any impost upon them, it was optional for them to give or to withhold what was demanded of them. Thus, at a very early period, the right of self-government was introduced into France, which, in the issue, could tend only to the destruction of the last vestiges of feudal institutions—that right, which, although subsequent monarchs ignored it, had a happy result on the condition of the French people. The various municipalities, however, possessed their privileges only conditionally; for, while the *bourgeois* had the power of establishing

a local police, of forming guilds for their mutual defence, of fortifying their town, and of possessing an *hotel-de-ville* and a common seal; they were liable for the security and good condition of their town, and were bound to provide for the civic expenditure, to pay a tribute to the throne, and to render the king military service. Thus, throughout France, was erected, by a slow but sure process, a municipal and commercial power, which is always directly antagonistic to that influence which arises merely from lordly birth, and from extensive possessions.

But the destruction of feudalism in France is not to be attributed only to the establishment of municipalities in that kingdom. The Eastern Crusades tended not a little to the overthrow of the existing feudalism. For six hundred years the followers of Mahomet had been going forth conquering and to conquer. Originating among the wilds of Arabia, the adherents of the Prophet had gradually extended themselves over a considerable portion of the globe—men who to the natural ferocity of Bedouin plunderers, added also the fiercest religious zeal. To extend the dominions of the Prophet, to exalt the crescent above the cross, and to conquer nations to the faith of the Korân, they believed would gain them a blissful translation from the turmoil and the sorrows of earth to the perpetual society of 'houris' and to the joys of Paradise. Never before, it is probable, had a faith so deficient in even the semblance of divine authenticity, and embraced by men so rude, gained such a sway in the world. For six hundred years the turbaned hosts of the Mussulman power had kept the Christian world in fear and anxiety. Mighty in conflict and incapable of mercy, their emergence from the sands of Arabia had resulted in perpetual victory. They had conquered Egypt, which, under the elevating influence of the Christian faith, had risen again in the scale of nations, and they had swept from her almost every trace of civilization. They had swarmed along the coasts of Africa, where once the authority of the Cæsars had been acknowledged. Crossing over into Spain, they had subjugated that lovely land. Even France had seen the glitter of the Moslem scimitars. Italy herself was held in constant fear of onslaught from those savage tribes, who believed it had been destined that their Prophet should overcome the world; and Constantinople, the queen of eastern cities, was menaced by these fierce hordes. Surely, men felt, it were time for Christendom to arouse herself from her ignominious lethargy, and to free the church from this cause both of fear and of perplexity. Pilgrims, who had braved the dangers of the sea and of the

desert, in order that they might kiss the tomb of the LORD, and drink of the water of the Jordan, brought back not merely narratives, but personal proofs, of the perfidy and cruelty of the Moslems, of the insecurity of the faithful, and of the insults to which the Holy Sepulchre was subjected. Peter of Amiens, the Hermit, who had been on a pilgrimage to the sacred city, on his return, gave Urban II. a full description of the disasters which befel the eastern Christians ; and, frenzied perhaps by the intensity of his zeal, he went forth to preach to the Christian world the duty of immediate exertion on behalf of their oppressed brethren. After him, Bernard of Clairvaux aroused Christendom to the conquest of the East. Men, animated to duty as if by a voice from heaven, went forth by millions to battle with the infidel, and generally to disaster, defeat, and death. Unskilled in the military art, and ignorant of the nature of warfare with the fierce cavalry of the Saracen, the armies of the Crusaders were repeatedly destroyed. There can be no doubt that among the Christian hosts there were men of piety and laudable zeal, who thought they did service to their glorified Lord by arming in defence of the church ; but it cannot be denied that ambition allured not a few, and that thousands of the Christian warriors enrolled themselves merely with the hope of sharing the wealth of their Saraccenic foes. But we advert to the Crusades to show the influence which they had upon France, in raising the monarchical above the feudal power in that kingdom. They affected the feudal power, by removing to the seat of foreign war vast numbers of serfs from the kingdom of France ; while they added to the *communes*, they put an end to the petty wars which had been waged between rival feudal lords ; they affected the feudal power, by leading to the introduction of the Roman law into France, and by altering the nature of military service ; and by the impulse which they necessarily gave to the invention of a method of better locomotion, they awakened the mercantile spirit, led to the study of geography, and ultimately produced historians who superseded the wretched monastic chroniclers, who were both ignorant and superstitious. Indeed, the Crusades did very much to effect the revival of civilization and of commerce in France and in Europe.

The persecution of the Albigenses completed what the Crusades had commenced. At the close of the twelfth century, the religious state of Provence began to attract considerable attention from the pontificate. Around Toulouse and Albi some adherents of the Romish church, grieved at the religious abominations of the times, had sought a purer creed and a more

simple manner of conducting divine worship than that church had taught and practised. Amid the luxuries and gaieties, the happy ease and soft voluptuousness of Provençal life, there had been awakened that spirit of free inquiry—there had been uttered, although feebly, that demand for the right of private judgment, which, three centuries later, obtained in Germany, and which must ever lie at the basis of all Protestantism. The evil genius of Hildebrand still seemed to linger around the papal chair, and Innocent III., from the seat of ecclesiastical power, observed, with a troubled heart, the extension of this dangerous innovation on the authority of the church. Possessed of a vigorous mind, unscrupulous in his plan of operation, and steeled against mercy by his morose fanaticism, he resolved, if need be, to quench in seas of blood this new light, so dangerous to the continuance of the dark superstitions of mediæval times. Upon the unfortunate murder of his legate, Peter of Castlenau, for which he held Raymond, Count of Toulouse, to be responsible—although in contradiction to truth and justice—the cruel pontiff, embodying within himself that intolerance of innovation, that boldness and utter recklessness of human life, which have been often the characteristics of the church of Rome, after cursing the count, resolved, by a holy war, to exterminate the heretics. But our limits forbid our narrating the oft-told tale of Romish cruelty and wickedness, or detailing the horrors which befel the unhappy Provençaux, in the defeat of their warriors—the sacking of their towns—the burning of hamlet and homestead—the murder, when hostility could afford no pretext for it, of the aged and the helpless babe—the defilement of matrons and of virgins, and the indiscriminate massacre of both in the sanctuaries of prayer, in the seclusions of the valley, and even on the beds of sickness, where cruel priests could not wait for surely-coming death to do his fearful work in peace—and in the establishment, by a council held at Toulouse, of that terrible Inquisition, which has written, in ineffaceable letters of blood, the creed of the Romish church in the lands subject to her sway. The sentimental latitudinarianism of the present age has grown sceptical of the sanguinary character of that church. Let the pseudo-liberals who may doubt—if after the late slaughterings in Paris such doubt can longer exist—that the tiger lurks under the robe of the priest, read with candour the impartial narrative of the Languedocian massacres, and they will become alive to the true nature of that atrocious religious corporation which has changed its policy to suit the temper of the age, but which still retains the principles of its



primary despotism and blood-thirstiness. The dominions of the Count of Toulouse and of the King of Arragon were added to France, as hire for her share in the slaughter of the Albigenses; but, under the retributive government of God, France paid dearly for her wickedness. That kingdom became from that catastrophe more and more alienated from the church of Rome; and through long centuries of oppression, outrage, bloodshed, and revolution, has reaped the bitter harvest which she sowed with an unsparing hand around the walls of the desolated Toulouse.

Sir James Stephen, with a master's hand and a philosopher's discrimination, farther sketches the development of the French nation, in the influence of the judicial on the monarchical system—the influence on the crown of the privileged orders—the influence of the States-General—in the sources and management of the French revenues—in the power of the purse—in the Reformation and the wars of religion—in the power of the pen in France—in the absolute monarchy administered by Henri IV., Richelieu, Colbert, and Louvois, and by Louis XIV., throughout his long reign; and, finally, concludes his 'Lectures,' by a happy comparison of the growth of the French and English monarchies. For many years one of the most brilliant writers on the staff of the 'Edinburgh Review,' Sir James Stephen is worthily held in high honour in the world of letters. We cannot but rejoice that so philosophical and distinguished an historian holds the important office of Professor of Modern History, at Cambridge. May he long be spared, one of the most brilliant of the illustrious galaxy, to inculcate liberal sentiments, to raise the tone of education, and to destroy the lingering superstitious elements in that university! The present 'Lectures' are at once profound, discriminative. They are written in a style of singular fascination, and even to the general reader they present historical truth in the attractiveness of romance. We indulge the hope that they will attain a large circulation, especially among those classes who are so latitudinarian as to ignore the painful but palpable facts of ecclesiastical history.

ART. IV.—*The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.* In two volumes.  
London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

**THERE** is a strength and persistence in the love of art, which are sure in the long-run to conciliate or subdue public admiration. The world may be deaf to the first appeal, or the second, or the third; but when a writer has faith in his own impulses, and adheres steadily to the original purpose of his life, mankind are gradually warmed into enthusiasm, and brought to acknowledge frankly the straight-forwardness and earnestness of his nature. This has been strikingly exemplified in the case of Mr. Reade, who, after having had his courage and perseverance severely tested, is now beginning to feel the coveted laurel descending on his brow. The poems, forming the contents of Mr. Reade's collected works, have been written at various periods of life, beginning almost at the earliest, and extending over a protracted period, down to the present day. They may, consequently, be said to present the image of an entire life. All the variations and changes of feeling, passion, and knowledge, have passed over them. Immature at first, they have been gradually ripened by experience, enlarged by thought, and polished by patient touches of unwearied art. They are a record, therefore, of the author's whole intellectual existence, and remain, and will remain in our literature, to be resorted to as a perennial source of pleasure by all who delight in poetry, apart from the conventionalities and fashions of the day.

To do justice to works like these, we should be acquainted, in part at least, with the circumstances of the poet's life. Mr. Reade has been a solitary man; and, smitten with a true admiration of the beauties of external nature, his real home has been in the wild places of the earth, amid crags and mountains, on the banks of unfrequented rivers, or where, with few to observe, the ocean foams and thunders on the shore. Of this we discover unequivocal traces in all his poems, which never seem to flow so directly from the heart as when the object is to enhance the power and majesty of nature. By human beings his sympathies are less forcibly excited. His imagination, therefore, seldom leads him into crowds, seldom even allures him towards situations in which the interests, predilections, and passions of men meet in violent collision, and produce those catastrophes that shake or disorganize the moral world. Pope, in verses as musical as his thoughts, describes the poetical

fraternity of which Mr. Reade is so genuine a member, and ascribes the idiosyncrasies of some to the whole body.—

‘To grottoes and to groves we run,  
To ease and silence, every muse’s son.’

To enter into the merits of works so numerous and varied, would demand a space which we cannot at present command. But perhaps a brief recognition accorded to them at once may be better than a protracted review, deferred until delay might be construed into neglect. We may be here said to have before us a brief survey of the whole intellectual progress of the world, from the time when man wandered about the precincts of Eden to the period of railways and electric telegraphs. Certain, however, it is that Mr. Reade delights chiefly in the remote, and throws most fervour into his painting when he has to delineate the antediluvian earth, still bright and glowing from the footsteps of gods or angels, and undefaced by any of those catastrophes which have since shattered it. This style of painting is pre-eminently visible in ‘Destiny’ and the ‘Deluge.’ He touches on other, perhaps finer, chords of our nature, when yielding to the inspiration of youthful studies he wanders through the rich mazes of Hellenic mythology, dashing off brief pictures as he goes along of river nymphs in their mythological beauty, or of Nereids or goddesses of the sea, sporting innocently on the golden shores of Attica. The reader whose fancy has been cradled in the myths and marvels of Grecian literature, will feel that the following picture has been derived from the true fountain of ancient song:—

‘She drew the golden sandals from her feet,  
Loosening the zone that bound her robe beneath  
Her swelling bosom; light it fell as wreath  
Of mist from some lone-star in quiet heaven.  
A moment there she stood, a form the bard,  
Or dreaming sculptor, never bodied forth  
From abstract vision of the beautiful  
Then felt she conscious the sky looked on her,  
She drew the crescent circle from her brow.  
Who knows not Arethusa’s golden hair,  
That Dian envied? down those tresses fell,  
Released, in meshes, where a sunbeam prisoned  
Shed through them amber light. They veiled her not;  
Her beauty shone as twilight through grey clouds  
Reveals its softened loveliness. She stood  
Upon the crispèd sand that edged the stream.  
A yellow strip that by the deep green sward  
And odorous flowers bordered, shone like gold.

She watched herself reflected, beauty dwelling  
 Upon its shadow ; now, in shrinking fear,  
 Retreating in herself ; now, sportively  
 Dimpling the water with her timid foot,  
 She threw herself on its encircling bed.'—Vol. i., p. 85.

his poem, and the one immediately following, entitled 'ance of the Nereids,' the painting is as fresh and true as painted on the spot. Antique woods, mazy thickets, leafy beaths, with the wild flowers and meandering streams see, flash in dazzling panorama through the verse, and is irresistibly back to the earliest home of liberty and the In other poems we find pictures drawn with vigour and more engrossing features of the ancient world; Prometheus chained amid the solitudes of Caucasus ; Homer, on the lashed shore of Chios, receiving inspiration from nature ; a bidding farewell to the Ogygian Isle ; or the Olympian assembled on the summit of Ida, or mingling with mortals on the sunny banks of Simois and Scamander, just as he is pictured in 'the tale of Troy divine.'

every writer of large mind and experience will, sooner or later, inevitably reflect upon the truth that, however pleasing and attractive glances at the Old World may be, they are not in themselves sufficient to arrest the attention and rivet the sympathy of a busy world. Each age is chiefly fascinated by reflection of its own likeness. Poetry flows around us in torrents day and all day, though often without finding any utterance in articulate words. The secret of immortality consists in giving a voice to this confused power, and interpreting it for the benefit of coming ages. This Mr. Reade has done in the 'Revelations of Life' and the 'Revelations of Life.' In the former, the ruins of an altered civilization are skilfully made to connect themselves with the present. Art, literature, science, and commercial and political grandeur, grouped in splendour around the monuments which lie so thickly scattered over the Italian soil, are translated into lessons for the present and the future ; while the subjects are occasionally touched upon which have a still more significance. In the latter, several great questions, relating to all times and countries, are discussed and developed with much boldness and felicity. The natural scenery in the south of England is introduced to constitute a sort of network to the picture, and the fancy is agreeably embellished by incidents and traits of personal character which often we wish for more.

Every reader, when he looks into the volumes for himself, will find at a separate article, and one full of interest too, might be written on each of the larger poems. We cannot,

therefore, pretend that we are now doing anything more than acting as a finger-post, to point out the way by which others may arrive at the pleasure and instruction which lie thickly scattered on all hands in these volumes. The most popular, perhaps, of all the works in form and character is 'Italy,' which, starting from the summit of the Apennines, above Florence, brings out in detail the beauties of that splendid city, after which it passes on to Venice and the Adriatic to Rome, and Naples to Paestum, and the Faro of Messina, terminating with an enthusiastic address to Ocean, which appears to swell and murmur through the harmony of the closing verses.

Whoever has visited that sunny peninsula must have observed with what earnestness the natives look to whatever is said of them in England. Much of their existing philosophy, whether metaphysical or political, has been derived from this country, with which, fortunately for themselves, they have considerably more sympathy than with France. One of the reasons may be, that, being themselves a religious people, the English mind, strongly pervaded by the spirit of devotion, presents a more striking analogy with their own. A marked feature of resemblance is necessarily discovered in our earnestness, our perseverance, our sincerity, and that imaginative mysticism which we certainly possess in common with them. To whatever conclusions we may come on this point, the poems published in England on the arts and present condition of Italy produce a deep impression on the minds of its inhabitants, and powerfully stimulate them to recover their national independence.

In writing his 'Italy,' however, Mr. Reade was too intent on making it a work of art, to enter at any great length into the causes of its present degradation. He could not of course but perceive that much is traceable to the influence of superstition, which, co-operating with foreign dominion and the fatal divisions of the population, has diffused a blight over the whole land, paralyzing literature, science, and the arts, and above all, undermining liberty, which never can be reconciled with an infallible church.

We will not, however, on the present occasion, yield to the allurements of politics, which might create strange confusion in the bowers of the Muses, but shall pass on to Venice, whose mere name suggests a world of strange and stirring thoughts, connected as it is indissolubly with the heroic struggles of the Italian race for independence. Mr. Reade, with singular art and felicity, thus calls up the glorious old city before us :—

'The sun is setting; his last rays are steeping  
 In golden hues yon clouds that steadfast keep  
 Their station, on the blue horizon sleeping,  
 Breasting the sky, yet blending with the deep:  
 Lo! from their braided edges glittering creep  
 Sharp pointed spires, in blue air faintly shown,  
 O'ershadowed, as the sea-mists round them sweep;  
 Away—those shadows are to substance grown,  
 For Venice there doth sit upon her ocean throne!

'Yea, there she sleeps, while on the waters lying,  
 Her spires and gilded tombs reflected shine,  
 Twilight's last lustre 'mid their shadows dying:  
 Silent and lone as a deserted shrine  
 Reared o'er the waves clear floating hyaline!  
 Ancestral Venice—younger powers bowed down,  
 Deeming her ancient sway would mock decline;  
 There still she sits, a queen without her crown,  
 The fading halo of her past renown.'—Vol. ii., p. 73.

This old republican city, as our readers know, is still full of the treasures of art—the only ones which Austria has left to its inhabitants. But even these may not long be suffered to continue in existence. Knowing the attachment of the Venetians to the glorious inheritance bequeathed them by their ancestors, their foreign masters, in order to coerce them through their best feelings, have recently erected a battery commanding all the principal collections of the city, which, with its most superb churches and palaces, would in a few hours be reduced to ashes, in case of another popular explosion. This catastrophe the next poet on Italy may have to recount. When Mr. Reade composed his work, the paintings of Titian, of Tintoretto, of Giorgioni, and the other great artists of that school, still seemed to set the very walls on fire by the splendour and magnificence of their colouring.

But to poets, as to other travellers, Rome, the Eternal City, always constitutes the principal attraction in Italy. Since he wrote, a fresh wreath of glory has been entwined about the brows of its inhabitants, who would have accomplished their own liberation, but for the atrocious policy adopted by the incipient dictator of France. Secretly a bargain was, no doubt, long ago struck between the military oppressor and the *hommes noirs, sortis de sous terre*, who now, like creatures of evil omen, exhibit their obscene and lugubrious faces over the whole surface of France. It is impossible, in the presence of such persons, to tear away the mind from the contemplation of actual suffering, and give it that harmony and repose which



the enjoyment of pure works of art demands. Rome until lately was little else than a museum containing the curiosities of three great epochs: the Pagan Italian, the Christian, and the Pagan Greek, imported from a distance to quicken the arts of all succeeding ages.

Mr. Reade, as might have been anticipated, sympathizes chiefly with the last. The literature and arts of Rome and Modern Italy, though not without their charms for him, soon relinquish the field to Greece, which almost invariably exercises supreme influence over poetical minds. Still from the Roman portion of his work we shall select no verses devoted to the genius of antiquity, but, instead, the following glowing description of a modern picture:—

‘ Fling back the orient gates !—behold awaking  
 Aurora, beautiful from tranced sleep ;  
 While with crystalline fingers she is shaking  
 Morn from her dewy hair ; the young Hours keep  
 Watch o’er her car, and round its pathway sweep  
 Roses, far scattering onward as they flee,  
 Light rays flashed forth as foam from the blue deep ;  
 Downward they reel and dance in revelry,  
 Waking on earth’s grey hills the choir of melody.’

We now at one bound pass on to Pæstum, where the traveller beholds the most remarkable cluster of ruins in all Italy. It scarcely needs the assistance of poetry to impress for ever the images of those sublime structures on the mind. Reared in unknown antiquity, by unknown nations, though not to the worship of unknown gods, they excite equally our curiosity and our astonishment. Mr. Reade’s verse reflects the ruins and the landscape, while it suggests, at the same time, the torturing enigma of their origin:—

‘ Lo ! far on the horizon’s verge reclined  
 A temple reared, as on a broken throne ;  
 The sun’s red rays in lurid light declined  
 O’er clouds that mutter forth a thunder tone,  
 Gleam athwart each ærial column shown,  
 Like giant standing in a sable sky ;  
 What record tells it in the desert lone ?  
 Resting in solitary majesty,  
 Eternal Pæstum there arrests the heart and eye.

‘ Pause here, the desolate waste, the lowering heaven,  
 The sea-fowls’ clang, the grey mists hurrying by,  
 The altar fronting ye with brow unriven,  
 In isolation of sublimity,



Mates with the clouds the mountains and the sky;  
 But the sea breaks no more against the shrine,  
 Hoisted from his base the ocean deity:  
 His worshippers have passed and left no sign:  
 The shaker of the earth no more is held divine!

‘Spirit of grey antiquity! thus throned  
 With solitude and silence here, proclaim  
 Thou, shadowing o’er thy altar place renowned,  
 Who reared that mighty temple? From whence came  
 The children of the Sea? What age, what name,  
 Bore they who chose this plain their home to be?  
 Arena meted for the race of fame;  
 For gods to applaud the deeds of liberty,  
 Knowledge, and glorious art, that spring but from the free.’  
 Ib. p. 112.

One more stanza, describing the Fata Morgana—that singular phenomenon which still perplexes the natural philosopher—we have done with ‘Italy’:—

——— ‘When the sun lies  
 On Reggio’s shore, go mark its ruins fling  
 Their shadows on the stream, till slowly spring  
 Embattled towers emerging from the deep,  
 Pillars and castled walls; gates opening  
 On serried armies, marshalled horse that leap  
 Into the flying plain, and charging squadrons sweep.’—Ib. 115.

If the ‘Revelations of Life’ we expressed a very high opinion on its first appearance, and should again go gladly to the same ground, but that our limits forbid. We pass therefore, to the lines written on ‘Doulting Sheepslate,’ of pure feeling and originality, and still more remarkable for their deep pathos. When a man reviews his past life, tempted to undertake the task by revisiting, after long absence, the scenes of his boyhood, he cannot choose but be touched, sometimes it may be overmastered, by the strong feelings and reminiscences which sweep over his mind. Most men have thus sought to commune with their former selves, to travel back in fancy to the dawn of their lives, and try to discover, if possible, what was then the flavour of existence. We know of no one who has so well described this process as Mr. Reade, and if he had written nothing but this copy of verses, he would deserve to be remembered as long as there shall be any taste for poetry left among us. We would gladly transfer the whole of our pages, because it is a poem which can only be properly judged of as a whole. But not being able to do this, we must

perforce consent to make a selection, which will, however, we doubt not, suffice to induce the reader to be entirely of our opinion :

‘ I felt I stood on sacred ground that hallowed was to me,  
 To boyhood’s years far faded on the verge of memory,  
 Sacred to me the grey-haired man who drank God’s blessed air  
 Though thirty years had rolled away since last I entered there !  
 The oak drooped o’er that gate, a withered thing in dead repose,  
 Grey Doultin’s spire above the waste a sheeted spectre rose ;  
 And Mendip’s bleak and barren heights again enclose me round,  
 Like faces of forgotten friends met on forgotten ground !  
 But heath and landscape boundless once, were shrunken, all was changed,  
 I felt I stood a stranger—the old place and me estranged !  
 Each look was thought, each step a startling joy, a welcome sense  
 Of gratitude’s fine ecstacy, calm, voiceless and intense.  
 All stirring impulses of life were sobered by the scene,  
 By staid reflection looking in the glass of what had been ;  
 For not a mound I trod on unfamiliar was, no tree  
 Rose in that surging scene whose image had not entered me.  
 Then when material Nature, mother-like, embraced her child,  
 Then when each impulse was like hers, unfettered, pure and wild;  
 I came, the man—the breeze that freshly o’er my forehead blew,  
 Was welcomed as a blessing which that wild boy never knew.  
 Nature’s eternal face looked on me—she was still the same,  
 ’Twas I that left her, broken ties forgot, and parent chain ;  
 ’Twas I came back, the prodigal, and felt my follies done,  
 That I was no more worthy to be called as once her son.’—*Ib.* p. 397.

This is not, properly speaking, a review of Mr. Reade’s poetical works, but a rapid glance over the contents of his two volumes, which nevertheless will, we trust, incline our readers to examine them for themselves. They will not be disappointed; some things they may find which they will not admire, some opinions with which they will not agree; but upon the whole they cannot fail to acknowledge that their author is a true poet, who has, moreover, devoted his entire life to the art of his choice. Occasionally he may be charged with some obscurity, because he endeavours to dive into the depths of thought and to explain in verse things in themselves unsusceptible of explanation. He dwells, too, especially in his earlier works, longer than might be wished on melancholy topics. But, whereas, in most other men, shadows close upon the pathway of life, in proportion as they advance, with him hope brightens as he goes along, and he grows more cheerful as his experience increases. This is far better than beginning existence with joy and terminating it in gloom. In the lines written on ‘Doultin Sheepslate’ we find the moral of the author’s life. Philosophy leads him in the end to fall back on

the grand platform of faith, teaching him that there is a stay which never fails those who resolve to lean upon it.

This is one of the advantages resulting from possessing a man's entire works ; we see the growth of his ideas, we observe the process by which he corrects his opinions, lays his errors aside one after the other, and grasps and clings to those mighty truths which form the great heirloom of humanity. Mr. Reade's works will now make their way into general circulation, slowly it may be, but surely. He has run the Olympian race, and it is for the public to bestow the laurel which the victor demands. We have done our duty, briefly but earnestly, by pointing out to our readers what it is to their interest to be acquainted with ; and we trust that the poet himself may be content with his reward.

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ART. V.—*A Letter to Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., M.P., on certain Statements, in an article of the Edinburgh Review, No. 193, entitled 'Bishop Philpotts.'* By Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. London : Murray. 1852.

2. *A Pastoral Letter.* By the Bishop of Exeter. Eighth edition. London : Murray. 1851.

3. *Edinburgh Review, No. 193.* Art. Bishop Philpotts.

4. *A Letter to the Right Honourable George Canning, on the Bill of 1825, for removing the disqualifications of his Majesty's Roman Catholic Subjects, and on his Speech in support of the same.* By Rev. Henry Philpotts, D.D., Rector of Stanhope. Seventh Edition. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1827.

IN our intercourse with the world, we meet now and then with a man who seems deliberately to set himself up as a target for the shafts of public animadversion ; who studiously exhibits himself in the most offensive attitudes ; who parades his misdeeds, and dings the ears of society with the proclamation of his inconsistencies ; who cuts himself off from sympathy by showing no mercy ; and who, by the bravery and superfluity of his naughtiness, seems to mock the delay, and to challenge the swoop of an avenging Nemesis. Such a man is the Bishop of Exeter. The strange inconsistencies of his career, coupled with the prosperity by which it has been crowned, the merciless rigour with which he has hounded down men, whom in charity to him we may denominate his Christian brethren, through those courts of law, the precincts of which are strewn like the

mouth of the lion's cave, with the bones of innocent victims, and over whose portals imagination seems to read the dismal characters *vestigia nulla retrorsum*; the insolence of his insubordination, and the petulance of his ecclesiastical magistracy, his self-complacent indifference to exposure, and his assumption, amidst the rebukes of society, of the airs of injured innocence and persecuted piety, invest even candour itself with the appearance of weakness, and causes the very charity that endureth all things to regard with indifference the demolition of his public reputation.

The 'Edinburgh Review' has recently performed an act of retribution, by the production of such an article on the political and administrative career of the Bishop of Exeter as it has seldom been our lot to peruse; and although some of its charges have been partially rebutted in his lordship's reply now before us, yet, as a whole, we cannot but regard it, not so much in the light of an accusation, as of a judgment from which there lies no valid appeal, and the effects of which are not very likely to be lived down by any future course of reformation. Time may heal the wound; but unless our diagnosis is most erroneous, the scar will never be effaced but with the memory of the Bishop.

This grave and deliberate judgment, from a tribunal which for upwards of half a century has held a sort of supremacy over the realm of literature, and scarcely less over that of politics, the Bishop of Exeter affects not to have read. This profession, indeed, very generally elicits a significant smile which we shall not translate into words. We must, however, observe that the letter to Sir Robert Inglis exhibits such an acquaintance with the Review as reflects great credit on the expository powers of the judicious friend to whose examination the Bishop states that he submitted it.

Nor can we help noticing that his lordship's registrar and secretary, Mr. Barnes, contributes his quota of defence at the Bishop's request, in terms which seem to indicate his conviction that his patron was thoroughly acquainted with the entire article. The bishop says,—

'I have not read the 'Review' myself, for I make it my rule never to read anonymous attacks on me. But seeing casually the advertisements which announced my name, in the list of articles of the recent number, I desired a friend, on whose judgment I could rely, to inform me whether there were in it any matters which require my notice. He has stated to me, that there are two such matters—first, that which I have mentioned; and secondly, what relates to a trial for libel at Exeter in March, 1848, arising out of a speech made by Lord Seymour to his constituents at Totnes.'

are the only topics to which the bishop professes to have addressed his attention. Yet, in the defensive letter of reply to his lordship, he uses some phraseology which does not seem at first sight likely to be addressed to one who is a stranger to the article on which the letter was a comment. The language as the following, for example, would seem to presuppose a foregone understanding between the prelate and his secretary; '*the reviewer's romance about "Monmouth's Rebellion," and Judge Jeffreys*' I may well pass over; nor can we fail to observe, that the secretary's style, whether from frequent association or from some other cause, bears a remarkable resemblance to that of his patron.

The purpose in this article, as indicated by the works whose titles we have prefixed, is twofold—the first, to examine the discrepancy between the Edinburgh Reviewer and the Bishop; and the second, to enter upon the wider and more important field of ecclesiastical and theological controversy, which is suggested by his lordship in the pastoral letter which he substitutes for his latest charge to the clergy of his diocese.

The first of these topics relates to the alleged tergiversation of the Bishop of Exeter on the Catholic question, in consequence of which it is broadly stated by the reviewer, that he has neglected ecclesiastical promotion—together with the charges of immorality and mal-administration of his episcopal functions. We will reverse the order of the bishop, and first dispose of the latter of these charges as briefly as possible. The cases of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Shore are, we presume, sufficiently known to our readers. The first—the only one on which we must stop for a moment—was that of a man of high position and unblemished integrity, who was dragged through the most ruinously expensive ecclesiastical processes, and at last acquitted by the Synodical Council, on the ground that the original framers of the constitution of the church deliberately designed to effect a compromise between popery and protestantism, and that, in the present administration of that church, that design must be effectually carried out. This decision requires no comment; it is loudly proclaimed by the two great parties which at present divide the Established Church, and if a seal were wanted to attest this illicit connexion, we should have it in the person of the Bishop of Exeter himself, who unites the profession of the doctrine of popery with those principles and practices which, like an encroaching tide, corrode and undermine the foundations and downfall the natural bulwarks of the system to which he is solemnly pledged.

The charge on which the bishop lays the greatest stress is, that he has having reversed his procedure on the question of the



Catholic claims, for the sake of the rich reward which he received; and here we must affirm our conviction that the case of the bishop has altogether broken down, and that the opinions of the reviewer, supported, as we believe them to be, by the general voice of the public, remain unshaken and impregnable.

The Bishop of Exeter strives to show that he was never a very strong opponent of Catholic emancipation, but that he only advocated the necessity of adequate securities for the integrity of the Protestant Established Church of England and Ireland. In proof of this, he adduces a series of letters, hitherto unpublished, between himself and the late Lord Eldon (with whom he was connected by marriage), which, as we shall endeavour to show, benefit him not a whit in the vindication of his consistency.

In his celebrated pamphlet, addressed to Mr. Canning, he reminds him of his affirmation, that nothing less would satisfy him in the form of security, than the concession of a veto to the crown on the appointment of all Catholic bishops, and adds, committing himself to the same principle, 'similar language was at that time held by every sober and enlightened advocate of the same cause.' In his recent letter to Sir Robert Inglis, he reproduces, of course under the compulsion of an obvious necessity, similar statements of the views he then entertained. Thus, in a private letter to the late Lord Eldon, we find the following language:—'I will set out with observing, that it would appear to me utterly intolerable, in framing these securities, to have recourse to any Roman Catholics, least of all to the pope;' and again, with characteristic slyness—'It would appear to me of main importance, in framing such securities, to avoid all mention of Roman Catholics, and to make laws in general terms, which, while they operate on all, should yet be so devised as to provide against the particular dangers to be apprehended from that sect.' But could Dr. Philpotts imagine for a moment that such a concession could be made by any Roman Catholic, without a previous repudiation of those maxims which constitute the basis of his church? He had dwelt too long on the very borders of the Romish camp, if, indeed, he had not occasionally penetrated it in the disguise of a spy, not to be thoroughly acquainted with their tactics and laws of ecclesiastical warfare. Indeed, he himself cites the language of a vicar apostolic, a most distinguished divine, nay, the most prominent individual of his communion in England, that he would rather lose the last drop of his blood, than be instrumental to a non-catholic king obtaining *any power or influence* over any part of his church. To what, then, does the

self-vindication amount? His object is dexterously to create the impression, that he was never strongly opposed to Catholic claims, and thus to conceal in a mist of his faithlessness to his party and his pretended principles, conceding those claims, and recording his vote for Sir Robert Peel, as member for the University of Oxford, who, in the eyes of those with whom he had heretofore acted, will always be regarded as the arch traitor to the Protestant faith. His mode of casting the vote last referred to, is remarkably characteristic of the dexterity of evasion which constitutes Dr. Philpotts a member of the episcopal bench. His excuse is, that it is a venerable distinction of the University of Oxford, when elected a representative in parliament, to continue in the undisturbed possession of his seat, unless he should lose the confidence of his constituents, by some flagrant violation of the principles which ought to actuate public men. In showing, we confess we are at a loss to imagine how it could have commended his immaculate innocence to the mind as the Bishop's. It was certainly not from the liberal nature of that process which issued in Sir Robert's conversion; for, a few months before he introduced the Catholic Emancipation Bill, his advocacy of Protestant ascendancy was as vigorous as even a Philpotts could desire; nor could it be derived from that oscillating moderation, which on some occasions was so characteristic of Sir Robert; on the other hand, the opponent of the Catholics had signalized himself by a more stern and decisive course. No such considerations can excuse the doctor's leniency to the illustrious apostate; perhaps the most delicate solution of the difficulty would be to ascribe it to certain astral influences, amidst the tactics of the stars, may account for the suddenness of those otherwise unaccountable changes, and the hopes, which constitute man a psychological curiosity. In a word, Peel's conversion was a godsend to Philpotts, as the shield of Ajax covering the little Teucer, from which he shot his arrows, and violated a sacred truce. Dr. Philpotts is a lucky man; he reminds us of that animal, which, when thrown from a four pair of stairs, alights infallibly on its feet. The ground he occupied in that opposition to the Catholic claims, which has enabled him to rise to the bench, turns out to be more than even his prophetic soul could have anticipated. He will not yield to his assertion, that he did not verbally assent to Catholic claims, *per se*, but only insisted on valid grounds. It is, as he well knows, only one in a hundred who are so fortunate that those securities were such as he knew no Catholic

could concede; and therefore his entire defence of his consistency is but a specious falsehood. He has kept an eye on both worlds, and may have the credit of succeeding, so far as human ingenuity can succeed, in combining the sweets of lucre with the odour of a pretended sanctity. After this, we fancy that the following words were dictated to the pen of Dr. Philpotts by an evil genius, which saw much further into futurity than his prosperous victim:—‘Still there is something respectable in this daring defiance of all the claims of consistency, this bold contradiction to former opinions, however deliberately adopted, however repeatedly and solemnly recorded,—when compared with the illusory and shifting course pursued by others; by those who, affecting to be faithful to their ancient principles, have surrendered them all one after another, at the dictation of men who repay their subservience only with ill-dissembled ridicule!’

But he goes further than this. He pleads that no person should be eligible to the privileges claimed, unless he swear his belief that no Protestant kings or people are excluded from the pale of salvation—another principle notoriously adverse to the immemorial dogma of the Romish church; and further, that the monarch is over all persons, and in all causes, *ecclesiastical* and civil, to the laws of this kingdom in anywise appertaining, within these his dominions supreme.’ This and a variety of other provisos were insisted upon by Dr. Philpotts, when rector of Stanhope, in which it is obvious that the Catholics could not acquiesce, and the proposal of which, therefore, virtually amounted to that absolute denial of the Catholic claims, from which he now affects to shrink.

If anything were wanting to make this line of observation conclusive, it is presented to our hands by Dr. Philpotts himself. ‘Let those,’ he says, ‘who will, object to such a form; *their objection would only prove more strongly the necessity of requiring it.*’ Thus, with profound duplicity, Dr. Philpotts proposes oaths to all classes, without any specific mention of Roman Catholics, but *such* oaths, be it understood, as it is manifestly impossible for a Roman Catholic to take, and having left himself this loop-hole of subtle evasion, dares to answer the Edinburgh reviewer, with the pretence, that he had not absolutely repudiated the claims of the Catholics, but only taken valid securities for the conservation of that Establishment on which he parasitically lives, like the misletoe on the oak, an object of wonder to every honest member of the Protestant church, who, in spite of his fiscal sappiness, views with alarmed curiosity the abnormal growth,

‘Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.’

In one sense Bishop Philpotts has been consistent. Lord Denham and his party have uniformly opposed the Catholics; and he has, with equal consistency, circumvented them as a snake. Unhappily this metaphor has a twofold significance; by his doctrinal theories, and by his gradually encroaching servance, he has twined around his prey the coils in which he wished his intended food. He first enfolded popery as a victim, and then swallowed it as a sacrament.

We have said that the Bishop professes that he has not read an article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and that the friend whom he requested to do so in his stead, suggested two charges only as requiring his attention. We have seen with how much success he disposes of the former; with relation to the latter, he assigns his vindication to his registrar and secretary, Mr. Barnes, who attempts it in a letter to his Lordship, headed Patronage—Nepotism—Lapses. The dexterous plausibility of this letter is worthy of the Bishop himself. By omitting the stronger points of the reviewer's case, and by handling none of it which was likely to break down, he has produced a document, which, if read by a person unacquainted with the article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' might seem to leave no ground for very serious accusation. If the lines in which Mr. Barnes describes a good writer of dramatic fiction had been exactly prophetic of Mr. Barnes's letter, they could not have been more minutely characteristic:—

—— et quæ  
Desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit;  
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepat inum.

Under the head of Nepotism, indeed, we find an exception to this observation. The way in which, even according to the statements of his secretary, his Lordship provided for his dependent relations out of the resources of his diocese, though not quite so outrageous as the case of Bishop Sparks, of Ely, still strikingly shews the importance of alienating all patronage from the hands of bishops. The case appears to stand thus;—

one of his own sons he gave one benefice; while to his eldest he gave another of about the same value, and the archdeaconry of Cornwall in addition; a third living to a son-in-law, if we ought not rather to say, to a daughter; a fourth, to another son-in-law; a fifth, to a gentleman about to become his son-in-law; a sixth, to a nephew of his own; and a seventh, to a nephew of his wife.

The secretary seeks to mitigate the case of nepotism which he is thus compelled to detail, by appending to the mention of

some of these benefices that he thought they were of about the 'clear value' of three hundred pounds a-year. But a mystery lurks in the words 'clear value,' for the elucidation of which some information would be necessary as to the nature of those deductions which constitute the difference between the *gross* and *clear* value. On this point Mr. Horsman has conferred a great favour on the uninitiated. He gives the case (probably not an uncommon one) of a clergyman who returned the clear value of a living he held worth fifteen hundred a-year, as one hundred and fifty-pounds; and on a more particular statement being required, specified as deductions, the expense of keeping saddle-horses for his own use, carriage and horses for his wife, public schools for his sons, and the most accomplished education for his daughters. Indeed, one of the bishops has even claimed, as a deduction from his gross income, the sum of £681 for his gamekeepers and watchers on the moors! In short, the reader may take our word for it, that there is no phrase in the ecclesiastical vocabulary, not excepting 'sound doctrine' and 'teaching,' or 'intention, of the Church' more flexible in its meaning, or more beautifully adapted to the purposes of equivocation than the words 'clear value.'

The 'Edinburgh Reviewer' exacerbates the case against the bishop, by dwelling with great severity on the fact, that one of his lordship's sons, on whom he conferred ordination and church preferment, was refused by his college, on the ground of his misconduct, the ordinary testimonials in the absence of which it has always been a principle with Dr. Philpotts, and very properly so, to refuse to ordain a candidate. The bishop, in the recently published pamphlet before us, attempts an explanation of this extraordinary procedure, which, while it must have been alike humiliating and painful to his feelings, leaves, we fear, the substance of the charge unrefuted and inexcusable. We refrain, however, from any further examination of this part of the subject; and we must say, that with so strong a case as the reviewer had in his hands, he would have shown better taste if, from respect to parental affection, he had touched this more tender point with a gentler hand.

We now come to the main purpose we have proposed to ourselves in this article—viz., an examination of the theological principles of the Bishop of Exeter, as set forth in the last pastoral letter addressed by his lordship to his clergy in substitution for the ordinary triennial charge. His lordship commences with a clear and careful exposition of the relation sustained by ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and demonstrates with great learning their entire separateness and independence of each other. Indeed, we doubt if anything more than his own concessions is necessary to establish the

legitimacy of the union between church and state. The separateness of their judicial provinces he clearly proves; and the functions of the church were confined to church discipline, and did not touch the personal liberty and secular interests of men, his principles would by no means necessitate the dissolution of the union. But if, through the intervention of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, appealed to by the Bishop of Exeter himself, one of his clergy can be deprived of the temporalities constitutionally conferred on him by the Lord Chancellor, and another be incarcerated in a common gaol, it is manifest that such powers must be under the ultimate control of a civil government, whose sole duty is the protection of the lives, the liberties, and property of the subject. It is singular that this conclusion was not suggested to Dr. Philpotts by the course of his own argument; for he contends that the Archbishop of Canterbury was disqualified from being a judge, or even an assessor, in the Gorham case, as having already pronounced judgment thereon by his official, the Dean of the Court of Arches. But could it have escaped the notice of the Bishop, that neither the Gorham case, nor any similar one, is argued or decided in the Court of Arches by clergymen, or necessarily by churchmen—or even by Christians? and how far the archbishop can be said to have pronounced through the said official, as his representative, may be learned from the broad fact, that his Grace at once reversed the judgment. That, indeed, must be a strange constitutional government in which wrong-headed and turbulent priests can hale innocent men to prison, or deprive them of their means of subsistence, without the control or cognizance of the civil jurisdiction.

The consideration of the decision of the Privy Council in the case of Mr. Gorham naturally introduces the main doctrine involved in that dispute—that of baptismal regeneration. In discussing it, his lordship lays down the doctrine of justification in six canons, which by their very brevity indicate the care with which they have been written. They are in the following terms:—

‘I. The *efficient* cause is God himself. So the third part of the Homily\* tells us, “*God of his mercy, through the only merits and deservings of His Son Jesus Christ, doth justify us.*”

‘II. The *meritorious* cause is, “His most dearly beloved Son, our only Redeemer, Saviour, and *Justifier*, Jesus Christ,” as is expressed in the second part of the same Homily.

‘III. The *formal* cause is, as the same Homily states in its very outset, “the forgiveness of man’s sins and trespasses.”

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\* The Homily of ‘Common Prayer and Sacrament.’



‘IV. The instrument by which God is pleased to *convey* it, is “*Baptism*,” in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, as we have just seen in the passage cited from the same Homily.

‘V. The instrument by which man *receives* it, is *faith* in the merits of Christ, and in the promises of God made to us in and by that baptism.

‘VI. The *continuing* or *preserving* cause is, “walking in newness of life.” The same Sacrament, which gives him justification, makes him a new creature. “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature” (2 Cor. v. 17); and “as many as are *baptized into Christ* have *put on Christ*” (Gal. iii. 27), they are “in Christ” most strictly.’—‘Pastoral,’ p. 19.

We must not suffer ourselves to be drawn into either of the great controversies opened in these propositions, but only make a few brief suggestions which the thoughtful reader may carry out for himself. The bishop declares that baptism is the instrument by which God conveys justification, and that faith (evidently meaning faith exercised at the time of baptism) is the instrument by which it is received. Further, that baptism which gives him justification makes him a new creature, and that the putting on of Christ—an act, be it remembered, attributed by St. Paul to the *baptized person*, as the agent—is synonymous with being ‘in Christ,’ and becoming ‘a new creature.’ So that the bishop concludes, as is obviously deducible from the above considerations, that the meaning of the Apostle, in the passage quoted from the second Epistle to the Corinthians, may be given as follows:—‘Therefore, if any man or infant have been baptized, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.’ The reader, by perusing the context in the Epistle, and substituting the above words for those which stand in the original, will, we think, be qualified to form a judgment on this part of the Bishop of Exeter’s theology.

Perhaps, too, the reader of his Lordship’s six canons may be struck by a conspicuous absence—an emphatic silence. Not a word occurs in the bishop’s scheme of human salvation about the office and influence of the Holy Spirit. But to counter-balance this omission, we find the *presence* of some authorities, which a thoughtful student of scripture would not have been prepared to expect. Three fundamental principles of the Christian religion are laid down on no weightier warrant than that of an uninspired homily. Times seem to have changed since a clergyman of Dr. Philpotts’ church declared that the Bible alone was the religion of Protestants. Indeed, the Bishop of Exeter seems, in the discussion of the great doctrines of the gospel, only to be reminded by a rare casualty that there is such a book as the ‘New Testament.’ Whether the reason is, that the language of scripture would not suit his purpose,

or that it is undesirable to bring it too freely before the laity, the fact is unquestionable, and is so striking as to deserve to be verified by a few quotations from this elaborate pastoral.

We do not, of course, expect any reference to scripture in a statement of the constitution of the Anglican church. There are some subjects from which such references are necessarily excluded on the most obvious principles of necessity, propriety, or taste. The statutes of Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Elizabeth, and the *dicta* of Bracton and *Lord Coke*, the bishop finds more relevant, and to them he accordingly confines himself. But on matters of Christian doctrine he is equally shy of 'the Law and the Testimony.' Thus, as to the efficacy of faith, he says (p. 22), 'True it is, that *the church* does say, in the 11th article, "That we are justified by faith *only*," (with the qualification which has been cited from the Homily); but never does the church say, as the archbishop says, "Faith *alone* justifies;" or, "we are justified by faith *alone*."' Again (p. 23), on Justification, 'If baptism does not *concur towards* our justification, what is the meaning of the article in the *Nicene Creed*—"I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins?" Is not baptism *here* expressly declared to "concur towards" "remission of sins," therefore, "towards justification?"' What right the Council of Nicæa, held in 325, and presided over by the Emperor Constantine, who was not himself at the time a Christian even by profession, has to an appellate jurisdiction on such a question as this, we are at a loss to imagine; and how a man, professing himself a Christian minister, and who may fairly be supposed to have had a Bible in his possession, should carry the appeal to such a court, is still more extraordinary, and lamentably suggestive.

But the bishop carries his business into far lower courts than the Council of Nicæa. After citing a passage from the 'Tracts for the Times,' No. 90, on Justification, he says, 'I prefer the clearer and more symmetrical language of *Dr. Waterland*;' and adds, 'thus the shaft aimed at the Tractarians (viz., by the Archbishop of Canterbury), does in truth strike no less a name than Waterland!' Two lines lower, we find Dr. Philpotts writing, 'A greater than Waterland is the next object of his Grace's attack.' The reader, of course, expects some pregnant declaration of the Messiah. But no. Instead of this, we read, 'Yet this is the express language of *Bishop Bull*, as it is given in his "Harmonia Apostolica!"'

Again, on the doctrine of Absolution—

'If any one will still contend, that He did not say that "He would set up a power upon earth which should possess His authority, act in His stead, and as His vicegerent dispense His anger or His favour,"—I

answer, that this cannot be affirmed by any minister, much less by any bishop of our church; for every one of us, my reverend brethren, hath again and again solemnly declared our assent and consent to what is every day declared in God's house, that "Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, hath given power and commandment to His ministers, to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins." Again, to the awful formula of absolving the dying penitent: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and *by His authority committed to me*, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." —Ib. pp. 34-35.

Again, in controverting the views of the primate as to the union of the church with its Divine Head, no allusion is made whatever to the testimony of scripture, but merely to an office in the Prayer-book, which may, for anything that is known to the contrary, have been composed by a prelate who knew but little of real religion, and possibly cared still less, or by an archbishop, whose apostasies and recantations leave it impossible to assign him to any communion at all. 'Let us remember,' says Dr. Philpotts, 'that *our church* has plainly declared its real sense on this article of our creed. For, in the most solemn of all its services, it commands us to thank God, "for that he hath vouchsafed to assure us, by our duly receiving the body and blood of Christ, that we are *very members incorporate in the mystical body of his Son*, which is the blessed company of all faithful people." Such is *our church's* own statement of its own mystical nature.'

The total exclusion of the authority of scripture from this prelate's investigations of every department of Christian doctrine, will be observed again in the following anecdote respecting the doctrine of apostolical succession, supposed (though most gratuitously) to be declared in the words, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. The question of the examining chaplain on this text leads to the following dialogue:—

'*Candidate*.—"I consider that in these words our Lord chartered his Eleven as the Apostolic College, with undying power of succession; and the application I make of this doctrine is, that none should presume to minister in holy things who cannot show their connexion with this Apostolic College by lawful ordination from bishops, in the true succession from the Apostles."

'*Examining Chaplain*.—"This is a very strong statement, Mr. —."

'*Candidate*.—"I believe it to be true, sir,"

'*Examining Chaplain*.—"What, then, will you do with those who cannot get this succession?"

*'Candidate.*—"I pronounce no opinion concerning them. He who is sole governor of His own world, and who has placed them in this position, will deal with them according to the laws of His own love and mercy. He has not revealed aught concerning these exceptional cases; and I dare not re-adjust His laws."

*'Examining Chaplain.*—"I am aware that this is the view of what are called the *great* divines of our church. I think it very uncharitable. If the bishop thinks fit to ordain you with these views, the responsibility is his own."

*'The bishop, I rejoice to say, did ordain him then deacon, and, at the end of a year, priest.'*—Ib. pp. 42-43.

The reader will begin to be sick of the wretched absurdity of *'our church declares,' 'our church denies,'* and so forth, *usque ad nauseam*, when all that is meant is, that doctor so-and-so declared this or that, and that his declaration was indorsed by some Tudor or Stuart. Yet we cannot do justice to the bishop's theological character without citing a few more passages from his latest manifesto:—

*'There is,'* he says, *'a deacon still permitted, under licence of the bishop, to officiate as a deacon-assistant to a resident incumbent in a southern diocese, who, ten years ago, was a candidate, in the usual course, for the order of priests; but his bishop "refused to admit him to examination, avowedly and solely on the ground of his declining to deny positively all mysterious presence of our Blessed Lord's body and blood in the Holy Eucharist, excepting in the faithful receivers, and desiring to leave the same an open question, neither to affirm nor deny any such presence."*

*'The candidate, be it observed, distinctly denied what the church denies, and affirmed what the church affirms, in her own words; but he declined assenting to a certain negative proposition which the bishop laid before him.*

*'Thus it will be seen, that a clergyman of unquestioned integrity, ability, zeal, faithfulness in the discharge of all his sacred duties—one against whom no valid objection can, we must presume, be raised (for he is still the licensed assistant of his rector)—this very deserving clergyman is cut short in his ministerial course, because, in speaking of one of the most awful mysteries of our religion—the real spiritual presence of our Lord's body and blood in the Holy Eucharist—he feels himself bound in conscience to decline to be wise "above that which is written"—to be silent, where the word of God and the voice of the church have not spoken. And this course he found himself the rather bound to take, because the church, so far as she speaks at all, seems to favour a conclusion contrary to that of the bishop; for the 28th Article speaks of the body and blood of Christ as "given" and "taken," as well as "eaten" in the supper, "only after an heavenly and spiritual manner."* Again, that there is some special effect wrought on the bread and wine in the prayer of "Consecration" seems to be implied by the distinction ordered in the Rubric (!) in dealing with what "remains of the bread and

wine *unconsecrated*”—which “the curate shall have to his own use;” and what may “remain of that which was *consecrated*,” for this “shall not be carried out of the church,” but “the curate and such communicants as he shall call unto him shall *reverently eat and drink* the same.” Even the order, that “when all have communicated,” and before the post Communion, “the minister shall return to the Lord’s Table and *reverently place upon it what remaineth of the consecrated elements, covering the same with a fair linen cloth*,” has the same aspect.’—Ib. pp. 46-47.

In commenting on this language, let it not be supposed that we would treat otherwise than with profound reverence the mysteries of religion, and the declarations of scripture; but we cannot consider that the bigoted dogmatism of such men as the Bishop of Exeter, unsupported by any warrant of revelation, imposes on us any such law of humility and caution. We do not, therefore, hesitate to declare our opinion that the terms, ‘the real spiritual presence of our Lord’s body and blood,’ involves as preposterous an absurdity as was ever uttered by a sane man; and one which, being entirely unsupported (as usual) by any reference to the inspired Word, we can only designate as an instance of audacious presumption.

It is really difficult to deal with a passage characterized by such hopeless confusion of thought as pervades the above extract, in which, it will be observed, there does not occur the remotest reference to scripture. If the bishop receives the doctrine of transubstantiation, he should boldly and honestly affirm it. Yet what other meaning can be attached to the words, ‘*some special effect wrought on the bread and wine in the prayer of consecration?*’ If these elements only cease, when received in the sacrament, to be regarded as ordinary food, and are then considered as symbolical of something else, the change obviously passes on the feelings of the recipient. To affirm that a special change passes on the elements themselves, is neither more nor less than to maintain the doctrine of transubstantiation. What, again, can any intelligent Christian understand by such utterly unauthorized terms, as the real *spiritual* presence of our Lord’s *body* and *blood*? The bodily presence of our Lord, and his *spiritual* presence, we can alike understand. But surely we have a right to ask the bishop, as the words are his own, what he means by the spiritual presence of a body? To reverence the mysteries of religion is one thing, but to admit the Bishop of Exeter’s confusion of ideas and contradictions in terms, is, we venture to think, another and a very different thing.

After this the reader will be prepared to hear that Dr. Philpotts views with the utmost horror, the prevalence of what he is pleased to call ultra-protestantism—

‘A system,’ he says, ‘which, in its full-grown strength, (God grant, whatever be present appearances, that it attain not to that strength among ourselves!) is far more pernicious than Romanism itself; for Romanism, while it corrupts and mars the truth by accretions of error more or less destructive, according to the varying conditions of the hearts on which they fall, does yet retain the whole body of faith itself, which the other (accompanied though it often be by much of piety) maims and truncates, at the bidding of man’s wisdom, squaring the Revelations of God to its own presumptuous measure of what is reasonable, good, and edifying.’—Ib. p. 41.

Indeed, the bishop ignores the very term, ‘the Protestant Faith,’ as unintelligible and absurd. ‘It is not,’ he says, ‘with anything like a wish to carp at words, that I avow my ignorance of what is meant by the phrase “the Protestant Faith.” “Protestant” and “Faith” are terms which do not seem to me to accord together; the object of “Faith” is divine truth, the object of “Protestant” is human error. How, therefore, can the one be an attribute of the other?’\*

It never fell to our lot to expose a more dishonest and impudent piece of sophistry than this. Faith has most assuredly reference to divine truth as revealed in the Bible; and the term Protestant has reference to those anti-Christian errors, which (apparently much to the bishop’s satisfaction) the Roman-catholic Church has presumed to add to it. The Protestant faith, therefore, simply means faith in the gospel, unmixed with the anti-Christian errors and observances with which the impious presumption of men has overlaid and obscured it. If Dr. Philpotts does not understand this, it is high time that he should cease to understand—what we apprehend he is the only man living who *does* understand—the real annual value of the see of Exeter.

But we begin to tire of our subject; we are nauseated with the perusal of this prelate’s sanctimonious paragraphs, when we compare them with the scriptures which he professes to receive, and with the articles and obligations to which he has bound himself by repeated oaths. In his pastoral letter, we constantly imagine ourselves to be reading the lengthened opinion of a special pleader, who is exerting the most tortuous ingenuity in consideration of a heavy fee. We firmly believe that no writer out of the school of professed deists ever dishonoured the word of God so flagrantly as the Bishop of Exeter has done in the pastoral letter before us;—

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\* Dr. Philpotts speaks (p. 44) of “the vast power of the primate of all England, the *second* spiritual chief of Christendom—*alterius orbis Papa!*”



‘Content yourselves, in the first instance, with urging on your people the authority of *their church*.’—p. 66.

‘Of “the pure word of God,” the eighth article tells you where it is to be found, even in “the three Creeds, which ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture.” The articles of these Creeds, therefore, are to be preached by us if we are faithful ministers of the Gospel, in their purity and integrity, and as “the Word of God,” as articles of “the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved.” In other words, it is not enough to preach them as *mere truths*—much less as probable and safe opinions—they must be preached, I repeat, as *integrant parts of the Catholic faith*.’—p. 67.

‘I have seen also, that “prayer for the dead is urged as a positive duty.” Whatever might have been said on this subject during the continuance of the first Book of Common Prayer of King Edward VI., I cannot but consider that to urge such an alleged *duty* now, is an excess well meriting correction. The *lawfulness* of prayers for the departed in the church of England was decided by the Court of Arches, in the celebrated *Woolfery* case. But this does not make it lawful for a clergyman to urge as a *duty* a practice which the church thought it best to withdraw from the public service.

‘I have seen, again, that “a superstitious use of the sign of the Cross is recommended as profitable.” Now, I am quite sure that you will agree with me in condemning any such recommendation. I will go further, and say, that I think, in the present state of our church, a faithful and discreet clergyman would be *very cautious* how he recommended the use of the Cross in any case in which the *order of the church, or common practice*, has not authorized it.’—p. 51.

‘I read, in the same place, a condemnation of the statement, that “the mediation of the saints is a probable doctrine;” (by *doctrine*, I conclude, is here meant *opinion*).

‘Now, I must frankly own, that I see nothing whatever in any degree objectionable in setting forth such an opinion, as an opinion.’—p. 52.

‘Never would I permit myself to say anything in discouragement of auricular confession in either of the two cases mentioned above: *auricular* confession, I say, because it is the phrase used by our church in the first book of King Edward VI., speaking of secret confession—and because the 113th canon straitly charges and admonishes, &c.’—p. 57.

And again, as to communion. ‘The first book of Edward VI. contemplated daily communion, and our present book orders weekly communion, wherever there are several priests.’ And again, ‘as to ritual observances in the worship of God, where no prohibition, expressed or implied, and no reason drawn from the particular office, or from the general tone and nature of our Liturgy, is opposed to the introduction of a Catholic usage practised before Edward VI.’s reign. I am not prepared to say that such a thing is always improper—much less merits the reprobation of the whole episcopal body.’

more quotation from the Bishop of Exeter, and we will drop this subject. In allusion to the authority of the King monarch to regulate the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Christ, his Lordship says:—

turn to the words of the "Admonition" appended to Queen Elizabeth's injunctions, which are cited in the 37th Article:—

give [to our Princes] *that only prerogative*, which we see to have been always to all godly princes in Holy Scriptures by God himself; that they should rule all states and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain the civil sword the stubborn and evil doers. Making no distinction, to be observed, between conscientious religionists and murderers, in so far as the word 'stubborn' designates the one, and 'evil' the other.

Now, what is "the prerogative given to godly princes in Holy Scriptures?" Happily, we need not involve ourselves in any extensive search for we have almost contemporary evidence of the sense put on the words in the age in which they were used. The 2nd canon of 1604 enunciates, *ipso facto*, "whosoever shall hereafter affirm that the majesty hath not the same authority in causes ecclesiastical, that godly kings had amongst the Jews and Christian emperors in the Christian church."—pp. 97-98.

is is gross enough; but there is 'in the lowest deep, a deeper;' for we find in the same page the following words, let us see what King James HIMSELF said on the same subject.

The bishop had said, 'Let us see what our Lord himself said on the same subject,' we should not have been surprised. But at last come to this, that a man that is not only a professed minister, but a manufacturer of professed ministers of Christ, to appeal from His authority, to that of a profane, per- and frivolous buffoon—a vulgar slipshod pedant, such as I!

the conclusions suggested by a former part of this article stating the consistency of this prelate's conduct, and the nature of his motives on the Catholic question, and his sub-administration of a diocese, are too obvious to be dwelt

One most efficient means of preventing crime is the removal of temptation; and so the best means of securing virtue is to remove from the hands of government the power of corrupting it by bribes. The power of rewarding venality and infidelity to principle with benefices and bishoprics, is one of the most demoralizing and mischievous that spring out of the disastrous union of church and state.

These matters, however, examined in the subsequent part of the paper, suggest some inferences so deserving of public consideration as to demand a few concluding remarks. The first

and most obvious of these inferences respects the proved inefficacy of an established church, not only to secure uniformity of religious belief, but even to preserve inviolate the fundamentals of faith. He must be a most minute theological anatomist who can mention a single form or phase of religious belief which does not find its representatives in the Anglican church. Well may the Bishop of Exeter be enamoured of the term Catholic, and din us with his solitary epithet — Catholic truth, Catholic teaching, Catholic observance, until we expect next to hear of Catholic small-clothes and Catholic gaiters. Unquestionably it is Catholic enough! Its language would seem to be, ‘Walk in, gentlemen; you may be Papists or Protestants—not of the smallest consequence; Arminians or Calvinists—no matter; the royal supremacy, or the church’s supremacy, is a mere trifle; Baptists, Congregationalists, Tractarians—it is all the same. If the Bishop of Exeter won’t institute you, exchange your benefice; the Bishop of Ely will: walk in, gentlemen, and make your game.’ Such is the church which, according to the 20th article, ‘hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in all controversies of faith!’ Under this view of the subject, it is perfectly amusing to read the language of Dr. Philpotts—

‘If the claim be true, then is the commission given by our Lord to his Apostles “to feed his sheep” virtually abandoned in this country, and transferred to the secular power; then is the Church of England no longer really a church—no longer a branch of that Catholic Church, whose first and highest title it is to be “the Pillar and Ground of the Truth.” That truth would, in England, be recognised as at the disposal of the ministers of the crown for the time being—ministers, who hold their offices at the pleasure of a parliament which no longer professes to be a body of churchmen—no longer bound to uphold, as the highest interest of themselves and the people whom they represent, the spiritual rights and duties of the church.’—*Ib.* pp. 93-99.

‘Truth at the disposal of ministers of the crown for the time being!’ Why, where is the difference between this and the truth being at the disposal of bishops and rectors for the ‘time being?’ Is not the one as shifting a body as the other? Nay, what body, however shifting, can constitute a more unsuitable court of appeal than one in which a bishop of Exeter can excommunicate an archbishop of Canterbury, and declare that he never saw a volume of the same size which contained one-tenth part so much heresy as that which lies before him, and bears the signature of his own archbishop?

Ministers, too, we are told, ‘hold their offices at the pleasure of a parliament which no longer professes to be a body of churchmen!’ When was there ever a time when such a profes-

1, if made, would have been worth one straw? Nay, when there a time since the Reformation, when many of the gentry of England would not have been conscious of arrant hypocrisy in making the profession, not of being churchmen, of being Christians. All this the Bishop of Exeter knows. In a word, the whole system is a farce—an insult alike to reason and religion. The cure of souls is bought and sold every week at Garraway's;\* and men, without the slightest knowledge of theology or sense of religion, continually undertake, as a merevestment, the functions of which the Bishop of Exeter speaks with such sanctimonious solemnity. We repeat, the whole system is a delusion and a farce; and we are persuaded that no man living is more thoroughly convinced of this than the Bishop of Exeter himself.

But the most important conclusion suggested by the pastoral letter of Dr. Philpotts is, that the tendency of the Anglican church, as far as respects a large proportion of its clergy, is to substitute ecclesiastical canons and offices for the will of God. In charging his clergy, the Bishop of Exeter deals, as we have seen, mainly to these, on the various questions of doctrine and practice which he handles, and exhorts them in their ministrations chiefly to impress upon their hearers the sacredness of the same authority. This is, indeed, an ominous symptom of retrogression. It throws back our ecclesiastical notions to those dismal ages of intellectual, moral, and spiritual eclipse, in which, amidst a universal submission to the authority of the church, religion only retained its divinely-guaranteed existence on lonely mountain sides, in dens and caves of the earth, or in the dungeons of priestly despotism. We cannot forget that the palmiest days of ecclesiastical authority were the days of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, of barbarian ignorance and Gothic superstition; in which truth and genius shone not as with sunlight, but only gleamed amidst darkness from few and flickering tapers; in which humanity descended the depths of its lowest estate, and the universal mind seemed to suffer a period of hybernation, and lay beneath the view of higher intelligences an inanimate and lifeless chrysalis.

It remains to be seen, if all that, under the providence of God, has been done for our species, and achieved by indi-

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\*The disposal of what is called church patronage in this manner is not an exception but the rule; it is not a matter of secrecy or one that escapes public observation; it is looked on as a theory of course; and so far has this monstrous abuse been sanctified by custom, that while no one expects to see a vacancy in the church filled according to merit, the filling of it in the most sordid way scarcely provokes reprobation!—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

vidual minds, since the revival of letters and the reformation of religion, is to be undone by a clique of grasping and ambitious priests. The highest interests of society in recent ages have ever been commensurate with the unimpeded circulation and the reverential reception of the scriptures. Beneath the beams of that luminary from which the impenetrable covering of an obsolete tongue was removed by the venerable hand of Wickliffe, the human mind has lifted itself to a majesty of stature previously unknown. In the footsteps of an advancing Revelation, have sprung up all those arts, rarities, and inventions, which embellish the world, and stamp a new value on the nature and the life of man. Freedom and intelligence have tracked its path, and national greatness is its creature. Surely it cannot be designed in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, that this revelation should once more be postponed to the gross dogmas of men, of whom little more than the name survives the oblivion of ages, and who can boast no superiority over their half worshipping successors, save in respect of sanctimonious subtlety and insatiate avarice. Such an apostasy on the part of those who have tasted 'the powers of the world to come,' to the beggarly elements of a barbarous and half-forgotten superstition, would indicate the infatuation which augurs an approaching and irremediable destruction. We cannot believe that our countrymen can be so far bewitched by a blind partiality to an ancient and corrupt institution as to enter on such a course;—a course which, in the words consecrated by the memory of departed genius and piety, 'would involve 'an impious barter of all that is good for all that is ill, through the utmost range and limits of moral destiny.'

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ART. VI.—*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.* By Lord Mahon. 8vo. Vols. V. and VI. 1763-1774. London: John Murray.

WE see no reason to alter the opinion we expressed in 1845, on the merits of Lord Mahon as a historian. They are in some respects of a high order, and entitle him to a very respectable position. No intelligent reader of his volumes can fail to perceive the traces of much diligence and pains-taking, of cautious deduction of principles from an extensive array of facts, a discriminating judgment, great candor, general accuracy in the estimate of character, and large sympathies with whatever is human. So much lies on the surface of his

ork, and few histories, in consequence, are entitled to greater confidence, or may be read with more pleasure and instruction. His volumes afford ample evidence of the caution with which he has examined conflicting statements, the justice he is concerned to deal out to political opponents, the calmness with which he examines hostile theories, the bright colors he admits into his darkest pictures, and his scrupulous adherence to what he deems the wisest and the best. In reading the works of some other historians we feel that we have to do with a partizan, and that the skill of an advocate rather than the fidelity of a judge, is the one quality exhibited. There may be beauty of style, variety and richness of illustration, attractive philosophy, and profound scholarship, but the first requisite of historical composition is wanting. Our faith is engaged. We may be pleased, we may admire, but we do not commit ourselves to the statements of the author. There is nothing to rebuke incredulity, if there is not positively much to incite it. We feel like the spectators of a gladiatorial show, and begin, immediately that the spectacle is closed, to criticise the appearance, and style, and action of the performers. If excited, we soon weary of the emotion, and seek to hide from others the joy or sorrow, which, as a fleeting cloud, has passed across our minds. Now, the case is different with the writings of Lord Mahon. Whatever else is wanting, we have the strong conviction of his opinions being maturely formed, and honestly expressed. We may differ from some of his estimates of character; we may dissent from many of his views. The errors consequent on partial knowledge, of early training, of aristocratic position, may occasionally, in our judgment, be visible; but it never occurs to us to doubt his good faith, or to suspect him of consciously yielding to any of the sinister influences which pervert the judgment. We are persuaded, from the perusal of his lordship's writings, that he is incapable of anything of this kind. In intention, at least, if not in act, he is as truthful as history should be.

Coupled, however, with these admirable qualities, there are deficiencies which prevent his ranking in the first class of historians. To say nothing of ancient models, he wants the beautiful philosophy of Mackintosh, the serene temper and penetrating sagacity of Hallam, and the brilliancy and graphic power which give to the pages of Macaulay all the attractiveness of fiction superadded to the value of history. Lord Mahon's style is plain even to a fault; his vocabulary is limited; and the construction of some of his sentences is involved and inelegant. He does not convey to us the impression of an affluent mind. There is nothing to betoken a large



accumulation from which supplies are readily drawn. We have rather the conception of a conscientious man *reading up* on every point of the history, under the painful consciousness that he might otherwise distort its features, and thus injure the cause he desires to serve. His course is, in consequence, tardy ; his narrative is cold. There is no scintillation, no vital heat. He never warms with his theme, or if occasionally he appears to do so, it is only for a moment, and in a style so foreign from his usual habit, as to fail in securing the sympathy of his reader. We have to do with an intelligent, candid, and truthful narrator, rather than a powerful intellect, which, having mastered the details of a complicated subject, relates its several stages with energy and passion.

Such, in our judgment, is Lord Mahon as a historian. We have read his volumes with much pleasure, and without further preface, shall proceed to furnish our readers with some account of those now before us. The period they embrace is little known. Indeed, until lately, the materials possessed by the public were scarcely sufficient to warrant a decided judgment. Happily, however, these materials are now rapidly increasing. The Burke, Chatham, and Bedford correspondence, together with the more recently-published 'Grenville Papers,' and the 'Memoir of Lord Rockingham,' place us in a much more favorable position than our predecessors. With the exception of the last, Lord Mahon has had the advantage of consulting all these works, and his 'History' may, therefore, be taken to represent the fullest information yet possessed, viewed, of course, through the medium of his lordship's prepossessions.

George II. died in October, 1760, and was succeeded by his grandson, George III., under whose auspices the tory party was gained over to the Brunswick dynasty. So long as there was hope of the restoration of the Stuarts, the tory squirearchy toasted in private the Pretender ; but the retention of the British throne by the First and Second George, the suppression of the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the masterly policy of the elder Pitt in breaking the force of Highland clanship, and the quiet succession of George III., admonished the leaders of this party that they must discard their Jacobite propensities, or submit to a perpetual exclusion from office. They naturally and very wisely chose the former, and the transfer of their loyalty to the new dynasty was aided by the English birth and unstained reputation of the young monarch, about whom they speedily rallied.

The House of Brunswick was unquestionably indebted to the whigs for their possession of the English throne, and the service was rewarded by a monopoly of office. The usual result

followed. Court favour changed patriots into sycophants. The disciples of Somers, the men who gloried—verbally at least—in the revolution of 1688, practically discarded the principles of their masters, while their tory opponents learned the language, and practised the policy, of an opposition. The two parties substantially changed sides—the advocates of ‘divine right’ pleaded for popular freedom, while the descendants of Hampden and Pym, of Russell and Sydney, vaunted the prerogative beneath which they sheltered. This state of things should not continue; and the accession of a young monarch, who was at first greatly influenced by his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and her confidential adviser, the Earl of Bute, hastened the crisis. The volumes before us commence in the third year of the young king’s reign, and unfold the several stages of the approaching change. The first ten years of the reign of George III. were marked by frequent ministerial revolutions. There were few great men, and still fewer virtues in public life. It devolves almost exclusively on Pitt to redeem from utter contempt the period of which we write. At the accession of George III. he was in office, but speedily resigned on perceiving the influence of Bute, and the altered policy of the court. His popularity at this time was at its height, and might well have been so, for he retrieved the fortunes of England when they were at the lowest ebb; and diffused through every branch of the service a vigor and heroic firmness to which our annals scarcely furnish a parallel. On retiring from office he maintained at first, what Lord Mahon correctly designates ‘a lofty moderation;’ but when parliament was required to express an approval of the peace concluded by Lord Bute, he gave utterance to his views in a speech, the vehemence and profound sagacity of which could not be suppressed, even by the terrible bodily agony which he endured. This occurred December 9th, 1762, and the scene is thus briefly described:—

‘At length a shout from the thronged streets was heard by the assembled members; the doors were thrown open; and in the midst of a large acclaiming concourse was seen Mr. Pitt borne along in the arms of his servants. He was set down at the bar, from whence, by the aid of a crutch and of several friends, he crawled to his seat on the front opposition bench. His countenance appeared emaciated and ghastly; his dress was of black velvet, but both hands and feet were swathed in flannel. His speech, which, as I have elsewhere said, extended to three hours and a half, he delivered, sitting down at intervals, by the hitherto unprecedented indulgence of the House; his voice was faint and low, and he was more than once compelled to take a cordial before he could proceed. At the conclusion his agony of pain was such as to compel him to leave the House without taking part in the division. When he passed

out, the huzzas which had greeted his coming redoubled, and the multitude catching at the length of his speech, as a topic of praise shouted again and again : " Three hours and a half ! Three hours and a half ! " —Vol. v. p. 13.

His oratory, however, was unavailing against the secretary of the treasury, who is alleged to have purchased votes at an enormous price. But though Pitt failed in the Commons, his policy was triumphant with the country. The unpopularity of Bute increased daily. The members of his own cabinet either voted against him, or did him equal disservice by their silence, and at length it was announced, to the amazement of the public, that impaired health compelled his retirement from public business. This occurred on the 7th of April, 1763. ' The ground I tread upon,' wrote the favorite to a private friend, ' is so hollow that I am afraid, not only of falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin. It is time for me to retire.' Bute's influence, however, availed to secure the appointment, as his successor, of George Grenville, brother of Earl Temple, and brother-in-law of Pitt. The ex-minister was still omnipotent. The curtain raised, which Lord Chesterfield described as ' a very transparent one,' could not conceal him from the public eye, and he was consequently held responsible for the policy of the cabinet. The ministry of Grenville occupies an unenviable position in English history.

' We are inclined to think,' says Mr. Macaulay, and in his judgment we acquiesce, ' that the worst administration which has governed England since the revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads—outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the Crown.\*' By his celebrated Stamp Act, he raised the flames of civil war in the American colonies, and thus pledged his cabinet to a policy which issued in the declaration of independence. Wearied at length by the perplexities and feebleness of his advisers, George III. determined on a change ; and his purpose was favored by Lord Bute, who did not find his successor as supple as he had expected.

' Few weeks had elapsed since Mr. Grenville had been placed at the head of the Treasury before a coolness was observed to arise between him and Lord Bute. Nor is the reason hard to be assigned. Lord Bute regarded the choice of Grenville as an act of grace and favour on his part, to be followed by corresponding marks of gratitude and deference. Grenville, on the other hand, could see no other cause for his elevation beyond his own genius and merit. '

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\* Essays, p. 747.

On the 27th of August, Pitt was summoned to meet the King at Buckingham House. The audience lasted three hours, and the 'Great Commoner' well sustained his reputation in the advice tendered his monarch. His bearing was lofty and firm, yet without disrespect, and he left the royal presence under the full conviction, that the task of forming an administration would be delegated to him. On the following day, however (Sunday), a secret interview took place between the king and Mr. Grenville, when the former complained of the conditions imposed by Mr. Pitt, and was emboldened to reject them. The effect was apparent on the 29th, when, according to previous arrangement, Pitt paid a second visit to Buckingham House. The parties proposed for office by the king were unacceptable to Pitt, and of those named by the latter, some were personally offensive to the monarch. 'Well, Mr. Pitt,' such are the reported words of George III., 'I see this will not do. My honour is concerned, and I must support it.' On the whole, it is apparent that the king entered on the negotiation most reluctantly, and from no other motive than the necessity of the case. His narrow understanding was incapable of appreciating the lofty genius of Pitt, whose self-dependence and noble bearing offended his kingly pride. Lord Mahon's estimate of George III. is much more favorable than ours. He possessed, we freely admit, many English qualities of which his grandfather and his son, George IV., were destitute, but they were not of the highest order, neither were they associated with others which would have smoothed their ruggedness, and given them an air of dignity and kindness. In the present case, though not positively insincere, his reluctance was such as readily to avail itself of the suggestions of Grenville.

The late administration was in consequence reinstated, with the addition of the Duke of Bedford, and that section of the whigs which acted with him. Its views and policy, however, were unchanged, and, as if the discontent awakened in America were not sufficient, a contest was commenced with one of the most worthless demagogues who ever profaned the name of patriot. We will not be tempted to enter into the narrative of which Wilkes was the hero. It is enough to remark that the ground taken by ministers was manifestly unconstitutional, and that the public mind must have been fearfully disaffected to the government, to permit so profligate an adventurer to become the idol of the people. We pass on to the fatal measure by which the Grenville administration is best known to posterity. After various preliminaries, we are told:—

' Fifty-five resolutions laying Stamp Duties on America were now

brought into the House of Commons, and afterwards embodied in an Act of Parliament. The House, since they viewed it as a Money-Bill, refused to receive four petitions against it from the agents of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, and Carolina, besides one from the merchants of Jamaica. Within doors the scheme was opposed with little vigour. Pitt was ill in bed at Hayes, and only a few of his friends, as Colonel Barré and Alderman Baker, spoke or voted against it. Nine years afterwards, and in the presence no doubt of many men who had witnessed these discussions, Mr. Burke described them in the following terms: "Far from anything inflammatory, I never heard a more languid debate in this House. No more than two or three gentlemen as I remember spoke against the Act, and that with great reserve and remarkable temper. There was but one division in the whole progress of the Bill, and the minority did not reach to more than thirty-nine or forty. In the House of Lords I do not recollect that there was any debate or division at all." —Ib. p. 129.

The representatives of the American colonies resident in England, appear at first to have entertained no idea of armed resistance, but their constituents were otherwise disposed. The Stamp Act was reprinted with a death's head affixed in lieu of the royal arms, and was publicly sold in New York, under the title of 'The Folly of England and the Ruin of America.' At Boston, which speedily took the lead, the colors of the shipping were hoisted half-mast high, while the church-bells were muffled, and tolled as at a funeral.

'Of all the colonies, the first to stir was Virginia, and of all men in Virginia the first was Patrick Henry. It was mainly through his eloquence and energy that the House of Burgesses of his province was induced to pass a series of resolutions, and a petition to the king denying in strong terms the right of the mother country to tax them without their own consent, and claiming a repeal of the obnoxious statute. Startled at these bold proceedings, the governor of the province dissolved the assembly, but too late; the blow had been already struck, the example already set. The other colonies looked to the remonstrance of Virginia as a noble and inspiring precedent to follow, and in most of their assemblies carried similar resolutions of their own.'—Ib. p. 133.

A striking anecdote is recorded of Patrick Henry, which illustrates his self-command and readiness, at the same time that it shows the loyalty which yet prevailed. Descanting in the House of Burgesses on the tyranny of the Stamp Act, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder—"Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First had his Cromwell—and George the Third—"Treason!" here exclaimed the speaker, "Treason! treason!" re-echoed from every part of the house. Henry did not for an instant falter, but fixing his eye firmly on the speaker, he concluded his sentence thus—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!"

The Regency Bill, which followed the illness of the monarch in 1765, elicited the want of good understanding and cordial cooperation which marked the cabinet. The king was desirous of retaining in his own hands the nomination of the regent, intending apparently to exercise the right in favor of the queen. Mr. Grenville was opposed to this, yet consented to forward the measure. It was accordingly proposed to the parliament, the nomination being limited 'either to the queen, or any other person of the royal family usually resident in Great Britain.' Simple as were these words, and obvious as their import seemed, they gave occasion to differences which materially affected the course of events. A doubt arose as to what was meant by the 'royal family,' when it was found that the Duke of Bedford and the Lord Chancellor differed on the point, the former affirming that it included those only who stood in the order of succession; and the latter, advocating the more natural and common-sense interpretation of the phrase. The definition of the Duke of Bedford, which was zealously supported by Halifax, excluded, of course, the Princess Dowager, and was probably suggested by her tory preferences. The king was clearly misled by false information when he consented to his mother's exclusion, and he never forgave the ministers who had thus abused their position. We are not surprised at this. Indifference in such a matter would have been dishonorable, and the character of George III. was of an order to feel the insult keenly. He therefore consulted his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and, in his excited mood, forgot the haughtiness of Pitt, and the confederacy of whig lords. He felt the *present* evil as the least tolerable, and was ready to incur any other if he might but be relieved from it. The Duke, who was a whig in politics, and whose broken health, combined with the altered policy of the court, had led him to retire from public life, immediately repaired to Hayes, the residence of Pitt, and summoned Lord Temple from Stowe. It has been a question whether the king acted frankly by Grenville at this time. Lord Mahon adopts the favorable view; but we are not satisfied on the point. Further evidence is needed; and come from whatever quarter it may, we shall be glad to receive it. Writing to a friend on the 18th of May, Edmund Burke, then young in years, and full of the confidence of untried political life, expressed the most sanguine hopes of a strong liberal government being formed. Referring to Pitt, he says,—'You may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he chooses to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be



equal to anything but absolute despotism over King and kingdom.'

In the interview between the royal duke and Pitt, the tone of the latter, though lofty, was not intractable. He felt the strength of his position without forgetting what was due to his sovereign and the country. The 'great commoner' was not disinclined to office, but he knew its difficulties; and his requirements, therefore, though not ungenerous, were such as self-respect, and his views of the national interests demanded:—

'He made three principal demands:—Condemnation of general warrants for the future; restoration of officers dismissed on political grounds; alliance with Protestant powers to balance the new family compact between France and Spain. The first article, said the duke, would be accorded; the king himself had named the second; the third would be most subject to difficulty. As to appointments, Pitt was resolved that if he took office the statesman who was at this time the highest in his confidence—Chief Justice Pratt—should become Lord Chancellor; a scheme by no means welcome to the court. On the other hand, the court desired, as before, that the Earl of Northumberland might be placed at the head of the Treasury; and to that proposal, Pitt, as before, demurred. It seems probable that these difficulties might have been overcome, since sooner than fail the duke was willing to offer Pitt almost CARTE BLANCHE. But it was observed that from the moment Lord Temple arrived, and had an opportunity of conversing with Pitt, the embarrassment and reserve of the latter visibly increased.

'Pitt's intention had been to nominate Temple as First Lord of the Treasury; but not only did Temple reject the brilliant prize, he used every exertion to dissuade Pitt also from engaging. To explain this strange phenomenon in a man so ambitious as the Lord of Stowe, it must be mentioned that as it chanced he was then on the point of concluding a reconciliation with his brother George. It was now, it would seem, his wish that the family union might be perfected, and that "the three brothers," as Temple, Grenville, and the husband of their sister were commonly called, might form a ministry of their own, neither leaning upon Lord Bute and the tories, nor yet upon the great whig dukes. It is probable that Pitt was not at all convinced by Temple's reasoning. He must have felt that in rejecting the overtures of the Duke of Cumberland he was foregoing a noble opportunity of good to the public and of glory to himself. But on the other part, he could not be unmindful of the ancient obligations, personal and even pecuniary, which he owed to Temple. Could he in honour begin his new administration by a breach with the only colleague who had adhered to him at the close of the former,—a breach too, founded solely on the reconciliation of that colleague with their common brother, George Grenville? To feelings such as these we may presume Pitt yielded, but yielded with regret. When he took leave of Temple after the decision, he mournfully repeated to him some lines from Virgil, to imply: "Brother, you have ruined us all!"

‘It is remarkable that at nearly the same juncture Grenville in a long discourse announced to the king that politics apart, and so far as private friendship was concerned, he had become reconciled with Lord Temple. The king answered drily, and with a well-timed allusion to Lord Bute: “I do not trouble myself about the friendships of others, and wish nobody would about mine!”’—*Ib.* pp. 156-159.

Other negotiations followed with like result, and the king was at length compelled to announce to Grenville and Bedford that he should retain their service. They felt their vantage-ground, and permitted their resentment to master their discretion. Four fresh demands were preferred, and the king yielded with an ill grace. He felt his humiliation deeply. It was natural he should do so, and his reinstated ministers soon learnt that they had committed a gross political blunder. Sacrificing the real to the apparent, the solidity of power to its trappings, they, in fact, worked out their own ruin, while they seemingly insured a long tenure of office. The wounded feelings of the king ‘were shown by clouded looks to Grenville and Bedford; by smiles and gracious words to their opponents.’ This state of things could not last; and when the Duke of Bedford, in strange forgetfulness of the character of his sovereign, on the 12th of June, reproached him with the favor shown to the opponents of his ministers, and even intimated a doubt of his word having been kept, the royal displeasure knew no bounds. He determined, come what may, to free himself from such uncourtly dictation, and commissioned the Duke of Cumberland to re-open negotiations with Mr. Pitt. The latter had a three hours’ audience with the king. ‘Everything he asked was agreed to, especially a close alliance, if possible, with Prussia, an abolition of general warrants for the future, a repeal of the cyder impost, and a change in the American taxation.’ On these terms, Pitt avowed his readiness to undertake the conduct of affairs, provided Lord Temple would join him. That nobleman, however, again refused, and Pitt, writing to a friend, recorded his disappointment and mortification in these expressive words:—‘All is now over as to me, and by a fatality I did not expect; I mean Lord Temple’s refusing to take his share with me in the undertaking.’

In these circumstances, the Duke of Cumberland turned to the great whig houses, and the result was, the formation of the Rockingham administration. As we shall have an opportunity of referring more fully to the policy of this cabinet, in our notice of the recently-published ‘Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham,’ we will simply record here, that their tenure of office was very brief. They were installed on the 13th of July, 1765, and were superseded by Pitt, created Earl of Chatham, in

the same month of the following year. It is reported, that, on the king informing his ministers of his having sent for Pitt, one of them, General Conway, with a rare candor, replied, 'Sir, I am glad of it; I always thought it the best thing your majesty could do. I wish it may answer; Mr. Pitt is a great man, but as nobody is without faults, he is not unexceptionable.' On this occasion, Pitt, for the third time, applied to Lord Temple, but finding him still intractable, he determined to proceed alone. He probably felt that his own honor was at stake, and that it became him to show the nation he could redeem its embarrassed affairs without the turbulent and ambitious master of Stowe. Such, at least, was the feeling of his friends. 'It does behove him now,' wrote Lord Camden, 'to satisfy the world that his greatness does not hang on so slight a twig as Temple. . . . Let him fling off the Grenvilles, and save the nation without them.'

The peerage of 'the great commoner' has been variously judged. That it was nobly earned cannot be doubted. If ever statesman merited a coronet, it sat fitly on the head of the elder Pitt. His services had been of an infinitely higher order than those rendered by a majority of the Upper House. Indeed, he brought to it more lustre than he could receive, and needed not to temper his high bearing in deference to the symbols of their haughty pedigree. He was, moreover, advanced in years, his health was broken, and he might, therefore, without impeachment of his patriotism, naturally desire the comparative quiet and repose of the peerage. Still, it may be doubted whether its acceptance was not a false step. He was emphatically the man of the people. On their favor he had risen to power. His popularity had constituted his strength, and rendered his name formidable. Foreign statesmen trembled at the thought of his return to office, while the creatures of the court observed no bounds in the expression of their hostility. To the king he was personally offensive. George III. both feared and hated him. Pitt was aware of this, though the conviction unhappily faded from his memory whenever he stood face to face with the monarch. His elevation, therefore, to the Earldom of Chatham, while it apparently confirmed, really undermined his greatness. The name of Pitt had been a talisman, that of Chatham was unknown. The people reposed in the 'Great Commoner' as one of themselves, but regarded with mistrust the wearer of a coronet, conferred by the hand of a tory king. Great rejoicings occurred in London, when the tidings of his premiership were received, but when the news of his peerage came, the projected illumination

was countermanded, and the citizens felt that their last hope was gone. From the extreme of confidence, they passed to the extreme of suspicion. He was Samson still, but it was Samson shorn of his strength. That the king had foreseen much of this can scarcely be doubted, neither would it be uncharitable to suppose that he viewed it with satisfaction. Had Pitt been wise, he would have retired from public life when his health unfitted him for the leadership of the Commons. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how he arrived at an opposite judgment. His position was so unique—so exclusively popular in its basis—so bound up and identified with the all but universal feeling of his countrymen—that we are at a loss to comprehend his not perceiving, at a glance, how he played the part of his enemies when he left the scene of his glory for the more sedate but far less powerful position of an earl. Nor was he without examples to warn him of his danger. The recent case of Pulteney may well have deterred his ambition—if such were his motive,—while the known enmity of the court should have led him to mistrust the smiles and the honors so readily conferred. In becoming the Earl of Chatham, he lost the popularity of William Pitt. Right or wrong, the fact itself is undoubted, and the malady which followed served still further to eclipse his glory. To that malady, we are disposed, in part, to refer the course he now took. Had his intellect been as unclouded as at a former period, he could scarcely have failed to join the Rockinghams. They had done much to conciliate him. Chief Justice Pratt, his confidential friend, was raised to the peerage by the title of Camden; his law agent, Mr. Nuthall, was appointed solicitor to the treasury; and he himself was repeatedly informed that they were willing to receive him, not as an associate, but as a leader. Moreover, his views on all the more important questions accorded with theirs. They had united in condemning the peace, the Stamp Act, the general warrants, and the seizure of papers, and there appeared, therefore, no good reason for their acting apart, much less for their being supplanted by him. Together, they might have defeated the hostility of the court, and the opposition of the tory party; but separated from each other, he wanted their strength, and they wanted the magic of his name. That they did not so unite is matter for regret, and its solution is probably to be found, partly in unbounded self-confidence, inspired by former triumphs, and partly in resentment at the efforts made by leading whigs to impede his early progress. ‘The terrible cornet of horse’ was remembered, it may be, when it would have been far wiser, and more indicative of the highest order of

intellect, to sacrifice all such memories on the altar of his country's good. To err, however, is human, and William Pitt furnished no exception to the rule.

The principle on which Chatham sought to form his administration was the dissolution of all party connexions. He aimed to draw around him the ablest men from all political sections, and had his physical powers remained, he would probably have succeeded. His personal supervision and control, however, were absolutely needful, and these were soon withdrawn by the terrible calamity which made him a burden to himself, and unfitted him for business. He found, moreover, more difficulty in constructing his cabinet than he had anticipated. The Bedfords refused to join, save in a body, and he was ultimately compelled to content himself with little more than his personal adherents, and some members of the late administration. Among the former were Lords Camden and Shelburne; and of the latter, the Duke of Grafton and General Conway. We need not say that the combination failed. When the master-spirit was compelled to retire from the helm, the one principle of cohesion was wanting. Each section of the government looked suspiciously on the other, and though Chatham remained its nominal head, his policy was really abandoned, and other counsels than he would have tendered met the royal ear. In January, 1767, he was a prisoner at Bath, through a severe attack of gout; and when only partially recovered, he set out with a determination to reach London, but had a relapse on the road, which confined him to bed for a fortnight at Marlborough.

‘Evils speedily grew from the absence of the master-mind. The cabinet became divided, and the parliament unruly. A jealousy, never after extinguished, was kindled between Grafton and Shelburne. Charles Townshend began to assume the airs of a great minister in the House of Commons, and almost openly thwarted Beckford as to the East Indian Inquiry. Even the highest colleagues and most trusted friends of Chatham complained that they were not thoroughly apprised of his views and intentions. The Duke of Grafton asked his leave to travel down to his bedside at Marlborough for one hour of conversation,—for one gleam of light. But he was answered in stately phrases that the same illness which hindered Lord Chatham from proceeding on his journey must likewise disable him from entering into any discussions of business.’—*Ib.* p. 267.

The remedies employed to suppress the gout had driven the malady inwards; so that when he returned to London, his nerves were thoroughly shaken, and he shut himself up absolutely from society, and became melancholy and irritable. The Duke of Grafton earnestly solicited an interview, but was refused, and

at length the king himself wrote to him on the imminency of the crisis which had arisen. 'If,' said the monarch, 'you cannot come to me to-morrow, I am ready to call on you.' Thus pressed, Chatham conceded an interview to Grafton, and the latter tells us in his 'Memoirs'—'Though I expected to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, his situation was different from what I had imagined. His nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind bowed down and thus weakened by disorder would have filled me with grief and concern, even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character. . . . The interview was truly painful.'

In the Autumn of the following year the health of Chatham improved, but he felt unequal to the duties of his position, and having ascertained what had taken place during his seclusion, he determined to resign. His wish to do so had previously been notified to the king, but had been waived in deference to the royal request. Now, however, he resolved to carry out his purpose, and no persuasion could divert him from it. Lord Mahon tells us—

'The resignation of Lord Chatham produced an impression upon his colleagues which cannot but appear to us strangely disproportionate to the part which he had lately taken in their councils. Such ministers as were absent in the country were summoned by express to town. The Duke of Grafton replied to Lord Chatham, entreating him to forego his resolution. The king himself wrote in the same terms. "I think," says his majesty, "that I have a right to insist on your remaining in my service; for I with pleasure look forward to the time of your recovery, when I may have your assistance." But Lord Chatham being resolute, it was necessary to accept his resignation. As a propitiatory compliment to him, the Privy Seal was bestowed upon his personal friend and follower, the Earl of Bristol; while in the room of Shelburne, the Earl of Rochford, lately ambassador at Paris, became Secretary of State.

'Thus in October, 1768, did Lord Chatham retire from the office which he had assumed in July, 1766. Until towards the middle of March, 1767, he had been truly and in effect Prime Minister, since that time he had been—nothing. What was done thenceforward he was so far from directing, that he scarcely knew. He had fallen not as other statesmen sink from office to opposition, or from a larger to a lesser share of influence and power, but he had fallen as a dead body falls, blind, unheeding, unstirred.'—Ib. p. 308.

He was succeeded by the Duke of Grafton, of whom large expectations were entertained, which his subsequent career failed to realize. His want of application and of firmness, combined with an addiction to field-sports, and above all, his gross violations of public decency, marred his career, and prevented



his securing the confidence of his countrymen. Lord Camden was his chancellor—a man of far higher mark, whose decisions are still held in profound respect by our legal functionaries, only one of them having been reversed, and that, as Lord Mahon remarks, probably in error.

‘His style in the Court of Chancery was extremely simple and colloquial. It could not vie with Lord Mansfield’s lofty dignity,—his luminous order and skilful array of facts. Dunning, indeed, was wont to say, that a statement by Lord Mansfield was equal to any other man’s argument. But how greatly does Lord Camden shine superior in Constitutional doctrine and zeal for public liberty! When contending with Lord Mansfield for the rights of Juries,—when against that great magistrate again and again advising justice to the Middlesex electors, and conciliation to the North American colonies,—their contemporaries might be divided in opinion, but does at this day any one man doubt to whom the palm should be awarded?’—*Ib.* p. 314.

The Earl of Shelburne and Colonel Barré, both friends of Chatham, joined the ranks of opposition, but a new and more formidable adversary appeared in January, 1769, around whom a mystery was thrown, which the most diligent inquiries have not yet penetrated. The history of our country during the latter half of the eighteenth century cannot be appreciated without a minute examination of the ‘Letters’ of Junius. With a closed vizor, a force rarely equalled, and a skill in the use of his weapons to which no parallel had been witnessed, he entered the arena of political strife, with the proud bearing of a knight whose self-confidence bordered on arrogance. From the more subordinate, he proceeded to challenge the higher officers of the state. One after another, the ministers or their underlings fell before him, until the licence of free speech was indulged to the extent of disloyalty, if not of treason. Our readers are aware of the controversy that has been waged respecting the authorship of these letters. Lord Mahon disposes of the question far too summarily, more especially as he prefaces his narration by observing, ‘A full statement, at least, if not a full solution of it, may justly be required.’ ‘I will not affect,’ he says, ‘to speak with doubt, when no doubt exists in my mind. From the proofs adduced by others, and on a clear conviction of my own, I affirm that the author of “Junius” was no other than Sir Philip Francis.’ This is sufficiently oracular, it must be confessed, nor are there wanting some strong points, as his lordship proceeds to show, in support of his opinion. Still, with all deference, we must submit, that the case is far from proved, and that a more thorough and searching investigation is yet needed to determine between the several parties whose

identity with Junius has been maintained. This, however, is not the place for entering on such a discussion, nor have we at our command the space it requires. It must content us, therefore, to remark, whoever Junius might be, and whatever may be thought of his patriotism and truthfulness, that his 'Letters' seriously damaged the ministry, and exercised an important influence on public affairs.

The Duke of Grafton was succeeded by Lord North, a minister after the king's own heart, whom he loved as fervently as his nature permitted, and trusted until that ill-starred coalition which destroyed at once the court favor of North and the popularity of Fox. Lord Mahon sketches his character too highly, and is guilty, we think, of a serious offence against public morals in glossing over the insincerity of his policy. To use his lordship's own language,—'He frequently yielded his own deliberate judgment to the persuasion of his sovereign or of his friends.' In private life, this may be an amiable weakness—but it is *weakness* still. But in public life, it assumes a graver character, and utterly disqualifies for important trusts under a constitutional monarchy. The same element of character would, in the days of the Stuarts, have arrayed Lord North on the side of prerogative as opposed to popular freedom.

The first appearance in parliament of Charles James Fox was as a supporter of the court. He was returned for Midhurst when not quite twenty years of age, and, on Lord North becoming prime minister shortly afterwards, was made one of the lords of the admiralty. This office he resigned in 1772, on occasion of the Royal Marriage Bill, but speedily resumed his connexion with the government by accepting a lordship of the treasury in the following January. In this post, however, he remained for a short time only, and the circumstances out of which his dismissal grew are thus related by our author. It is instructive to note that, while the son of the Earl of Chatham became, *par excellence*, the tory minister of George III., a son of the first Lord Holland, whose political career set all principle at defiance, became the leader of an illustrious band, which, for many years, and under most untoward circumstances, fought the battle of the Constitution against the stolid despotism of the monarch and the iron rule of a cold-hearted and unscrupulous oligarchy.

'This very period—the month of February, 1774,—proved to be a turning point in Mr. Fox's own career as well as in Dr. Franklin's. His father, Lord Holland, had recently relieved him from embarrassment by paying his debts, contracted mainly through his passion of high play, and amounting (and yet he was not twenty-five) to the enormous sum of

140,000*l*. Free from this burthen, Fox became less patient of any other trammels. At the opening of parliament a few weeks afterwards, though still holding a subordinate office, he showed little regard for the advice or opinion of his chief. On several occasions he appears to have pursued his own independent course. Once, in his zeal against the licentiousness of the press,—in his eagerness, as he declared, “to bring libels of all denominations on the carpet,”—he urged a complaint against the printer of the “Public Advertiser” for having inserted a letter reflecting on the principles of the Revolution. Lord North found it necessary to join him in this vote, though against his wishes, and with a hint to that effect to several of his friends. The king in his secret notes at this juncture expresses much resentment at the presumption of this ill-disciplined Lord of the Treasury. So high did the royal or ministerial indignation rise, that on the 24th of February there was put into Fox’s hands a letter from Lord North, couched in the following laconic terms: “Sir, his majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name.” Certainly it was no common provocation which could call forth such a letter from the most courteous and good-natured of Prime Ministers.’—*Ib.* p. 497.

In the meantime, the American revolution proceeded in a course which English statesmen deemed disastrous. Our troops were frequently defeated, and even when successful, they accomplished little more than the occupation of a few principal towns. Such victories were barren of results, and gave no promise of an early and satisfactory settlement of the dispute. The feelings of the colonists became exasperated yet more and more. The burdens of the struggle fell heavily upon them; their property was ransacked; the licence of the British soldiery frequently added insult to spoliation; and the horrors of Indian war gave a character of ferocity to the contest which awakened the darkest passions, and spread throughout the scene of conflict the worst possible apprehensions. The conciliatory measures which had been proposed failed utterly of effect, partly because they were in obvious contrast to the policy of the Crown, and partly because they had been delayed too long, and were doled out with a niggardly hand. They were received as the result of fear only, and thus strengthened the confidence of the Americans rather than stimulated attachment and gratitude. No man in the empire was more doggedly bent on the subjugation of the colonists than George III., and the only means he was inclined to employ were those of force. That they should successfully resist his arms he deemed impossible; and long after others had yielded to the mortifying conviction, he resolved on maintaining, at any cost, the supremacy of his rule. Chatham had opposed the measures out of which the revolution sprung. He condemned the Stamp Act, avowed his admiration of the demeanor of congress, and pro-

, from time to time, the adoption of conciliatory measures in view to a termination of the contest. His foresight and judgment and sagacity were strikingly shown in January, 1775, when he moved an address to the king, praying that the British troops might be withdrawn from Boston. On that occasion, he not only affirmed the hopelessness of the struggle, and warned the minister and the nation of what speedily ensued :—

‘When your Lordships,’ said the orator, ‘look at the papers transmitted to America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, do not but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For I must declare and avow that in all my reading of history,—and it has been my favourite study; I have read Thucydides and have admired the master-states of the world,—no nation or body of men can give a preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. All attempts to impose servitude on such men, to establish despotism over such a continent, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must not necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts; they must be repealed; you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.—Avoid, then, this humiliating and shameful necessity . . . . To conclude, my Lords, if the lords thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his Crown, and will affirm that they will make the Crown not worth his wearing; I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the king’s cause is undone.’—Vol. vi., p. 33.

This motion, though ably supported by Lords Shelburne and Camden, was lost by a majority of 68 to 18, but Chatham afterwards submitted a bill to the House for the pacification of the troubles of America, which, while it affirmed the paramount authority of the British crown, provided that no tax should be levied in America without the consent of its representatives. Lord Mahon naturally asks, whether this measure, if it been adopted, would have healed the breach, and reunited the union between England and her colonies? His answer is more strongly affirmative than we are prepared to expect. ‘From all the facts and testimonies,’ says his lordship, ‘then or since made public, I answer without hesitation, it would! The sword was then slumbering in its scabbard. On both sides there were injuries to redress, but not as yet dashed to avenger. It was only a quarrel; it was not as yet irreconcilable.’ There were no doubt circumstances of great significance favorable to such an issue, but others pointed in an opposite direction, and were ill adapted to stimulate hope. The character of Washington was, in itself, a tower of strength to the cause.—VOL. III. B B

his countrymen, but as yet its virtues were not appreciated at Philadelphia. His wisdom, moderation, and firmness were misunderstood by many of those who acted a noisy part in Congress; but the army appreciated his worth, and the more discerning and patriotic of the colonists deemed his command a sure earnest of success. On the other hand, the liberals of England reposed unhesitating trust in his honor, and anticipated, from his conciliatory tone, the reception of measures which, correcting the practical grievances of the States, would leave them yet subject to the British crown. Lord Mahon's estimate of Washington is such as was to be anticipated from his candor. 'Integrity and truth,' he tells us, 'were ever present to his mind. Not a single instance can be found in his whole career when he was impelled by any but an upright motive, or endeavoured to obtain an object by any but worthy means.' This is high praise, but not higher than was deserved, and the generosity with which it is tendered enhances our estimate of the rectitude and truthfulness of the historian.

We must refrain from noticing the subsequent transactions of this period. Our space is completely exhausted, and we will, therefore, merely add, that Lord Mahon's narrative of American affairs, much as we esteem the temper in which it is drawn up, is, in our judgment, unduly extended. It is out of proportion to the other parts of his work, and enters into details which are readily learnt from other sources. We regret this the more, as it swells the bulk and increases the cost of his history, beyond either the time or the means of the majority of readers. In the event of a second edition, we earnestly counsel an abridgment of this portion of his narrative, and in the meantime, recommend his volumes to the confidence and early perusal of our readers.

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ART. VII.—*Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.) and the Excommunicated Emperor: a Tale.* By Joseph Sortain, A.B. Third Edition, revised. London: Longman and Co. 1852. pp. 325.

HILDEBRAND stands out among the men of the eleventh century as a colossal spirit, an object of terror to the feeble potentates of the age; of reverence to the servants of the proud supremacy his ambitious policy established; of hatred to the high-minded princes who have been strong enough to resist the encroachments of that supremacy; of admiration to the

idolators of genius, ready to do equal homage to prince, prelate, or demagogue, if he be but clothed with the attributes of intellectual force; and of scorn to the champions of national freedom, the defenders of domestic sanctity, and the lovers of the ancient Catholic faith.

How did it come to pass that this man should be the *Claszar of the Church*, and how far has he been justly estimated by any of the classes we mention? These are questions worthy of attention, but they will not be discussed in this place with sufficient justice; yet, without trespassing our limits, we shall say a few words faithfully, according to the light of history, and to the party prejudices on the one side or the other. We believe will be seasonable to represent him in sunbeams or in rainbows, with the halo of an angel or the purity of a saint. We shall not caricature him in the grotesque disguises which bigotry would fashion because of his devotion to a church in which every corner of our reason and every throb of our heart revolts. Nor could we offend the taste of our readers less egregiously than we should violate our own, were we to paint an imaginary fiend, and affix to this monster of the fancy the name of Hildebrand.

We must glance for a moment at the situation of Europe in the eleventh century. The new kingdoms that arose on the ruins of the Western Empire had been united under the domination of Charlemagne and his successors. The feudal system, by which lands, and castles, and kingdoms were held on the condition of homage and military service to a *suzerain* or chief, held all Europe in a net-work of complicated dependencies, and cherished that spirit of chivalry which did much for the refinement of nobles, and something for the liberties of the people. Among these feudal sovereignties the Bishop of Rome had obtained a place,—partly through the influence which naturally accrued to him from the transfer of the seat of empire to Constantinople, and partly through the superstition of the rude soldiers who had shared among themselves the spoils of conquest, but mainly through the grateful policy of the founder of the Carlovingian monarchy, who repaid the Pope's sanction of his usurpation with the Greek Exarchate of Ravenna, which he had just torn from the grasp of the Lombards. The gift of the French usurper was consecrated at Rome, by the forged donation of Constantine, in which it was pretended that when the Emperor departed to Byzantium, he invested the Roman Bishop with the temporal sovereignty of Italy and the western provinces. In addition to this political power, the Roman See had gradually undermined the independence of national



churches by encouraging appeals from ecclesiastical courts, and by publishing the Decretals of Isidore, which pretended to establish on the letters of early bishops and edicts of Christian emperors the sole right of the pope to summon councils of the church, and to exercise authority over all her bishops.

It needs not be said that a thick cloud of ignorance veiled the general mind of Europe; that superstition, which, unlike the healthy plants of nature, grows most luxuriantly in the dark, had largely superseded the pure belief and spiritual worship, and free-making spirit of the gospel; and that the muddy waters of immorality, relieved only by cataracts of crime, overspread the sunny regions of the south, while a coarse and almost brutal dissoluteness disgraced the homelier virtues of the Germans. From the tempests of the world, the better men sought retirement in the monasteries that studded the loveliest quietudes of Europe.

We cannot wonder that this social atmosphere should have imparted a peculiar character to the remarkable body of fraternities which in their aggregate men called 'The Church.' The clergy of the eleventh century are depicted by contemporary Catholic writers as not only polluted by the vices common to the times, but as branded especially by two evils peculiar to themselves. One of these was *concubinage*,—living with women who were not their wives. The other was *simony*,—the buying and selling of church livings. Throughout great part of Germany and Lombardy the clergy, including many of the bishops, were avowedly married; but in Italy an illegal connexion was substituted for lawful matrimony. The sale of livings introduced into parishes, and abbacies, and episcopal sees the most unworthy persons,—thus dishonouring religion by giving her apparent sanction, in the most direct manner, to every form of wickedness; but it introduced other evils, political rather than religious, for it threw the most influential positions of the church, carrying with them territorial authority and worldly power, into the hands of wealthy barons and great princes. By such acquisitions, added to the natural ascendancy of chiefs, they intruded on some of the functions which the popes had arrogated to themselves as the supreme magnates of the church. As the lands of the church, like other lands in that age, were held by feudal tenure, it belonged to the Emperor, as feudal head, to invest the holders with authority. The form of this investiture—the giving of a ring and a crozier—made the Emperor appear to be performing a spiritual act. The popes became jealous. A serious ground existed for that grand quarrel between the temporal and the spiritual,—the church and the state,—the popes on one side, and the monarchs of Europe on the other,—which convulsed the nations for centu-

and which, if the auguries of the past have not deceived the interpretation of events now passing, must convulse Europe till the supremacy of Rome is destroyed by the man and conscientiousness of free Christian churches.

Italy, then, was the world into which Hildebrand was born, and these were the external influences by which his course was directed,—such were the elements with which he had to work.

Historians do not agree in their reports of the birthplace of Hildebrand. Somewhat like the case of Homer, the honour has been claimed respectively for Sienna and Saone, both in Tuscany and for Rome. In either case he was an Italian. The date of his birth is unknown; so is his ancestry. Some describe him as descended from the noble house of the Aldobrandini; others, apparently with more truth, he is said to have been the son of a humble Tuscan, a carpenter of the name of Bonizo, of the name of the Virgin, on the Aventine hill, where his uncle was the

He imbibed the spirit of the institute, studied the constitution of the papal court, and observed with sorrow the evils which he afterwards denounced. From the beginning he seems to have embraced the views of Pietro Damiani, Bishop of Ostia, the honest though narrow-minded champion of ecclesiastical reform. During his gradual rise to greatness, he saw more than three contemporary popes—Benedict the Ninth, Stephen the Third, and Gregory the Sixth. Benedict had been raised to the papal chair at the age of twelve, through his connection with the aristocratic family of the Tuscoli at Rome; the scandals of his life provoked and justified the opposition of the people. At this juncture, Hildebrand came into notice. He was employed to induce Benedict to sell his papacy to Gratian, a learned arch-presbyter, who had been Hildebrand's teacher when a boy, and who assumed the title of Gregory the Sixth. The reforming party had great hopes from this accession, but the Emperor, Henry the Third, soon forced them to make way for Clement the Second. Gregory was accompanied in his exile by Hildebrand. They joined the Benedictine order of the monks of Clugni, at Maçon, in Burgundy. It had been founded about a hundred and fifty years before, by Duke of Aquitaine, and was then at the height of its reputation for religious poverty and industrious virtue. The reposed bishop was soon worn down by the passions he had fought with him from Rome. At his death, he left to Hildebrand

his wealth, his hatred of the Emperor, and his name, which the then future pontiff has immortalized. In that garden of delicious roses and lilies, as Damiani calls it, while secludedly separated from the world, Hildebrand was revolving schemes which occupied his life, and strengthening those

austere habits and indomitable powers which served to bring them to maturity. While thus pondering, he heard of the death of Clement, poisoned by an agent of Benedict, and of Damasus, his successor, from a similar cause. Bruno, Bishop of Toul, whom the Emperor—his relative—had persuaded a diet at Worms to elect as pope, had become acquainted with Hildebrand at the imperial court. On his journey from Saxony to Rome, as Leo the Ninth, he proceeded through France, and rested at the monastery of Clugni. There he consulted Hildebrand, who persuaded him to lay aside his pontifical robes, that he might appear at Rome as a pilgrim, asking the clergy and people of that city to elect him. The abilities and the character of the Italian monk so captivated the German bishop, that he induced him to accompany him to Rome. For five years he enjoyed the solace of his friendship and the advantage of his energy, as sub-deacon of the Roman Church, and head of the church and monastery of San Paolo, and as a frequent legate in promoting the reform of the church. When Leo died, so great was the ascendancy which Hildebrand had gained at Rome, that his judgment was followed, and his diplomatic skill employed in the choice of a successor. The new pope, Victor the Second, sent him to France, where he stoutly upheld the pontifical authority by deposing several bishops accused of various crimes. Victor was succeeded by Stephen the Ninth, who filled the see but a few months, and was followed by Nicholas the Second. Nicholas owed his elevation to the Empress Agnes, widow of Henry III., and mother of the reigning king. But Hildebrand held the wires that moved the puppets in this royal show; for he had become the acknowledged agent of both the clergy and the people in conducting the election. By his influence, the pope sent from the Lateran Council that decree which secured to the seven cardinal bishops at Rome the power of electing the succeeding popes, and took away from the emperors even the right of confirming the election. The same sagacious intellect was at work in grasping the feudal sovereignty of the Two Sicilies which continues to this day. We have not time, in so rapid a sketch, to dwell on the mixed motives so transparent in these politic measures, or to notice others tending to unite the clergy to the pope. Nor can we stay to introduce the partially enlightened precursors of the Reformation by five hundred years, to tell how Arialdo came from the rude villages near the Lake of Como, to thrill the hearts of the Milanese by the preaching of repentance;—how a like spirit stirred up Landolph, a young priest of high birth, at Milan, to call the people by written notices, and by the tinkling of small bells, to his fervid denouncings of the clergy;—how these vehement

preachers were upheld by the countenance and the wealth of Nazario, an officer in the civic government, who sighed for the purification of the church;—how this band of reformers, like the Huguenots, Puritans, Methodists, of nearer times, were mocked with a vulgar nickname, *Patrisi*—people's men;—how all Milan was divided by two factions, both absorbed in this one question;—how the contending parties appealed to Nicholas; and how the proud Milanese gave up their boasted independence to the pope. Yet these facts could not be quite passed over, for, on the death of Nicholas, Hildebrand succeeded in obtaining the succession for Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, a Milanese—who had acted with Damiani as the pope's legate in the late synod at Milan—because he was on the same side with himself in the great controversy of the times. Under the title of Alexander II., this pope enjoyed a nominal supremacy for twelve years, which he spent chiefly at his former see, or amid the Campanian hills in the Benedictine convent of Monte Cassino; while the real power was in the hands of Hildebrand, whom he had created archdeacon and chancellor of the Roman Church. By the penetration, sagacity, and force of his great intellect, Hildebrand became the genius of Rome, the pope's master, and the founder of an empire stronger, wider, more portentous, and more lasting than that of the Cæsars.

At length he ascended that throne which he had rendered so august, so terrible, so stable, as GREGORY VII. Apparently in contradiction to his principles, yet *really* to make himself master of the situation, he procured, under forms of outward humility, the sanction of the young King of Germany. Henry IV. both hated Hildebrand and feared him: still, though the German bishops urged him to withhold his consent, it was yielded by the policy of weakness. In the first council held by Gregory, he vigorously addressed himself to the two objects which had engrossed so much of the attention of his predecessors—the enforcement of celibacy on the clergy, and the forbidding of the sale of benefices. It was now decreed that the priestly orders should abstain from marriage, and that such priests as had wives should forthwith put them away, or quit the priestly office. From an early period, a false philosophy had combined with a specious sanctity to exalt the virtues of perpetual celibacy; and in the East especially, where the notion had arisen, the clergy were trained to regard themselves as wedded to the church, their only spouse; though the practice was not enforced by laws. In the West, where the aggrandisement of Roman power had long been the main object of ecclesiastical legislation, the celibacy of priests had been rigidly enjoined; but the laws of nature were stronger than the laws of the church: while

the Italian clergy gave themselves up to licentiousness, the priests of Lombardy and Germany had wives. We leave the reader to imagine the consternation which this sweeping measure of the pope must have spread throughout the German churches. The married bishops and clergy denounced it, justly, as contrary to Scripture, and they manfully resolved to abandon their office rather than their wives, leaving the pope, as they said, 'to rule the churches by angels, since he was not satisfied with men.'

To that icy-hearted priest, however, it was of no account that his edict came like the hot blast of the desert on thousands of loving hearts, on faithful men and confiding women, and on blameless children, in their pure and tranquil homes. The inmost heart-strings of humanity must break before the ambition that claimed the entire subjection of the church to the will of one ruler. True it is that, by this rough-handed violence, human nature was outraged in its very core, and the ordinances of Heaven were set at nought; yet Gregory triumphed over both, establishing that system which, for eight hundred years, has been the mightiest engine of priestly treason against the independence of nations, the rights of kings, the sacredness of religion, and the liberties of men.

Gregory had to fight another battle, not this time with stoled priests, but with armed princes. He aimed at the sovereignty of the world. He sent his ambassadors demanding feudal homage and tribute from every land in Christendom. Sueno, King of Denmark, and Gensa, King of Hungary, submitted. Robert of Sicily, we are told, refused; Philip I., of France, it is said, yielded a partial and reluctant obedience; Bernard of Besaln, King of Arragon, in Spain, rendered the demanded tribute. William the Conqueror, King of England, 'came in,' as Fuller, in his admirable quaintness says, 'with the pope's banner, and under it won the battle which got him the garland, and therefore the pope presumed he might boldly pluck some flowers from it, being partly gained by his countenance and blessing. Indeed,' continues our church historian, 'King William kindly entertained these legates sent from Rome, so to sweeten the rank savour of his coming in by the sword in the nostrils of religious men; pretending what he had gotten by power, he would keep by a pious compliance with his holiness. But especially did he *serve the pope to be served by him*, that so, with more ease and less envy, he might suppress the English clergy. But although this politic prince was courteous in his complimentary address to the See Apostolic, yet withal he was careful of the main chance, to keep the essentials of his crown.' These essentials were—the retaining of the ancient custom of the Saxon kings to invest bishops and abbots, suffering no one



to receive the pope's letters till they had been seen by himself, and allowing no bishop to excommunicate any of his barons or officers without the king's command.

When Gregory sent his legates to demand fealty from this proud and crafty monarch, this was his reply: 'Religious father,—Your legate Hubert, coming to me, hath admonished me on your behalf that I should do fealty to you and to your successors. . . . Do fealty I neither would, nor will; because I never promised it; nor do I find that my predecessors have done it to yours.' 'So bold an asker,' says Fuller, whom we quote once more, 'never met with a bolder denier; England's conqueror would not be the pope's vassal. . . . he had brain enough to deny what the other had brow enough to require.'

Gregory's grand contest, however, was with the young king of the Germans. During Henry's minority the kingdom had been governed by his mother, the Empress Agnes. At the age of twelve he had been carried away from her by powerful conspirators to Cologne. From that time the empress betook herself to Rome. Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, who was niece to the empress, had transferred her rich territories, lying between the Papal States and Lombardy, to the pope, and held them under him as fiefs, while she devoted herself so warmly to his interests that they were suspected—unjustly, it must be admitted, even from the testimony of their enemies—of an alliance equally dishonourable to the pope and to the countess. This remarkable lady, we may here observe, was afterwards married to Guelph, son of the Duke of Bavaria, and the house of Brunswick and the royal family of England are her descendants.

We are told by Lambert, the annalist of those times, that in the third year of Gregory's pontificate, Cenci, prefect of Rome, was put under the ban of the church for deeds of rapine in the papal territories. Maddened by this indignity, he seized the pope in the act of celebrating mass on the festival of Christmas-eve, dragged him from the church, and shut him up in a strong tower. At the dawn of Christmas-day, the house of Cenci was attacked by the citizens of all classes, who rose up in arms. They rescued the pope, and destroyed everything belonging to the prefect on which they could lay their hands. Cenci avenged himself by laying waste, as far as he could, the possessions of the church. On this incident, Leopold Schefer, a German writer, has founded a brief tale of some power and considerable beauty; but deviating, with the licence of romance, from the plain facts of history, and putting constructions not warranted by evidence on the relations between Matilda and the pope. The influence of that lady, as well as of her aunt, the empress, were employed by Gregory for bringing Henry over to his



grand scheme. But in vain. Henry was haughty, self-willed, licentious, and passionately fond of war. He had driven from him the honest Saxons, who formed a league with the Suabians and Thuringians in defence of their common liberties. He had robbed the Duke of Carinthia of his ancestral possessions, and he had trafficked deeply in church offices. For these and other grave offences, he had been cited by Gregory's predecessor before the throne of St. Peter. In the meanwhile, Gregory himself had mounted that throne. Had Henry been strong in the hearts of the German clergy and people, he might have defied the pope. As it was, he deemed it prudent to write to him in the abject strain of a repenting prodigal, confessing his misdeeds, promising amendment, and vowing obedience to his holiness. Notwithstanding these professions, he still carried on war against the Saxons, with various success. After many perilous adventures, he subdued them. But, in his triumph, he increased the severity with which he crushed his vassals. The Saxons sought redress from the pope. The pope threatened the king with excommunication. Though Henry knew the character of the subtle and imperious prelate with whom he had to deal, and though he felt the ground trembling with the throes of a coming earthquake beneath his feet, he insulted the papal legates, and sent them away. He summoned a council of bishops and abbots at Worms, where, accusing Gregory of odious crimes, he deposed him. Gregory was sitting among his bishops in the Lateran church when the royal missive was put into his hands, addressed, 'To the false monk, Hildebrand,' and ending with the audacious words, 'I, Henry, by the grace of God, king, and all our bishops, say unto thee, Go down, go down!' The pope calmly read the king's documents to the enraged bishops. On the following day, he solemnly pronounced the sentence of excommunication on Henry, depriving him of his kingly state, and uttering against him the terrible ban of the church. The bishops and other counsellors of Henry were in like manner anathematized, and letters were sent to the princes of the German States, absolving them from their oaths of allegiance, and authorizing them to choose another king.

The sword was now drawn by both parties. Men's hearts were sorely tried. The diadem of empire and the heir of a hundred warrior-kings, on one side: the tiara and the acknowledged representative of Christ on the other. Determined not to bow his regal and German spirit to an Italian priest, Henry looked around for help. The German princes faltered. Popular insurrections were breaking out. Bishops hastened to Rome, suing for pardon. The confederation, embracing nearly all the princes of the empire, met at Tribur, on the Rhine, headed by the pope's legates, and for seven days discussed the king's

affairs. Their conclusion was, that a Diet should be holden in the ensuing spring at Augsburg; that the pope should be invited to be present; that Henry should repair to Rome, and procure release from the papal ban, or lose his kingdom within a year; that he should at once dismiss his army, and live privately at Spire. To all this Henry quietly submitted. After the lapse of two months, he resolved to perform a pilgrimage to Italy, and humble himself before the pope. Accompanied by his queen, Bertha, the daughter of the Margrave Otto, and their infant son, with a few menials, he crossed the Alps, in the depth of a winter unusually hard. Let the reader picture to himself the perils and horrors of such a passage. In Lombardy, he was welcomed by the clergy, who hated the pope for his harsh decrees against their order, and by the people, who groaned under the oppression of their masters. The pope had already set out on his journey towards Augsburg. When he reached Vercelli, tidings were brought to him that the king was approaching at the head of a great army. The Countess Matilda persuaded Gregory to shelter himself in her strong fortress of Canossa, near Reggio, on the northern slope of the Apennines. Along that dreary mountain-path, where the torrents were frozen by the keen breath of January, the proud King of Germany walked barefoot, in the coarse white garb of penance, followed by a small train of friends. It was only at the entreaty of the lady of that castle, that the vindictive priest consented that the king—*her cousin*—should come into his presence. Three walls surrounded the fortress. For three days Henry stood, with naked feet in the cold, and hungry, within the second wall, while his attendants were kept outside the gate. On the fourth day Gregory appeared; he pronounced Henry free from the ban; but these were the terms:—You shall swear allegiance to the apostolic see; you shall not avenge yourself for your present degradation; you shall lay aside your royalty till I adjudge your cause in the assembly of the princes; you shall acquiesce in the absolution of your subjects from their oaths of allegiance to you. To these terms Henry swore his assent.

Now, in all this, Gregory acted wisely for that supremacy which he was asserting, which none of his successors have renounced, nor will renounce, till their power is blasted to its very root by the enlightened unanimity of independent nations. Yet, for his personal safety and honour, he pushed this arrogance too far. The spring of Henry's soul was bent, indeed, well nigh to breaking; but it did *not* break, and tremendous was the recoil! The bitterest enemies of the king, and the most fawning flatterers of Gregory, shuddered with dismay at the pope's audacity, even while they murmured their irrepres-

papacy rested—it still rests, does it not?—in the unreasoning superstition of its subjects. In their sight, the bishop of Rome was the representative of God among men, with the keys of eternity hanging at his girdle, and a long hierarchy clothed with mystic terrors in his train. They saw in the flint heartedness of Hildebrand the mastery of the spirit over the flesh; in his ambition, fealty to his only Lord; in his arrogance, the majesty of an apostle; in his vindictiveness, the grandeur of authority; in his austerities, the virtues of a saint; in his energy, the awful power of God! To sway such a people to his purposes no means were at hand, none were likely to occur to him, but those which he used, and used so mightily. To purge the clergy from their vices, the discipline must be caustic. To unite them in a compact body, they *must* have no ties of family or home. To keep them in subordination, they must yield unquestioning obedience to the apostolic see. To ensure to that see the independence by which alone she could fulfil the mission which he said she had received from Heaven, her surest guard, her strongest shield, was supremacy over all the authorities of the world. The whole scheme was consistent with itself, and it was worthy of the leader of Europe in the eleventh century. If Hildebrand, in his far-reaching calculations, knew not the designs of omniscient providence; if he did not foresee the conquests which knowledge was to gain for freedom, and freedom for religion, and religion for humanity, in the centuries that followed his dismissal from the scene; if his views were bounded by the horizon of his epoch, shaped according to the fashion of his creed, and vitalized with no higher life than his own will; if, in the elevation of his greatness, he thought himself greater than he was, and became so giddy with success as to imagine that the impulses of human nature and the issues of futurity were at his command;—all this goes to prove that his foundation was in the dust, that he was man, and not God. Yet these limitations and deductions hinder not our judgment, that he fills a place among the highest of those great men whose empire is the human mind, and who have played a brilliant part in accomplishing the inscrutable purposes of God. But for him, the course of civilization might have been checked for longer time than we can guess by the barbaric force of armed oppressors, trampling with heavy heel the seeds of knowledge and the sparks of freedom more deeply into the hardened clods or smouldering ashes. He is the connecting link of history between the driving back of the Saracens by Charles Martel from these western shores, and the return of learning and religion to their ancient haunts in Italy, to prepare Germany and England for their magnificent reformers in the sixteenth century. Though he was driven from his scathed and weeping city by



*principles of 'the church' in relation to the developments of the age; and then, the spirit of the Christian religion.* If we keep the first in view, we shall remember that the principles of Hildebrand were inherited from the times that had gone before him; that they had been nurtured by the conventual discipline of his early days; that they were revered by all around him as the life of the church, and as the revelations of God;—that for centuries they had been gathering strength; that Hildebrand witnessed the most crying immoralities among the clergy, while his own character was formed after the severest models of monastic stoicism;—that the abuses of secular patronage were rotting the foundations of the church, and covering religion with contempt; and that the time seemed to have come for some master-spirit to put down these evils with a strong hand. Hildebrand felt the swellings of a daring genius. He was conscious of his power. He knew himself to be **THE MAN OF THE AGE**. With that eye which might have quelled an eagle, which no human glory could dazzle, whose piercing look no mortal cared to brave—with a heart of granite and an arm of steel, he seized the sceptre of universal sovereignty, and dreamed a dream loftier than the visions of poetry, and bolder than the conquests of ambition. Seeing how the church was weakened by the vices of the clergy, and enthralled by the cupidity of princes, and believing that the popes, as the successors of Saint Peter, were called to restore her to purity and freedom, that she might become the bridal queen of the prince of the kings of the earth, and the mother of truth, and peace, and righteousness to all the nations,—it is not wonderful that he should sacrifice the vulgar charities of life to the accomplishment of a design so vast and sacred. Where is the man whose heart has sickened at the evils of the world, that has not dreamed his dream of a golden future? The philosopher, as well as the saint, has whispered to his soul of the coming of a grand brotherhood as the ripe fruit of the mysterious winter and spring tide, and summer season of old time.

Nor were the means by which Hildebrand sought this happy consummation so alien from the religion of his age as they are from ours. He saw them, from his own centre-point, in the light by which he lived. He was the personal embodiment of a system—the living organ of the reforming spirit in the church—the energetic exponent of a never dying principle—the undaunted champion of the rights of heaven against the powers of earth. Whatever the faults of his character, in our eyes, none but a man having such faults would have grappled with 'the iron age,' as he expressed it, in which his lot was cast: and, however great, according to our estimate, the errors of his creed, to those errors mainly we ascribe his power to turn the superstitions of men against their oppressors. The strength of the

papacy rested—it still rests, does it not?—in the unreasoning superstition of its subjects. In their sight, the bishop of Rome was the representative of God among men, with the keys of eternity hanging at his girdle, and a long hierarchy clothed with mystic terrors in his train. They saw in the flint heartedness of Hildebrand the mastery of the spirit over the flesh; in his ambition, fealty to his only Lord; in his arrogance, the majesty of an apostle; in his vindictiveness, the grandeur of authority; in his austerities, the virtues of a saint; in his energy, the awful power of God! To sway such a people to his purposes no means were at hand, none were likely to occur to him, but those which he used, and used so mightily. To purge the clergy from their vices, the discipline must be caustic. To unite them in a compact body, they *must* have no ties of family or home. To keep them in subordination, they must yield unquestioning obedience to the apostolic see. To ensure to that see the independence by which alone she could fulfil the mission which he said she had received from Heaven, her surest guard, her strongest shield, was supremacy over all the authorities of the world. The whole scheme was consistent with itself, and it was worthy of the leader of Europe in the eleventh century. If Hildebrand, in his far-reaching calculations, knew not the designs of omniscient providence; if he did not foresee the conquests which knowledge was to gain for freedom, and freedom for religion, and religion for humanity, in the centuries that followed his dismissal from the scene; if his views were bounded by the horizon of his epoch, shaped according to the fashion of his creed, and vitalized with no higher life than his own will; if, in the elevation of his greatness, he thought himself greater than he was, and became so giddy with success as to imagine that the impulses of human nature and the issues of futurity were at his command;—all this goes to prove that his foundation was in the dust, that he was man, and not God. Yet these limitations and deductions hinder not our judgment, that he fills a place among the highest of those great men whose empire is the human mind, and who have played a brilliant part in accomplishing the inscrutable purposes of God. But for him, the course of civilization might have been checked for longer time than we can guess by the barbaric force of armed oppressors, trampling with heavy heel the seeds of knowledge and the sparks of freedom more deeply into the hardened clods or smouldering ashes. He is the connecting link of history between the driving back of the Saracens by Charles Martel from these western shores, and the return of learning and religion to their ancient haunts in Italy, to prepare Germany and England for their magnificent reformers in the sixteenth century. Though he was driven from his scathed and weeping city by

the wrathful monarch whom he had humbled too proudly to be forgiven, it was his glory to weld into one chain the lengthening links that bound the monarchies of Europe to the throne which he bequeathed to his successors.

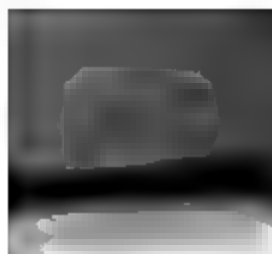
We are, finally, to judge of Hildebrand by another standard—the spirit of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION. He professed to be a Christian,—the chief of Christians. How did he exemplify the spirit of Jesus Christ? Well for us is it that we know the voice of the Good Shepherd. We have been familiar from our infancy with the accents of love and meekness and humility. Did he not say ‘whom God hath joined let no man put asunder?’ Did he not rebuke, with majestic sorrow, the rising of ambition in the hearts of his disciples? Did he not pronounce his sweet, sublime beatitudes on the poor in spirit, the meek, the sufferers for his name? Did he not breathe from his dying lips the prayer of his heart for those who murdered him? Is it not the law of his religion that its learners shall call no man master upon earth, and that its teachers shall suppress as deadly evils the desire to lord it over others? Ah, Hildebrand! it was easy to be pious according to monastic standards, to be canonized as a saint among misjudging men, to cloak the purposes of a fiery ambition in the robes of friendly zeal, and to break the greatest commandments of the law with palms stretched forth in benediction, and eyes raised up to heaven,—and yet to be a stranger to that spirit which melts the soul of man in true repentance, moulds it into newness of life, and helps it, on the threshold of eternity, to leave the flesh in the sure hope of safety and gladness through believing on the Son of God! How did it come to pass that *you*, a man of strong intellect, learned, acquainted with the scriptures, and zealous for religion, should have erred so fatally, and so recklessly or ignorantly have misguided so many millions of your fellow sinners from the way of life; that *you*, so deeply read in human nature, should not have honoured the distinction between wedded wives and harlots; that *you*, the monarch of the church, when she was agitated by the half-enlightened and timorous Berengarius against the absurd figment of transubstantiation, should have clung to that delusion because it raised your priesthood among an ignorant laity almost into the place of God; how came it to pass that *you*, who knew so well the proper use of language, as the sign of man’s thoughts and feelings, should have compelled all the churches of the world to worship in a tongue which, to the multitude, was utterly without a meaning; that *you*, the servant of the merciful Jesus, could look unmoved at the torture of your victims, and, on your path to victory, profane the holy words of scripture, and break a thousand bleeding hearts?



We cannot close this portraiture without saying, in the plainest words, and in the most serious spirit, we dare not think that Hildebrand, notwithstanding his dying boast, either lived or died a CHRISTIAN. Our imagination has almost fainted in contemplating his genius, his austerities, his gorgeous plans, his overwhelming energy. But alas! he mistook the traditions of men for the gospel. In his eyes the crucifix eclipsed the cross. To him the church was, what Christ alone has right to be—ALL IN ALL. Standing, as it were, by the cold corpse of this great man, on this side the curtain that hides from us the homes of everlasting retribution, our tongue refuses to exclaim, Let me die the death of Hildebrand, and may my spirit be with his!

From this sketch of the history and character of Hildebrand, our readers will be prepared to judge of the attractiveness of his name as the foundation of Mr. Sortain's 'Tale.' The legitimacy of such 'Tales,' as avowed fictions based on historical facts, and intermingled with known public events, has been established, we think, by the popularity of the Waverley novels. The large use made of this department of literature by the abettors of Tractarianism is well known. We are quite alive to the dangers incident to authorship of this kind. If a writer nourish too strongly the fondness of young minds for the excitement of imaginary scenes—if he minister in any degree to passions which need all the power of virtue and religion to control and guide them—if he pervert the facts or misrepresent the characters of history—if he make his graphic or dramatic power subserve the interests of error or the predominance of party spirit—if he infuse into his composition a tone of frivolity, immorality, or impiety—if he loosen the principles of a healthy, domestic, social, political, or religious life—then, for these reasons, let him bear the full weight of moral censure; but if the qualities of his production be free from these vices, and rich in whatever tends to inform and improve, while he fascinates and regales his readers, we know of no canon of criticism by which we should be warranted to condemn him.

Mr. Sortain's book is one greatly to be admired in all these respects. It labours, indeed, under some disadvantages of a purely literary kind, as will be apparent to readers familiar with the masters of historical romance; but on these we have not space to dwell. In opposition to some judgments passed upon it by those who would palliate the great faults of Gregory VII.'s pontificate, we must do the writer the justice to say that he has *not* misrepresented the man, or his times; and that he has fortified his representation by references in the 'notes' to high 'catholic' authorities. The general style of the tale may be



judged of from the only extract for which we can find room:—

“Weep not so bitterly, mine own Elgitha, or thou wilt unman me!” said the ecclesiastic, endeavouring gently to raise the exhausted form of his wife, as he pressed her to his heart, and cried aloud, “Weep not, Elgitha! Oh, weep not so!”

“Not weep, Ranulph?” she exclaimed; “Not weep? If this cruel edict be enforced upon us, what have I but to weep for the rest of my wretched days? May they be few, great God of pity!”

“Nay, nay, Elgitha,” returned the earnestly affectionate, and evidently ingenuous priest; “weep not, despair not thus! Even now the Holy Father may relent.”

“He relent!” said Elgitha; “he relent! Thou mayst as well hope for the tigress to relent over her prey, whilst the cries of her starving cubs are in her ears. Relent! he! I know him well,” she added, drawing up her slight figure; “I know him to be a man relentless for one great purpose. What careth he if the wheels of the chariot of his universal throne should crush thine heart, Ranulph, and mine also, and our children’s, and the hearts of myriads upon myriads? I know him. What careth he, though all the great dynasties of the world be overcast, if the Papal power be not nourished?”

“Hush, hush, Elgitha, my own love! Speak not so of Christ’s vicar. Nay more, these very walls have ears; were these words heard, what would be thy fate—what mine?”

“What *thine*!” and Elgitha mused for a moment. “What *thine*!” continued she, in increased fervency of manner and of words. “Have I forgotten that? I will be dumb.”

“Nay, nay, Elgitha. Thy words I would not stay. But oh, I pray thee, be reverent about our Holy Father.”

“Reverent—that is to say obedient—to our Holy Father! That I will not—that I cannot be!” she passionately answered. “Is this the Vicar of the Christ who was ‘meek and lowly of heart?’ Is this the Vicar of the Christ who bound up broken hearts? Is this the Vicar of the Christ whose ‘yoke was easy and whose burden was light;’ and who can now, and by Christ’s authority, tear thee thus summarily from thy babes—from me; can cover them with dishonour as bastards, and myself with shame as an unholy concubine? Ranulph! Ranulph! be a man and answer me.”

As Elgitha uttered these last words she fainted. Her poor weak frame had become powerless from the action of the fire within her.

Ranulph summoned her attendants; but, though each and all eagerly ministered to her weakness, there was no one so earnest in effort, so tender, so anxiously hopeful as himself.

Elgitha, upon her recovery, and when no others besides her husband were within hearing, murmured, “Ranulph, beloved Ranulph! tell me, wilt thou, at the bidding of the hard-hearted Pontiff, abandon thine own Elgitha, stamp her with burning shame upon her brow, as if she were a common wanton instead of being thy true and lawful wife? Shall thy boys be ——?”

‘With almost unnatural strength she rushed away from the chamber, and, opening an opposite door, walked up to the cradle of her youngest boy—a babe of but three months old—and tearing it from its little couch, together with an elder child, whom she seized by the arm with a convulsiveness that pained herself as the mother more than it pained the boy, returned to the room where her husband was sitting, still lost in painful deliberation. She approached him, and softly placing the sleeping babe in his arms, and making the elder one kneel down before his father, she said, “Let these babes plead for themselves—for me!”’—pp. 2—4.

### Brief Notices.

*Biblical Antiquities, with some Collateral Subjects, illustrating the Language, Geography, and Early History of Palestine.* By F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., With Maps and numerous Engravings. London: Griffin and Co. 1852.

THIS volume is a portion of the ‘Encyclopædia Metropolitana,’ and forms the twentieth of the new series. It presents considerable attraction to the literary student, and to the devotional reader of the Bible. It contains a plan of Jerusalem and a map of Palestine in the time of Christ, both remarkably distinct and well colored, together with some hundred and eighty illustrative engravings. The best sources of information have been consulted, and used with much skill, and the materials are well condensed without losing the freshness of an original work. The volume is exact, comprehensive, and interesting, one which it must be a great satisfaction to the writer to have produced, which the critic must commend as the fruit of much diligent labour, guided by good taste and judgment, and which every intelligent reader of the Bible will, we are persuaded, thank us for introducing to his notice. It is the most complete and elegant manual of Biblical antiquities with which we are acquainted. We hope it will be widely circulated, and well used as a habitual companion to the Scriptures. We entirely agree with the author when he says, ‘The interest which has been of late years awakened in the various topics of Biblical criticism and Biblical antiquities cannot but be deemed a cheering sign of the times. It shows that literary anxiety is taking a right direction; that the Bible is gaining its proper position in the public mind, and that it is felt powerfully and more extensively than heretofore; that all human knowledge is, and ever ought to be regarded as subsidiary to divine revelation.’

*Sermons.* By Daniel Katterns. 8vo. London: John Snow. 1852.

THIS volume of sermons is unaccompanied by any preface. The writer is known and esteemed as an acceptable preacher in one of our suburban nonconformist churches, and we presume that he has here committed to the press a selection from his ordinary public instructions. The sermons are varied in their topics, and miscellaneous, uniformly clear, simple, devotional, and faithful. The doctrines they unfold are eminently scriptural, and applied, in an interesting and affectionate manner, to the practical outworking of the spiritual life. We greatly admire the author’s avoidance

of ambitious straining after effect. The thoughts are natural, yet not commonplace. The language is never mean, though always plain. There is often much lucid exposition, without the parade of learning. Occasionally there is considerable power in dealing with difficult questions, which is manifest, not in effort, but in success. The wide range of topics will appear from the following list:—Providence; Temptation; Secret Prayer; Jacob wrestling with God; The Sacrifice of Isaac; Christian Contentment; A Good Conscience; Mary, an Example of Meditation; Christ the True Melchizedek; Man Self-Destroyed, but not Self-Saved; The Pillar of Salt; A Meditation at the Cross; The Unbelief of Thomas; The Hopes and Aspirations of the New Creature; The King of Kings; Peter Forewarned; Adoption; The Value of the Soul; The Holy Spirit; The Life and Character of Hezekiah; Paul before Agrippa; The Life, Character, and Death of David. There are numerous heads of families, as well as others, to whom a volume of good practical sermons is always acceptable; we can assure them they will find in Mr. Katterns a valuable helper.

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*The Triple Crown; or, the Power, Course, and Doom of the Papacy.* By William Howick, D.D. Dublin: Robertson. 1852.

THE Lectures published in this volume were delivered before the late Papal Aggression, and they have been leisurely prepared for the press. With much originality and force, the writer presents 'The Papacy' under seven aspects:—Its Prerogative—Credentials—Origin—Establishment—Ascendancy—Decline—Fall. There is in this volume no rabid abuse of Roman Catholics, though it breathes, as it ought, the tone of out-spoken frankness. The historical compendium is well sustained by references to authentic documents. We suppose there may be differences of opinion on the prophetic interpretations. Our own judgment coincides with Dr. Howick's. We specially approve of the grounds he offers for anticipating the downfall of the terrible power which he has undertaken to describe. We commend his labours most sincerely to our readers, assured that they will gather from these pages much information, which but few have time to explore in the numerous works in which it lies scattered. It is a good book for the busy, the fair-minded, and the earnest men of our day.

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*The Pictorial Family Bible.* With Copious Original Notes, by J. Kitto, D.D. Parts XVI. and XVII. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

WE are glad to report the steady progress of this reprint, which goes far to supply the want of a numerous class. Of the work itself we need not speak. Its extensive circulation and well-earned repute supersede the necessity of criticism, and the reduced price at which this edition is issued cannot fail very largely to increase the numbers of its readers. Theological students, and others who are concerned, to possess themselves of the latest and fullest results of inquiry, will, of course, prefer the 'Pictorial Bible,' but the general reader will find all which he needs in this cheaper and less scientific edition. The *Parts* before us bring down the work to the beginning of the book of Proverbs, and are published, like their predecessors, at the low price of One Shilling each.

## Review of the Month.

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PARLIAMENT WAS OPENED ON THE 3RD BY THE QUEEN IN PERSON, and no words can exaggerate the heartiness with which Her Majesty was greeted on her passage to Westminster. That the sovereign should awaken, or the people be susceptible of, the loyalty now cherished by all classes of our countrymen, is amongst the most pleasing and hopeful signs of the day. Never does the queen appear so royal as when surrounded by her faithful and loving commons, and never do the latter so fully vindicate their right to the liberties they hold as when evidencing attachment to the crown, in union with devoted loyalty to constitutional freedom. The scene is specially gratifying just now, when other sovereigns are becoming despots, and the friends of popular liberty the advocates of republicanism. To the royal speech we need not refer in detail. Like all its predecessors it was designedly obscure, and we must refer therefore to the ministerial measures themselves for the light we seek. Those measures are in part before the country, and we had intended to remark on them at large, but are spared the necessity of doing so by the resignation of the Russell cabinet. We must note, however, the explanation given of the dismissal of Lord Palmerston, as the facts elicited may bear on the future policy of our government. The narrative is not, in our judgment, creditable to either party. One thing, however, is quite evident; Lord Palmerston did express, to the French ambassador, his approval of the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December. This approval was notified by the French minister to our ambassador at Paris, who reported it to Lord Palmerston on the 6th, and the report was not contradicted. Lord Palmerston alleges that the report was *highly coloured*, and on being subsequently requested by his chief to explain, and to show the harmony of such an opinion with the decision of the cabinet, to do nothing 'which could wear the appearance of an interference of any kind in the internal affairs of France,' he replied—(we quote his own version as reported in 'The Times' of the 4th)—'My answer was, that the words quoted by Lord Normanby gave a high colouring to anything I could have said in the conversation with the French ambassador, but that my opinion was, and that opinion, no doubt, I expressed, that such was the antagonism arising from time to time between the French assembly and the president, that their long co-existence became impossible, and that it was my opinion that if one or other were to prevail, it would be better for France, and, through the interests of France, better for the interests of Europe, that the president should prevail than the assembly, and my reason was, that the assembly had nothing to offer for the substitution of the president, unless an alternative ending obviously in civil war or anarchy; whereas the president, on the other hand, had to offer unity of purpose and unity of authority, and that if he were inclined to do so, he might give to France internal tranquillity with good and permanent government.' Such an opinion—

adhered to, be it remembered, some weeks afterwards—is fatal to Lord Palmerston's reputation as a British statesman, and rendered his continuance in a professedly liberal ministry simply impossible. We regret to pen these words; but truth leaves us no alternative. We have never been amongst his lordship's assailants. Regretting many of his acts, we yet clung to the hope that his attachment to constitutional freedom was above suspicion; that his influence would never knowingly be given to despotism;—much less that the honor of our country would be dragged through the mire in subserviency to a perfidious and sanguinary tyrant, who violates oaths without compunction, and butchers without pity the people he had undertaken to protect. Such, however, has been the case, and we must not, therefore, hesitate to say that, whatever other qualities Lord Palmerston possesses, he has no genuine attachment to constitutional freedom, and is unworthy of the confidence of his countrymen.

So much is clear on the face of the transaction, and no special pleading can alter the case. His Lordship is lost to the liberal party, and the more promptly and clearly this is recognised the better. Next to having such a man on our side, it is well to know the hollowness of his liberalism. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and times are coming when the truth and value of this proverb will be seen. We wish we could stop here; but we must not. Truth compels us to add, that the language used by Lord John in the course of his explanation is almost as objectionable as that imputed to Lord Palmerston; that we see little difference between the one and the other—nay, that the circumstances under which the former spoke give a grave and official significance to his words, which were wanting in the case of the latter. That we may not be suspected of misrepresenting his lordship we give the report of 'The Times'—'I am bound to say,' remarked the premier, 'that the president of France, having all the means of information he has had, no doubt has taken that course from a consideration of the state of France, and that the course he has taken is best fitted to insure the welfare of the country over which he rules. Let me state that over again, that while I do not concur in the approbation of my noble friend, I have no reason to doubt, and everything I have heard confirms that opinion, that in the opinion of the president the putting an end to the constitution, the anticipating the election of 1852, and the abolition of the parliamentary constitution, were all tending to the happiness and essential to the welfare of France.' We are aware of the extent to which diplomatic courtesy is carried in such cases, and are therefore prepared to make allowance for the position of the speaker; but that a whig premier, in justifying the dismissal of a colleague for having expressed approval of the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, should have uttered words like these, is one of the most mortifying humiliations which modern politics have exhibited. Either these words mean something or they do not. Either they are to be taken in their obvious import, or they bear an occult meaning unknown to the vulgar. In the former case, they establish against Lord John much the same charge as lies against Lord Palmerston. In the latter, they are part of a hollow system which an honest man should spurn, and an English liberal especially should be incapable of stooping to. We are much inclined to adopt the interpretation of Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, who, writing to his con-



stituents, says—‘It is my belief he (Lord John) was not understood. My individual persuasion is, that he meant to lay down a rule, that, though the members of a government may each of them in the tribunal of their inward man be persuaded of the wickedness of the acts of a foreign autocrat, yet so long as the autocrat is an autocrat, and all the powers of a nation are prostrate at his feet, it is the duty of that government *in a certain Pickwickian sense* to admit that the design of the autocrat may have been to do everything for the best. This is a claim never extended to Jonathan Wild when he was uppermost; but there is no knowing what may be come to. But what the newspapers appear to have missed, is the *Pickwickian sense*. The premier did not say that either he or any of the government individually approved of the acts of the president, but that they collectively tendered him their approbation in a certain hypothetical and conventional sense, of which the term *Pickwickian* is the only expression familiar to the apprehension of Englishmen.’

As between the two ministers, the question does not seem to us to admit of doubt. The premier was clearly right in requiring that his subordinate should conform to the settled policy of the cabinet. To have done otherwise would be to stultify himself, and to permit the sanction of his government to be given to measures respecting which a neutral position had been resolved on. But as it respects the country, their lordships are alike wrong. When weighed in the balance, they are both found wanting; not equally so, it may be, but each to such an extent as seriously damages his political reputation. The use made by Lord John of the memorandum of August, 1850, appears to us to have been as impolitic as it was ungenerous. After his defence of Lord Palmerston’s Greek policy—a defence strong, vehement, and personal—it is astounding to find, on the showing of the premier himself, that he then condemned that policy—for to this it amounts—and speedily adopted measures to prevent its continuance. It is marvellous that regard to his own reputation did not lead him to suppress this document. But its production was ungenerous in the last degree. Lord Palmerston, we have reason to believe, was astonished at the use made of it, and could not vindicate himself without violating his honor, if not his oath. Had the premier deemed the production of this memorandum needful, he ought to have given notice to his late colleague, so that Her Majesty’s permission might have been obtained for such further revelations as Lord Palmerston thought necessary to his defence. We have heard from some who were in the House, that the latter nobleman spoke under evident restraint, conveying the impression of a man who was prevented from adducing on his own behalf the clearest and fullest evidence of which the case admitted. If such were the case—and we have reason to think it was so—then Lord Palmerston suffered a grievous wrong, which ought not to have been inflicted. But there is evidently much yet untold. It may be that the changes which are imminent will bring further revelations. However this may be, one thing is quite clear. The noble lords have long been estranged, and the premier was probably glad of an opportunity to rid himself of a colleague, whose long official life, incessant application to business, parliamentary popularity, and acknowledged talents, rendered him somewhat insubordinate and formidable.

ON SUBJECT THERE WAS A SINGULAR, AND AS WE DEEM IT, A MOST DISCREDITABLE UNANIMITY among whig and statesmen. The same fact was visible in both Houses, though the impetuosity of Earl Derby, led him to speak with more energy and force of denunciation than his associates in the Lower House.

We thank him for having done so. On this point, at least, there is no mistake. Whatever mystification may be attempted in other respects, it is clear, to a demonstration, that his lordship would have the England silent on the perfidy, rapine, and murder, chargeable on the late ruler of France. Such was the temper of his speech on the subject, and his lordship was cheered from all parts of the House. Under the whig ministry, now defunct, Earl Grey repeated the sentiment of the protectionist leader, affirming with an ignorance of public opinion characteristic of the 'family clique,' that, however the 'newspapers press the opinions and feelings of those who write in them, *they express the opinions or feelings of any great or powerful party in this country or in the House of Parliament.*' Earl Grey judged of the nation by the clique, but had he been other than he is, he would have looked on himself in doing so, would have seen that his rule and his decision were incorrect and delusive. Lord Brougham could not, of course, have the opportunity to pass without saying something, and what he did say, in most things he now utters, wore the appearance of a real, though partial, recantation of his former views. To the Earl of Harrowby—a

—belonged the proud distinction of affirming 'that the declaration of the 1st of August, 1830, that neither their lordships nor their fellow-countrymen ought to express any opinion respecting the conduct of the late Emperor, would find no sympathy with the people of England. It was to him that noble lords on both sides of the house had gone to find out what they had said on this point. It was his firm belief that the press, although it might occasionally be too strongly tinged with abuse, did, nevertheless, accurately and faithfully represent the opinion of this country in regard to the recent proceedings in France.'

Lords Russell and Palmerston re-echoed in the Commons the sentiments of Earls Derby and Grey, and we greatly deplore that some noble lord did not rise to rebuke their lordships in the name and on the behalf of the British people. Whatever our rulers may be, however feeble, however timid, or half-hearted, the nation has responded with intense earnestness to the denunciations passed by our newspaper press on the atrocity of the late Emperor. We do not often agree with 'The Times,' but its measure of his perfidy, the lofty tone of its rebukes, the proud disapproval which it spurns his professions, its withering scorn, its prophetic denunciations, the condensed and terrible force of its blows, redeem many of its faults, and lead us, for the hour, to rejoice in its vast circulation. One thing is apparent from the whole. Between our rulers and the nation there is a wide gulf. What the one tolerates the other abhors; what the one endorses the latter applauds. This is a fearful state of things. Will it cease?

WE NEED SAY LITTLE RESPECTING THE REFORM BILL INTRODUCED BY LORD RUSSELL. It is now matter of history, and we may pass it with a brief reference. Had his lordship remained in office, we should have seen a more complete and consistent system of reform. But his lordship's tenure of office was too short to allow of this. His lordship's bill was a good one, and it is to be hoped that the next session will see a more complete and consistent system of reform. But his lordship's tenure of office was too short to allow of this. His lordship's bill was a good one, and it is to be hoped that the next session will see a more complete and consistent system of reform.

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have examined the provisions of his measure in detail. But this is now needless, and we will therefore simply remark that as a whole the bill was a failure, whether viewed as a reform, or as a party measure. It was cut down to the lowest point compatible with his lordship's pledge, and was wanting in provisions which the public deemed essential. Our own conviction that nothing would avail without the ballot was expressed in a former number, and has been strengthened by the evidence taken before the St. Albans commissioners. This omission in itself, and apart from all other circumstances, was fatal to the popularity of the bill. The public had no confidence in the honesty of its framers; they did not believe it was intended to work out its professed object. Right or wrong, they are of opinion that *real representation* cannot be obtained without the ballot, and they therefore viewed the measure of his lordship with much indifference. Their want of faith was greatly strengthened by the gross inequalities in the franchise maintained by the bill, and was further confirmed by the reason they had to suspect that the interests of whiggery, rather than those of the nation, had been uppermost with its framers.

But notwithstanding all this, and much more which might be alleged, we should have counselled reformers to take the measure, had it been still tendered them. We verily believe that it would have been a clear gain to the popular cause, more especially in the counties, where the £20 franchise would have introduced a vast body of independent voters resident in the immediate neighbourhood of towns. So strong is our conviction that, on the whole, it would have been a step in advance, that we should have left no means of persuasion untried to induce our readers to accept it. We need not say that such acceptance would not have been in settlement of our claims. We regard the bill as an instalment only, and as such should have taken it, making use of the means it afforded for urging further reforms. But we need not enlarge. The bill, together with those for Scotland and Ireland, are of course abandoned, and it will be for the people to say in what form the question shall re-appear.

In the meantime, it should be borne in mind that the conservative party now in power had come to a unanimous resolution to oppose the second reading of Lord John's bill, *not because of its shortcomings, but because it went too far*. An attempt will no doubt be made to throw dust in the eyes of the people on this point, but the fact is as we state, and it must not be forgotten. Lord Derby's party is the old tory clique furbished up anew, and adapted somewhat to the phase of 1852. It, however, there is one thing more certain than another, it is this, that they retain as large a portion as our altered circumstances permit of the genuine Sidmouth and Castlereagh creed. They are the inveterate enemies of popular rights, under whatever form, and at whatever time, they may appear.

THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION HAVE BEEN BESTIRRING THEMSELVES DURING THE PAST MONTH, and we have much pleasure in recording their proceedings. On the 2nd and 3rd instant a conference was held in Manchester, at the summons of 'The Voluntary School Association,' which was numerously attended from all parts of the kingdom, and at which strong resolutions were adopted in affirmation of the leading principles of the society. We are glad to note, that several members of the 'Congregational Board of Education' were present, and took an active part

in the proceedings. This is as it should be, and it would afford us unfeigned pleasure to learn that a union had been effected between the two organizations, whose views and objects are so identical. The spirit of the meeting was admirable; the zeal displayed in the cause of education was in honorable keeping with the past labors of the parties present; while the principles recognised were such as rekindle our hopes of a successful issue to the struggle now pending. The following resolution, which was unanimously adopted at a public meeting in the Free Trade Hall, will sufficiently explain the views of the conference:—

‘That, without regarding in a captious spirit the schemes proposed by the National Public School Association on the one hand, or the Manchester and Salford School Committee on the other, and without denying to the promoters of them the praise due to upright and benevolent intentions, this meeting cannot but entertain strong and decided objections to them both. To the former they have the insuperable objection that it totally excludes religion—the most vital element in education—from the school routine, and abandons it to extra-scholastic teaching. To the latter, they think it an objection, not less insuperable, that it extends equal patronage to religious sentiments not only of adverse but of contradictory forms. And to both they hold it as an objection in common that they avail themselves of public taxation for an object which, whether religion be or be not included in it, is not the business of the government, nor properly within the sphere of legislation.’

In opposition to these views a measure has been introduced into the Commons, entitled the ‘Manchester and Salford Education Bill,’ of which Mr. Brotherton moved the second reading on the 11th. The object of the bill was stated to be the free education of the poor of Manchester and Salford ‘by means of a local rate, the funds to be administered by the town councils of the two boroughs.’ The education is to be religious, ‘with due regard to the rights of conscience.’ Petitions numerously signed were presented on behalf of the measure; but its further progress was opposed, partly on the ground that the corporation of Manchester had not had an opportunity of recording their opinion respecting it, and partly, that ‘it was not only a public measure affecting the general laws of the country, but a public measure of the very greatest importance, involving the most serious difficulties and the very highest principles.’ The former objection was urged by Mr. M. Gibson, and the latter by Mr. Gladstone. Ultimately, the debate was adjourned, and on the 18th an attempt was made to obtain from the Manchester town council a vote in favor of the bill. This attempt, however, signally failed, as the following amendment was carried by a majority of thirty-four to twenty-two, after an animated discussion of several hours:—

‘That the bill before the council is not necessary; that the powers sought by such bill, would, if obtained, usurp the most important functions of the council, operate oppressively on the ratepayers, invade the rights of conscience, and interfere with the sacred duties of parents. That it be an instruction to the General Purposes Committee to take all necessary steps to prevent the said bill from passing into a law.’

The change recently effected in the government will doubtless have considerable influence on the future progress of the bill, and in the meantime

the friends of voluntary education must bestir themselves to enlighten the marvellous ignorance of our senators. Were we to credit what passes current in St. Stephen's, we should imagine that nothing had yet been done to diffuse amongst the poor of these realms the first elements of general knowledge. How far this is from being true we need not say. The merest tyro may rebuke the ignorance of many of our politicians, while the *real workers* in this field stand amazed at the folly which undertakes to legislate on a point which has never been examined, and is, therefore, as may readily be conceived, thoroughly misunderstood.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER WE ANNOUNCED THE RECALL OF SIR HARRY SMITH. Since then the despatch of the colonial secretary, dated January 14th, has been made public, and we are free to confess that its perusal has awakened within us feelings towards the late governor which we did not imagine could be induced. His recall was, in itself, a severe infliction, and need not have been aggravated by the mode in which it was effected. A calm and dignified communication announcing the simple fact was all which the case required; and considering the former services of Sir Harry Smith, good taste, to say nothing of generous feeling, prompted the use of kind and soothing words. But such is not the nature of Earl Grey, and his despatch therefore stands alone in documents of this kind, setting forth at large, as if for the very purpose of irritation, what he designates 'the errors' of the governor. 'Upon a careful review,' he says, 'of the events of the war, and those which preceded its breaking out, there is evidence, which it is impossible longer to resist, that you have failed in showing that foresight, energy, and judgment, which your very difficult position required.' All this is true, and in proper time should have been forthcoming; but we have no sympathy with the querulous and bitter spirit which could pen, what has been correctly termed a 'terrible bill of indictment,' under circumstances which, of themselves, were sufficiently punitive. The colonial secretary was the chief transgressor, and must not be permitted to throw the blame of his evil policy on the governor. The latter was clearly unfit for the station he held, but his instructions were received from Downing-street.

At first we were disposed to hope that the recall of Sir Harry Smith would be followed by a change of policy at the Cape, but this hope has been destroyed by the instructions given to his successor. Force is still to be our only weapon. The rule of tyrants in all ages is the same, and that of Earl Grey forms no exception. The Caffres must be subdued,—in other words, their country be laid waste, their property seized, their sons be slaughtered—and then their complaints are to be examined, and *if may be*, redressed. 'The object of paramount importance,' says Earl Grey, 'to which your attention must in the first instance be directed, is that of bringing to a close at the earliest possible period, by the complete subjugation of the hostile Caffres, the distressing and harassing war of which the eastern frontier of the colony has for the last year been the scene. Whatever may be the policy to be hereafter adopted, it is universally agreed by all who have considered the subject, and are acquainted with the existing situation of affairs, that, *be the causes of this unfortunate state of things what they may* (on which much difference of opinion prevails), it is absolutely necessary that the war, begun with so little provocation and in so treacherous

er by the Caffres and rebellious Hottentots, should be prosecuted remitting vigour until it can be finished by their being reduced to a and unconditional submission.' We will not dwell on the assumption of this passage. It might have been hoped that inquiry into the existing state of things would have been enjoined, before the Government was commanded to do its work. But the views of Earl Grey are unwise, and yet, as if in mockery, he subsequently talks 'of the civilization and conversion to Christianity' of the tribes whom he thus condemns to destruction. It is well that there are other preachers of Christian civilization than colonial secretaries, or the sons of the desert might well be for regarding it with hostility and abhorrence.

TACTICS OF THE PROTECTIONIST PARTY HAVE BEEN ADJUSTED to an altered position, arising from the rise which has occurred in agricultural produce. The ground has thus been cut from beneath their feet, and they have been reduced to a guerilla warfare, instead of the more orderly and compact onslaught which was threatened. To this species of parliamentary conflict we attribute the resolution moved by Lord Naas on the 14th of May: 'That in the opinion of this House the transactions which appear to have taken place between the Irish government and the editor of the Dublin newspaper are of a nature to weaken the authority of the Government and to reflect discredit on the administration of public affairs.' This resolution, as our readers are aware, was founded on the disclosures made in the course of a recent trial in Ireland, and was adroitly framed to draw out of the Government the means of obtaining support. Apart from its obvious design, it could not fail to command the votes of a majority of the House; but that was so evident, the error selected for reproof was so universal among politicians, and had been practised so unscrupulously, and on so large a scale by conservative rulers, that the most upright minds could not be disgusted at the zeal professed by Lord Naas and his associates, and refused to countenance their hypocrisy. They felt, as well they might, that the accusing party did not come into court with clean hands; and they might fairly be addressed with the old admonition, 'First cast the beam out of thine own eye;' that their language and acts were the condemnation of each other; and that their victory, should such be gained, would be proved for mere party purposes. They therefore refused to be caught in the snare which was proffered, and rejected the resolution by 229 to 137.

The majority was much larger than had been anticipated, for which various causes are assigned. In the first place, Lord Clarendon is unpopular with the House. His administration has long been considered the best feature of Lord Russell's government, and it was, therefore, thought both ungenerous and impolitic to single out one act for reprobation when so much good had been effected under circumstances of difficulty. Secondly, we have reason to believe, that the hollow character of the whole transaction had been disclosed by Mr. Birch himself, and that the more discreet of the Tories were, in consequence, not disposed to support the matter. Thirdly, the Peel party were prevented from supporting the resolution, by the fact having been ascertained, that their own Secretary had done the same thing in the case of the same party. All of these, and it may be of other considerations, was a majority of 100 in favour of the resolution, and an air of ridiculousness to the fears which had been expressed.



Considering the spirit in which the resolution originated, and the interests it was obviously designed to serve, we rejoice in the result. We should, at the same time, do injustice to ourselves, if we did not place on record our strong sense of the inexpediency, and manifest evils, resulting from such an employment of public money as was charged on Lord Clarendon. If, in any circumstances, it be lawful to do as he did, a justification exists in his case. But it is essential to our welfare—absolutely needful to the maintenance of popular liberty—that the press should be free from the suspicion of being bribed. Its vocation can be fulfilled only as it maintains its independence and integrity. Let it but touch public money, and its strength is gone. It will lose the confidence of the people, and become the tool of unscrupulous statesmen.

SCARCELY WAS THE MAJORITY OF THE GOVERNMENT KNOWN TO THE COUNTRY before an adverse vote was taken by the Commons, which has brought on what is termed 'A Ministerial Crisis.' This occurred on the 20th, on occasion of the premier bringing up a resolution of the Committee of the whole House on the subject of the militia, and requesting leave to introduce a bill founded thereon. An amendment was moved by Lord Palmerston, to the effect that a *regular* militia should be embodied in the place of a *local* one, and on a division it was carried by a majority of 11; the numbers being 136 for, and 125 against it. This result took the House by surprise. A division does not appear to have been anticipated, certainly not a defeat; and when the premier proceeded to intimate his intention to resign, the scene which ensued is more easily imagined than described. Of the debate itself we say nothing. The ministerial journals, as a matter of course, severely reflect on Lord Palmerston, and some which have not sustained that character join in the outcry. We cannot see the justice of this. It was certainly competent to his lordship to propose what he deemed an improvement of the measure of his late chief, and if in doing so he afforded occasion for an adverse vote, the fault is mainly attributable to the supporters of government, who mustered in such small numbers as to allow of its defeat. Either there was great indifference on the part of liberal members to the fate of the ministry, or great negligence in those whose place it was to ensure their attendance. The House was much thinner than on the previous evening, and if report speaks truly, there were signs before the division of the hope which animated the opposition. We are strongly inclined to think that the premier was not indisposed to free himself from the difficulties of his position, though we can readily imagine that the mortification of defeat was aggravated by the fact of its having occurred on a motion of his late colleague. On this ground alone can we understand the irritation observable in the manner of Lord John. A motion respecting The Cape stood for the following Tuesday, and his lordship could scarcely expect to command a majority on that occasion, as the administration of Earl Grey was confessedly the weak point of his government. 'That same hour,' says 'The Times,' referring to the division, 'brought to Lord John Russell an opportunity to free himself from a burden he could ill sustain—to Lord Palmerston a triumph over a colleague who had dissolved their connexion—to the tory opposition an easy and unlooked for victory. \* \* \*

as less hard for Lord John Russell to face a colonial debate than to the increasing responsibilities of his position, aggravated by a scheme of reform which no single party in the nation accepted or approved. He accordingly ran the vessel ashore, and jumped from the helm.'

The ministry resigned on the following day; and on the 23rd the fact was formally announced—to the Lords by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and to the Commons by Lord John. The premier could not well avoid reference to the course he should pursue out of office, and without attaching undue importance to his avowal, or forgetting the temptation which his position supplied to bid for popularity, we are glad to record the pledge he gave, in the following words:—

As to the future, I shall only say that I shall think it my duty to come out of office as I have in office any restoration of the duties on corn, either under the name of protection or of revenue; and that I shall think it my duty to support the extension of the suffrage to those who are deemed to exercise the franchise for the welfare of the country, believing that such an extension will add strength and solidity to our parliamentary system. I will say further, that I shall always use the little influence I possess for the maintenance of the blessings of peace.'

We do not regret the fall of the whig ministry. They had long labored on sufferance, and would ere this have been outvoted, had any other party been strong enough to carry on the government. Their continuance from day to day was a thing of accident, and was liable to be terminated at any moment. The divisions of their opponents were their strength, and they partook too largely of the spirit of an oligarchy to find their seeking strength from the ranks of the people. For several years past their popularity has been on the wane. The favor gained in opposition was lost in office, and their vacillating, do-nothing policy had exhausted the patience of the people. As a party they have always been distinguished by their aristocratical bearing. A few great houses united amongst themselves, have shared the higher honors of the state, and have deemed it enough to permit the men of genius in their ranks to eat the crumbs which fell from their table. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a mighty achievement, which was expected to serve their party interests, but at the same time that it strengthened the popular branch of the legislature. But from the date of its passing, their policy has been feeble and vacillating. The atmosphere of a court has been unfriendly to their cause, and they now retire unregretted and with little respect. A temporary occupation of the opposition benches will brace their nerves, teach them lessons which they are now slow to learn, and prepare them, it may be, for companionships from which at present they shrink. Whiggery has a great historic name for which we are jealous, and we are glad therefore that those who profess its doctrines, are removed from a position in which they occupied with little honor to themselves, or benefit to the country.

On the resignation of Lord John, the Earl of Derby was entrusted with the construction of a ministry, and the facility with which the task has been executed betokens prior arrangement. It was well known before the motion on Lord Naas's motion that the earl was prepared to take office.

Last year he declined to do so, and the country generally deemed him wise. No improvement has subsequently taken place in his position. The national revenue is improving, free trade is increasingly justified by the further trial it has had, and agricultural produce is realizing a better price than it has done for years past. A change, however, has passed over the spirit of his lordship, and he has seized at the instant what he formerly—and not long since—refused. Which may prove the wiser resolve—that of 1851 or that of 1852—time will show. We entertain no doubt, and unless we are greatly mistaken, a few months will clear up the vision. The list of the Stanley administration is now before us, and without wishing to prejudge their official merits, we are free to confess that we stand amazed. Mr. D'Israeli is chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Walpole, home secretary; Lord Malmesbury, foreign secretary; and Sir John Pakington, colonial secretary. The other appointments are of a similar order, and the whole list has awakened a feeling for which it is difficult to find a name. Men look incredulous, and ask each other what it means. They cannot be persuaded that things are as they seem, or that any sane man can expect with such forces to govern the affairs of this great empire. We shall soon see.

In the meantime, it is noteworthy that the administration is of the genuine tory breed, and is cemented by the one link of protection. On this point there can be no mistake. Not a single Peelite is in the list, or any one who is suspected of the slightest inkling towards free trade or reform. We are glad of this. It must prevent mistake and will be our strength in the impending struggle. There has been a good deal of foolish talk about giving the new ministry a fair trial, as if the creed and policy of its members were not already sufficiently known. We can afford, however, to be calm. It is our interest and strength to be so. Nothing will be gained by a premature declaration of hostility. On the contrary, much may be hazarded by throwing into the ministerial scale the timid and the sentimental, who challenge for Lord Stanley forbearance and fair trial. We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be hoodwinked. Our vigilance must not sleep, nor our love of fair-play suffer the possessors of office to delude and cheat the nation.

We are glad to find that the former members of the Anti-Corn Law League have held a meeting in Manchester, for the purpose of determining whether that body should be revived. Their decision is characteristic of the skill which formerly guided their measures, and will serve to re-assure the friends of free trade.

'One hundred and eight gentlemen were present,' says 'The Times,' 'who declared themselves ready to sacrifice their time and money as before, if necessary; but it was thought sufficient for the present to empower the executive council of the last League to watch the proceedings of the administration, awaiting their formal declaration of policy, and to adjourn to Monday next. Meanwhile Lord Derby was warned that if this question was re-opened, the people would not be content with a settlement on the present basis, but would couple political rights with it, and that he and his order must look to themselves.'

It is at present uncertain whether parliament will be dissolved immediately, or not. We shall probably learn on the 27th. Come when it

say, we must not be unprepared. Our opponents will take every advantage their position admits of, and we must be ready to meet them at the toll with an earnestness proportioned to the crisis, and a self-sacrifice worthy of our principles. We had hoped that the battle of free trade was over. If, however, we are called on to fight it again, it must be with the determination of achieving such a victory as will decide the case for ever. All other questions must be merged in this. There must be no division amongst us. The whig must support the radical, and the radical the whig,—the Peelite and the reformer, the churchman and the dissenter, must go hand in hand, in achieving the triumph of commercial freedom. Let this be done, and our victory will be complete and final.

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## Literary Intelligence.

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THE  
**Eclectic Review.**

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APRIL, 1852.

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—*The Cotton and Commerce of India.* By John Chapman. London: John Chapman, 142, Strand. 1851.

*The Culture and Commerce of Cotton in India and elsewhere.* By J. Forbes Royle, M.D., F.R.S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1, Cornhill. 1851.

*Report on the Culture of Cotton in India.* Parliamentary Paper 51, by 17, 1848.

*Speech of John Bright, Esq., M.P., in the House, June 18, 1850, on his Motion for a Commission of Inquiry into the Obstacles which prevent increased Supply of Cotton from India.*

*Lectures on the Cotton and Roads of Western India, addressed to the Editor of the Times Newspaper, in the years 1850 and 1851.* London: C. Roworth and Sons.

results of machinery' have been often and keenly canvassed. The most opposite effects have been attributed to its use, and the legislature has sought a pretext for interference, in its alleged evil influence on the employment of labour and the general condition of the masses. But whilst disputing on the action of machinery in one particular direction,—a great fact, and a great result, in another direction, until very recently, almost entirely overlooked. That the geometrical increase in the demand for raw material, the necessary consequence of improvements in machinery. That the manufacturing arts knew of no more complex and useful implements than the distaff and spindle, the once-

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thread wheel, the hand-carder and the double-handed loom, the demands for raw material could only be in the direct ratio of the increase of population ; but as these simple and almost rude implements were gradually superseded by the jenny and the mule, the *scribbling* and *carding* machines, the fly shuttle and the power loom, the demand for raw material increased in the exact ratio of the increased quantity of finished articles, which the lessened cost of the processes of manufacture enabled the consumer to purchase. It is, doubtless, true, that more elaborate styles of manufacture followed the introduction of these new implements ; the reduction in the cost of the purely mechanical processes of spinning and weaving, enabling the producer at once to gratify taste and to stimulate demand, by more brilliant colours, richer designs, and an extended variety in his productions. So far as the expense of these improvements in the style and character of textile fabrics counterbalanced the saving in the primary processes, the demand for the raw material was unaffected ; but to the extent of the final difference in the price of the improved but cheaper fabrics, as compared with the older ones, there was a power to consume *something else*, or *more* of the same commodities. Experience shows that reduction in the price of any commodity, accompanied with greater elegance and beauty of style, has invariably led to its increased use. A glance at the quantities of raw material used in the two great staple trades of this country in 1750, 1800 and 1850, respectively, will demonstrate this incidence of lower prices ; for it must be remembered, that the 100 years which intervened betwixt the first and the last date, comprises not merely the most remarkable era in the history of English manufacturing art, but of manufacturing art in all ages. The following figures are not given as exact quantities, but as close approximations :—

Imports.	1750 lbs.	1800 lbs.	1850 lbs.
Cotton wool . . . . .	3,000,000	56,000,000	700,000,000
Sheep's wool ; English, } Foreign and Colonial . }	45,000,000	100,000,000	350,000,000

Assuming the population of the British Islands to have been successively eleven, sixteen, and thirty millions at the respective periods named, the importations of cotton and the importations and home production of wool, divided amongst the population, would give the following as the proportions per head, avoiding minute fractions :

	1750 lbs.	1800 lbs.	1850 lbs.
Cotton wool . . . . .	$\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	23
Sheep's wool. . . . .	3	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$11\frac{1}{2}$

These figures, taken alone, show the simple ratio in which the demand for raw material is increased by the adoption of more effective machines; but if taken in connexion with the preceding figures, they show the geometrical ratio of that increase. As an illustration, it may be pointed out, that taking cotton wool singly, the increase of consumption per head is 92 fold; but the increase in the total quantity consumed is 230 fold. The difference is caused by the increment of the population. Now, if the increment of the population from 1750 to 1850 had been in the same ratio as from 1700 to 1750, the geometrical ratio could not be proved. But so far as it is possible to ascertain the rate of increase in the population from 1700 to 1750, it was only 27 per cent., while from 1750 to 1800 it was 34 per cent., and from 1800 to 1850, 81 per cent.! It must be noted, too, that in the last cycle of fifty years, two or three millions of persons had emigrated from the British Isles, who, with their progeny since emigration, must be considered as an integral portion of the increase during that cycle. It results, that comparing the increase of the population from 1750 to 1800 with that from 1700 to 1750, the progress of the population was accelerated nearly 75 per cent.; and comparing the progress from 1800 to 1850 with that from 1700 to 1750, it was accelerated nearly 300 per. cent.

The fact is a startling one, and the doubt is not unphilosophical—has improvement in the manufacturing arts caused it? The sources of increase in the population are generally stated to be good government, light taxation, exemption from war and desolating pestilence, and above all, cheap and sufficient food. If so, what has mere improvement in the arts of manufacture to do with the vastly augmented ratio of increase proved by the preceding figures? The question is fair and pertinent, and demands a candid and clear solution. The following considerations are thought to furnish such a reply.

Other things being alike, the increase of the population in any particular country will be governed by the degree of its facilities for the production of the prime means of healthful subsistence, food, clothing, and shelter. Unquestionably, food is the principal element. That being so, it will further be asked—what have the inventions of Watt and Arkwright, of Kay and Crompton, of Hargreaves and Cartwright, done to aid the production of food? A vast deal! The lower price of all other things apart from food has enabled the operative population—the great mass—to live more comfortably and easily, and has thus stimulated population, by increasing the inducement to marry. To so great an extent has the cost of all things except food been reduced by successive steps, that

the operative classes have been able to pay, during more than three-fourths of the last hundred years, a very seriously augmented price for food, and yet have found their stock of comforts, on the whole, much greater. But for the more economical production of articles of clothing and furniture, the tendency of the population would have been rather to a diminishing than an augmenting ratio of increase after 1750, because, with a stationary condition of manufacturing art, coincidently with the necessary resort to inferior soils, and a stationary condition of agricultural art, the difficulty of sustaining a family would have been increased. But the art of agriculture has made very great progress in Great Britain, almost contemporaneously with the improvement of manufacturing art, and the assertion is hazarded, *because of that improvement*. A more intense demand for food began to be felt very soon after the remarkable inventions of Watt and Arkwright had come fairly into operation. Prices rose, and, as a necessary consequence, production was stimulated; *how much*, the vast number of enclosure bills passed between 1750 and 1809 strikingly shows. Had agricultural skill remained stationary, the higher price of food would have counteracted, to some considerable extent, the effects of cheaper clothing; but it did not so remain, but, contrariwise, it made great advances. It did so partly under the stimulus of profit, but in a very large degree because of the law of sympathy, so to speak, which binds together all the productive arts, and renders it almost impossible to advance in one particular branch, without more or less influencing all. It would render the argument in proof of this position far too diffuse for the immediate purpose of its introduction here, to go minutely into the analysis of agricultural improvement since 1750, in order to develop the action of new manufacturing arts as one main cause of that improvement; second, indeed, only to the stimulus of an enormously augmented demand for grain, live stock, and indigenous raw materials of manufacture. Let it suffice to note, that the vast advances in mechanical skill, first developed in connexion with manufactures, are distinctly evident in the *present form and construction* of the agricultural implements in use prior to 1750, whilst there are scores of new agricultural implements which have added immensely to the productiveness of the soil and to the economy of production, of which the prototypes in principle and details are to be found in machines first applied to manufactures; and last of all, the successive and astonishing improvements which, betwixt the eras of Watt and of Stephenson, have made the steam engine the *chef-d'œuvre* of mechanical art, have made it practicable to apply the mighty power of steam to many impor-

at processes of agriculture, to the great saving of time and money, and the far higher development of the capacity of the soil. In one word, mechanical skill, and, *pari passu*, chemical skill, as first developed in manufactures, have had an indirect & most powerful application to agriculture, the results being greater economy in the production of all articles of human food, and a vastly augmented acreable produce; whilst all the appliances for the cheaper transit of the materials of manufacture and of manufactured goods have been even more directly profitable to the agriculturist than to the projector—the manufacturer.

If the facts of the case have been correctly stated, and the inferences are not overstrained, then is it clearly evident that the progress of machinery has increased the demand for raw materials, first, in the direct simple ratio of economy of human labour, and secondly, in the geometrical ratio of an accelerated increment of the population. Another phase of the action of machinery now remains to be noticed. As respects human labour, its action is to give it greater efficacy—a tendency, the extreme limits of which are not definable; as respects the production of the essential food of man, to make a given space available for an increasing number of human beings; but as respects manufactures, to necessitate the appropriation of an increased area relatively to any given amount of population.

It seems anomalous that the action of improvement in the productive arts should be diametrically opposite in the two cases—of land used for the production of food, and land used for the production of the raw materials of manufacture—in other words, that the greater the perfection of the productive arts, the *smaller* the surface of the soil that will sustain a single man, and the *larger* the area which will be required to supply the materials out of which the clothing of his person and the furniture of his dwelling are fabricated.

The anomaly is apparent only. Man's demand for food is bounded by well-defined limits. The form of man's physical development may vary, and admits of considerable difference in its extent; but, in the most luxurious condition of society, the capacity of the soil to sustain life far exceeds its power so to do in the nomadic condition of communities. Millions are fed, even a high civilization has been obtained, on better and more plentiful food obtained from the same area, which, in a rude condition of society, with difficulty sustained thousands. But the capacity of man to consume, or enjoy articles of clothing and furniture, is bounded only by his willingness to toil and the perfection of his implements of industry. And hence, notwithstanding the fact, that the acreable production of raw mate-

rial, such as wool and cotton, has been greatly augmented, and just by the operation of the same conditions and circumstances as have been shown to affect the production of food ; there is no room whatever to doubt that, man for man, the area required to produce all else besides food *now*, is very much larger than it was 100 years ago. A single fact will place this in a strong light. In 1791, the whole produce of cotton in the United States of America was 2,000,000 lbs. Taking the average crops betwixt 1840 and 1850—say, in 1845, at 2,000,000 bags of 350 lbs. each, the total produce would be 700,000,000 lbs., or a 350 fold increase. Making all proper allowance for the increase of population in the New and the Old World, by whom cotton fabrics are now worn, and *therefore*, for the enlarged surface of soil brought under cotton culture, it is still evident that the acreable produce of all the cotton soils in America must have been greatly augmented. That it has, however, *so augmented*, as that the same area now supplies one individual with a large share as supplied one individual with a small share in 1791, is incredible. The whole increase is 350 fold. Assuming that the population using cotton wool is threefold now that of 1791, there is still an augmentation of 116 fold, man for man, in the production. It is out of question altogether that the productive power of the soil has been increased in any degree approximate even to that ratio. A vastly enlarged area of soil is now under cotton culture in the United States relatively to the population there, or elsewhere, to be supplied ; and *now*, it is becoming a matter of anxious speculation where and when further supplies are to be had. It is necessary to look to a wider surface, not only to secure the required supply, but to obviate those ruinous fluctuations in the price of cotton which have been experienced but too often during the last ten years. The inquiry for more cotton is not the greedy cry of sordid millionaires,—it is the expression of an enlightened and benevolent forecast amongst the capitalists of the cotton trade, who have personally felt the pecuniary evils of such fluctuations, and who are neither ignorant of, nor indifferent to, the deep suffering which short time and diminished wages inflict upon the toiling millions engaged in the cotton manufacture.

The question, indeed, is of far larger meaning and importance than as it simply concerns the cotton labourers and capitalists of Lancashire and Lanarkshire ; it is national in all its bearings ! The dignity and independence, the safety and peace of the nation, are jeopardized by the all but absolute reliance of the cotton manufacturers on the United States, for a supply of the raw material. Powerful as are the guarantees for

peace betwixt Great Britain and the United States, it needs no great sagacity to discover that the commercial evils of war would be felt with more terrific force in the former than the latter country. The States are essentially agricultural, with unlimited room for expansion for generations to come, whilst England is so essentially manufacturing and commercial, that whatever paralyses her trade, strikes at the heart of her well-being, and threatens her very existence. Nor is the hazard of war imaginary. On more than one occasion during the last ten years, collision has only been avoided by the dignified calmness and forbearance, alike of the British government and the British people. There is a youth in communities as well as in individuals, and both are characterized by strong passions, rashness, and impatience of control. All classes in the States are, more or less, morbidly tenacious of the national honour, and that tenacity has its root in pride and an inflated idea of the present greatness and magnificent destinies of the States. A large section of its citizens have no repugnance to war as such; war or peace is just a question of probable loss or gain; and if the chances are even, they would rather fight than not. Nor is it a trifling consideration, that the people of the States, including, of course, its government and statesmen, know well how sensitive—not Lancashire only, but the whole country are on this matter of a constant supply of cotton. American journals laugh at the idea of England going to war about Cuba;—because, said they, ‘She dare not hazard the consequences of losing our supply of cotton.’ There is more in this than a passing sneer. England is dependent for the employment of nearly two millions of her people on the continuance of peace with the United States; and the knowledge that she dreads any interruption of that supply may induce an ambitious or over-reaching president at Washington, in the event of dispute or misunderstanding with the cabinet of England, to draw more largely on the national forbearance than it will endure; to offer conditions which the national spirit will not brook.

Nor is this the only source of danger. The cotton culture of the States is a slave culture. How long the institution of slavery will continue in the Southern States is a problem very difficult of solution—but it is a question of *time only*. By whatever process it is abolished, the supply of cotton will, pending the struggle, be seriously impeded; and when the struggle shall have ended, the whole economy of cotton cultivation will inevitably be changed; with what results, as to prices and quantity, no man can foresee.

There are, then, three distinct and serious grounds, which render the dependence of the cotton manufacture of this coun-



try on the United States for *three-fourths* of the supply of raw material, matter of grave anxiety to the whole nation. First, the ruinous effect of the enormous fluctuations in the supply from the States, both as respects capitalists and labourers engaged in the largest branch of the national industry; second, the terrible evils which must follow any interruption of the political harmony of the two countries; and third, the large disturbance in the economy of the cotton culture of America, which must accompany the abolition of slavery, come when it may; and of which the ultimate results on the supply of raw material, the price of cotton fabrics, and the whole interests of the cotton trade may be most disastrous, and, indeed, may revolutionize that trade—not only in its internal economy, but in its relation to other branches of the nation's industry and its external commerce.

The merchant manufacturers of Manchester, with the same prescience which gave birth and energy to the Anti-Corn Law League, have again and again drawn attention to the subject, with the special object of discovering and opening out a wider field from which to draw the needful supplies. The matter has engaged the anxious attention of the Manchester chamber of commerce ever since its formation, and on the 19th of January, 1850, a meeting of the members was held for the specific purpose of 'considering whether any course was open whereby an enlarged commercial intercourse with India could be promoted, and especially an increased supply of cotton obtained.' At this meeting the following resolutions were passed:—

'That the fact of the continued dependence of the great industry of this district, for the supply of its raw material, mainly from a single source, calls for the serious consideration of all who are interested in the security and prosperity of the cotton trade.

'That, notwithstanding the many proofs that the climate and soil of large portions of British India are well suited to the growth of cotton,—and the many and costly experiments made by the East India Company to promote its growth within the territories subjected to their rule,—this chamber is reluctantly compelled to believe that, up to this time, no sensible progress has been made towards procuring for the manufacturers of the United Kingdom a supply of cotton, the produce of British India; and that proof is altogether wanting to show that the efforts hitherto made by the East India Company have resulted in any increase in the production of cotton in India.

'That this chamber is of opinion that the economical condition of many parts of India is unfavourable to the extension and permanence of that industry without which large and steady exports of cotton to this country cannot reasonably be looked for, and that it is essential to the security and well-being, both of India and of the cotton trade of England, that a searching investigation be instituted into the causes which have so long

affiliated the efforts which have been made to stimulate the growth of cotton in India.

‘That this chamber, contemplating the early expiration of the East India Company’s charter, is of opinion that a special commission of inquiry should be sent forthwith to India, to examine into the condition of the country, especially within the presidencies of Bombay and Madras, with a view to ascertain what are the obstacles to the growth of cotton, and to the extension and permanence of a profitable industry in the cultivation of the soil; and the chamber is also of opinion, that the report of such a commission would furnish valuable information to the legislature and the public before the consideration of the future government of India again brought before parliament.

That the directors of this chamber be requested to prepare a petition for presentation to the House of Commons, and a memorial to Lord John Russell, urging the appointment of such a commission of inquiry, and to take such steps as to them may seem desirable to obtain the co-operation of all parties concerned in the cotton trade in the promotion of this important object.’

In furtherance of these resolutions, Mr. John Bright, M.P., on the 18th June following, brought forward a motion for ‘a commission of inquiry into the obstacles which prevent an increased supply of cotton from India.’ The speech of the honourable member on this occasion was a calm and masterly exposition of the whole case. He showed, amongst other things, that ‘the total exports of the country, in 1849, was £3,000,000, of which cotton goods constituted 26,000,000, or 86 per cent.; that the importation of cotton wool had risen from 56,000,000 lbs., in 1801, to 754,000,000 lbs. in 1849; and that, in the fabrication of this immense quantity into various forms of use or elegance, two millions of persons obtained a livelihood. He then went on to show that nearly 80 per cent.

of the entire import of cotton wool, on the average of the five years from 1846 to 1849, came from the United States, 10½ per cent. from India, and the small remaining portion from Brazil, Egypt, &c. He then showed the extent of the fluctuations in the American crop from 1837 to 1849; the lowest being 1,360,000 bags in 1838, and the highest 2,728,000 bags in 1848; the last year (1849) showing a decrease of 728,000 bags, or upwards of 26½ per cent. less than the crop of the previous one; *involving great advance in the price of the raw material, the working of short time by the operatives, the closing of many mills, and causing great loss to the manufacturers, and to all concerned in the cotton trade.*’ He showed that a penny per pound advance on the consumption of 1849 would be equivalent to £3,000,000 sterling; and that the advance on the last year, at 3d. per pound, would be upwards of £8,000,000 sterling.

Having thus proved the magnitude of the interests involved,

he rapidly alluded to those parts of the world from whence further supplies are likely to be had, and concluded by affirming that only from British India have we any immediate or even early prospects of success. The remainder of Mr. Bright's elaborate and statesmanlike speech was occupied in showing that, adapted as the soil of India is to the cultivation of cotton (that in fact being its chief product next to grain), the supplies received from it hitherto have been most meagre—a circumstance which the honourable member attributed mainly to two causes—first, the absence of good roads for the transit of cotton from the interior of India to the coast; and, secondly, the mischievous operation of the land-tax, which, he contended, keeps the Ryots or cultivators in a state of such abject poverty that enterprise for increased production is impossible. In support of these views, Mr. Bright quoted largely from the voluminous evidence tendered before a parliamentary committee, on the 'culture of cotton in India,' which sat in 1848, and of which Mr. Bright was the chairman. The Government, in the person of Sir John Hobhouse, and the East India Company, in the person of Sir James Hogg, resisted the inquiry,—the latter more especially, on the grounds, that the land-tax being (as *he contended*) simply rent, it could not prevent the production of cotton. He also contended that the roads of India were not so deplorably bad as Mr. Bright had represented. Perhaps the Government was afraid of raising questions of a political character, more difficult to settle than the question how roads were to be made, or cotton grown; and were glad, therefore, to get rid of this motion anyhow; so it was withdrawn. The Manchester men, however, were not thus to be baffled; so, on the 9th of November following, a meeting was held of the Chamber of Commerce to 'consider the plan of a proposed mission to the East Indies, the object of which is to ascertain by an unbiassed, but minute investigation on the spot, the real obstacles which prevent an ample supply of good cotton from being obtained thence, and the causes which impede our commerce in that country.' Mr. Mackay, well-known as the author of the 'Western World,' a man of unquestioned ability and energy was chosen to go out to India to make the necessary inquiries; an influential committee was appointed to consider and determine the manner in which the information, when obtained, should be communicated; and a subscription was entered into, to meet the expenses. Mr. Mackay has now been in India some time. Information has been received from him, but cannot yet be made known. Meanwhile, it seems to be an object of paramount importance to prepare the public mind for correctly judging of the results of his inquiries, by laying before it, as much as appears *proved*,

in relation to the entire question of the capability of India to produce cotton suitable for the English market, and the obstacles to the development of that capability.

The evidence as to capability requires first consideration. If India cannot, under any management, produce the right kind of cotton, or in any greatly augmented quantities, the discussion of the nature of the obstacles which impede its production would be impertinent as well as unprofitable. There is no reasonable ground of doubt that India can produce vastly augmented quantities. The cotton plant is indigenous to India, but the quality of the cotton grown varies according to the locality in which it is produced; a circumstance which is attributable to the great diversities of soil and temperature in a country extending from nine to thirty-one degrees of north latitude, and presenting a surface varied in height from the lowest swamp and thick jungle, to the loftiest Table-land. Much of the cotton produced in India is altogether unfit for the use of this country, and it may be fairly doubted whether any change of seed, or of cultivation, would render some portions of that great peninsula available for supplying the English market. Excluding, however, all those parts which are unsuitable, there cannot be a doubt that a vast surface remains, from which far larger quantities than are now obtained, are attainable. It is true that cotton is the great staple of manufacture in India itself; in fact, the dress of the Hindoo has consisted of cotton from time immemorial. The native consumption must be enormously great. Major-Gen. Briggs, who was examined before the Commons' Committee in 1848, estimated it at 750,000,000 lbs.; more than the average cotton crop of America from 1840 to 1849. Dr. Wight, who resided at Coimbatore, and was engaged in the improvement of the cultivation of cotton, estimated the total production of India at 3,000,000,000 lbs., or four times the first named quantity. The latter calculation may be in excess,—the former is, without doubt, much too low. It may, indeed, be safely assumed as a postulate, in reference to the entire question, that the peninsula of India possesses, *physically*, a power of supply, equal to the whole present consumption of England, after meeting the wants of the native population. The real question involved in all that has been said and written on the subject, is *not* whether India can produce a greater supply of cotton than at present,—*nor yet* how much; but what are the *conditions necessary to the attainment of that greater supply*.

These conditions will develop themselves, by showing *why*, with such capabilities, India has hitherto sent so little. The earliest import into Great Britain seems to have been in 1783

—namely, 114,133 lbs. In 1801, it was 4,098,256 lbs.; in 1820, 20,294,400 lbs.; from 1821 to 1831, the average was about 21,000,000 lbs.; and from 1832 to 1846, the average was 51,500,000 lbs. The fluctuations from year to year throughout the entire period have been exceedingly great. One or two examples will show this, and they are not isolated or extreme cases. In 1798, the import was 1,752,764 lbs.; in 1800, it was 6,629,822 lbs.; in 1805, it was 694,050 lbs.; and 1809, 12,517,400 lbs.; in 1819, it was 62,405,000 lbs.; and in 1822, 6,742,050 lbs. The causes of these fluctuations lie on the surface of the whole case. India cotton is the lowest in estimation amongst the spinners of Lancashire. They will not take it, so long as they can get any other cotton relatively as cheap. Hence, when the supply from the States is abundant, India cotton is almost unsaleable, or saleable only at a loss. It follows, that the English market offers no constant outlet for Indian cotton; and although it may afford to the merchant at Bombay the opportunity of an occasional *hit*, in the way of speculation, it is abundantly proved, that to the cultivator the inducement to grow it is *nil*! Going a step further in the investigation of the fact of small supplies from India, it may be stated, that the low estimation in which India cotton is held arises from two causes—1st, the shortness of the staple, which renders it unfit for any but low counts; and 2nd, the exceedingly dirty and adulterated condition in which it reaches the ports of shipment in India itself. The first is by no means a formidable objection, inasmuch as the counts for which Indian cotton, or *surats*, as it is technically called, is suitable, constitute a very large proportion of the yarns spun in England; and in other respects, the fibre itself is unobjectionable, being of a rich cream colour, and swelling in the bleaching, so as to make a *full-handled* cloth. Were the condition of the cotton equal to that of the United States, *surats* would be taken up as readily as American cotton, quality for quality, price for price; and though the enormous fluctuations in the American crop must always occasion great fluctuations in price, these fluctuations would not operate, as they do now in a period of great abundance, to drive out *surats*, nearly altogether. As the case stands, an abundant American crop renders *surats* a complete drug, except at a loss; but on the supposition of equal cleanliness, they would, indeed, be reduced in price, but they would sell as readily as American cotton. It is the *dirty condition* of the cotton which places it at so great a disadvantage.

The causes of that dirty condition are numerous, resolvable, however, into two principal or generic causes—careless or unskilful picking of the cotton from the pod, and defective

modes of packing and transit. The natives are careless in separating the cotton at the proper time. Mr. Petrie, a very intelligent witness, examined before the committee of 1848, thus describes the mode—'In picking the cotton, the natives are so careless, that they snatch along with the cotton, portions of the leaf that grows under the pod, and this can never afterwards be thoroughly got rid of; ginning cotton with the leaf in it, instead of improving it, makes it worse; the leaf is so friable and light that it gets broken into minute fragments, and is blown into the lint-room among the clean cotton; the only remedy is to pick the cotton without the leaf in the first instance.' Other witnesses stated, that these minute portions of leaf are never got rid of in any of the stages of manufacture, finally showing as specks on the surface of the woven fabrics. After picking, the cotton lies exposed in open yards, and when ginned and packed, is sent on bullocks to the various ports of embarkation. In the transit from the interior, the sources of deterioration and adulteration are almost innumerable. Mr. Fenwick, who had much experience as a merchant, thus states the mode of transit by bullocks:—'The cotton is conveyed on the backs of bullocks. The drove is never less than 100, and often exceeds 1000; every morning, after daylight, each bullock has to be laden, and before the operation is over, the sun is already high above the horizon; the cattle have then to proceed at the slow rate of two miles an hour, and seldom perform a journey of more than eight or nine miles per day. The drove generally halts one day in seven. If the caravan is overtaken with rain, the cotton, becoming saturated with water, is so heavy as to prevent its transport on the cattle, and the roads, if lying through the cotton ground, are so deep, that men sink to the ankles at every step, and cattle to their knees.' It may easily be imagined how much the quality or character of the cotton suffers in journeys so managed, and occupying from five or six days to five or six weeks, according to the distance of the cotton-producing districts from the coast. When the bags reach the port of embarkation they are much torn, and usually crusted with mud; the colour of the cotton on the outside is affected by the same cause; and, to crown all, the bales, from want of proper cranes and piers, are usually rolled over the beach, and partly in the sea, in order to get them on board. Peculation and adulteration also are going on during the whole time the cotton is on its route. Man and beast alike peculate. The bullocks, as they follow in lines, thrust their noses in the pack before them, and eat the cotton. Men

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\* Parliamentary Evidence, question 1595.



abstract portions of the bags, and put in stones or dust; and in the short sea voyages from the ports of the Concan to Bombay, they add salt water!

If the rainy season overtakes a drove, the cotton is seriously damaged, or, perhaps, much is destroyed, in consequence of great numbers of the bullocks perishing.

The cost of such a mode of conveyance is necessarily very great—in fact, nearly double the price realized by the cultivator in the interior; so that the mode of transit at once enormously enhances the total cost of the cotton when it arrives at Bombay, and greatly deteriorates its quality.

These descriptions apply mainly to the character of the transit of cotton to the port of Bombay, that port supplying so large a portion of the whole export of cotton from India, that what affects that supply is of vital importance, as bearing on the question of future increase, or otherwise. The supplies shipped at Bombay are obtained from Guzerat, the Concan, Malabar and Canara, Cutch, and Scinde, in the proportion of nearly three-fifths from Guzerat, three-elevenths from the Concan, and the small remainder from the other places named. Now, in the districts dependent upon the Bombay presidency, there are few roads, properly so called, that is, *metalled*, with ditches, bridges, and embankments, where needful. The whole mileage of such roads is, in fact, utterly contemptible. The *rule* as to roads in that presidency, and especially after crossing the Ghauts, is, that a road means a mere track, beaten down by bullocks' feet, *without any bridges whatever*. Yet, from this district, and the great plain of Central India, to which it is the port, must any large increase in the supply of Indian cotton be obtained.

The case, then, stands thus, as respects the present small supply of cotton from India—its bad condition excludes it from notice, except as a *dernier ressort*. Hence, its price is always lower than American of the same quality; and the demand for it is *nil*, when American cotton is abundant. It follows, that, as a mercantile adventure, it is hazardous and unremunerative, the demand for it being most uncertain and fluctuating. It further follows, that the mere cultivator has no powerful motive to urge him to improvement. He is never certain of a market, or at least, he cannot depend on a paying price. Added to these discouragements, his commodity is exposed to endless deterioration and speculation ere it reaches its destination, which, with a most wretched mode of transit, vastly augments its price; and, in one word, shuts him up to a minimum net price for his own toil and skill, which not only keeps him in abject poverty, but worse, destroys all hope

and energy within him. The difficulties of his position are great, and beyond his power to remove. If he picks the cotton more carefully, still the immense cost, and the adulteration and mischiefs of the transit remain; and any difference in price, consequent on the better condition of the cotton, will not materially affect him. Indeed, it may safely be laid down as a postulate, with reference to the question of increased supplies from India, that the trade must first be made profitable to the cultivator—*the cotton remaining unimproved*—before he will vigorously set himself, either to pick his cotton cleaner, to pack it carefully, try experiments with foreign seeds, or adopt new modes of culture. The trade must be made profitable to him *without his own effort*, and then he will work out the maximum of profit, under the impulse of palpable results and awakened hopes. For it must be especially remembered, that cotton, though a large product in India, is far from being the principal one (grain of many kinds being the great crop); and that the whole exports to Great Britain of cotton is certainly not fifteen per cent., perhaps not five per cent. of the total production. True, the quantity exported forms a much larger proportion of the particular provinces of India from which it is mainly derived, than fifteen, or, perhaps, twenty-five per cent.; still it is not the fraction of additional price which *clean-picked* cotton would realize in Manchester which will rouse the lethargic and down-trodden Ryot into vigorous and persevering attention to the culture of cotton suitable for England. And here the great questions of debate on this subject arise. On the one hand, it is alleged, that the execrable modes of transit ruinously enhance the cost and deteriorate the quality of Indian cotton, whilst the system of revenue on which the East India Company acts, keeps the Ryot, or cultivator, in abject poverty, and paralyzes all effort to improve. On the other hand, it is contended, that the Company has done much in the matter of road-making, and that, *as the land-tax is RENT*, no alteration or remission of it would make the Ryot's condition any better. Admitting that the methods of transit are bad, the Company denies its obligations to make roads, and covertly insinuates, that those who want the cotton *may* make the roads *if they like*!

Turning to the 'Evidence on the Growth of Cotton in India,' offered to Mr. Bright's Committee in 1848, the following facts and conclusions seem undeniable; and it must be added, they have not been arrived at but on a thorough sifting and perusal of the entire evidence:—

'1. That the roads of India, and more especially as respects those communicating with the cotton-producing provinces which supply the English market, are exceedingly bad.

‘ 2. That the cost of transit is thereby so greatly enhanced, as seriously and even fatally to affect the inducement to cultivate cotton *for export*.

‘ 3. That it is vain to expect improvement in this respect, looking to the experience of the past, from the spontaneous and enlightened action of the East India Company.

‘ 4. That greatly improved roads, or railways, are an indispensable condition towards a more extended cultivation, with a view to export, and the first step towards any improvement in the methods of cultivation itself, and in the proper preparation and packing of the crop.

‘ 5. That, as a consequence of improved roads, European skill, energy, and capital, would be made available to stimulate the enterprise of the Ryots, and to release them from their abject pecuniary dependence on the village bankers or money-lenders.

‘ 6. That the system of revenue still in force in a large portion of the British dependencies must be forthwith abolished, and a system of fixed tenure substituted.

‘ 7. That under a fixed tenure *only*, can there be any reasonable hope that the Ryot will cease to be a mere serf, or pauper labourer, and attain the position of a moneyed cultivator, analogous to that of the farmer in this country or the cotton grower of the United States.’

Reserving for a future article the consideration of the character and incidence of the land-tax, as levied in India by the East India Company, the remainder of the present will be directed to the elucidation of the five propositions or conclusions relative to the roads of India—that elucidation involving the inquiry—how and by whom the improved roads or railways are to be constructed?

No space need be wasted in *proving* the first proposition. On the admission even of the witnesses for the East India Company, they are, as a whole, contemptible as to quantity, utterly inadequate to any larger development of the resources of India, and execrable in kind. Neither need figures be quoted to prove that the bullock conveyance of cotton from Berar (from which district of India an enlarged supply of cotton is looked for) to Bombay—a distance averaging 350 miles, must be, and in fact is, a most costly mode of transit. The public, that is, that portion of it who are interested in the supply of cotton from India, and generally, in whatever relates to the future of India, commercially considered, are quite convinced that, as a system, roads are to be created in India. Nor are the public less thoroughly convinced that the East India Company, or the Board of Control, will not spontaneously create that system. Mr. Bright showed, that betwixt 1834 and 1848, the government of India had collected a gross revenue of £300,000,000 sterling, and had only expended £1,434,000 in roads, bridges, canals, and tanks for irrigation. Falstaff’s pennyworth of bread to ‘all this monstrous quantity of sack,’ aptly illustrates

the miserable, and were it not melancholy too, the grotesque discrepancy betwixt the splendid revenue yielded to the rulers, and the wretched pittance returned in public works to their subjects. How much of the £300,000,000 sterling, has, during the interval of fourteen years, been transmitted to England as *tribute-money*, and how much spent in desolating wars, would be a sad tale to tell! But we must be just to the rulers of our Indian empire. In the committee which sat on the subject, witnesses spoke to the comparative extent of roads in India and in Great Britain, and also drew contrasts betwixt the doings of certain Mohammedan and Hindoo princes, in respect of roads and tanks, and the *no-dos* of the East India Company, not a little unfavourable to the latter. The comparisons are not quite fair and just. A powerful prince, securely seated on his throne, ruling over attached subjects, at one with him in political and religious *creed*, has large inducements to provide for the growth of his subjects' wealth and greatness. Very different is the force of such inducements to a sovereign power, hanging all its individual elements in very short cycles,—alien in blood, language, and religion to those it rules over—and its tenure of power withal—dependent on the maintenance of the prestige of military invincibility which may be annihilated in a day, or the perpetuation of certain social arrangements and religious ideas which a generation may witness overthrown and dissipated for ever. The policy of the East India Company has been natural enough, if not wise, paternal, magnanimous, or far-seeing. Empire has been thrust upon it by the necessity of its position. From the moment when one foot of soil was appropriated in the peninsula for British use, further appropriation became either an absolute necessity in self-defence, or an unjust aggression, the temptations to which were too dazzling to the merely ambitious, or too inviting to the cupidity of the merely mercenary and sordid of its rulers. Hence has arisen the entire subjection of upwards of 100,000,000 of people to some 50,000 Europeans! It is obvious that, to the latter, it was an absolute condition of safety, to rule as much as possible according to prevalent notions and existing institutions. And such as these were, no more unfit instrument than a governmental one to effect a radical change could be devised. Change in them must originate in causes over which governments have little or no control, and which they never meddle with, except for evil. Hence the government of India decided to rule in accordance with existing social institutions, and sought as much as possible to discourage whatever influences, intellectual or moral, might endanger those institutions.

It is not affirmed that this policy was wise, or benevolent, or just—but it was natural—it has, so far, secured India to England; and the day when it no longer answers, will be that in which India breaks the fatal spell of caste, and its mind and conscience are emancipated from the long thralldom of a subtle, proud, and sordid priesthood. It will require other wisdom than that which has added first one and then another province to our Indian Empire, and kept all in awe, to meet that crisis. But ‘sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.’

Admitting, further, the obligation of the government of India to do more than it has done in the construction of roads, the case of England offers no true parallelism. The admirable turnpike roads and railways of England are results of antecedent circumstances in the progress of its trade and manufactures, which have no parallel in the history of Hindoo trade and Hindoo manufactures! Good roads became a necessity in England, in consequence of its large interchanges of raw material, of manufactured goods, home and foreign, and food;—a state of things unknown—except in an almost infinitesimal degree in India! Long after good and durable roads had become a necessity—large districts—the seats of trade and manufactures, were little better off than India. Within the recollection of men now living, there were roads in Lincolnshire and the West Riding that were execrable. Within thirty-five years, the journey from Leeds to Manchester, 60 miles, took eight and ten hours, even with well appointed coaches; and the journey to Newcastle from the same place, 100 miles, sixteen hours. Roads have been developed by the progress of manufacturing art acting upon interchange, and requiring more numerous and better constructed highways for the transit of the augmenting mass of the results of industry. India is unhappily far behind this stage of progress. It may be doubted whether any progress has been made for centuries, either in agriculture or manufactures. The arts of life seem stereotyped there, as are the maxims of individual conduct, and the forms and dogmas of religion. Candour compels us to say, too, that not to have done that, the necessity for which has not become pressing and palpable, is no absolute proof either of ignorance or of indifference to duty in the rulers of India. It is rarely that progress takes place, except as inconvenience is felt somewhere, as some animals cast their skins when they have become too tight for them.

It is not meant, however, that the government of India might not and ought not to have done more in the particular matter of roads. The highways of the country are behind its present wants, and the government has not shown an enlightened pre-

science in respect to this matter. But, we repeat, it must not be judged by false analogies.

One other observation on this disputed point must be made. Roads and railways have *followed*, not *preceded*, vast developments of manufacturing skill and commercial enterprise in *England*; in India, they are required to precede, and, in fact, to accelerate, if not cause such development. In England, the native buoyancy and ardent genius of the people have ever been transforming its institutions, and remodelling—nay, creating almost—all the appliances, direct and subsidiary, of the productive arts. It is far otherwise in India, and ever has been; and *now*, the demand for better roads results not from the expansive force of native productive power, but is called for as an external application, directly intended to disturb the lethargy within.

The real problem, after all, to be solved is—who ought to construct the required roads? The question involves another, and a far more important one—what alterations are required in the existing relations of the East India Company *first*, and the Government of Great Britain next, to the peoples of India? The question of roads involves a great political problem, and he who can solve the one can solve the other; but they will not be solved as distinct and entirely separate questions.

The opportunity for considering both questions will soon be at hand. The East India charter is renewable in 1854, and the terms of it must be settled either this year or the next. It needs no sagacity to perceive that the matters of discussion will not be, as heretofore, paltry questions of participation in trading advantages, as betwixt the East India Company and private traders, but the whole question of the mission of this country, in its rule over the teeming millions of the Indian Peninsula. The interests of the cotton-trade will have originated not simply the demand for improved roads, and a wiser and more just system of revenue, but they will have initiated a searching examination of the why and the wherefore of our whole system of administration, and compel the British legislature to abandon the system of temporary expedients in ruling India, and to base its acts on a careful forecast of the probable, if not the inevitable, FUTURE OF INDIA.

The length to which this article has been carried, necessitates the postponement of the question—‘Who are to make the roads in India?’ to another Number, in which it will be taken up, in connexion with the subject of the land-tax.

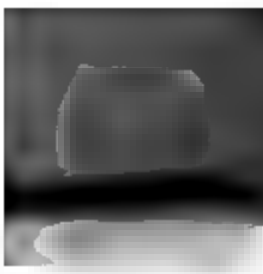


ART. II.—*The Sea Lion ; or, the Lost Sealers.* By James Fenimore Cooper.  
London : Bentley.

THE literature of America is as yet comparatively young. Her progress in this respect has scarcely been co-extensive with her progress towards the highest political eminence. It cannot be denied, that in proportion to the development of talent in a nation will be her improvement in internal refinement. By the literature of a country we judge more than by any other sign of the height of civilization it has attained, and from the tone of thought breathing throughout, discover the spirit of a people, and what position it is content to occupy. When Greece had reached the highest point in its career of civilization, then also its literature most flourished, its poets were most honoured, its philosophers most appreciated. The time, however, is not far distant when America will perpetuate the genius of her people in works worthy of the greatness of the position she is destined to occupy in the world's history. Already we have evidences that such will be the case, and if they are not numerous, and, compared with our own more gigantic accomplishments, are only weak and feeble efforts, yet there is scarcely a department of literature in which some of the citizens of America do not occupy a favourable position : Prescott, Stephen, Washington Irving, in history and travels ; Channing as an essayist ; Cooper as a novelist ; Bryant, Dana, Pierpoint, and Longfellow, as poets.

For whatever advantages America possesses, however, in this respect, she is almost entirely indebted to England. The want of a grand literature of her own is supplied by that of the mother country, and it must not be forgotten that she possesses the fruits of our research and knowledge—a knowledge which is the glorious production of centuries of indefatigable labour—without the necessity of translation or the expense of copyright, and that inventions of every kind are at her disposal without the restrictions of patents. Most of the popular publications, as well as the more elaborate and scientific works of Europe, are imported for her use, reprinted at her presses, and rapidly dispersed throughout every portion of the republic.

We have some reason to fear, that the ease with which our



friends across the Atlantic are enabled to supply their own deficiency of works and periodicals, tends greatly to retard the advance of literature. It is far more easy to adopt the thoughts and creations of another nation, than to create for themselves. The immense resources of England, and the rapidity with which such resources are available, almost before the first freshness has worn off, the versatile productions that issue from our press, capable of supplying materials for thought and reflection for many nations, seem to satisfy the people of America. They are as familiar with our novels as we are; they look on our poets with the same affection that we do ourselves; our school-books often furnish their educational establishments; and our histories frequently supply the students in their colleges.

These circumstances cannot but have some effect in retarding the progress of America, but it will not ultimately check it. She has poets among her writers of a very high order. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the name of Professor Longfellow, the author of 'Evangeline,' 'Voices of the Night,' and other little works. Under a quaintness of manner, and in some instances uninviting style, lurks a sweetness of thought and imagery infinitely pleasing. He has all the elements of a poet, though his efforts have been, as yet, small and timid. What he has written, however, is sufficient to assign him a place of the most distinguished kind amongst the literati of his country.

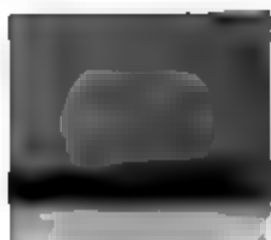
But if America profits so largely from our literature, she has, on the other hand, afforded us sources of considerable pleasure, amongst the principal of which are the works of Fenimore Cooper. There are few amongst us who cannot recollect the intense pleasure with which we relished his early novels. They burst upon us with singular freshness, for the author had struck out for himself a wholly new path, had created a combination of events which no one before had conceived. We knew nothing scarcely of the tribes, whose scattered habitations, singular dwellings, and strange laws, he describes. We had conceived an outline of the savage, were familiar with the cruelty of his practices, but of the nobler part of his nature we knew comparatively little. He was acquainted better, perhaps, with the habits of the painted men of the interior than any other writer who has ventured on a description of them, and so graphically, in many cases, has he brought them before us, that future ethnological and antiquarian writers will quote him as a historical authority on the character and condition of the lost tribes of America.

It is with a feeling of melancholy pleasure that we approach a sketch of what this author has done for the literature of Ame-

rica, because associated with our investigation must be the fact, that by his death she has lost one of her brightest ornaments. The loss is one that we share as well, for the name of Fenimore Cooper is as familiar in our mouths as household words, and it was with sincere regret that we heard of the decease of this great novelist at a comparatively early age. The character and vigour of his writings had, it is true, been for several years on the decline, but there was still a charm in his creations which it was impossible not to feel; the same enthusiasm, when he brought his beloved tribes into the field, or described the broad prairies, or the wooded glen, or buffalo hunts of the back woods, lingered over every page.

Perhaps no writer or public character that has lately quitted the great drama of life had less to fear from detraction than Cooper. The bent of his mind breathed forth in every work he penned; the highest tone of morality prevails throughout; the deepest interest is awakened without ever entering on topics which the ear of youth might not always understand. His writings, indeed, were peculiarly suited to young readers. Wild, adventurous, and stirring, full of the most romantic incidents, and abounding with situations of peril, the boy eagerly devoured the pages of the novel, absorbed by the narrative, and dreading to come to its conclusion. Indeed, we have seldom met with any person who took any delight in fiction at all, that was not capable of being interested in Cooper's novels. His genius was distinct and peculiar. It was adapted to a certain kind of writing, and as often as he wandered from the track marked out for him by nature, he failed in producing the same effect. The attentive reader of his novels must have perceived this in several compositions which he attempted in a different style, but utterly without success.

Although American by birth and education, we can, undoubtedly, claim Fenimore Cooper as an Englishman by descent. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789. His father was Judge William Cooper, descended from an Englishman of that name, who settled at Burlington in 1679, during the troubles that afflicted this country under the despotism of Charles II. Fenimore passed the early portion of his career at Burlington, and here he received the first rudiments of his education. We know little or nothing of his capacities at this time, or whether he manifested any extraordinary sign of abilities, as is generally the case with those destined to occupy so important a position in the ranks of literature. It may fairly be argued that his tendencies and tastes were of a totally different character, since, after having received a classical and sound education at New-



haven, and subsequently at Yale College, he entered the American navy as a midshipman, at the age of sixteen. For six years he remained at sea, and being possessed of rare powers of observation and a most retentive memory, he laid up in his mind those stores of knowledge concerning sea life, which were afterwards to prove of so much service in his future literary endeavours. His familiarity with life on the water has lent one of the most powerful charms to many of his fictions. He is always at home on the ocean, and is as intimate with her ever-varying moods and shifting temper as if he had been born there. The navy, however, does not seem to have taken sufficient hold on his mind to induce him to continue in it. There may have been other circumstances, also, which militated against his choice of so wandering a life. However this may be, certain it is, that in 1811 he quitted the sea, and retired into private life, and shortly after, when he was in his twenty-third year, married Miss de Lanoy, sister of Bishop de Lanoy, of the western diocese of New York, one of the oldest and most conspicuous families of the United States.

For the next ten years Mr. Cooper continued to lead a quiet and domestic life. He lived on his paternal property of Cooper Town. We hear of no endeavours made by him to come forward into public. It is more than probable that this time was devoted to study and the enjoyments of literature, in preparation for the distinction he was afterwards to attain. How the idea of becoming an author first dawned upon his mind nowhere appears. It is of little moment to determine the fact; suffice it, that in 1822 he published anonymously his first novel, entitled 'Precaution.' It professed to contain a picture of the domestic manners of the English. Though imperfect as a whole, and deficient in many of the requisite characteristics of a work of fiction, there was still sufficient ability displayed to give promise of future distinction for its author. Much of his inimitable dialogue and terseness of expression was evident, but the story was not of sufficient interest to create for it any circulation beyond the libraries, although republished in England as the work of an English author.

His next attempt, however, was infinitely more successful. The powers of his mind were rapidly developing themselves. He had thrown off the crude imaginings of his soul in his first production, but in the 'Spy,' he concentrated his genius into the procreation of a picture of life overflowing with interest. The characters are numerous, and sustained with extraordinary fidelity unto the end. For grouping and combination of events, for rapid narrative, for exciting adventures and perilous positions, this work is, perhaps, unsur-

passed by any that Cooper has written. His success was undoubted. It was welcomed with avidity, and the reputation of the author was established as a man of genius. It has been translated into several languages, and even into the Persian. Yet, notwithstanding the power displayed in the pages of the 'Spy'—a power of which its author could not fail to be in some measure conscious—it was with extreme diffidence that he placed it before an American public. The first volume had been printed some months before he set about completing the second, so distrustful was he of the manner in which it would be received. In one of his prefatory notices published some time after, he says,—‘Should chance throw this into the hands of an American editor twenty years hence, he will smile to think that a countryman of his hesitated to complete a work so far advanced, merely because the disposition of the country to read a book that treated of its own familiar interests was doubted.’

The ‘Pioneer; or, the Sources of the Susquehanna,’ a descriptive tale founded on information derived principally from his father, who had an interest in extensive tracts of land near the sources of that river, was eagerly welcomed by all those who had been interested in the ‘Spy.’ There was no falling off in the new work. His creative powers were fresh and vigorous, and novel after novel came from his pen with wonderful rapidity. The ‘Pilot’ was a tale of the Sea, which attracted the notice of Walter Scott; for, in writing to Miss Edgeworth at the time of its publication, he says,—‘It is very clever; the sea scenes, in particular, are admirably drawn; and I advise you to read it as soon as possible.’ Sir Walter Scott’s critique, though favourable, is somewhat cold when we consider the actual merit of the work. He brought all his own experience of a seaman’s life to bear on his narrative; and in his descriptions, has succeeded in creating some that are, as pieces of descriptive writing, perhaps unequalled in any other novel. The breathless interest he awakens, the strong hold he contrives to take of the imagination, is an evidence of his consummate genius and skill.

‘Lionel Lincoln’ comes next in order in the train of Mr. Cooper’s publications. The battles of Lexington and of Bunker’s Hill furnish the foundations for this story. Few contests afforded a broader field for the fancy of the writer than these. The liberties of a great and growing country were at stake; and the bravery and determination with which the Americans disputed the battle with their adversaries, for ever redeemed them from the charge of cowardice with which they had been before assailed by their enemies in Britain. Cooper is faithful to the main features of his story. He spared no

pains to obtain accurate information, and was so fortunate as to procure even a journal of the state of the weather at the time the battles were fought, and its entries were rigidly adhered to.

Many readers have preferred the 'Last of the Mohicans,' which next appeared, to others which have obtained a greater share of notoriety; and we ourselves are inclined to award it a higher place amongst Cooper's works than has generally been assigned it. It may be deficient in the intense interest that characterizes the 'Pilot' or the 'Spy;' but it possesses a peculiar charm in the more quiet but sustained tone of feeling that pervades it throughout. The characters are distinctive and new, and the description of nature and of men is beautiful in the extreme.

About the year 1826 he visited Europe; and being at Paris, met with Sir Walter Scott at a party, who mentions the fact in his diary, and describes the curiosity of persons to behold the two greatest novelists of the day in the same room. We are among those who are inclined to accord to Cooper an equal degree of talent and power with that ascribed to Walter Scott, and are disposed to place the originality of the American author at as high a point as we do that of Scott. There is certainly in Cooper more power of concentration, a more epigrammatic style, and greater terseness of expression. But this is scarcely the place to enter into a comparison of these writers' merits. Both were undoubtedly great men, and both have their share of admirers.

Cooper travelled through various countries, and was for a considerable time in England, where he formed many lasting friendships, and gathered fresh stores for his future writings. The results of his observations are contained partially in his 'Gleanings in Europe,' 'Sketches of Switzerland,' &c.

Although Cooper published 'A History of the United States Navy,' and the 'Lives of Distinguished Naval Officers,' he was more at home in fiction and in America. Almost in every instance where he has departed from his own track, he has lost some of his charm. His genius was peculiar, not universal; and he has mostly been content to devote his energies to one particular branch of fiction, though tempted occasionally to depart from it. It would be unjust to term anything that Cooper has written a complete failure; although the 'Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief' approached nearer to such a charge than anything else he has produced. It was an attempt to portray a description of society and manners wholly at variance with his taste, genius, and natural ability; little interest is excited either by the story or the characters.

Some of those who have judged Cooper seem to think that,



after his visit to Europe, his freshness of spirit deserted him. We are by no means inclined to acquiesce in this opinion. Perhaps some of his writings acquired a new tone, and had an admixture of European notions which destroyed many of the wild charms lingering around his earlier works; but it gave them novelty, and prevented us from tiring of a tone that might have grown monotonous. The spirit of Cooper's writings, however, is what will ever constitute their strongest hold on the public mind, and prevent their popularity from dying out with the present generation, precisely because they appeal to no evanescent passions of the heart or hour; they are founded upon no series of events belonging to the day; but their chief interest consists in the faithfulness with which they have drawn nature, both material and human; in which they have portrayed the manners of men and tribes that exists for the most part only in the memory of man.

No one can peruse the works of Cooper without being convinced of the innate beauty of his own mind. His ethical notions are of the highest order, his morality is as pure as that of the men whose unaffected religion he is so fond of portraying—the Puritans. No affected displays, no assertions are necessary to convince his readers of the fact; it breathes through his pages. The philosophy of his mind is of a high order, and few can be unsusceptible of this. The most ordinary reader must be conscious of a superiority and elevation of thought while he peruses the writings of Fenimore Cooper. The gentleness of his own mind, its lofty appreciation of everything that was good, its innate poetry, breathed forth in his graphic description of nature, in the love with which he regards the forests, the broad prairies, and the sun-lighted valleys.

It is rarely that so many qualities are combined in one writer. With the highest excellence in creating original series of adventures and depicting new combinations of events, he united the power of conceiving characters not every day to be met with, and not only of conceiving them, but carrying them out consistently to the end. Having once imagined them, he is faithful to their early conception, and each person seems to grow up under your eye with the progress of years and time. It is true that Cooper has painted few female characters. He has attempted few—but those that have been introduced to us are sufficient to indicate the author's power. Perhaps he has generally been less fortunate in this respect than in portraying his Indian manners, and that, in two or three instances we shall hereafter mention, he has been most successful. The

experiment of connecting so many novels one with the other was new ; or rather of making one character enact a part in so many scenes. There are creations of the writer's mind to which we feel as much attachment as if they were personal friends. He is loath to abandon them, still less to depict the termination of their career. This appears to have been especially the case with *Leather Stocking*, though he published the early part of his career subsequent to that which had attracted so much of the public attention. There is not a boy scarcely, who reads at all, but is familiar with the name of 'Natty,' or *Leather Stocking*, or one of his numerous aliases. He is one of the most interesting characters we have ever seen sketched in a novel. From the first moment he comes before our notice until the end, he is the same kind, hardy, high-minded, useful, benevolent man, depending on none, but ever ready to risk life and health in the cause of others ; the friend of man and woman, on terms of amity with the savage and the civilized man ; known as well to the settler as to the camp of the tribes, and esteemed by them all. For the tongue of *Leather Stocking* was never known to palliate or falter, never to flinch from the sturdy truth ; his faith in the power of God never wavered ; his sympathies never died ; he never harboured a selfish thought ; but animated by the noblest feelings, felt himself at peace with all men. Even the animal creation loved him ; and the faithful attachment of his dogs is one of the most touching among many others in the circumstances that surround the old man's life.

We have not space to enter into a minute investigation of the beauties or faults of all Cooper's writings ; we must content ourselves first with giving a list of them, and will briefly notice one or two that possess the highest claims to our attention and regard. There is scarcely one of them which can be said to have no attraction, for it is not only the bustling and stirring narrative that so powerfully charms the young reader that we must regard now, but the evidences of mind and power that display themselves.

Besides those we have mentioned, Mr. Cooper published *The Prairie*, *The Red Rover*, *The Wept of Wish-ton Wish*, *The Water-Witch*, *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, *The Headsmen of Berne*, *The Monikins*, *Homeward Bound*, *Home as Found*, *The Pathfinder*, *Mercedes of Castile*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Two Admirals*, *Wing-and-Wing*, *Wyandotte*, *The Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief*, *Ned Myers*, *Ashore and Afloat*, *Miles Wallingford*, *Satanstoe*, *The Chainbearer*, *The Red Skins*, *The Crater*, or *Vulcan's Peak*, *Oak Openings*, *Jack*

Tier, The Sea Lions, or Lost Sealers, Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor, Gleanings in Europe, Sketches of Switzerland, &c.

The 'Deerslayer' is one of the most remarkable of his novels. The same hesitation about publishing it beset its author, since he entertained in his own mind misgivings about the policy of putting before the public the history of the same individual under so many different circumstances, and in so many different positions. But the favourable manner in which the more advanced career and the death of Leather Stocking were received, created in the mind of the author a sort of necessity for giving some account of his younger days. Yet, even while he wrote, discouraging thoughts at times beset him, concerning the policy of venturing the 'Deerslayer' into print. He was several times on the point of burning his MS. and turning to some other subject, when a singular encouragement reached him. He received an anonymous letter from England, written, as he supposed, by some lady, urging him to do what he had more than half accomplished. He now no longer hesitated, but set about completing his task, and the 'Deerslayer' was placed before the public. Had Cooper been betrayed into the destruction of his MS. one of his most beautiful creations would have been lost to the world; for there is an expanding power betrayed in the pages of the novel. The characters, of course, are all fictitious, but the scenery is as true to nature as an intimate knowledge of the region could supply. For description there is none of his works more prolific.

'On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid, that it resembled a bed of the pure mountain atmosphere compressed into a setting of hills and woods. Its length was about three leagues, while its breadth was irregular, expanding to nearly a league, or even more, opposite to the point, and contracting to less than half that distance more to the northward. Of course its margin was irregular, being indented by bays, and broken by many projecting low points. At its northern, or nearest end, it was bounded by an isolated mountain, lower land falling off, east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline. Still the character of the country was mountainous; high hills, or low mountains, rising abruptly from the water on full nine-tenths of its circuit. The exception, indeed, only served a little to vary the scene, and even beyond the parts of the shore that were comparatively low the back-ground was high, though more distant.

'But the most striking peculiarities of the scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarcely an opening could be seen; the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain top to the water edge, present-

ing one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along the eastern shore, where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches, dark Rembrandt looking hemlocks, "quivering aspens," and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so great an expanse of water.

The 'Deerslayer,' however, is remarkable on another account. The character of Hetty Hutter, the imbecile girl, which is exquisitely delineated and powerfully conceived. Her deep affection for her father is beautifully and pathetically told.

The most masterly, however, of all Cooper's works remains yet to be mentioned, and this is 'The Borderer; or, the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.' Here, however, the interest is prolonged and maintained with power through three volumes, simply by the force of Mr. Cooper's high creative faculties. The beauty of the work commences at the very opening. The pitching of the camp as it were of the new settlers, their choice of ground, the uprearing of their dwellings, the fortifications by which they encircled themselves against the attacks of the wild enemy, their precautions, but above all, the peace and harmony of the Puritan family, are exquisitely touched off. The characters of Content, as the father of the family, and the old patriarch, are admirably depicted. The bond of brotherhood and love by which the domestic tribe are united, awakens a powerful interest. There are several domestics and followers, and soon a little colony of children spring up around the aged Puritan. But our author has done far more than all this. He has conceived the finest picture of a wife and mother ever depicted in the pages of fiction. We admit no exception to this assertion. We challenge the whole circle of literature to produce a female character like that of Ruth. In general, writers of fiction imagine it their duty to paint wives and mothers in colours little to be admired, or if they fail to do this, they imagine that by heaping upon them a load of adulation and fine epithets they make up for the deficiency in their own power of imagination. But Cooper has done nothing of all this. In a few words, unimportant in themselves, he has introduced to us the gentle Ruth. But few as they are, these words are sufficient to interest us ever after in every scene where she makes her appearance, either as the faithful or affectionate wife or the loving mother. All the depth and intensity of feeling which belong to such a being beam forth from every

of the mother state. Thus it is that professors of all kinds have kidnapped the sciences, and the people fear to take so much as a walk under the walls of those bristling strongholds. But scientific fatalism is evidently about to pass away.

‘ This desirable result will be accomplished by the growth of large towns, that is to say, popular doctrines of the sciences, which belong to the broad industry and insights of mankind, and will not contest, but swallow up, the castles of the present chiefs, and reverse the feudal direction of duties and fines. Already we have seen the process going on in the history of civilization, and we are about to witness the same thing in the progress of science and of thought.—p. ix.

Mr. Wilkinson contends that there are signs that some new power of conveying to the masses the accumulations of knowledge is at hand; that this has always been the order of Providence. When copying manuscripts became inadequate to the demand of written books, printing appeared; when coaches and high roads were insufficient for the number of travellers—then came forth steam, and in each case the substitute was something better and larger. Thus, he infers that the arts of education that will summon the people at large to learn, will be something different from, and greater than those which have been sufficient for the schools.

‘ A petty magnet is sufficient to take up a few isolated persons; but when the nations are to be attracted there is nothing less than the earth that will draw their feet. In no science,’ he asserts, ‘ does the present state of knowledge appear so manifestly as in physiology: in none is the hand-writing on the wall so plain. Great is the host of professors here; but *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, is brighter than their chandeliers. Chemistry and cell-germs are the walls on which the lightning writes. Well may we call them walls, for it is impossible to conceive anything more limitancous: prison stares us in the face while we are in that company. Who of woman born can go further than to distil himself into gas, or pound himself into cells? Annihilation, which God forbids, must be the next stage to smallness. These respective doctrines are the last solid points which are possible, and by nature itself there is no passage beyond them. After these the scientific men themselves must evanesce, for already their watchword to each other is, “ Hail, Bubble Brother! Hail, Nucleated Cell!” ’—p. xviii.

The author deals in the same summary way with the sceptics:—

‘ Throughout the following pages,’ he says, ‘ we have taken for granted the divinity of Christ and the truth of Christianity, and with this tacit assumption, we have laboured to connect the whole of our views. There is no escape from some step of this kind; the atheist takes for granted his atheism, and works in darkness; he sees no God because he looks for none. . . . But if it be found that Christianity is the theory of the

"Thou hast given liberty to every hoof, that no living creature perish by the flames?"

"All, and truly not too speedily—for, see, the brand is yet at work."

With one more extract from the novel, showing Ruth in her motherly attachment, we conclude our notice of this most interesting of our author's productions. All must recollect the captive boy, Miantonimo; Ruth has just confided her children to his care:—

"Miantonimo; I again leave you with a charge to be their protector," she added, quitting her daughter and advancing towards the youth.

"Mother!" shrieked the child, "come to me, or I die."

Ruth turned from the listening captive with the quietness of instinct. A glance showed her the jeopardy of her offspring. A naked savage, dark, powerful of frame, and fierce in the frightful masquerade of his war-paint, stood winding the silver hair of the girl in one hand, while he already held the glittering axe above a head that seemed inevitably doomed to destruction.

"Mercy, mercy," exclaimed Ruth; boarse with horror, and dropping to her knees as much from inability to stand as with intent to petition. "Monster, strike me, but spare the child."

The eye of the Indian rolled over the person of the speaker, but it was with an expression that seemed rather to enumerate the number of his victims than to announce any change of purpose. With a fiend-like coolness, that bespoke much knowledge of the ruthless practice, he again swung the quivering but speechless child in the air, and prepared to direct the weapon with a full certainty of aim. The tomahawk had made its last circuit, and an instant would have decided the fate of the victim, when the captive boy stood in front of the frightful actor in this bloody scene. By a quick forward movement of his arm the blow was arrested. The deep guttural ejaculation which betrays the surprise of an Indian, broke from the chest of the savage, while his hand fell to his side, and the form of the speechless girl was suffered again to touch the floor.

We have spoken of some of Fenimore Cooper's novels, but it would be impossible to place them vividly before the reader in our short limits. His reputation as an author, however, is so well established, that most of our readers are already familiar with his works. We have but taken the opportunity afforded by the melancholy occasion of his death to afford our tribute to the genius of a man of whom America has every reason to be proud. He will not be forgotten in his country, for his name is endeared to many, and his productions will hand it down to posterity with undiminished lustre.

He was eventually attacked by an illness which hung long about him, and on the 14th of September, 1851, died, just one day before he had completed his sixty-second year. His



mental powers, it is said, were somewhat decayed before his death, but they had flourished in unimpaired vigour until very latterly.

Fenimore Cooper's political opinions have been by some doubted, but from the whole tenour of his works, there can, on examination, exist but one opinion—viz., that his tendencies were highly democratic. These opinions he has steadfastly maintained. They were his earliest, and continued with him to the end of his life. It is true that he admits men of all shades of politics into his writings, and paints each consistently, but the general tone of feeling to be gathered from his works is decidedly liberal, though it was a subject from which he rather shrank than otherwise.

But in a writer of fiction, political opinions are of small moment. His aim was evident; it was to portray a series of exciting, thrilling, and heart-stirring narratives, which should attract readers of all ages and countries, possess a charm for the boy, and for the man; and we venture to assert, that perhaps no writer which this century has produced has better carried out his aim. Cooper's novels will be standard works as long as fiction continues to excite an interest in the admirers of literature.

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ART. III.—*The Human Body and its Connexion with Man, illustrated by the principal organs.* By James John Garth Wilkinson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

It may strike the reader that the title of this work is somewhat singular. It is not easy to conceive of the human body except in connexion with man. The title, however, expresses the nature of the volume, for, in truth, it is a singular one. Mr. Wilkinson seems to regard it as an exposition of physiology for the millions, but he should have rather designated it physiology for poets. It is essentially poetical and imaginative—nothing less than matter of fact; and for simplicity of demonstration, we should as soon look for that in Jean Paul or his disciple Thomas Carlyle. It will require another hand, and a totally different class of mind to that of Mr. Wilkinson, to bring the truths of physiological science to the plain comprehension of the million. At the same time, the work must be taken for what it is, and in that character it has, amid all its wanderings of fancy, its eccentricities of speculation and its oddities of

physiology, its great merits and its peculiar and pre-eminent qualities. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Wilkinson is a devoted Swedenborgian in his faith, being the able and accomplished translator of Emanuel Swedenborg's works; and keeping this in view, the reader will be prepared to understand and to allowance for a good deal that is fanciful amid the firmest reality and deepest feelings of religious truth. The author gives this recommendation over the general race of practical physiologists, that he has not carved and dug into the dead human substance, till he has persuaded himself that there is nothing but death in the chapter of human history, after the soul has escaped from the body. He is a true and fervent believer in the spirituality and immortality of our nature, and in the full authenticity of the Christian faith. So far from being materialized himself by operating only on the dead material of humanity, he sees in the physiology of the living substance a thousand links which bind it to spirit and to permanent life. Two great and evident objects of his are, to withdraw the exclusive possession of physiological facts from the hands of a few professional men, and to combat, by a careful survey of their integral nature, those deadly and demoralizing doctrines which mere physical operators have based on the insufficient observations of the dissecting-room. With these views, and with many other portions of Mr. Wilkinson's work, which have a liberal and progressive tendency, we can and do cordially sympathize. We find him setting forth these ideas at once in every masterly preface. As to the present confined study of physiology, he says—

We labour under difficulty in procuring the right audience for the present discourse. The subject of which it treats has been so much narrowed to a class, that, on the one hand, that class—the medical profession claims it as an exclusive knowledge; and, on the other hand, the public mind is in abeyance with regard to it, and looks upon it as a property for ever alienated from its possession. We therefore run the risk of finding no readers, unless we can persuade the public that the knowledge of the human body belongs to every man, woman, and child, and has no necessary connexion with physic, than with art, industry, philosophy, divinity, or any of the other occupations that we do in the body and the body.

Persons, for the most part, have no idea that the sciences belong to the world in the first place, and that the classes who are actively cultivating them are but little bands of pioneers that are contending with prejudices, at the outposts, and slowly winning a new magnitude of knowledge, which, as soon as it is settled, belongs afresh to the large country of vulgar common sense. On the contrary, they allow each party of settlers to plant the flag of a petty kingdom of their own, without insisting, as ought to be done, that the adventurers shall at once become the colonists.

of the mother state. Thus it is that professors of all kinds have kidnapped the sciences, and the people fear to take so much as a walk under the walls of those bristling strongholds. But scientific fatalism is evidently about to pass away.

‘ This desirable result will be accomplished by the growth of large towns, that is to say, popular doctrines of the sciences, which belong to the broad industry and insights of mankind, and will not contest, but swallow up, the castles of the present chiefs, and reverse the feudal direction of duties and fines. Already we have seen the process going on in the history of civilization, and we are about to witness the same thing in the progress of science and of thought.—p. ix.

Mr. Wilkinson contends that there are signs that some new power of conveying to the masses the accumulations of knowledge is at hand; that this has always been the order of Providence. When copying manuscripts became inadequate to the demand of written books, printing appeared; when coaches and high roads were insufficient for the number of travellers—then came forth steam, and in each case the substitute was something better and larger. Thus, he infers that the arts of education that will summon the people at large to learn, will be something different from, and greater than those which have been sufficient for the schools.

‘ A petty magnet is sufficient to take up a few isolated persons; but when the nations are to be attracted there is nothing less than the earth that will draw their feet. In no science,’ he asserts, ‘ does the present state of knowledge appear so manifestly as in physiology: in none is the hand-writing on the wall so plain. Great is the host of professors here; but *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, is brighter than their chandeliers. Chemistry and cell-germs are the walls on which the lightning writes. Well may we call them walls, for it is impossible to conceive anything more limitaneous: prison stares us in the face while we are in that company. Who of woman born can go further than to distil himself into gas, or pound himself into cells? Annihilation, which God forbids, must be the next stage to smallness. These respective doctrines are the last solid points which are possible, and by nature itself there is no passage beyond them. After these the scientific men themselves must evanesce, for already their watchword to each other is, “Hail, Bubble Brother! Hail, Nucleated Cell!”’—p. xviii.

The author deals in the same summary way with the sceptics:—

‘ Throughout the following pages,’ he says, ‘ we have taken for granted the divinity of Christ and the truth of Christianity, and with this tacit assumption, we have laboured to connect the whole of our views. There is no escape from some step of this kind; the atheist takes for granted his atheism, and works in darkness; he sees no God because he looks for none. . . . But if it be found that Christianity is the theory of the

world; that the Divine Man is the Lord of the sciences; that the biblical revelation is the truth of truths, which opens a shekinah of light to the poster races more than to the first; that the gospel alone can rule the nations with a rod of iron; then the finding of this from age to age will sufficiently conserve the text against the stings of the Straussian school. The more so, because, if their principle of criticism first and faith afterwards were admitted, the result must be atheistic confusion. For if, on account of what contradicts our notions of convenience in scripture, the bible be untrue, then for the same reason, nature being full of contradictory essences—tigers and lambs, men and vermin—is no work of God; not a simple flea is enough to trip over the nature textuary into the byss of denial. The armour of these greatest truths is, however, not so ill-jointed as to let in such lances. It demands that the critic shall try his criticism by not only accounting for, but ruling the world. If he cannot do those two things, his rack of texts proves as good as nothing. . . .

'We were forced upon this track of thought, by noticing that the materialists had got to *nothing* as punctually as if nothing had been their aim; and that their inductions were of no consequence, supposing them to be true, which, however, concluded against their truth. We find, also, that they were like the fellow who claimed Virgil's "*Sic vos non nobis*" to himself, but could not complete the line which the great poet had left half finished. In the whole company of them, and in all their perverse offering, there was not a spark of revelation; though, to hear them talk, one might have imagined that they knew the way of making myths, and that writing Bibles was their *forte*. For these, and a thousand other reasons, we left them on one side, and took another track.'—pp. xxiv.-xvi.

Based on this firm foundation, his faith in man as a living spirit, and connected with all life extending through the universe up to the highest, the author begins his analysis of the human frame, and includes in his investigation the nature, properties, and functions of the brain, the lungs, assimilation and its organs, the heart, the skin, and the human form generally. To this he adds a chapter on health, and the requisites for its maintenance, and introduces into it a view of various new modes of promoting or restoring it. In his treatment of these topics, we recognise an able hand, a broad and liberal spirit, not bound down by antiquated or professional prejudices, but seeking, with a free and earnest inquiry, into all the secrets of our nature, and the real elements of being. Sound in the fundamental principles of his religious faith, he has no fear of being taxed with heterodoxy in his scientific creed. He is willing to examine into the pretensions of new theories, and has, indeed, an evident leaning towards what bears the impress of progress and discovery. The work is remarkable for the beauty of its style, though often disfigured by grotesque and fantastic expressions, obviously employed in seeking for new and more vivid forms of enunciation; and his fault, as we have said, is in frequently

soaring away from the plain details of his subject, through all heaven and earth, into regions where the practical physiologist would disdain, and where the ordinary reader finds it impossible, to follow him. For instance, not contented with describing the auricles and ventricles of the heart, and explaining their physical functions, with the physiologists, nor contented with treating of the passions and affections in the heart generally, Mr. Wilkinson assigns to each impulse its peculiar local habitation in that primal organ. With him the right auricle is the family auricle; the right ventricle, the ventricle of friendship; the left auricle, the auricle of matrimonial love; the left ventricle, the ventricle of patriotism! In reading these grave allocations, not only must the scientific physiologist, but the most imaginative general reader, feel astonished.

In a similar manner, Mr. Wilkinson, interpreting according to our modern phraseology the language of the Bible, makes the lower intestines the seat of our compassion. Bowels of mercy and pity, he understands as the actual bowels, though we are never conscious of perceiving the operation of compassion or of sympathy in ourselves in any region lower than the heart—the bowel or organ unquestionably intended by the sacred writers. But these are nothing to the flights which he takes when he comes to describe the skin. The skin is literally, he says, our consciousness; consciousness does not reside in the mind or the brain, but in the skin. When we talk of our mind we mean our skin, and when of our skin we mean our consciousness. Nay, according to this the skin is the real man, and he sees a skin everywhere and in everything. There is a skin of the earth, of the water, of the clouds, and of the mind! The skin of the mind is a totally new idea to us, as we believe it will be to most of our readers. But Mr. Wilkinson is quite satisfied that the mind has its skin; that there is ‘a mind in the skin, and a skin in the mind!’

But we leave these wild flights and puerilities—the faults, and very grave faults, in a book of physiology, but especially in a book in that science which he professes to seek to rescue from the grasp of mere bread-winners, and to open up for the general use; and with much greater pleasure we direct attention to those portions of it which possess real and uncommon excellence. Of these portions, there are many which deserve to be read with the deepest attention, and which cannot be read without the highest pleasure.

In treating of the brain, Mr. Wilkinson makes the following remarks on the phrenological developments, which seem to us to explain the external indications of the skull in a more clear and satisfactory manner than we have yet seen:—

‘There is, indeed, a branch which, it has been thought, throws a broader light on the nature of the brain; we allude to phrenology. This office of phrenology we regard, however, as a misapprehension. As we understand phrenology, it is a science of independent observation, which is completed in tracing the correspondence between the surface of the living head, and the character of the individual. It was such as that its edifice arose, stone by stone, in the hands of the illustrious Gall. He noticed that portions of the surface of the head stood out in those who were prominent in certain faculties, and putting the bodily and mental prominences together, (for which may he be honoured) he arrived by repeated instances at the signs of the character as they are written in the head. He completed the dark half of the globe of physiognomy; and letting his active observation shine upon it, he found the rest of the head representative of the whole character, as the face is expressive of the mind. Expression, we may remark, is living representation, and representation is dead expression. The representation of the man by his head has always been vaguely felt, and the best sculptors and poets had imagined their gods and heroes with phrenological truth. But Gall made their high intuitions so current, that all could buy them. Now, this department of physiognomy might be carried to the perfection peculiar to itself without the head being opened. Nay, it would be best learned without breking the surface; for the beauty of expression and representation lies in their bringing what they signify to the surface, and depositing it there. But for this purpose the surface must be whole. There is no interval between life and its hieroglyphics; but the one is within the other, as a wheel within a wheel. The thing signified by the organ of form is *form*, and not a piece of cerebrum; *love* is meant by the protuberance of amateness, and not the cerebellum, and so forth. It is superficiality and not depth, that is excellence here. The deep ones had dug for ages in the brain, and found nothing but abstract truth, Gall came out of the cerebral well, and, looking upon the surface, found that it was a landscape, inhabited by human nature in a thousand tents—all dwelling according to passions, faculties, and powers. So much was gained by the first man who came to the surface, where nature speaks by representations; but it is lost again at the point where cerebral anatomy begins. Gall himself was an instance of this; for he was one of the greatest and most successful anatomists of the brain. But when the skull is off, his phrenology deserts him, the human instinct ceases, and his descriptions of the fibres and the grey matter are as purely physical as if they were of the ropes and pulleys of a ship.

‘It must, however, be supposed that the brain has a definite ratio to the head, but what that ratio may be, is an undecided question. It is difficult to prove that the risings and fallings of the skull correspond exactly with those of the brain. This is of no consequence to phrenology as a science of observation. And it does not follow that the *representation* of faculties is equivalent to physical correspondence or similar undulation of surface. The nose represents the sense of smell, although the olfactory nerve does not lie under it in the form of a nose nerve. And destructiveness may lie in its bony den without exactly fitting the bone. On the contrary, we might suppose that when activity was involved, there would be room for exercise; and that the inner tubes of the skull would represent something



more than the limits of the greatest exertions of the faculty, the arms-length, spring and hatchet-play, for instance, of the destroying organ.

‘Moreover, looking at the instance of the face, it does not appear certain that the ratio is between the surface and the parts immediately beneath it. Concealment and *projection* are elements of representation. The eyes are put forth far away from those cerebral origins which they signify, and with which they communicate. The parts that functionally underlie the eyes are not the structures nearest to them inwards. The superficial-making process is often slanting, as is seen in the ducts of many organs, which carry the produce by which they represent the organ to a spot remote from the surface above it.’—p. 22.

Proceeding on this view of the case, the author satisfactorily explains what appears irregular in craniological development, and the apparent aberrations of conformation which furnish handles to cavillers, p. 15.

His reasoning is continued to a great length, arguing spirit, God, and immortality from the structure, functions, and powers of the brain, a ground on which physiologists too commonly build their batteries against everything of the sort, and do their utmost, from the investigation of this wonderful organ, to make us essentially ‘of the earth, earthy.’ The whole chapter is deserving of the most careful perusal. We cannot take leave of it without extracting what is so beautifully said of genius:—

‘These brain attributes, absent in none, are brilliant in some men, who take the name of geniuses on that account, and their deeds, by a fated fortuity, are treasured by their fellows as a common interest, though of no more than individual growth. These are the open men of their time, who hinder God the least; more rays shine through them than through the rest; you cannot say what their genius is, apart from what it shows and does, unless it be a natural road from heaven to earth: influx and the fluid kingdoms are their substances, and they know that the solid world is fuel laid up against the day of heat; also, that truths and ideals are kings and priests, whose mental namesakes, visceral and vegetating, are clay as in the potter’s hands, when that day comes. Their private thoughts seem the wants of the time, and the schemes of societies; they are said to be sent and have their mission; for the Maker has set them in the rhythm of his plan; and this world and that world heave to help them to dart their lightnings to their destined ends. And still they are only the first brains that the epoch touches, and which, therefore, it publishes; and being the highest, they are the longest visible as we pass away; but, as we said, every man is a genius or an end—a space crowded with ideals, and these ideals are the brain of the soul, or the personal life.’—p. 71.

Amongst the admirable and eloquent things in the volume, we must regard the description of the air and its contents as given under the head of the lungs. It is full of charm to the poet, but it is equally important to every one of us, regarded in

a sanatory point of view. Nothing can be more just, in opposition to the ordinary way in which we generally have it summed up to us as merely compounded of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon. We do not recollect to have seen this glorious element so truly and beautifully treated, in any work of science, or even of literature ;—

'The air ministers to the blood an infinity of fine endowments which chemistry does not appreciate. How full it is of odours and influences, that other animals, if not man, discern, and which, in certain states of disease and over-susceptibility, become sensible to all. Moreover, at particular seasons, all fertile countries are bathed in the fragrance shaken from their vegetable robes. Is it conceivable that this aroma of four continents, emanating from the life of plants, has no communion with our impressible blood? Is it reasonable to regard it as an accidental portion of the atmosphere? Is it not certain that each spring and season is a force which is propagated onwards? That the orderly supply, according to the months, of these subtle dainties of the sun, corresponds to fixed conditions of the atmospheric and imponderable world adequate to receive and contain them; that the skies are the medium and market of the kingdoms, whither life resorts with its lungs to buy; that therefore the winds are cases of odours; and that distant aromas, obeying the laws of time and place, conform also to other laws, and are not lost, but are drawn and appreciated by our blood? Nay, more; that there is an incessant economy of the breath, and emanations of men and animals, and that these are a permanent company, and animal kingdom in the air. It is, indeed, no matter of doubt, that the air is a product elaborated from all the kingdoms; that the seasons are its education; that spring begins and sows it; that summer puts in the airy flowers, and autumn the airy fruits, which close-fisted winter shuts up ripe in wind granaries for the use of lungs and their dependent forms. Thus it is passed through the fingers of every herb and growing thing, and each enriches its clear-shining tissue with a division of labour and a succession of tubes, at least as great as goes to the manufacture of a pin. Whosoever, then, looks upon air as an unvaried thing, is like the infant, to whom all animals are a repetition of the fireside cat; or like a dreamer playing with the words, animal kingdom, vegetable kingdom, atmosphere, and so forth; and forgetting that each comprises many genera, innumerable species, and individuals many times innumerable. From such a vague idea, we form no estimate of the harmony of the air with the blood in its myriad-fold constitution. The earth might as well be bare granite, and the atmosphere untinctured gas, if the vegetable kingdom has no organic products to bestow through the medium of the air, upon the lungs of animal tribes. Failing all analysis, we are bound to believe the atmosphere varies by a fixed order, parallel with that of the seasons and climates; that aromas themselves are abiding continents and kingdoms; and that the air is a cellarage of aërial wines, the heaven of the spirits of the plants and flowers, which are safely kept in it, without destruction or random mixture, until they are called for by the lungs and veins of the animal tribes. Facts show this past all destructive analysis. It is also evident that accumulation goes on in this

kind, and that the atmosphere, like the soil, alters its vegetable depth, and grows richer or poorer from age to age in proportion to civilization. The progress of mankind would be impossible if the winds did not go with them. Therefore, not rejecting the oxygen formula, we subordinate it to the broad fact of the reception by the atmosphere of the choicest produce of the year; and we regard the oxygen more as the *minimum* which is provided even in the sandy wilderness, or rather as the crockery upon which the dinner is eaten, than as the repast which hospitable nature intends for the living blood in the lungs. The assumption that the oxygen is the all, could be tolerable only in some Esquimaux philosopher, in the place and time of thick-ribbed ice. There is something too ungrateful in it for the inhabitant of any land, whose fields are fresh services of fragrance from county to county, and from year to year. Chemistry itself wants of change of air—a breath of the liberal landscape, when it would limit us to such prison diet.

‘Here, however, is a science to be undertaken; the study of the atmosphere by the earth which it repeats; of the mosaic pillars of the landscape and climate in the crystal sky; of the mass of the scented and tinted winds, and the tracing of the virtues of the ground, through exhalation and aroma, property by property, into the lungs and the circulating blood. For the physical man himself is the builded aroma of the world. This then, at least, is the office of the lungs—to drink the atmosphere with the planet dissolved in it. And a physiological chemistry with no crucible but brains must arise, and be pushed to the ends of the air, before we know what we take when we breathe, or what is the import of *change of air*, and how each pair of lungs has a *native air* under some one dome of the sky; for these phrases are old, and consequently new truths.’—p. 85.

In the latter part of his work, Mr. Wilkinson treats at large of all those public and general causes which affect the health and well-being of the body; of public and private health; of public health of the skin, of the stomach, of the heart, and of the lungs; and of all those circumstances which require reform by the energy of the community, and the power of the state, in order to give to society its true sanatory condition. We would particularly recommend to the reader this portion of the volume. It is rich in profound thought, in fine and fresh ideas, and a beautiful tone of sentiment, in genuine harmony with the broadest interests of humanity. We are continually struck with original and happy expressions, such as that ‘the beasts are nature’s simpletons who are pleased with a little, and that little of the lowest order. They are well with their world because it is so single and so small. Could they have another shown them by those eyes which we possess, they would pant and struggle as we do for the ever new adjustment.’

Our author in seeking all efficient means to ensure and perpetuate the health of the body, is not, like too many of his professional brethren, afraid of looking into and testing what-

ever is new. On the contrary, he seems to have a keen appetite for everything that can, or may, possibly contribute fresh means to this great end. He puts faith in homœopathy, hydropathy, and mesmerism, more or less, as aids and extensions of the field of curative science. He neither looks on these or any of them, as an indiscriminating enthusiast who is ready to accept some one of them as a universal and infallible panacea, nor rejects them all as the foolish crotchets of the hour, as the work-tools of interested knaves; but he points out in each those facts which characterize them as the means yet wanting to complete a perfect circle of medical practice. There is one of these new departments of curative art, which to many of our readers will be new, and which, therefore, demands a few words. This is the introduction of what is called KINESIPATHY, or the Swedish Medical Gymnastics. This treatment of disease was introduced into Sweden by the poet Ling, and has been practised in that country for more than thirty years. The most remarkable success has been attributed to it, in the removal of chronic symptoms of disease. It consists in applying external motions, passive and active exercise to the body; and in rendering these so special as to operate on the various inward organs, or on parts of them exclusively. Posture, friction, percussion, motion, are all made use of; and probably as many as two thousand different movements have been devised for the purpose of operating on the failing powers within. It is admonition, contact, exercise, pursued into details, while disease is literally *handled*.

This singular and yet most direct curative practice has been for some time introduced into London, and is, we learn, daily growing into successful and extensive exercise in the hands of Mr. Doherty, in Great Marlborough-street. Any one may, by a visit to the establishment, speedily acquaint himself with its peculiar mode of application, and we have ourselves, in such a visit, been much struck with the labour it requires in the operator—a circumstance that strikingly separates it from the ordinary class of lazy quackeries, and by the assurances of most decided effects from the patients themselves. In fact, the system has the merit of restoring practices here which have existed in nearly all nations, from Judea to Sweden; for rubbing, shampooing, and various forms of gymnastics, are almost as widely different as language itself, and seem to deserve the particular attention of medical men. In fact, the kinesipathist applies direct normal stimulus to sluggish or enfeebled parts of the system, and with remarkable effects. If, for instance, a sluggish liver refuses its functions, under the general stimulus of a walk, by his jerks and suggestive pokings, he commands it

to make bile ; and sure enough the liver does make it. He exerts the physical force of cure with the gentleness of art and science. He strengthens special muscles by adequate ingenious exercises. You see one podgy individual, whose well-fed system indicates good-living and little exercise, whose sensations have been alarmingly prophetic of coming evil, mounted on a sort of wooden horse, and undergoing, by the assistance of the operator, various stretchings and workings, calculated, with other and more general daily exercises, to put the blood into a more free flow, and bring the indolent muscles into play. You see others extended on inclined planes, receiving active rubbings and chafings, and others treated to a succession of clappings on stomach or back, intended to rouse the forces of different viscera, and which the patients assure you have already done more for them than months and sometimes years of ordinary treatment. This is what our author terms, ' precise gunnery—hitting the disease with a fine arrow ; the *ultima ratio* of treatment in chronic cases.'

But to return to the book itself. When the reader has a little accustomed himself to the peculiarities of the style, and to those poetical excursions which to ordinary mortals appear extended into regions quite beyond the subject, or the grasp of average imaginations, he will find the volume one of the richest in scientific matter, and pure and profound thought, evidently elaborated with great care, and recommended by a beautiful spirit of humanity and of genuine Christian faith, which has for years issued from the press.

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ART. IV.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale, B.D. 8vo. Vol. iii. London : Longman and Co.

THIS volume carries on the history from the death of Julius Cæsar in B.C. 44, to the full imperial authority of Augustus in B.C. 29. It therefore includes the five civil wars of Augustus, the wars of Antonius against the Parthians, the reduction of Egypt into the form of a Roman province ; we may add, the contemporaneous affairs of Palestine, and the new organization of the empire under its senatorial head and military commander.

We treated so amply of the first two volumes, that it would hardly be expedient to enter largely into that which is before

us, especially as it is not an organic whole. The serious faults which we alleged against its predecessors necessarily infect this also. Mr. Merivale is in the position of a man who has written a first part of recent French history, in warm commendation of Louis Napoleon's usurpation, and with a systematic pulling in pieces of every one who foresaw and opposed it. After such a beginning it would be impossible to continue the history of the usurper in any other tone. Indeed, the principles avowed by Mr. Merivale seem to bind him to approve of Louis Napoleon's act, which has been as cleverly perpetrated as Cæsar's, with far less bloodshed, probably less bribery, and with an equally satisfactory prostration of all law, all genius, all truthfulness, under the feet of one bad man. In consequence, we regret to say, that we read Mr. Merivale's pages with the same distaste, as if it were a history written to glorify the French usurper. We find him almost always to interpret harshly, and, as we think unjustly, the acts, and speeches, and reported words of all who are not Cæsarians, without making allowance for the extreme difficulty and anomaly of positions. He rather triumphs than grieves over their failure to arrest the gigantic mischiefs which the unscrupulous struggle for tyranny had caused; and when tyranny has achieved its end, he blinds himself to the fact, that it has cut the sinews of progress, and doomed civilized Europe to become helpless against the barbarism threatening it from the north.

We shall, nevertheless, touch on a few details. The calumniator of the noble Cneius Pompeius cannot leave his son Sextus unassailed; and here also shows his intense antagonism to Dr. Arnold, who saw in Sextus many of his father's virtues. Mr. Merivale never wants a stone to cast at those who object to the usurpation of a Cæsar. Does Catulus, or Cato, or Cicero, stand up for the authorities of the Roman State, under the names of Senate and People? Mr. Merivale tells us, that it is to stand up for a system of aristocratic oppression, which excluded all other nations, and kept the mass everywhere in slavery. Does Sertorius dress in splendid garb and brilliant arms, and, forming a Roman senate in Spain, try to rally the nation against the infamous atrocities of the aristocratic despot Sulla? Mr. Merivale remarks, that Sertorius wanted to make himself king. Afterwards, when the senate had been purposely polluted by Cæsar's vile infusions, and the people of Rome lebaunched by his flagitious briberies; when, in consequence, Sextus Pompeius knew not exactly how much of the Roman system had moral goodness enough in it to deserve to be rescued at the expense of a civil war; when he was unwilling to interpose any artificial impediment to peace, if only it could be had on



terms which made life worth retaining; when he professed to remain in arms only in order to regain his patrimony, which was unjustly despoiled; then Mr. Merivale reproaches him as 'contending avowedly for his personal interests!' pp. 89 and 234. Nay, but it was impossible for Sextus Pompeius to be permanently reinstated in security, without a re-establishment of some portion of public liberty. Some guarantees of property, and life, and freedom would have been won for all like Sextus; in other words, for the whole state: and by not carrying on his flag any definite political object, Sextus reserved for himself the liberty to accept any new arrangements of the empire which were equitable in themselves. If Sextus's conduct was *selfish*, what name has Mr. Merivale for Octavianus's?—what name for the career of Caius Julius? No doubt, they pretended public objects, but even he is not simple enough to doubt that it was mere hypocrisy.

That there was nothing blameably and meanly selfish in Sextus's conduct, is manifest by Mr. Merivale's account. He, like Sertorius, received the proscribed, and when he made a peace, he made terms for them as well as for himself. That the renewed war was no fault of his, is clear from the reproach of wanting ambition, which, only in other words, Mr. Merivale makes against him. But he conducted the war shockingly! How so? He, a Roman, actually tried to starve Rome; and he associated with barbarians and outlaws! No doubt, when Octavianus had Rome in his power, Sextus was forced to treat Rome with hostility, unless the principle was to be admitted, that to hold Rome was to be master of the world. Sextus blockaded with his fleet the shores of Italy,—a lamentable necessity; but the guilt of the war was not his. As to the 'barbarians and outlaws,' this means 'foreigners and proscribed,' who were often better men than those around Cæsar. Most true, however, it is, that one who only tries to stand on the defence, and who only uses honourable weapons, like Sextus Pompeius, fights at a disadvantage against an ambitious, restless, intriguing, dishonourable foe, like Augustus Cæsar. This man, in time of peace, corrupted Menodorus, the officer of Pompey, to deliver up\* to him the strongholds of Sardinia and Corsica, and all his ships and land forces. By this act of perfidy, he drove Pompey into new war; for accepting which Mr. Merivale stigmatizes Pompey as 'haughty and impetuous,' while he has no word of reproof for his adversary. When, in the maritime war, Sextus was at first victorious, Mr. Merivale reproaches him as follows:—

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\* Dion, xlviii. 45.

*incapable of using his victory, would exasperate the Romans by his insolence and cruelty.*' [Of private cruelty, Octavianus\* Cæsar had given fearful proofs in the proscription: by Pompey's cruelty, we believe Mr. Merivale to mean his public blockade of Italy.] 'The *Prince of the Corsairs* had, indeed, no higher conceptions than might befit the chief of a piratical flotilla. Instead of completing the destruction of the Cæsarian fleet,' &c. &c. We do not pretend to understand the possibilities of this naval war, though Mr. Merivale does; but we cannot think him so good a judge of it as Sextus Pompeius, who, like his father, was a clever commander, though an incompetent statesman. Mr. Merivale loves to insult his memory, for no reason that we can find, except that he was ultimately defeated by his wily and pertinacious antagonist.

'We feel it hard, that, in order to alleviate the guilt of the Cæsars, Mr. Merivale must needs throw dirt upon other men. How he did this with Cato and Catulus, we complained in our former notice. We now find the same thing repeated as to Sertorius, who, if any man in Roman history, after Cato, deserves to be believed simple-hearted and noble. But because he dressed splendidly, to attract the half-barbaric Spanish mind, Mr. Merivale infers that he was aiming to make himself king, and adduces this to justify Cæsar! Truly, of a *legitimate* monarchy, either Sertorius or Cneius Pompeius was deserving, and they would have accepted it, if offered. But neither of them would have seized power, to overthrow law beneath the feet of the military; *that* belongs to the Cæsar blood, for which Mr. Merivale reserves his praises.

The best drawn character in this volume is that of Cicero; and in order to relieve the painful process of perpetual fault-finding, we shall extract for our readers some parts of it. After referring to the noble dignity with which Cicero fronted his assassins, he continues:—

'Few, indeed, among the Romans ever betrayed a want of resolution in the face of impending death. But it was in the endurance of calamity rather than in the defiance of danger that the courage of Cicero was deficient. The orator, whose genius lay in the arts of peace and persuasion,

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\* Mr. Merivale, page 193, says that Octavianus was *not* cruel; but all that this means is, that he did not love cruelty *for its own sake*. Very few tyrants do; but he stuck at nothing which was needed for his selfish ambition. Moreover, no better reason is given by Mr. Merivale for disbelieving the atrocities recorded of him by Suetonius, than that the Cæsars are unfavourably painted by this writer. But even Plutarch (Antony, 16) evidently believes the current report, which Suetonius tells, that young Octavianus, in the first period of his arrival at Rome, hired ruffians to kill Antony.

exhibited on more than one occasion a martial spirit worthy of other habits and a ruder training. In the contest with Catilina he displayed all the moral confidence of a veteran general; in the struggle with Antonius, he threw himself, without reserve, into a position where there was no alternative but to conquer or to perish. In the earlier conflict he had still his fame to acquire, his proud ascendancy to establish; and the love of praise and glory inspired him with the audacity which makes and justifies its own success. But in the latter, he courted danger for the sake of retaining the fame he so dearly prized. He had once saved his country, and he could not endure that it should be said he had ever deserted it. He loved his country; but it was for his own honour, which he could preserve, rather than for his country's freedom, which he despaired of, that he returned to his post when escape was still possible. He might have remained silent, but he opened the flood-gates of his eloquence. When, indeed, he had once launched himself on the torrent, he lost all self-command; he could neither retrace nor moderate his career. He saw the rocks before him, but he dashed himself headlong against them. But another grave authority [Seneca] has given us the judgment of antiquity, that Cicero's defect was the want of steadfastness. His courage had no dignity, because it lacked consistency. All men and all parties agreed that he could not be relied upon to lead, to co-operate, or to follow. In all the great enterprises of his party, he was left behind, except that which the nobles undertook against Catilina, in which they rather thrust him before them, than engaged with him on terms of mutual support. When we read the vehement claims which Cicero put forth to the glory of association, however tardy, with the glories and dangers of Cæsar's assassins, we should deem the conspirators guilty of a monstrous oversight in having neglected to enlist him in their design, were we not assured that he was not to be trusted as a confederate either for good or evil.

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'Much, indeed, of the patriotism, the honesty, the moral courage he exhibited, was really no other than the refined ambition of attaining the respect of his contemporaries, and bequeathing a name to posterity. He might not act from a sense of duty, like Cato; but his motives, personal and selfish as they in some sense were, coincided with what a more enlightened conscience would have felt to be duty. Thus his proconsulate is, perhaps, the purest and most honourable passage in his life. His strict and rare probity, amidst the temptations of office, arrests our attention and extorts our praise; yet, assuredly, Cicero had no nice sense of honour, and was controlled by no delicacy of sentiment where public opinion was silent, or a transaction strictly private. . . . He was not less jealous of a rival in his chosen career than any of the leaders of party and candidates for popular favour. He could not endure competition for the throne of eloquence and sceptre of persuasion. . . . From his pages flows an incessant stream of abuse of all the great masters of political power in his time; of Cæsar and Pompeius, of Crassus and Antonius, not to mention his coarse vituperation of Piso and Gabinius, and his uneasy sneers at the impracticable Cato. . . . While we suspect Cicero of injustice towards the great men of his day, we are bound also to specify the gross

dishonesty with which he magnifies his own merits when trivial, and embellishes them when they are really important.

But . . . the high standard by which we claim to judge him, is in itself the fullest acknowledgment of his transcendent merits. Nor, undoubtedly, had he not placed himself on a higher moral level than the statesmen and sages of his day, we should pass over many of his weaknesses in silence, and allow his pretensions to our esteem to pass almost unchallenged. But we demand a nearer approach to the perfection of human wisdom and virtue, in one who sought to approve himself the greatest of their teachers. Nor need we scruple to admit that the judgment of the ancients on Cicero was for the most part unfavourable. The moralists of antiquity required in their heroes virtues with which we can more readily dispense; and they, too, had less sympathy with many qualities which a purer religion and a wider experience have taught us to love and admire. Nor were they capable, from their position, of estimating the slow and silent effects upon human happiness of the lessons which Cicero enforced. After all the severe judgments we are compelled to pass on his conduct, we must acknowledge that there remains a residue of what is amiable in his character, and noble in his teaching, beyond all ancient example. Cicero lived and died in faith. He has made converts to the belief in virtue, and had disciples in the wisdom of love. There have been dark periods in the history of man, when the feeble ray of religious instruction paled before the torch of his generous philanthropy. The praise which the great critic pronounced upon his excellence in oratory may be justly extended to the qualities of his heart; and even in our enlightened days, it may be held no mean advance in virtue to venerate the master of Roman philosophy.

The reader will see by this summary, (which we refrain from criticizing, though by no means always agreeing,) that Mr. Merivale rejoices to praise Cicero when he is able. So much the more were we surprised by the following passage; p. 63—

‘It seems that Atticus occupied himself with nothing so intently in this awful crisis of the commonwealth, as with pestering his friends about his private money-matters. Dolabella was in debt to him [Cicero] also, which caused him great uneasiness. *There is hardly any thing more melancholy throughout the range of Cicero's letters, all the circumstances considered, than the following sentence: “Sed totum se ab te alienavit Dolabella ea de causa, qua me quoque sibi inimicissimum reddidit. O hominem pudentem! Kal. Jan. debuit, adhuc non solvit; præsertim cum se maximo aere alieno Faberii manu liberaverit, et opem ab eo petierit.”* (Cic. ad Att. xiv. 19, 1 and 5; Comp. ad Div. xvi. 24; Att. xiv. 20, 21, 22.)

This is not the only place in which Mr. Merivale has seemed to us to fall into injustice, from not understanding the familiar tone of banter in which Cicero addresses his friend. But here is an instructive example of his being led astray by a garbled quotation; and we suspect that it is in this way that Drumann, or other learned writers on the side of despotism, lead him into pits. We must exhibit the whole passage from Cicero. It

will be seen that his extravagant phrases are selected in pleasantry, to express his sympathy with Atticus, and yet admonish him that loss of money is not the worst of human calamities:— (Ad Att. xiv. 19.) ‘On hearing of Dolabella’s “no-pay,”\* (for such was the word you used,) I was seized with GREAT DESPAIR; when in came Brutus’s letter with yours. *Brutus is deliberating on exile.*’

After this, he wrote:— (Ad. Att. xiv. 18.)

‘[You have more than once attacked me, for extolling too much Dolabella’s exploit. It is true that I approve of it; though I was led to applaud it so zealously, only by several letters from you.] However, Dolabella has now entirely parted friendship with you, on the same ground as he has made me his BITTER ENEMY. Modest fellow! He owed the money on the 1st of January, and he has not paid me yet; and that, though he delivered himself from enormous debts by the hand of Fabraterrus, and sought Ops (*aid*) from him. [For jokes are allowable, that you may not think me greatly disquieted.]’

The words in brackets are omitted by Mr. Merivale, who mistakes a jocosely exaggerated complaint for a proof of deep-seated meanness. Atticus from early youth ignored politics, as such. He cultivated his pecuniary means, and used his wealth as well as his influence to succour the unfortunate of each party. Such a man could not forget his money-matters because of political turmoil: that turmoil was, in fact, no new thing, but was forty years old. He was kind both in giving and in lending; but when he only lent he was punctilious in demanding payment, and now was displeased at Dolabella’s faithlessness. He could not help venting this to his intimate friend Cicero. (Is it not hard to call this *pestering his friends*?) Cicero, in return, jocosely retracts in part his praise of Dolabella, and, to show his sympathy, says he hates him still more bitterly than Atticus does, and for the same reason. He goes on to utter jests which we almost doubt whether Mr. Merivale has understood. Fabraterrus was a scribe who forged papers in Cæsar’s handwriting for Dolabella, and thus gained for him some portions of the treasure which Cæsar had left in the temple of Ops. After these jokes, Cicero adds what is his reason for joking; it is, in fact, to prevent Atticus from committing the very error into which Mr. Merivale has fallen!

To test the quotations through the book would take a great deal of time; but this specimen goes far to destroy our confi-

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\* Atticus coined a Greek word, *aristia* (non-payment), which is against analogy, but jestingly alludes to *αστρία* (starvation). This under-play of fun proves how little deep, after all, was Atticus’s grief for his money, like Cicero’s.

dence. Our attention was drawn by another passage concerning young Octavius, which seems to us to indicate either a new theory which ought to be formally propounded and defended, or an ignorance not to be expected.—pp. 71, 73, 76 :

‘His first act was to present himself before C. Antonius, the city-priest, and make the formal declaration required of one who undertook the rights and duties of an inheritance. But it was necessary to obtain the sanction of the *people* to his adoption, through a *lex curiata*; and Octavius pleaded his suit in a public harangue, in which he appealed to their *Caesarian sympathies*. The nobles were vexed at the tone of this address. . . . The fervour and eloquence of the panegyric which Octavius uttered on the dictator, unstinted in measure and full of genuine feeling, went straight to his hearers’ hearts.’—Cic. ad Att. xv. 2; Dion xlv. 6.

‘Meanwhile, the *people* resented with bitterness the pretences on which the consul [Antonius] withheld the honest executor from his rights, and strove to defraud them of their undoubted dues [Caesar’s legacies]. The *lex curiata*, by which the adoption was sanctioned, they would have ratified with obsequious gratitude; but Antonius had gained over some of the tribunes, and by their repeated interference the business was impeded, and put off from day to day.’—Florus, iv. 4, Dion xlv. 5.

‘When he [Octavius] contended for the election of one Flaminius\* to the tribuneship of Helvius Cinna, the *people* threatened to raise him to the bench himself, though now adopted into a patrician house, and not yet of age to hold the office. Antonius interfered to stop the proceedings; the *people* would elect no one else, and the vacancy remained unfilled.’—Suet. Oct. 10, Dion xlv. 2, 6.

It is thus clear that Mr. Merivale supposes a *lex curiata* to have been passed by the *people* or populace of Rome. But until we learn why this is to be believed, we shall hold the current doctrine, that a *lex curiata* was passed by the assembly of the curies, in which only the *patricians* had any place at all; and in which it is doubtful whether, at this period of Rome, there was ever such a thing as voting, even in regard to wills, marriages, and adoptions. If the consul chose to summon the ‘Curies,’ the thirty *beadles* and the augurs necessarily came; ordinarily no one else came: and whatever the consul asked the curies to ratify, was ratified by unanimous vote, unless a tribune put his veto on it. In this instance, it would have been indecent in Antonius to refuse to assemble the curies, (as the Consul Metellus Celer for his kinsman, Publius Clodius;)

\* This account is evidently taken from Appian, iii. 31, to which Mr. Merivale has forgotten to refer; while it is partially contradicted by Dion and Suetonius, to whom he does refer. They say nothing about Flaminius, nor the zeal of the people, but state that Octavius unlawfully sued for the office himself. He, on principle, undervalues Appian when he is favourable to the Antonian party, p. 151.



but he stopped the measure by intriguing with a tribune to veto it. The use of this assembly was solely to satisfy the religious scruples of Rome; and its only political significance was, that it gave to the tribune one more opportunity of interposing to arrest a measure.

We must farther remark how a story may be dressed up. The 'fervour and eloquence' of young Octavius may have been a reality, but we cannot find it in the places referred to. Dion says merely that Octavius 'said what was *to the purpose*, and promised to pay to the people' Cæsar's legacies. Mr. Merivale shows his consciousness that this was the *telling* part of the speech. Cicero barely says: 'Of Octavius's speech *I think as you do.*' No other notice of it seems to be extant, unless the following words of Appian (iii. 21) are appealed to: '(Young Cæsar) placarded all his property for sale,' to pay his adoptive father's legacies to the people, '*and exhorted the people to support him.*' Mr. Merivale moreover assumes that the speech was directed to induce them to *vote* for the *lex curiata*; which is quite gratuitous.

It also appears to us, in the last quotation, that Mr. Merivale supposes Octavius to have become a patrician, only by adoption into the Julian clan, which changed him into Octavianus. But the passage in Dion to which he refers (xlv. 2) states, that the dictator Cæsar, *in his lifetime*, transferred young Octavius into the patricians.

It is only by alighting on specimens in this way, and examining the sources, that one can at all test a modern historian's accuracy or fairness. Our impression certainly is, that Mr. Merivale is too anxious to fill out a story, and that this seduces him, even where he has no bias. Altogether, to our judgment, he is far too diffuse. His elaborate character of Cicero would have been said by Hallam, and more effectively, in half the space. He exaggerates the importance of events to the modern reader, from the accident that we have letters or speeches of Cicero concerning them. The temper of the populace of Rome, of which he makes so much, had little or nothing to do with the main progress of events, from the day that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. Henceforward, all depended on the armies: the people voted what they were bid to vote. So after Cæsar's death, all was determined by the affections of the soldiers. *They* it was that drove away Brutus and Cassius; *they* raised Antonius, and presently, when Octavianus appeared, *they* espoused his cause. It was *they* who enabled this youth to demand the consulate of the senate; confidence in *their* support emboldened the triumvirs, who cut every knot of the constitution, and every neck of bold or rich men, without aid from elo-

quence, or law, or intrigue. To the modern reader, therefore, to us it seems, it is rather vexatious than instructive to be burdened with a thousand details that neither did nor could affect the main history.

In the future volumes Mr. Merivale will be freed from this temptation. The elevation of his favourite Cæsars secured for ever that no new Cicero should rise, and terminated for a hundred years all free writing of contemporaneous history. By cutting off genius, and turning the senate into the passive and slavish registrars of their will, they have hindered the modern historian from complaining that his materials are too ample; they have given to his work that convenient unity which results when a whole empire is absorbed in an individual. This will facilitate Mr. Merivale's task in his future volumes; and as we cannot believe that he will admire those monsters of iniquity, to whom, after Augustus, the fatal successes of Cæsar's arms consigned all civilized Europe, we shall hope to have more sympathy with him in the continuation of his work.

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ART. V.—*Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the Law relating to Patents. 1829.*

2. *Report of the Treasury Committee on the Signet and Privy Seal Offices. 1849.*

3. *Report Printed by the Society of Arts on the Legislative Recognition of the Rights of Inventors. 1851.*

4. *Report Printed by the Society for the Amendment of the Law on the Law of Patents for Inventions. 1851.*

5. *Patent Law Amendment Bills, Nos. 1 and 2.*

WE crave of our readers to accompany us for a brief space into the domains of law. They need not fear that we shall abuse their patience. This is not a law journal; and we shall leave in other hands, with a satisfaction as unfeigned as their own, all such matters as the construction of a statute, the authority of a 'case,' or the accuracy of a text-writer. We hope to set to ourselves such limits, that the perusal of what we have to say may be accomplished without any very positive consciousness that we have been speaking of law at all. We have a wide field to rove in, without trespassing on preserves which appear to be even less jealously watched by the occupiers, than universally tabooed. Taking our judicial

system as we find it presented to us, we may examine its working and compare it with others. If we dare not, sometimes, whisper the '*how*' of an emendation, lest the entire system topple down upon our unadvised intermeddling, we may yet speak out with boldness *what must* be amended, if the community are not to take it down themselves.

There is too much mystery about the law. It is not caused, in our belief, by anything in the nature of the science : it is not caused by the reserve of its professors. The general interest which is shown in the proceedings of our courts of justice forbids our attributing it to popular indifference. Yet, no one can doubt that those proceedings are viewed in a light which either is wrong or ought to be wrong. They are looked upon far too much as a conflict of wits, in which the sharpest wins, and not he who has right. One of the best informed writers of the day has not been ashamed to ask why, 'with a wig and gown on his back, a man will do for a guinea what, without them, he would not do for an empire?''\* Either our juridical system must be in a monstrous state to admit of such a query being characteristic, or the putting it betokens an amount of ignorance very general and very lamentable. As we have no sort of belief in the former alternative, we are constrained to adopt the latter.

These things ought not so to be. Law is of daily practical importance to all ; it is not hard to be learned ; and, considered as a science, it is one of exceeding beauty. The first fact is patent. The second will not be denied, when the number is remembered of those who pursue it successfully, or whose ill success is not attributable to inability. For the third, we should rather ask how it can reasonably be otherwise. The principle upon which the professional adviser stakes the fortune of his client has been tested in every form by the recorded investigations of 800 years. The very language in which it is stated, and the conditions and manner of its application, are corrected from the actual experience of all that time. Leibnitz could only compare the results, as he saw them, to the 'precision of geometry.' Johnson spoke of law, as the 'last result of human wisdom acting on human experience for the benefit of the public.' Coke speaks to us, with a natural tone of affection, of 'the old ancient days and times past, wherein the laws have been, by the wisdom of the most excellent men, in many suc-

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\* The essay containing this charge is itself an astonishing example of the injustice it attributes to the bar. In it Mr. Macaulay condemns Warren Hastings for the murder of Nuncomar chiefly on the unconfirmed letter of a personal enemy, written behind his back. Almost the whole statement is at variance with the facts proved on the trial.

cessions of ages, by long and continued experience (the trial of right and truth) fined and refined; which no one man (being of so short a time), albeit he had in his head the wisdom of ~~all~~ the men in the world, in any one age could ever have effected or attained unto.'

Nothing more gratifies the intelligent student of the law than the fairness and simplicity of its principles, and the inexhaustible variety of their development. It is higher praise to say, that this character belongs to it as a science of moral duty. We say *a* science, not *the* science. It cannot embrace all moral duty, for its range must be limited by its purpose. That purpose is enforcement. It is, therefore, limited to that portion of moral duty which practically can be enforced, and which is of so absolute a nature, that, if not done, it ought to be enforced. Like all similar sciences, the difficulty is to assign its true boundaries. We question if all political economists accept Whately's obvious definition—'the science of barter:' and in the same way, it is not yet fully understood, that law cannot be made responsible for the higher duties of the heart, over which it has no power. But with even this serious qualification the science is invaluable, as approximating most nearly to the boundary line between right and wrong. He who remembers that the law furnishes general rules, and who allows uniformly a wide margin for those peculiar circumstances which it cannot reach, has the best reason for believing, that in the matter which may be before him, he is acting right. He will thus refrain, not when the law would compel him, but much sooner: he will thus act, not up to what the law enforces from him, but much beyond. Aiming at justice, he will reach benevolence.

We are not here dealing with motives. We are supposing the case of a Christian man, consciously anxious to do his duty, as in the sight of God, in the circumstances in which he is placed, but fearing from that very principle and that very consciousness, to trust himself with the decision what course of action these circumstances require from him. In nine cases out of ten, we believe that he will be guided right, by knowing what is the law.

Nor are we forgetful of the great deficiency in the extent to which, practically, law ensures justice. But the almost unconquerable difficulties of procedure, to which that failure is chiefly due, do not affect the discovery of the principles which form the subject of the science, but the ability to apply them. They are inherent in the necessity of external compulsion: they form no element in the calculation, where the question is of the conduct of him who voluntarily enforces the true rule upon himself.

Thus thinking of law, we purpose devoting occasionally some of our pages to such subjects as the one now before us. The thought has often occurred whether there might not, at some future time, be given to us some master spirit, who should be able to picture the whole magnificent scheme of law as in a moving panorama. Taking for his subject the golden rule of morals—‘That which ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them,’ he might exhibit it in its natural influence upon all the infinite variety of relations of this great human family, as subject to the combined necessities of mind and matter. In laying before us the multitudinous uses of every natural production, and the still more varied purposes to which our faculties can adapt them all, he might establish, as legal duty, an extensive range of requirement, modified in many points by the conditions of infancy and sex, without, as it appears to us, entering upon any arrangements unsuitable to a state of innocence. How he would most fittingly describe the disturbing influence of the fall we cannot pause now to inquire. We are unable to deny ourselves the hope, that it may one day be permitted us to attempt some outlines of this great theme. At present, let it suffice if we can throw light upon a small portion of it.

Into the abundant speculation of old time concerning the ‘right of property,’—i. e., the right of individuals to the exclusive enjoyment of any given subject-matter—it needs not here to enter. It must be characterized as ingenious and unsatisfactory. It is ingenious in the apparent aptness of the circumstances laid hold of to establish the right; unsatisfactory in that all assume the point in dispute. The facts of ‘discovery,’ of ‘prior occupation,’ of ‘value added by labour,’ prove nothing, until the *right* to labour, to occupy, or to do that which led to the discovery, be first established. Unless there be implied a right in the individual to act regardless of the good or ill results to his species, they are nugatory; if that be implied, they are false. For the establishment of the right, the law demands but two conditions. Is the fact possible? Is it beneficial? The firm establishment of the universal proprietary system rests upon no other basis than the answer of all experience to these two questions.

The point, as of old stated, concerned property in land: but the Law of Patents must be based upon precisely the same principle. So far is the fact of discovery from alone vesting in the inventor any natural claim to the exclusive right to his invention, that, unless its existence be consistent with the common welfare, he has no right to it at all. With our mental faculties we are gifted, as with our bodily, subject to conditions;

which for this life may be summed up in the maxim—'Sic utere tuo ut alium—ut alienum—ut te met ipsum non lædas.' We stop to note the peculiar accuracy of the last two words. *Do no harm*, is all that law can be heard to utter. *Do good* proceeds from a higher suasion.

If these are truisms, they are stated upon a subject in which truisms seem to be wanting. Two opposite errors have possession of the ground. One, which we have thus far had in view, is wont to express itself in such distinctive terms as 'the imperishable works of mind,' and so forth, as if there were any difference in kind between a steam plough and a spade; or as if a Bakewell cow were less a work of high art than the Phidian Jove. The opposite error ignores 'mind' altogether, and exhibits in 'materialized products;' and these once obtained, it is said, ought to be subject to no artificial restrictions in their multiplication. If the inventors keep their own secret, it is well; if not, let him who can, make the same; otherwise, the mental abstraction is more cared for than the physical reality.

There might be something in this if the law did not teem with mental abstraction. It is no physical substance which belongs to the heir in tail: it is only a right, limited and partial, and which is to come into existence at some future time, if he lives long enough. The railway share, whose owner is a trespasser if he touches the 'line' it gives him a right to, has little physical reality about it. Take from the bill of exchange, the bank note, and the coined sovereign, only their juridical relations, and there will be marvellously little in them to tempt cupidity.

That there is nothing peculiar in the case of *Inventions* we do not affirm. They are difficult to identify, and piracies are easy to conceal; both accidents requiring special legal provision. But in their title to juridical recognition they stand precisely on a par with every other species of property.

The case is somewhat as follows:—It is for the public advantage to stimulate invention. The object is to secure the earliest and the completest promulgation of every new discovery. And since the law could not if it would, and should not if it could, compel the dedication of inventions to the public service, it must encourage it by sufficient reward. The most obvious mode of doing this is to purchase the invention on the part of the public. But though there are cases in which this is advisable, to its general adoption there are three fatal objections. 1st. In the absence of any adequate test of value, the price for inventions must be very much at haphazard. 2nd. If great expense is not incurred in purchasing up everything that offers, the most



valuable discoveries may be lost. 3rd. The improvements (on which the value principally depends) must be purchased successively, as well as the original design. These objections make the plan on a general scale inadmissible. The cases in which it is appropriate are, when the public service requires universal diffusion, or absolute secrecy. It was appropriate to the vaccine points and the Congreve rockets. The patent system suited neither. Secrecy was precluded both by its fundamental condition and its general arrangement; and the state could not haggle for a bargain when the lives of its subjects were the purchase. But cases of this kind apart, the patent is the apt reward for inventions which economize labour, or give new or improved results. Assuming the system to be perfect, it exactly identifies the interests of the inventor with those of the public. In proportion to their advantage is his reward. And in our judgment there is no other system by which an approximation to this result can be even pretended.

The natural history of an invention is not that of a bright idea struck out at a heat and brought at once to perfection. Even to bring it to the form in which it is first presented to the public it has cost time, thought, labour, and hard cash. It implies in the inventor a lengthened and severe course of preliminary training. It has been elaborated through frequent failures of costly experiments. The course of the law, therefore, should be so ordered that he who has become conscious of the idea should have time and opportunity for its full realization, should experimentalize in safety, and with all the assistance he can procure both of skilled labour and capital.

While, however, all possible opportunity should be secured to the discoverer, it is not to be assumed, in estimating his reward, that the actual invention is wholly and solely due to him. The fact is notoriously otherwise. 'A very large number of patents are taken out for identically the same thing.' The inventor is not, therefore, entitled to claim a reward commensurate with the entire period during which his discovery continues in use, but with such portion only of that period as, but for him, it would have remained undiscovered. Inasmuch, however, as a perfect patent system involves a publication of the principle, it is impossible afterwards to ascertain with certainty the duration of this period. We can only act upon probabilities, and every year makes it more probable that the invention could be discovered *aliunde*. But as the strength of presumption varies with each case, the principle terminating the patent should as far as possible be self-regulating.

This is not all. The inventor's right is not only naturally terminable prior to the public disuse of his invention, but,

inasmuch as great part of its value is often attributable to improvements in which he had no share, he is not exclusively entitled to the remuneration which the patent is intended to secure him. He is in general not without claim in respect of the improvement, in so far as it would probably not have been thought of but for his previous discovery; but as it is, in fact, the product of another mind, that claim must also be recognised.

It needs scarcely to be added, by way of concluding upon the rights of the parties to an invention, that the patent thus obtained should be defended with as little expense and as great facility as may be. Upon this point we shall have some observations to offer at a future stage of our inquiry. We now notice that the publication before referred to is of use for this purpose, as well as being essential for the interests of other inventors, and of the public generally. Inasmuch as the distinctions between inventions are infinitesimal, it is of first necessity that the invention comprised in every particular patent should be accurately defined. By no other means can mutual encroachments between inventors be prevented: nor can the public have any other sufficient guarantee for the entire possession of the discovery upon the cesser of the patent right.

The general practical results of the Patent Law of this country may be stated briefly as follows:—An inventor, or a person to whom a foreign invention has been communicated, may protect his right therein by obtaining the letters patent of the Crown. These entitle him to the sole right of making and selling the thing invented, and of licensing a limited number of persons to do the same for a limited period. The maximum period, fourteen years, is also the practical minimum: and it may be extended, on application to the privy council, for fourteen years longer. The patent is obtained at an immediate expense of not less than £100, and amounting, if it embraces the three kingdoms, to even £300. The application to the privy council is virtually a lawsuit, and its cost varies with circumstances. There is a delay of about two months from the date of the first application for the patent, during which the inventor has no security. Both the original letters, and the extension of the term, are obtained, practically, at his own risk. In case of infringement, he must support his right, not by production of the patent (which is merely a formal proof), but by evidence that his invention really is the novel and useful discovery it is there stated to be. He is fortunate—very fortunate—if he establishes its validity at the expense of not more than one chancery suit and one action at law. It is not unfrequently defeated by the bad faith of workmen employed

in his experiments, or of the capitalist who has advanced him money for their completion. Even when his secret has been faithfully kept, he is liable to the opposition of an earlier patentee, of whose rights the wretched system of Patent Indexes has kept him ignorant, or who purposely laid by, at an intermediate stage of the grant, to prevent the knowledge of his claims from being acquired.

But we must exhibit parts of this statement in somewhat more detail.

We believe that our system is so far sufficient, that a patent can be obtained under it for anything which, in kind, is really a proper object. The terms of the act of James, it must be confessed, are of the vaguest kind; conferring the privilege on such 'manufactures,' not in use, as 'be not contrary to the law nor mischievous to the state, by raising prices of commodities at home, or hurt of trade, or generally inconvenient.' Two centuries of litigation have, however, given some form to this rough design; and now it is established, that not only the manufactured article itself may be patented, but also the 'principle' on which it is made, and any 'improvements' in its working; and this, though neither the principle nor the improvement can strictly be considered as a 'manufacture.'

The patenting of foreign importations has also been most advantageous.

'We have derived almost as many good inventions from foreigners as have originated among ourselves. The prevailing talent of the English and Scotch people is to apply new ideas to use, and to bring such ideas to perfection; but they do not imagine so much as foreigners: clocks and watches, the coining press, the windmill for draining land, the diving bell, the cylinder paper machine, the stocking-frame, figure weaving loom, silk throwsting mill, canal lock and turning bridge, the machine for dredging and deepening rivers, the manufacture of alum glass, the art of dyeing, printing, and the earliest notions of the steam engine, were all of foreign origin; the modern paper-making machine, block machinery, printing machine, and steam boats, the same. There are a multitude of others that have never risen to any importance in the foreign countries where they were first imagined, because the means of executing and applying inventions abroad are so very inferior to ours. In almost all the above instances, we have so improved and perfected what was brought into this country from abroad, that although they soon became important means of national wealth to us, the foreigner made little or nothing of them by themselves.'\*

When we have added, that the grants of patents have risen of late years to about 500 annually, and that the aggregate amount of property now invested in them is something enormous, we have

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\* Mr. Farey's evidence, House of Commons' Committee, 1829.

said all, we fear, that can be discovered in favour of our present system. What we have to add, may cause some doubt whether this last circumstance is not rather a proof of the inherent strength of the principle, than in any respect of the excellence of our mode of working it.

We can only describe the proceedings for obtaining a patent, by saying, succinctly, that they are as bad as possible. They never prevent the grant of an improper patent; they often invalidate a just one. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of their harassing and mischievous operation, without stating in detail each step of the proceeding, and its separate and peculiar consequences; but at the risk of weakening the case, they are shortly as follows: \*—The applicant first leaves his petition at the Home Office; the Home Office sends it to the attorney-general; the attorney-general's clerk gives notice to everybody who has left a *caveat*, appearing to relate to anything like it, to appear and oppose the grant; and then the attorney-general himself hears the applicant and the opponent behind each other's backs, and reports in the applicant's favour. The report goes to the Home Office, and becomes a 'Queen's warrant;' is sent back again to the attorney-general, and becomes a 'bill.' Having become a bill, it is sent away again somewhere, and becomes a 'Queen's bill' by virtue of her Majesty's signature, which one would think ought to be enough; but it is then sent somewhere else, to become a 'Signet bill,' which is filed at the Privy Seal Office, and becomes a 'privy seal bill.' This finds its way to the Court of Chancery, and has something or other done to it by a master in Chancery, and the lord chancellor, who sends it back to the attorney-general, to see whether he knows it again; and if he acknowledges it, and nobody has any objection, decides upon granting the patent. This decision being at length happily come to, the forms for giving it effect are not so particularly numerous or dilatory as to require special remembrance here: his lordship ultimately seals the patent, and 'all the documents are taken back to the Patent Office, when the patent is put into a box and delivered to the patentee.'

If any one will be kind enough to tell us what supposable purpose all these sendings backwards and forwards are intended to answer, except three, he will confer a lasting obligation. The three purposes which do not need explanation, are delay, expense, and disclosure. As to the expense, we will not refer to the charges of the patent agent, further than to hope, that as he really does work for his payment, they are in an

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\* Collected from the Report of the Treasury Committee on the Signet and Privy Seal Offices, January, 1849.

inverse ratio to the fees of the office. The fees, exclusive of extras, of a patent not extending to the Channel Islands or the colonies, amount to £278 3s. 8d.; extra fees, varying from £1 7s. 6d. to £5 18s. 6d., are charged two or three times over for each additional name. We may state the facts as to delay and disclosure together. A clerk in the Patent Office states [1829], 'I have known patents lost through the length of time that has elapsed.' 'Usually the king's signature delays it too much: it has been obtained in three days, and sometimes as many months, when he is not well.'

Mr. Farey informed the committee [1829], that the applicant had no security during the interval between making the application and sealing the patent:—

'There is even an increased necessity for secrecy beyond that which existed before his application, because it has called attention to his procedure, and declared what is the object of his pursuit. . . . And it frequently happens that patents are delayed very long in their progress through the offices, so as to occasion a very great grievance. I had an instance of that recently. I prepared the title for an application for a patent on the 23rd June last, and I am certain that the first proceeding for a patent was taken by the attorney within a day or two of that date, but the patent was not obtained till the 31st January. What made this peculiarly inconvenient was, that the inventor had made a trial of his invention before he thought of taking out a patent at all, and before he had applied to me. I advised him to keep it a profound secret from the instant that he made an application for a patent; and I told him that it would be from six weeks to two months that he would be obliged to remain in secrecy and consequent inaction; but it proved to be more than seven months. In the meantime, another person conceived the same idea, and opposed the grant of that patent before the attorney-general, when the progress of the patent was far advanced; that opposition was not made till the 8th December, and *I believe that the invention upon which the opposition was founded did not exist at the time when the patent ought to have been granted*, if there had been no delay.'

With these objections before us, it would appear trifling to enlarge specifically on such little incidents as 'patents jumping over each other to the prejudice of the first applicant;' parties entering *caveats* on speculation, and worming out of the applicant in the attorney-general's back room the nature of his invention, and by means of the knowledge thus acquired, successfully opposing the patent, as being for an invention already known. But it may, perhaps, be supposed, that when a patentee has successfully run the gauntlet of the Home Office, the attorney-general's chambers, the Signet Office, the Privy Seal Office, and a special department of the Court of Chancery, he has some sort of security that his patent is worth something, or at least that it is the first, and so far has the field open before

it. Neither the one nor the other. So far is there from being any security against priority, that Mr. Farey 'could find you, perhaps, two scores of patents granted for the same thing. . . . It often happens that a man goes on spending his money to try to bring an invention to bear, and when he has done it, he is met at law by saying that there is a previous patent for the same thing.'

It will be said, perhaps, that it is the patentee's own fault, in not making the necessary searches. Hear again Mr. Farey:—

'If I were to go, as I have had occasion to go, to learn what patents have been taken out on a particular subject, it would take me three months before I could discover it; and then I should have to pay a search fee of a shilling for every patent. . . . The only mode [of ascertaining it] is one that is so tedious and expensive, that only one patentee in a thousand will go to it; and that is, by tracing such of the titles of patents that have been granted as are to be found in *various publications*, and then going to the offices, and making searches through each specification. I was once three weeks making searches myself; and on one occasion (6th Nov. 1846) I paid in fees, for searches alone, in the Petty Bag Office, as much as £2 8s. in one day.'

Even this is not all. When you have searched, and at length found, you are not permitted to copy. If you can remember, well; if not, you must pay 6s. 8d. per folio for a copy on stamped paper. The usual stationer's charge is one penny per folio. The charge of the Court of Chancery, which goes towards supporting the expenses of the court, is a few pence per folio.

Complaint, both grave and just, is made of the heavy expense of protecting a patent. The common course is, that the patentee files a bill in Chancery for an injunction to prevent infringement. On his application coming on to be heard, he is most probably directed to bring an action at law to establish the validity of his patent before the Court will interfere. The delay and expense of these duplicate processes are a grievous nuisance. At a meeting, of which we saw a report lately in the public papers, a speaker stated—as we have no doubt quite truly—that, in a cause he referred to, '3000 brief sheets were taken up to ask three short questions: Is the patent valid? Has it been infringed? What damage?' Mr. Farey delivered in an account to the committee of the House, showing the expenses on one side of an action at law to have amounted to £718, and explained that that was only the action. There had been 'previous proceedings in Chancery, and must be many more; either to recover damages, or to repress infringements. That trial was only the question of right; a mere confirmation of the patent.'



We cannot avoid referring to this; but, except in one aspect, it is not a part of patent law, but of the general law of procedure as applied to patents, which is here felt so grievously. It is only a part of patent law, in so far as it may be supposed possible, by an improvement in the mode of obtaining a patent, to settle the question of validity at the outset. This point we shall consider presently.

We have gone through, not all, but some of the principal grievances of the present system. There are now before a select committee of the House of Lords, introduced by Lords Brougham and Granville, two bills for its amendment. As we presume that they will re-appear as one,\* and as they present great similarity in their details, we shall notice them together.

The following great improvements belong to both measures. The first expense of obtaining a patent is to be reduced from £300 to £30; the present cumbrous machinery is to be abolished, and the whole proceedings regulated by a patent commission: provision is to be made for an effective system of indexes; and the whole payment by the patentee to the public is to be met by a series of instalments.

The first and last of these arrangements have a mutual connexion. It is proposed to adopt the principle already in use in Spain, France, and Austria; namely, not to require from the patentee the whole payment at the outset, but to spread it over a series of years by instalments progressive in amount. By this method, several advantages are obtained. The patentee is left at liberty to apply almost his whole fund to the maturing of his design. When the second instalment becomes due, he is better able to estimate his chances of success, and may use his own discretion as to keeping up his patent. The amount of the instalments is progressively increased on the principle to which we have already referred—viz., that the patentee has not now the same claim on the public in respect of his invention which he had at its first discovery. There is, as we have noticed, with the course of years a continually increasing probability that the principle would have occurred to many minds, and become, to all intents, public property. But to fix an arbitrary and unpassable limit to the rights of the patentee would wear the appearance of confiscation. The only just arrangement is, to give him the option at intervals to abandon or continue his right on terms increasingly favourable to the public. The plan of both bills is to charge a stamp duty of £10 on granting

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\* This has since been the case. The language of the text is retained, as better exhibiting different modes of effecting the same object.

the patent, which is to be available for three years. By payment of a further stamp duty of £40, it is continued to the end of seven years; and another stamp of £70 doubles the term. For a further extension, the patentee must apply, as now, to the Privy Council. The office fees are reduced by Lord Brougham's bill to £20, and by Lord Granville's to £9, which last we believe sufficient. Lord Granville's measure contains the further valuable improvement of enabling inventors to acquire all the privileges of a patent for so short a time as one year, or even six months only, at a trifling expense.

If what these measures propose is substantially carried through, we shall not be captious on account of the retention of some undesirable machinery. Both noble lords abolish the 'Signet Bill' and the 'Privy Seal Bill;' but both retain the sign-manual, and one the petition to the Home Office, and the reference to the attorney-general. The first requirement must be useless; and we have seen that it may be fatal. For the last, with the utmost respect to that high officer, we would rather, if we were patentees, be referred to anybody else than to the attorney-general; and we would rather not, at the outset, have our patents immured in the *oubliettes* of the Home Office.

Neither measure makes provision for improving the patentee's position in a court of law; and we concede to the learned framers that it is impossible, even confining the question to one of merit, to make the existence of the patent conclusive evidence of its validity. It has been suggested, certainly, that the application for the patent should, in the first instance, be referred to the consideration of persons of acknowledged eminence in the department to which it relates—the fullest opportunity being accorded to objectors—and their report in its favour to be conclusive. We think any plan of this kind would be inadmissible. We do not believe that any machinery would ensure, in the first instance, that full consideration of the merits which ought to be conclusive. Rival inventors cannot reasonably be expected to object until they are, in fact, interfered with;\* and a report, made in the absence of those who are interested adversely, cannot be satisfactory, and ought not to be conclusive. The plan would also create an obstacle, in point of expense, to taking out patents, far more serious than that which is now complained of. The hearing before the commissioners would (on the plan supposed) be, in reality, a patent trial. There would be the same combination as now to withstand; the same 'army of professional witnesses' to summon; the same

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\* Why should they be called upon to incur a not inconsiderable expense to oppose what might, after all, do them no harm?

length of 'brief;' the same fees to counsel. It would destroy the patent system. It would create a few giant monopolists, and crush all other invention.

But it does not follow that we can do nothing. Though every inventor, whether patented or not, is entitled to the fullest opportunity of questioning the right to do that which interferes with the exercise of his own skill and ingenuity, he is not therefore justified in treating a patent as a nullity. If it has been granted by persons competent to judge of the invention, and acquainted with all existing patents of the same kind, there is surely a *prima facie* presumption in its favour. It ought, therefore, to rest with after opponents to disprove its validity, not with the patentee to establish it—a distinction which would, practically, be the most effectual protection to a meritorious patent. But the propriety of creating it rests undoubtedly upon the perfection of the Indexes. For this the scheme has yet to be matured; and it may, therefore, have been thought wiser to postpone this alteration of the law until that essential condition has been performed.

There is one provision, indeed, of Lord Granville's measure from which we most emphatically dissent. It is that by which a patent is to be invalidated on proof of the invention having been previously published abroad. After Mr. Farey's evidence, quoted above, we cannot doubt that this would be injurious; and to us it appears to proceed on a false analogy. The true reason, we take it, why publication in this country is fatal to a subsequent patent, is the impossibility of being assured that rights have not been acquired through means of it with which a patent would seriously interfere. The probability is, that there are such rights. But when the publication does not include this country, it is certain there are not. For the only rights over an invention are, to use, to publish, or to patent it. Neither having been done here, there are no rights which a patent can infringe.

We now conclude, and shall not proceed further to consider the best means of improving patent litigation, because, with the exception we have suggested, of altering the *onus probandi*, this discussion does not belong strictly to patent law. It is merely one example of the inadequacy of our general system of procedure. That system is now under investigation, both in the chancery and common law departments. The particular improvement, which is, perhaps, of most importance to our present subject, was somewhat emphatically announced by Lord John Russell, in moving for leave to introduce the measure of Chancery Reform now before the House of Commons.

ART. VI.—*Longfellow's Golden Legend*. London: David Bogue.

'COMPARISONS are odious,' says the world. 'Comparisons,' more truly remarks Mrs. Malaprop, 'are *odoriferous*;' though whether the odour be sweet or putrid, depends, as with other odours, on the substance of which they are composed. A generous and candid comparison between two authors, or great men of any kind, reminds us of a race between two high-mettled coursers, in which the winner gains after hard labour and by a neck. It shows the points and proportions of both writers as nothing else so fully can. It casts a strong light on the salient angles of character. It serves to *temper* either extreme admiration or extreme contempt for an author. It forms a kind of *dramatic* analysis, and gives a graceful play and charming vicissitude to criticism. It is, in one word, the *rhyme* of that beautiful art; and all that might be said in behalf of the point, terseness, and energy of rhyme, applies with equal, if not greater force, to comparison. This, if the comparison be really discriminating, just, and generous. If, on the other hand, it be partial, imperfect, and prejudiced, it becomes a literary vice and a nuisance of considerable magnitude. It subjects authors to unfair criterions—it shows them in untrue lights—and while sometimes unduly favourable to the strong, it more frequently crushes the weak, under a burden which they are unable to bear. Like rhyme, too, its artificial shape often cramps and cools the sense—and the perpetual oscillation of the balance at last breaks the beam. It becomes quite possible, by dint of artful comparison, to reduce writers of very various kinds and degrees of talent to one common level, and thus to defeat the proper purposes of criticism, and to render it little else than a dextrously disguised lie.

We have been led into these remarks by a glance we accidentally took at the last February number of 'Blackwood,' containing a review of the 'Golden Legend,' and a comparison, most uncalled-for and unjust, between Longfellow and Bailey, of 'Festus.' The writer of the critique, while professing to do Longfellow a service has done him an injury. Had he contented himself with preferring the American to the Englishman in point of taste, all would have assented to the preference. In taste Bailey is a child, while in genius he is little lower than an angel. Nowhere do we find a greater disproportion between

instinct and power than in 'Festus.' Its author resembles a boy let down into a valley filled with true and with false diamonds, and totally unable to distinguish the one from the other, or to refrain from filling his pockets and hands with both. But to say that Longfellow surpasses Bailey in 'genius' is surely a poor paradox. Why, this 'Golden Legend'—fine as it is—might have been a slip, fallen and never missed, out of one corner of 'Festus;' 'Evangeline' might have been a tale told at one of the symposia of that wondrous poem. Perhaps, indeed, Bailey has not concentrated his power into such exquisite minor pieces as Longfellow, nor polished the angles of his lyrics so sedulously; but in quantity and grandeur of thought, variety of image, and power of language, there seems no comparison, any more than between the elegant little jets of gas in a sea-coal fire and the red rivers of lightning which run down a stormy midnight heaven. As well liken Barry Cornwall to Coleridge, or Campbell to Shakspeare, or Addison to Jeremy Taylor, as Longfellow, the sweet and spirited lyrist, to Bailey, the fiercely inspired rhapsodist, the broad and brilliant maker—whose genius is free of all the regions of space and time—whose pen often, as it were, drops suns—and every 'fiat' of whose imperial mind is the 'birth' of poetic 'worlds.'

We are not staggered by the detraction and detractors of Bailey and his poem. In reply to them, we just point to 'Festus,' and say, 'there's a great fact; deny it if you can; there's a Samson-throw, worthy of the old heroic days; emulate, instead of abusing it, if you are able; there's, if you please, a chaos; but a chaos which only a creative mind could have produced, and whence ten thousand ordinary poems might have been extracted. Be it a blood-red comet, covering half the sky and struggling into sight at noon-day, will ye compare *that* to a beautiful meteor, flashing for a moment across an angle of the midnight, or even to the trim and tremulous evening star?'

But it is with Longfellow, and not Bailey, that we have now to do. And we unite most cordially with the vast majority of critics in welcoming him now and whensoever his muse visits our shores. He has been for several years naturalized in this country. New editions of his works are issuing every day. Some of his poems appear in every collection. His 'Psalm of Life' is often quoted in our pulpits. His 'Excelsior' has been sung, again and again, in certain churches. He is not, as our 'Blackwood' friend pretends, the greatest of American poets; but he is unquestionably, in our country, the most popular. He is the first American poet who has ever entered our homes and hearts, and sat down there beside Burns, Cowper, and Camp-

even as Washington Irving alone, of its prose writers, mingled his name with the 'household words' of our Addison, Goldsmiths, and Scotts.

Between Irving and Longfellow, there are, indeed, such points of resemblance as account for the peculiar and very enviable popularity they have gained in Britain. Both are simple and natural in their style; both are national, but not exclusive, in spirit and their subjects; and neither of them has attempted any long or lofty flight, or, at least, with much success.

Of course, Longfellow has a more poetic fancy, a more refined culture, and a more earnest spirit; but he has never had that elaborate court to this country which Irving did in his early writings; nor imitated so much, if at all, our English authors. His success among us is the more surprising, the more creditable to his own powers.

His are certainly of a very high, though not the highest, order.

His intellect is vigorous; nor has his German training imparted it any trace of mysticism: it is as clear and manly as it is strong. He has seen *through* the mist-world, and left it behind him. His imagination, if not highly creative, or sternly original, is extremely nimble, and as graceful as it is swift. He has a cheerful and noble purpose up with him in all his work. He dips his pen in no foreign Helicon, or supersolar fountain, but in the warm blood of humanity. Some in our age have dreamed nobly, too, of God, the universe, the broad, the good, the ideal, and the eternal. Longfellow hymns nearer and dearer themes—man, his trials, his trusts, his struggles, his destiny. His spirit is always sanguine and sunny. He is not a mole, dwelling and working in deep dim light, nor a bird seated on the topmost branch of the tree, and withering in the sun, but one able to prove, challenging all to disprove what he says in every note of his joyous carol that 'all is well.' Most appropriate to this beautiful message are the style and the measure of Longfellow's songs; the style so rich, yet chaste; the measure so intensely lyrical, that its spirit pierces into the most elaborate harmonies, and invests them, however cumbersome and involved, with something of the lightness, and ease, and flowing swell, and changeable music of the ode or psalm.

The moral of Longfellow's poetry lies in two of his own words, 'to labour and to wait'—a most Christian moral truly. The essence of Christian duty may be said to lie in working in the darkness, and in waiting for the day. It says the night is, but the morning cometh. He that waits without working is a mere dreamer, while he that works without waiting is a mere drudge. Carlyle separates the one lesson from the



other. He works little himself; but, like a factory bell, he rings up all within the compass of his voice to earnest labour. At the same time he holds out little encouragement, and offers small wages for work, and never cheers us by announcing a glorious future as waiting at the close of our toils. His message, at most, amounts to what is in his mouth a harsh monotony—an eternal croak—‘Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh.’ The message of Longfellow and of Christianity is, ‘Work while it is called to-night, for a bright and blessed day is at hand.’ Longfellow may have, and probably has, very different views from us, as to what precisely that day is, and as to how it is to be introduced into the world; but we love and honour him for his cherished conviction that a day is coming—that we are in good hands—that the earth is not a mere treadmill in a mist, grinding on its wretched way in a perpetual and hopeless circle—but that it is going forward toward a golden evening—and that not more unerringly is the bee guided to his flowery home, or the bird to his evening nest, than is man advancing toward ultimate rest, security, joy, and triumph. Although we grant that he has not *sufficiently* brought out the fact, that this mighty result is to be reached—not by mere human progress or power—not by a mere necessary process of development or sublimation, but by help from on high, co-operating with man’s advancement, and with man’s efforts. A stronger recognition of this had rendered his ‘Excelsior’ the true ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ of our day, and given a higher sacredness and a deeper sublimity to his ‘Psalm of Life.’ Had he brought the ‘God o’erhead’ nearer, the pulsations of the ‘heart within’ would have been stronger far, and the steps of the multitude, too, advancing to the psalm, would have rung more loudly and firmly upon the sands of the wilderness.

Burns and Campbell have written, as no one else, the war-songs of a country. Longfellow’s poems are the war-songs of humanity. They address not the patriotic passions of a nation but the great general heart of man. They touch and stir that ‘primal sympathy,’ which, like a blood within a blood, circulates through all of us, melts down the feeble barriers of our bodies and the stronger limitations of our mental idiosyncrasies, reduces us to one sea of feeling which it rules at its pleasure, creates a bond of brotherhood which is not of any age, but of all ages, of any class, but of all classes; not of men, but of man; and anticipates the era prophetically announced by the poet—

‘When man to man, the warl’ o’er,  
Shall brithers be, for a’ that.’

This primal and all-persuasive sympathy Longfellow be-

speaks in his smaller lyrics in the tones of a trumpet. He calls on man not to linger in the vales of love, nor to dash down the steep places of desperate pleasure, but to rush into the field of battle. He loves better than all other stars the 'Red Planet Mars,' because it is the emblem of unconquered will, of stern but hopeful struggle; because it seems a rugged *alias* of earth hung up in the sky, with a similar atmosphere, with snow resting in eloquent silence, and suggestive cold upon its dark-red brow; and with, perhaps, a similar moral history of trial, suffering, contest, and victory. He looks on life as a march, and becomes the laureate of man's conflicting and conquering way. Thus he sings, and sounds it not like the beat of drums blended with snatches from the Spartan life?—

'Life is real—life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

'Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our being's end or way,  
But to live that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

'In the world's *broad field of battle*,  
In the *bivouac of life*,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle,  
Be a *hero* in the strife.'

Nobly and sweetly have such heroic ories sounded from across the waters, to the thinkers and strugglers within our own shores. Britain and America are at present like two great ships caught in one storm, and wrapt in one darkness. And the poems of Longfellow on the one hand, and of various of our poets, such as Charles Mackay, on the other, pass between the two, like signals of common hope and shouts of mutual encouragement. It was a comfort for Christian to know, even by hearing a plaintive prayer in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, that he was not alone in it; so the complaints, and prayers, and tears, and half-stifled hopes of transatlantic wanderers, carry a certain refreshment to our spirits. But how much more when there comes a strong and cheerful voice, like Longfellow's, crying out from the top-mast, now 'land, land!' and now 'light, light!'

The title 'Excelsior,' as well as the story it tells, convey the important lesson, that all *genuine* thought and truth go upwards, and generally move into peaceful as well as brighter and clearer regions. Through much mist, misery, contradiction, self-denial, and storm, must the thinker pass; but he is ever going toward the sun. Wider panoramas of scenery await

him at every step, rare flowers spring up to be gathered by his hand upon the verge of the glacier. Avalanches have a certain rhythm in their fall, which he must hear, and which may teach him some melodious secret. And then there is the exultation of the reached summit, and the joy of breathing the difficult air, and the sight of the black ether and the large silver masses of the stars. The very blood which springs from his nostrils in that rare and rayless atmosphere has its own terrible significance to his and to other souls! And will not the sun, when he arises, appear to him hours before he has shone on the valleys below? And will not those subjacent vales, without yet seeing the beams of day, see that he sees them and rejoice with exceeding great joy? 'Up, then, true and holy searcher, though it should be at first into the region of the storm—and though it should be at last into that clear atmosphere of absolute vision, where few can long live—up, nevertheless, and onward, for the impulse that moves thee is divine, and in the long run, the results to thyself and to thy species shall be divine too.'

'Excelsior' has been sung, it is said, by some enthusiasts on their death-beds. It may be prejudice—it may be our British prepossession—but much as we admire the poem, we do not admire this. Holier still and higher should be the strain to which a dying spirit attunes its awful plunge into eternity. We vastly prefer Burke's choice, when he read, ere he died, Addison's papers on the Immortality of the Soul; we admired more still his son's soothing himself to the last slumber by repeating Milton's Hymn of our First Parents; and most of all, poor bewildered Sterling asking for the Bible, and dying with it, for ought we know, in his arms; or the example of numerous men of God we do know to have departed singing the 23rd Psalm, into the embrace of the Lord their shepherd. Surely, it is better to float away toward the celestial country on wings which have descended thence than on those, however strong, which are only seeking, however earnestly, their way thitherwards.

We have called Longfellow a national poet: of this there is little evidence in his smaller productions, or in the 'Golden Legend.' 'Evangeline,' is his principal contribution to purely red-american poetry, even as 'Kavanagh' is his only national creat. production. It were vain to deny that a certain languor all agcs this exquisite production—its beauty is asleep. An man; and drowsiness, like the air of 'Sleepy Hollow,' rests upon poet—very, the verse too is languid, and 'like a wounded its slow length along.' Evangeline's search after ninds you of a search after the longitude. While This prima

pursuing it you feel precisely like one in a dream trying to run, while his shadowy limbs are for ever failing below him. Evangeline herself is a very pleasing but a somewhat insipid person. But after all these deductions, the beauty of the descriptions of Nova Scotian scenery, the patriarchal simplicities of character, which mingle so congenially with the old forest grandeurs, (simplicities which produce a greater effect when seen springing out of the French character, now so thoroughly identified with the hard, the insincere, and the conventional,) the picture of the ruin of that simple colony, and the gleams which glance aside from Evangeline's melancholy progress into the beauties, the intricacies, and the terrors of the dim primeval woods through which she sails, contribute to render this 'Tale of Acadie' one of the most loveable and enchanting of all minor poems. A stronger hand might have accomplished the task in shorter compass, or strung richer pearls of thought on the tissue of the story—but as it is, are not its praises written in the tears, and recorded on the fleshly tablets of the hearts of millions—and what would we, or its author, more?

The 'Golden Legend,' now lying before us, although not bearing manifest evidences of elaboration, has yet cost the author more care than any of his former poems. It is longer too—is cast in a foreign mould, and takes the same place among them as 'Hyperion' among his prose fictions. It is one of those poems which has all the air and apparent ease of an improvise; and yet, when you look at it more narrowly, it yields (like milk written paper to a fire) internal marks of effort and toil. It has not been written like Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' *currente calamo*—strikingly as it does resemble that poem in its rapid rush, its changing measures, its half-earnest, half-jesting tone (like Wamba at a gallop), and the ingenious *diableries* of its plot and characters. It involves in it a strong and tolerably correct moral, which seems to be not dissimilar from that of 'Festus,' this—namely, that

———' Lucifer  
Is God's minister,  
And labours for some good,  
By us not understood.'

The object of the play or mystery, is to show us the Prince of Darkness, for the hundredth time in the character of a Devil defeated. We cordially agree with the 'Blackwood' critic, in his wish that Lucifer were laid for ever. It is surely high time; poets have long ago given him his due. Why, we have already a whole gallery of fiends, and are tempted to ask if the line is to stretch out to the crack of doom. There is the magnificent Satan of Milton, whose great orb, however, dwindles like a moon,

in the course of the poem, from the shaded grandeur of his first fall, down to the despicable waning crescent of his final decline into a toad at the ear of Eve, and a laughing stock on the degraded throne of hell. There is the Lucifer of Byron, who has found a deeper deep still, and become a fabricator of metaphysical reasons for his first impetuous error, like a sophist defending the outrages of a maniac. There is the Mephistophiles of Goëthe—that petrification of a demon, with all evil qualities stereotyped in his lean sneering self, which, however, continues, like that of all his kindred, to be restlessly active, ‘going about seeking whom he may devour.’ There is the Lucifer of Bailey, that strange creation, that incarnation of the poet’s idea of moral evil, who is at once the shadow of man and the scavenger of deity—reflecting man’s thoughts, indulging his passions, flattering his weaknesses, and yet never forgetting the ulterior purposes for which he is at large in the universe. Other and weaker shapes there are, such as the tempting and accusing devil of Luther, the clever, reckless, and rather good-humoured Scottish ‘hornie’ of Burns, and the affable, snuff-taking, gay, and satirical Diable Boiteux of Le Sage. Why, we ask, to such a multitude of portraits should Longfellow seek to add another?

There are also religious reasons which might be urged against such an attempt. If, as all orthodox thinkers believe, there be really such a being, it becomes evident, that to introduce him into poetry is fraught with much danger. It tends either to shake our belief in his personality, or to lower our conception of his power. It serves to disturb the vivid notion of him we have gathered from Scripture, and to substitute for an actual malignant intelligence some fantastic and ridiculous creature, whom we may laugh at or disbelieve, but cannot energetically hate and shun. Or if, on the other hand, the devil be taken as a mere mythical representation of the power and prevalence of moral evil—who are those who can with impunity, and for any lengthened time, toy with, or personate, or ridicule that sad and portentous energy, which has darkened the universe, degraded man, and fulminated over his ruin toward heaven and the Eternal’s throne?

Next to Milton’s Satan, no picture of the evil one seems to us to equal that originally inserted in Maturin’s ‘Bertram,’\* which Scott has preserved. What reader has forgot the ‘dark knight of the forest,’ with his pine-surrounded castle, his empty moat, his barred visor, the ‘rich thunder of his awful voice’ issuing through the bars, and sending a swift poison into the ears of his visitors; or their return from the fatal interview, with maddened

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\* See Scott’s Miscellaneous Writings, Article ‘Maturin.’

hearts, and eyes inflamed, and souls sold to everlasting ruin ? And in that matchless picture, how much of the sublimity and the terror springs from the seclusion, the reserve, the mystery, the un-lifted helm, and the half-heard accents ! Would that all who have dealt poetically with the same 'dark knight' had allowed the black veil of dimness and distance, of a visor down, and of twilight pines, to remain on his unspeakable face !

We cannot say that we think Longfellow very successful either in his conception or in his execution of the character. Lucifer, in the 'Golden Legend,' is, on the whole, rather dull ; his personation of the friar is not exceedingly happy, and his reflections on the evils of the world are not so malignant as they are common place and poor. He is neither like Satan the grand monarch of Pandemonium, swelling, buskined, defiant, wreathing the fire of hell into a crown, and seeking to hide the scars of thunder on his brow by the laurels plucked from a lost earth ; nor is he the perfected and finished fiend of the Faust, squirting out cool hatred and scorn at all that is lofty and good in earth and heaven, jerking you down in an instant from meditations sublime as the stars to the lowest *niaiseries*, mingling his malignant asides with the spherulic melodies, and the thunder psalm of angels, and trying, with the inverted alchemy of hell, to turn all golden things into dross ; nor is he altogether either the merry mediæval devil ; nor is he a properly managed mixture of all three. He is rather like R. Montgomery's Satan, an awkward half-and-half between a good and a bad angel, who seems hardly in earnest, whose failure seems to arise alike from want of will and from want of power, and who grievously tempts you to think of the title of the old play, 'the Devil is an Ass.'

Is the following, for instance, a soliloquy worthy of the brain, or tongue, or fire-parched lips, of the Prince of Evil ?—

LUCIFER FLYING OVER A CITY.

'Sleep, sleep, O city ! till the light  
Wakes you to sin and crime again,  
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,  
I scatter downwards, through the night,  
My maledictions dark and deep.  
I have more martyrs in your walls  
Than God has ; and they cannot sleep ;  
They are my bondsmen and my thralls ;  
Their wretched lives are full of pain,  
Wild agonies of nerve and brain.  
Sleep, sleep, O city, though within  
The circuit of your walls there lies  
No habitation free from sin,  
And all its nameless miseries.'



fully unexpected as—to use his own words—‘the delicate golden wings’ which suddenly emerge ‘from under the hard and cold exterior of the beetle.’ How many specimens occur to our memories, especially from his prose works? ‘A glacier is a gauntlet of ice flung down by Winter in defiance of the sun.’ ‘He dallied,’ he says of one of his characters, ‘with his thoughts, and with all things, like the lazy sea that plays with the pebbles on the beach, but, under the inspiration of the wind, might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings.’ ‘The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers, and the ponds, and the brooks, and they became blood.’ ‘Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it.’ ‘Spring is the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron’s rod repeated on myriads on myriads of branches.’ ‘Autumn is Joseph in his coat of many colours; or like the Comer in ‘Isaiah,’ has *dyed* garments, and is *red* in his apparel.’ And so on in thousands of equal brilliance.

We find fewer of such outstanding beauties in the ‘Golden Legend.’ This was in part forbidden by the plan of the poem, which is founded strictly on that of the old, rude, and simple ‘Mysteries.’ The events, too, are so numerous and so marvellous, that most of the poetry, so to speak, escapes into them. Still his vein, ever and anon, breaks out in irresistible beauty, like snow-drops on the stern soil of March. Let us look at some of those few, but lovely flowers.

Prince Henry had received a false cordial from Lucifer, and had said—

——‘ My affliction  
Is taken from me, and my weary breast  
At length finds rest.’

The angel finely replies from above—

It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air has been taken !  
It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is not shaken !  
It is but the rest of the tide, between the ebb and the flow !  
It is but the rest of the wind, between the flaws that blow !

Here is a good description of a deserted castle :—

‘ How sad the grand old castle looks !  
O’erhead the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret’s windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer’s crop ;  
Here, in the court-yard, springs the grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass ;

No ! 'this will never do !' Let our readers take up 'Sartor Resartus,' read in the first chapter, the 'Night Thoughts of Teufelsdröck,' and they will find in that wondrous passage, in its wild pathos, and wilder scorn, intermingling as if in a paroxysm of tears and laughter, something more nearly resembling what we could conceive the reflections of a lost intelligence upon a 'midnight city with its boom of sin.' In fact, Longfellow is too gentle and amiable to be a depicor of Lucifer. He that would paint any object or being well, whether dog or demon, whether whirlpool or rock, must be or must become something of a dog or demon, whirlpool or rock, himself. But our kind-hearted and brave American sympathizes neither with Satan in his sublimity nor with Mephistophiles in his withered subtlety. Were he taking up a 'pocket copy of Milton to study Satan,' Eve would soon avenge herself, by tempting him away to her side ; or were he listening to Mephistophiles, one sweet laugh of poor Margaret's would chase the fiend into outer darkness. He has not the heart for impersonating any more than for being any character of profound badness.

Hence, in this 'Golden Legend,' he describes Prince Henry, the fine-hearted invalid ; Elsie, the devoted maiden ; her simple parents, Ursula and Gottlieb ; Walter, the Minnesinger ; and the various friars, infinitely better than the black master of the revels. This sketch of the conventual life has been condemned as too severe : it seems to us extremely lively and just to both sides of the picture. The miracle-play introduced reads like a restored MS. of the tenth century. The human life of the middle ages, indeed, is perfectly reproduced in all parts of the drama, although their Lucifer is not. And what can be finer than the journey through the Alps—so rapid and weird, sweeping on through charmed names and charmed places—here, under the windy pines of Mount Pilate, shaking like the hair of that slayer of the Prince of Life when Calvary rose on his dreams—and there, over the Devil's Bridge, with the tremendous 'Ha, ha !' of *himself* heard under the arch as they cross—or the scene which seals the interest of the play at Salerno, when the devoted maiden saves at once herself and her lover !

Altogether, although we cannot pronounce this a great drama, or even a great poem, it is unquestionably one of the most pleasing, life-like, and spirited poetic legends that exist, and discovers, if not more poetic, certainly more dramatic and inventive power than any of its author's previous writings.

One great charm of Longfellow's former works lay in their singularly beautiful imagery, which was often, too, as delight-

fully unexpected as—to use his own words—‘the delicate golden wings’ which suddenly emerge ‘from under the hard and cold exterior of the beetle.’ How many specimens occur to our memories, especially from his prose works? ‘A glacier is a gauntlet of ice flung down by Winter in defiance of the sun.’ ‘He dallied,’ he says of one of his characters, ‘with his thoughts, and with all things, like the lazy sea that plays with the pebbles on the beach, but, under the inspiration of the wind, might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings.’ ‘The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers, and the ponds, and the brooks, and they became blood.’ ‘Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it.’ ‘Spring is the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron’s rod repeated on myriads on myriads of branches.’ ‘Autumn is Joseph in his coat of many colours; or like the Comer in ‘Isaiah,’ has *dyed* garments, and is *red* in his apparel.’ And so on in thousands of equal brilliance.

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Here is a good description of a deserted castle :—

‘ How sad the grand old castle looks !  
O’erhead the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret’s windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer’s crop ;  
Here, in the court-yard, springs the grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass ;

The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
 Come hopping down the steps of stone,  
 As if the castle were their own ;  
 And I, the poor old seneschal,  
 Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.'

Far finer are the words of Henry to his beloved Elsie :—

'To me the thought of death is terrible,  
 Having such hold on life. To thee it is not  
 So much even as the lifting of a latch ;  
 Only a step into the open air  
*Out of a tent already luminous*  
*With light that shines through its transparent walls !*

Here is a better picture of a town by night than Lucifer's,  
 formerly given :—

'Still is the night ! The sound of feet  
 Has died upon the empty street ;  
 And like an artizan, *bending down*  
*His head on his anvil*, the dark town  
 Sleeps with slumber deep and sweet.'

Listen to the following picture of a midnight cathedral :—

'Lo ! with what depth of blackness thrown  
 Against the clouds far up the skies,  
 The walls of the cathedral rise,  
*Like a mysterious grove of stone*,  
 With fitful lights and shadows blending,  
 As from behind, the moon, ascending,  
 Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown.'

This is striking, if not quite equal to Sir Walter's '*Melrose by Moonlight*.' One figure stands near the cathedral, and his picture is perfect :—

'Below, on the square, an armed knight,  
 Still as a statue, and as white,  
     Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams quiver  
 Upon the points of his armour bright,  
     *As on the ripples of a river.*'

One more delicious picture. It is of the Prince and Elsie, now his lady, returning in safety and in triumph from Salerno :—

'I saw her standing on the deck,  
 Beneath an awning cool and shady ;  
 Her cap of velvet could not hold  
 The tresses of her hair of gold,  
 That flowed and floated like the stream,  
 And fell in masses down her neck.  
 As fair and lively did she seem,  
 As in a story or a dream,  
 Some beautiful and foreign lady.

And the prince looked so grand and proud,  
 And waved his hand thus to the crowd  
 That gazed and shouted from the shore,  
 All down the river, long and loud.'

After all, Longfellow has never equalled his 'Hyperion.' As a whole, it is still his richest and most varied production. It glows so with a chastened Germanism. It runs on with such a river-like surge, and spirit, and sweet gurgling music. It tells its story and interposes its legends so gracefully. It sketches the great German authors with such a true, rapid, and enthusiastic pencil. And, above all, its imagery bubbles up so copiously, and in such sunlit loveliness, from the rippling stream of the story. Its author is yet comparatively young; not forty-five on the 27th of this last February; and may yet, perhaps, do greater things than any performed, or even promised by him. We would humbly suggest, however, that we do not look for any more lengthy or elaborate poems at his hand. Let him pour forth a few more prose-melodies like 'Hyperion;' or let him sing a few more songs of humanity, like 'Excelsior;' or let him dream a few more fireside dreams, like the 'Footsteps of Angels;' or let him scalp out a ballad or two, as stern and as short as his 'Skeleton in Armour;' and we are certain that he will satisfy his admirers, and fulfil the prestige of his own genius.

Surely some great poetic orb must be nearing the verge of the horizon! What a flush of fine poetry, both at home and from abroad, we have had lately in the rich and eloquent writings of a Longfellow, an Emerson, a Lowell, a Poe, a Croly, an Aird, a Wendys, (who, we are glad to hear, has a new poem on the anvil,) a Tennyson, a Marston, a Brown, the Brownings, an Alexander Smith, (who is collecting his beautiful verses into a separate form,) a Scott, a Bailey, a Jameson, (the author of 'Nimrod,') and some more genuine bards of greater or less promise! We have a strong suspicion, that somewhere or other, from among this number, is to arise the poet of our period; and we would advise star-gazing critics to watch *this cluster* well, to mark attentively all its movements and mutations, to report their observations candidly, lest in it there should appear, before their telescopes are in order, some star brighter than his fellows, forming the central sun to a great system, and a star of hope, promise, and prophecy to the coming age.

ART. VII.—*The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences.* By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. London: Bogue. 1851.

2. *The Same.* London. Glasgow: Collins.

THIS work is one for which we were prepared, by Dr. Hitchcock's smaller contributions in American periodicals; and we congratulate a large portion of our readers on its appearance. Its design is not merely to exhibit, as has been done by previous writers, the consistency of geology thoroughly examined with the Holy Scriptures correctly interpreted, but to unfold the actual truths which geology itself, *as an independent study*, presents to the contemplation of a devout mind. Assured that the worthy treatment of such a theme demands a large amount of scientific attainments in numerous departments, combined with a knowledge of the laws of interpretation, and the principles of an enlightened theology, we are increasingly persuaded that these intellectual treasures need the high consecration of a practically religious spirit. Few things are more to be deprecated than a bare conflict between the advocates and the impugnors of revelation on the arena of intellectual gladiatorship; though it cannot but be a satisfaction to the lovers of THE TRUTH to witness the success of such contests: for successful, completely successful, hitherto, have been the vindications of the Christian truth from the aspersions cast upon it in the name of science. These vindications, however, have served more purposes than could have been secured, so far as we see, if they had not been called for. Not a few ignorant, yet traditional glosses, had been thrown on the language of scripture, which, when examined, prove to be the *misinterpretations* of uninstructed minds; and we know not of any other way of clearing away such glosses than that of exposing them to the light of unquestionable truth. Astronomy had to fight its way through impediments of this class, and the victory is won. Geology has been differently handled, and differently apprehended; still, in proportion as its teachers have confined themselves to the rigid inductions of science on a wide basis of established facts, and in proportion, too, as avowed believers of the gospel have mastered its disclosures, the prejudices of ill-informed persons have melted away, and we are nearly in a condition to say of geology, as we can of astronomy, that it is



a *recognised* teacher of religious truth. But we recur to our position—that, in order to perceive and appreciate that truth, the religious *element* itself—the humble, confiding, loving, and obedient yielding of the whole man to God—must be in a healthy state of activity. Theology is a *science*; religion is a *LIFE*. The religious life is *guided* by truth, not *created* by it. No intellectual apprehension can be a safe substitute for living Christianity. This, however, is as true of what is technically called theological science, as it is of the science which is technically called physical. Science is in the mind. It is the condition of the mind. It is the harmony of man's perceptions with the ideas, thoughts, plans, or methods of the invisible God. Such a harmony of mere perception may exist, indeed, apart from the devout recognitions and the spiritual habitudes which constitute religion: these belong to *that* mind which not only *knows* what is true, but *loves* what is good, *does* what is right, *reverences* what is divine, and, with rejoicing awe, regards its own relations and responsibilities towards Him who is at once the foundation of wisdom and the standard of goodness, the centre, the Lord, and the all-sufficiency of the whole creation. Whatever be the importance of knowledge—comprehensive, exact, and well-arranged—the experience of mankind demonstrates that it does not of itself produce the principles or habits of religion. Knowledge, *as such*, is better than ignorance *as such*. Knowledge is more consistent with devoutness than ignorance is. It must be an advantage to the human being to *know things as they are*, with whatever feeling the knowledge is sought, to whatever purpose it may be applied. He who seeks the knowledge from religious motives, and uses it with religious intentions, derives from it all the advantage which could have been otherwise derived from it; while, in addition to this, it serves to enlarge his acquaintance with HIM whom he worships, and furnishes him with noble and endearing inducements to serve and trust Him. Our conception of religious truth, and religious knowledge of that truth, is not the conception of a class of truths belonging to the religious domain, any more than our conception of religion is that of something marked off and separated from our every-day life. Religion is not merely doing something which an irreligious person never does; it is rather the doing of those things which *all* men do, only with an habitual reference to God, and the doing of all the things—such as praying, believing, watching, holding spiritual fellowship, studying the scriptures—which God has appointed for the nourishing within us of the religious life. In this sense, things secular become things religious. The man who is religious at church on Sunday is also religious

—that is, he is *practising* the religion of the church—every day, amid the toils, cares, struggles, and competitions of the world. He works in the same spirit in which he prays. There is, certainly, a danger of losing the power of spiritual associations in the turmoil of life ; and, for this reason, Christians need to have their secret strength renewed by fresh impartations of the hidden life from its Divine Fountain, and by earnest and constant recourse to those simple institutions which bring them within the range of admonition and rebuke, as well as of encouragement and sympathy. In like manner, there is danger in the pursuits of science, whether theological or physical. A man may be as forgetful of God amid his diagrams, and calculations, and observations, and experiments, as he would be in his shop, or his field, or his counting-house, or whatever be his worldly calling. He may be as vain, as selfish, as undevout in mathematics as in merchandise ; in chemistry as in manufacture ; in geology as in agriculture ; in writing books as in prescribing medicines ; in constructing theories as in building houses ; in expounding laws as in canvassing for votes ; in carrying on what are called religious controversies as in battling with political opponents in the newspaper, at the hustings, or in parliament. To do anything religiously requires a *religious spirit* ; that spirit will do religiously whatever it becomes a man to do.

Instead, therefore, of denouncing science as irreligious, we would say that it ought to be attended to by religious men, because every man ought to be religious ; and to *be* religious is to *do* everything with a devout regard to God. And instead of saying that truth relating to physical facts, or laws, is to be distinguished from truth relating to spiritual facts, or laws, we would say that, in both cases alike, what we mean by truth is the *adjustment* of the human conceptions by the divine manifestation ; that it is a very small segment of truth which is apprehended by the most scientific inquirer, who severs the physical phenomena from the spiritual agency of which they are the exponents ; and that even the most encyclopædic attainments in objective science, without the subjective spiritual emotions embraced by religion, is so far from exhibiting a complete mind resembling the Creator, that it is in monstrous disagreement with every one of His innumerable works, out of keeping with the admirable proportions which it is the boast of science to investigate, and a mournful instance of the abuse of powers and lights which ought to have secured obedience to the laws of universal harmony. There was a time—indeed it still lingers in many quarters—when such a work as Dr. Hitchcock's was needed to shield the student of science from the

reproach of being irreligious. We fear, that, in the present day, another evil, not less perilous, requires to be plainly dealt with: we mean the imagination that it is *a very religious thing to be scientific*. The fact, we think, is, that it is neither religious nor irreligious. The temper of mind in which science is studied—like the temper of mind in which men do everything else, whether in worship, or work, or relaxation—may be either the one or the other; *which*—is of more practical consequence to the scientific student—as it is to every other person—than all the discoveries ever made, and all that ingenuity or labour has ever done. It is part of *our* daily life to pursue science, to commend it, to evolve its precious teachings and its ineffable blessings; but dearly as we court its illuminations, and gratefully as we garner up its treasures, and sure as we are that it does not, from its own nature, darken the splendours of that region where we meditate on truths beyond the range of science, nor steal the affections from the only Being in whom they find repose, it never occurs to us to give way to the fond delusion, that science is *more* religious than trade or politics. Yet this is no reason why a religious mind should be more jealous of science than of business. Did we live in a highly scientific community, which was, at the same time, largely imbued—as largely as England is—with the evangelical spirit, we should be apt to look with dismay on such *material* things as ships, bales, bullion, markets, farm-yards, cattle-feeding, cotton-spinning, building, shop-keeping, railway-traffic, occupying nearly all the time of millions of immortal beings. ‘What!’ we should be apt to say, in sincere and pious terror—‘What! children of God, redeemed and sanctified men, whose conversation is in heaven, whose inheritance is in the everlasting future, absorbed in masses and for a life-time by such gross dealings! How is it possible to lead a life so worldly, and at the same time commune with God, and become meet for heaven? Better far abide in the poverty and simplicity of other lands and earlier times. Come away from your busy cares and degrading struggles with each other; come, and trace the stars in their courses, and the winds, and the vapours, and the laws of matter, and organization, and life; come, and read the history of ages, and of creations in the rocky tombs of perished races; come, and watch the wonders of the crucible, the microscope, the telescope, the daguerreotype, the electric telegraph; come, and see how everything proclaims the ever-working God, and how all the walks of truth conduct you to the path of light, the revelations of the gospel, and the blessed hopes that soar above the firmament, and outstrip the wings of Time!’—We suspect that the shrewd

workers of our day, even the most eminently Christian, would look on all this as simply so much nonsense; that is, on *week-days*: on Sundays they utter something very like it in their prayers, sing it in psalms, listen to it approvingly, and with edification, in sermons; but it is not the practical conviction of their minds; they do not *act* upon it as their guiding principle. Nor is it either necessary or desirable that they should. They know from experience that there is no necessary incompatibility between the works of labour, skill, or trade and the healthy activity of spiritual functions. They find that, by watchfulness, prayer, and devout attendance on the social observances of Christianity, they are able to maintain the vigour of the religious life, not in spite of, but by means of, their daily occupations; for it is by the state of mind, the motives, the principles, the spirit, the final aim of these same worldly employments, that the real power of their private worship or their public observances is at once tested and increased. To them the world is not a sphere differing from the church. With them there is not one sort of life for sabbaths and a different sort of life on common days; they do not balance the piety of the temple or the closet against the secularities of other scenes; they are filling up their place in the church by carrying out their religious principles in every province of manly duty. We hope that the spiritual discipline which in former times was sought, not always found, in seclusion, is effectually exemplified in the marts of trade and in the manipulations of art. We look on such a state of society as eminently favourable to the establishment in men's minds of a belief that a religious life is really a good life, and as equally valuable in the way of illustrating the soundness of those sublime convictions, and the profitableness of those peculiarly sacred engagements, by which Christians are distinguished. In such a state of society, we are inclined to think, there is a nearer approach than in almost any other towards that elevation of man, both separately and collectively, which constitutes the purity and grandeur of the 'kingdom of God.' We do not say that 'work is worship,' that business is religion; but we do say that work in a religious spirit, business in a religious spirit, is practical godliness. It is neither wise nor safe to separate the daily doings of the life from the special exercises of the mind which are usually regarded as devotional. Such a separation is unnatural. It is fraught with two tendencies by no means antagonistical to each other, and equally pernicious—the tendency to worldliness of heart on the one hand, and to formalism, or superstition, or fanaticism on the other. Any one of these will be acknowledged by most persons to be evil; and by the unnatural separation which we are condemning, they may acquire

complete ascendancy even in the same mind. As to real religion, we believe that it cannot be severed from the ordinary affairs of life : that which *can*, is not religion, but something else substituted for it, either by mistake or in pretence.

While, then, we seriously maintain that religion and business can be blended, the latter becoming the vivifying and consecrating spirit of the former, we are equally careful to maintain that religion and the pursuit of science can be blended, and precisely in the same way. As a Christian may be *working* religiously, so may a Christian be *studying* religiously. As a holy mind may assert and improve its sanctity in the daily traffic of the world, so may a holy mind assert and improve its sanctity in the occasional or habitual pursuits of science. We have already said that intellectual employment in any direction is not *more* religious than trade ; we now say, that it is not *less* religious. We stand up for the busy man against the imaginary alarm of the physical or spiritual recluse : in like manner we stand up for the student against the equally imaginary alarms of the commercial Christian. One may be so absorbed in the study of truth, a purely intellectual exercise, as to neglect other occupations of the mind which are necessary for the development of one's spiritual energy, and even to overlook some important vital relations of the particular truth studied to other truths ; the intellectual pursuit itself may be one-sided even *as* intellectual ; and even when not so, it may be conducted in a manner which injures the moral sensibility and the religious welfare of the student. Let all this be granted to one party, and let it be repeated as a wholesome admonition to the other ; still this is an exemplification of the possibility of the desire of knowledge becoming excessive, perfectly analogous to the love of activity, or the love of gain, or the love of fame, or the love of anything whatever being excessive. In all cases the danger being one of excess or disproportion in the mind's economy, the remedy is the same—namely, a conscientious regard to the symmetrical putting forth of the whole man as in the sight of God, in the consciousness of seeking to please Him, and with the resolution to be guided by His will rather than choose our own path.—Of the general advantages of science, apart from its many and indefinitely possible applications to the well understood benefit of mankind, it is not our intention to say anything beyond that which all experience makes good, that science is the enlightening of man ; that, by enlightening him, it increases his power, his enjoyments, his dignity, his worth as a creature of God ; and that the men who devote their lives to science, as others devote their lives to business, are doing a good thing, provided they are doing it *as* religious men. If having much manual

labour to do for a livelihood will not serve as an excuse for irreligion, nor the pressure of any worldly business, whether commercial or professional, whether private or public, neither will it avail to say that our time is inevitably consumed, our energy entirely absorbed in the study of any truth or any subject, so that we have neither time nor mental power to spare for the culture of spiritual affections, or the strengthening of religious habits. The inexorable yet benevolent physical laws which science expounds, demonstrate that the bodily functions cannot be kept in order if they are neglected: the not less inexorable laws which are revealed in the Scriptures for a purpose of which we may say, without extravagance, that it is even more benevolent, will be verified sooner or later as a terrible fact of consciousness, that the spiritual functions of man's being are not to be slighted with impunity. Now, let the case be supposed of a person who is religious in the ordinary evangelical sense, and who conscientiously and devoutly gives a portion of his life to science. We judge that such a person will more or less partake of some very capital benefits; the *first* is a clearer apprehension of many truths which are rather taken for granted, than expressly revealed in Scripture; a *second* is, a more vivid impression of the *realness* of truths which are peculiar to revelation; a *third* is, a superiority to some prejudices which have brought to the Scriptures notions which a thoroughly instructed mind is satisfied that the Scriptures do not suggest; a *fourth* is, a power to solve not a few difficulties which keep some scientific persons from reverencing the Scriptures according to their real value; a *fifth*, and by no means the smallest benefit is, an approximation towards appreciating the proper position of the Bible among the records of science, the registers of art, the monuments of history, and the speculations of intellectual and moral philosophy, as well as among the practical doings and obligations of man's daily life. Had we space for enlarging worthily on these particular benefits, all *derivable* from science by a religious student, we know not that we should succeed according to our wishes in attracting either the scientific towards the gospel, or the believers of the gospel towards science. We hope that in thus enunciating them with but scanty illustration, we do enough to intimate *that* which is our main purpose in these observations, *the natural harmony of all the sciences with the purest spiritual religion.*

The truths which, we think, are taken for granted in revelation, are those of every kind which have been reached, or are attainable, by the human mind, without the ministration of divinely inspired teachers. Not only does the Bible not teach *any* science, but the *fact* that it does not is among the



strongest attestations of its divine origination and authority. Science being the reward of industrious and faithful mental labour, we might as well expect supernatural supplies of food and raiment, and medicine and useful arts, as expect a revelation of the laws of nature. Men *learn* to speak, to think, to calculate, to observe, to gather facts, to ascertain principles in relation to all that is meant by nature. The Bible refers to these facts *as they appeared* to the popular mind of the ancient Hebrews, and authoritatively asserts that God is the creator and framer of them all. It is for science, for competent men, to give the accurate knowledge of such things as they really are. Whatever is capable of mathematical demonstration, or of exact scientific reasoning, is learnt by study, and not by revelation. It is a characteristic of revelation that it leaves science to do its proper work, in the progress of the human intellect, while it teaches truths respecting God and man, and the relations of man with God, which are beyond the reach of the unaided human intellect, though in perfect harmony with the laws and attainments of that intellect in all the points in which such harmony is possible, or the human mind is capable of perceiving it. The *only* method of clearly perceiving the truths thus taken for granted, is the *scientific* method. Other truths are taken for granted which are recognised by the instincts, intuition, or common sense of mankind; truths which, when arranged in a systematic order, are assigned to the rapidly widening and beautifully illustrated department of natural theology, or the theological mode of viewing the discoveries of science.

What we have called the *realness* of the truths peculiar to revelation, is opposed to the *merely* logical forms and scholastic technicalities in which those truths have been expressed. These forms and technicalities *had* their value in a bygone age; and we are far from agreeing with those who represent them as being of *no* value now. They will probably always be the most appropriate *formulae* for presenting these truths to minds of a particular order. But we consider that the inductive habits of modern science, based as they are on the natural method of thought, and harmonizing as they do with the severest logic, familiarize the mind with the *actual things* concerning which natural philosophy is true, and which are perfectly distinct from the mind's notion concerning them—that is, the *real substances*—whether the mind forms notions concerning them or not; in this way genuine science prepares and helps the mind to contemplate God, man, redemption, the spiritual life, and the future conditions of men, as actual beings, substantive facts, and certain conditions, and *as so regarded in the revelation*, independently of abstract notions and logical definition. And we certainly regard the *impressions*

in a humble, reverential, and godly spirit: knowledge *so conditioned*, clears from the mind many an erroneous notion which is often ignorantly, and for that reason the more obstinately and dogmatically, mistaken for the truth of God's own inspiration. He must have lingered very near to the lowest range of the sciences, and can know next to nothing of what we mean by such words, who does not acknowledge that there *are* difficulties—difficulties which have been *felt* by some—albeit only *feigned* by others, less sincere, and at the same time less profound—in making out the congruity of what they *think* is the teaching of Scripture with what they *know* to be the teaching of science; and that these difficulties are most serious hindrances in the way of regarding the Scriptures with the reverence which they see to be the blessed privilege of less instructed, or more instructed, or otherwise instructed readers. If some of *our* readers should be sceptical as to the existence of such cases, we know that others of them are not; and, for ourselves, sorrowful experience has taught us, that such cases are neither few, nor despicable, nor easily to be dealt with. Now, the devoutly scientific student of the Bible has become familiar with these difficulties. He has learned to sympathize—not with rampant, and audacious, and insolent infidelity, but with the honest and heart-crushing struggles of ingenuous minds, whom God has taught the truths of nature in the only way in which He has *ever* taught them, so far as our information reaches, but who are pressed down with sore perplexities, occasioned by the contradiction of what they *know* to be true to what they have been *taught* to believe is the meaning of the book which Christians reverence as the 'word of God.'

What these difficulties are we are not now going to particularize, our object being rather to show some of the *principles of solution* by which the scientific reader, who is, at the same time, a religious man and an intelligent believer of the Bible, preserves his integrity in both these characters. Some of these principles will be recognised by the scientific and Christian reader in much that we have already said—especially in relation to the absence of all science in the Bible, and the reasons for that absence. But, in addition to these, there are principles of solution in some of the analogies so profoundly traced by Bishop Butler; in the laws of evidence; in the philosophy of probabilities; in philology; in psychology; in comparative literature; in comparative religions; in the natural limitations of the human intellect; in the *non-biblical* sources of some religious opinions; in the indisputable authority, sufficiency, and suitableness of the writings composing the Bible for all the purposes for which they were expressly intended, and *for none*

of revealed truth in its own simplicity as infinitely more valuable than the formal exposition of *that same truth* according to the method of the schools. No logic *ever* proved *any* matter of fact; that, as is well known, is not its province; all its facts are assumed. It *reasons from* them. In proportion, then, to our *certainty* of the facts, *before* we begin to reason from them as premises, is the validity, the value of the conclusion to which logic inevitably conducts by the irresistible laws of human intellection. This, then, is one of the services which science renders to the devout man: it assures him, by appropriate evidence, of every one of the facts—substantial truths—on which the reasonings and conclusions of theology, however expressed, are built.

Every educated man is well acquainted with the power of foregone conclusions in matters of science to *give* a meaning to innumerable passages of Scripture; and the wisest, humblest, holiest men, are they who devoutly seek to draw their knowledge of Biblical affairs as much as possible from the Bible *alone*. We need not here waste words to show how men of all opposing parties accuse each other, more or less justly, of such perverting prejudices in their conflicting interpretations of Holy Scripture, and in their mode of dealing with the Scriptures as an authority in theological truth. We are not forgetting that the only remedy for one cause or *class of causes* of this perversion lies far away from the methods and habits of science, in the spiritual power by which the evil tendencies of our disordered moral nature are corrected, and of which we cannot think otherwise than with reverent awe and suppliant hope. But we do not expect the *educational* causes of mental perversion in the explanation of words of Scripture to be removed in any other way than that of *educational* training to the right understanding, as of words in general, so of the words which God has used, through his inspired servants, in unfolding to us the divine mysteries. The exactitude of science puts us in possession of the true meaning of all words relating to things within the reach of science. When we are told that God made the heavens, science shows *what* those heavens are which He has made. So of the earth, so of man, so of all *things* of which words are intended to suggest the ideas. The devoutly scientific mind bows to the authority of Scripture as it bows to the authority of nature, within the spheres appropriate to each; and the reverence, in both cases alike, is the child of knowledge, not of ignorance. However proud a man may be of *his* knowledge, 'the knowledge that puffeth up,' his pride is not generated by knowledge, but by ignorance and by his indevout spirit. We are *supposing* knowledge combined with devotion, and both sought and used

in a humble, reverential, and godly spirit: knowledge *so conditioned*, clears from the mind many an erroneous notion which is often ignorantly, and for that reason the more obstinately and dogmatically, mistaken for the truth of God's own inspiration. He must have lingered very near to the lowest range of the sciences, and can know next to nothing of what we mean by such words, who does not acknowledge that there *are* difficulties—difficulties which have been *felt* by some—albeit only *feigned* by others, less sincere, and at the same time less profound—in making out the congruity of what they *think* is the teaching of Scripture with what they *know* to be the teaching of science; and that these difficulties are most serious hindrances in the way of regarding the Scriptures with the reverence which they see to be the blessed privilege of less instructed, or more instructed, or otherwise instructed readers. If some of *our* readers should be sceptical as to the existence of such cases, we know that others of them are not; and, for ourselves, sorrowful experience has taught us, that such cases are neither few, nor despicable, nor easily to be dealt with. Now, the devoutly scientific student of the Bible has become familiar with these difficulties. He has learned to sympathize—not with rampant, and audacious, and insolent infidelity, but with the honest and heart-crushing struggles of ingenuous minds, whom God has taught the truths of nature in the only way in which He has *ever* taught them, so far as our information reaches, but who are pressed down with sore perplexities, occasioned by the contradiction of what they *know* to be true to what they have been *taught* to believe is the meaning of the book which Christians reverence as the 'word of God.'

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*other*; in the unmistakeable tokens of more than human wisdom which irradiate the Bible as a whole; in the deep harmony of its parts; in the vital sympathy of its inspired teachers with the confessions of the spirit of man, and with the majesty and full-orbed--all-sided--wisdom, purity, and lovingness of the Spirit of God; and in the calm and indestructible serenity, the more than mortal energy, the rich and living virtues through life, and still richer and more vital hopes in death, with which a faith in that book, as simple and as strong as any reliance on the reality and the known laws of nature, has sustained, ennobled, and gladdened the wisest and holiest of our race. We are well convinced that, in these *facts*, and in these sources of intelligence, the most rigidly scientific mind will not find one real contradiction to any scientific truth; and that, whatever difficulties may still hamper a man's progress towards the FAITH which we offer as the GRAND SOLUTION, if he only perseveres in the same teachable and truth-loving spirit in which he has learned so much from nature, he will see expanding before him that wide circle of thought, feeling, and action, of which nature is not the centre, but an *arc* of the circumference. Such is the point *to* which the religious, *believing* philosopher has been led by revelation, or, rather, by the Spirit who is the revealer, and *from* which he surveys all that science ever showed him, with the consciousness that he has been raised beyond her plane, and above her brightest illuminations. He neither despises science, nor abjures religion; but loves each the more because he loves the other. His science is religious, his religion is scientific; because the *man* himself knows God, believes all that God has taught him, and worships at his throne with a reverence that borders on the awe, and transcends the joy, of cherubim and seraphim.

The Bible is in the world—a thing which can no more perish than the stars, or the soul of man. How came it to be? What is its place? What are its uses? Who shall write its history—the history of the thoughts it has suggested—the power of those thoughts—the characters thus formed—the institutions thus created—the atmosphere of mind thus generated—the miseries alleviated—the crimes prevented—the virtues cherished—the consolation administered—the genius awakened—the liberties achieved—the literatures produced—the philosophies evolved—the moral dignity established—the spiritual blessedness diffused? All these facts are real. They belong to the history of our race. They are practically known, however imperfectly they may have been traced theoretically to the human thoughts which have been set in motion by the study of the Bible. Besides this position of the Bible, the

inquisitive mind desires to see what is its position, *as a book*, in relation to *other books*—whether scientific, speculative, historical, or ethical. There are many particulars on which the Bible—as containing human words addressed to human beings—ought to be compared with other verbal compositions. But there are other particulars in which no such comparison can be made, excepting with books claiming, as the Bible does, to contain a special revelation from God. In pursuing such inquiries, the devout man finds important help in the investigations of science. He has become reverently familiar with the methods of divine operation in the natural world, and he is thus prepared for a calm and intelligent contemplation of those higher discoveries which relate to the *spiritual economy* of the adorable Creator. It were presumptuous, perhaps, to hope that anything like Humboldt's 'Cosmos' will at any time be produced, showing the spiritual world *as it is*, preparing men to perceive the actual relation of the Bible to the *total sum* of man's intellectual and spiritual developments; but if ever such a work be accomplished, we rely much on the culture of scientific and religious habits as amongst the disciplines that must lead the way to its production.—Dr. Hitchcock makes no pretensions of having done a work like this. Yet he has done a good deal, and he has done it well. He has shown that science illustrates revelation; that the epoch of the earth's creation is not revealed; that death is the universal law of organic beings on this globe from the beginning; that there is not sufficient reason for believing the deluge to have been universal; that the supposition of the world being eternal is not supported by geological science; that geology displays the Divine benevolence both in the formation of soils, and in the disturbed position of the earth's crust, to which position are due our knowledge of minerals, the formation of valleys, the flow of water, the grandeur and beauty of natural scenery, the distribution of metals, the preparation of coal and other materials for the use of man long before his existence; that this Benevolence *predominates* in the present system of the world, notwithstanding the wide prevalence of sin; that this Benevolence is not unmixed, but accompanied by proofs of judicial retribution and of moral trial; that in all ages of the world's existence there has been the unfolding and gradual accomplishment of *one* plan by the operation of the same laws; that the hypothesis of La Place, Lamarck, and others—that the universe is the mere development of a natural law—is contradicted by the facts of geology, and by other facts in natural history; that geology takes away all *scientific* presumption against the biblical doctrine of Providence; that the future condition and destiny of the earth are presented in the same



light by science and by scripture; that mechanical, optical, electric, magnetic, chemical, organic, and mental reactions, harmonizing with the reactions demonstrated by geology, present a great system of *records* which connect the past with the future; that science in general, and geology in particular, has enlarged our conceptions of the plan of the Creator; and finally, that scientific truth, rightly understood, is religious truth. In the elucidation of these positions, the author has exhibited considerable acquaintance with the literature, as well as with the systems, of various sciences; and he has justified his reasonings on disputed points by citations from writers of established reputation.

We should have been glad to quote largely from the volume; but as its usefulness consists in the relation of the several parts to one another, it would not be easy by any extracts to convey an adequate notion of the author's labours. The following passage, which is equalled by many others, will justify the confidence with which we give the work our strong general recommendation, as equally valuable to the believer in nature and to the believer in the Bible:—

‘It is not strange that the religious man should sometimes find his ardour damped in the pursuit of some branches of knowledge, by the melancholy reflection, that they can be of no use beyond this world, and will exist only as objects of memory in eternity. He may have devoted many a toilsome year to the details and manipulations of the arts; and, so far as this world is concerned, his labours have been eminently salutary and interesting. But all his labours and researches can be of no avail on the other side of the grave; and he cannot but feel sad that so much study and efforts should leave results no more permanent. Or he may have given his best days to loading his memory with those tongues which the scriptures assure us shall cease; or to those details of material organization, which can have no place or antitype in the future world. Interesting, therefore, as such pursuits have been on earth, nay, indispensable as they are to the well being and progress of human society, it is melancholy to realize, that they form a part of that knowledge which will vanish away.

‘The mind delights in the prospect of again turning its attention to those branches of knowledge, which have engrossed and interested it on earth, and of doing this under circumstances far more favourable to their investigation. And such an anticipation he may reasonably indulge, who devotes himself on earth to any branch of knowledge not dependent on arrangements and organizations peculiar to this world. He may be confident that he is investigating those principles which will form a part of the science of heaven. Should he ever reach that pure world, he knows that the clogs which now weigh down his mind will drop off, and the clouds that obscure his vision will clear away, and that a brighter sun will pour its radiance upon his path. He is filling his mind with principles that are immortal. He is engaged in pursuits to which glorified and angelic minds are devoting their lofty powers. Other branches of

knowledge, highly esteemed among men, shall pass away with the destruction of this world. The baseless hypotheses of science, falsely so called, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, and the airy phantoms of a light and fictitious literature, shall all pass into the limbo of forgetfulness. But the principles of true science, constituting, as they do, the pillars of the universe, shall bear up that universe for ever. How many questions of deep interest respecting his favourite science, must the philosopher in this world leave unanswered—how many points unsettled! But when he stands upon the vantage-ground of another world, all these points shall be seen in the bright transparencies of heaven. In this world, the votaries of science may be compared with the aborigines who dwell around some one of the principal sources of the River Amazon. They have been able, perhaps, to trace one or two, or it may be a dozen, of its tributaries, from their commencement in some mountain spring, and to follow them onwards as they enlarge, by uniting, so as to bear along the frail canoes, in which, perhaps, they pass a few hundred miles towards the ocean. On the right and on the left, a multitude of other tributaries swell the stream which carries them onward, until it seems to them a mighty river. But they are ignorant of the hundred other tributaries which drain the vast eastern slope of the Andes, and sweep over the wide plains, till their united waters have formed the majestic Amazon. Of that river in its full glory, and especially of the immense ocean that lies beyond, the natives have no conception; unless, perhaps, some individual more daring than the rest, has floated onward till his astonished eye could scarcely discern the shore on either hand, and before him he saw the illimitable Atlantic, whitened by the mariner's sail and the crested waves; and he may have gone back to tell his unbelieving countrymen the marvellous story. Just so is it with men of science. They are able to trace with clearness a few rills of truth from the fountain head, and to follow them onward till they unite in a great principle, which, at first, men fancy is the chief law of the universe. But as they venture still farther onward, they find new tributary truths coming in on either side, to form a principle or law still more broad and comprehensive. Yet it is only a few gifted and adventurous minds that are able, from some advanced mountain top, to catch a glimpse of the entire stream of truth, formed by the harmonious union of all principles, and flowing on majestically into the boundless ocean of all knowledge—the Infinite Mind. But when the Christian philosopher shall be permitted to resume the study of science in a future world, with powers of investigation enlarged and clarified, and all obstacles removed, he will be able to trace onward the various ramifications of truth, till they unite into higher and higher principles, and become one in that centre of centres—the Divine Mind. That is the Ocean from which all truth originally sprang, and to which it ultimately returns. To trace out the shores of that shoreless Sea, to measure its measureless extent, and to fathom its unfathomable depths, will be the noble and the joyous work of eternal ages. And yet eternal ages may pass by, and see the work only begun.'—pp. 465-468.

**ART. VIII.**—*History of the Whig Ministry of 1830 to the Passing of the Reform Bill.* By John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

**TWENTY** years ago, the very word Reform kindled sensations of hope and joy in the heart of every enlightened patriot. The blunt, outspoken truthfulness of the great military chieftain aroused the pride and indignation of a nation that, after all, loved freedom better than glory. Many who, in the latter years of the war, had in a great degree sympathized with a policy directed to a successful termination of the strife which had become a struggle for national existence, still disapproved of the principles on which the war had been entered on, and still more of the political territorial arrangements in Europe consequent upon the peace. England, eminently conqueror though she was, above and beyond her richly subsidized allies, too easily abandoned the oppressed peoples of the continent to the selfish and arbitrary will of their military tyrants. The doomed and incurable house of Bourbon was restored. A Holy Alliance policy was pursued by our Tory statesmen up to the time of Canning, who, to his immortal honour, was the first to abandon it upon principle. The administration of Liverpool, Eldon, Sidmouth, and Castlereagh showed that the power which, as the result of a reckless war expenditure, had accumulated in the hands of the aristocracy, was not only not to be wielded in the defence of popular liberty abroad, but was to be turned against the people at home. The infamous enactment of the corn-law, in 1815, was the return made to the nation for its lavish expenditure in support of the trembling thrones of the still unrepenting despots, who always hated liberty more than they feared Napoleon. When this untameable man escaped from his mimic sovereignty of Elba, it became more than ever clear that the French people had no real and steady love for the Bourbon. But from this fact our statesmen failed to learn any lesson of wisdom. England had ceased to fear the invasion of her own shores, for she had established herself in the dominion of the sea. It was her great captain and the desperate gallantry of his troops that had mainly overthrown the power of Napoleon, by driving his once unconquerable marshals through the plains and defiles of the Peninsula, across the Pyrenees, and by at last taking triumphant possession of the proud imperial city itself. Then, on the astounding reappearance of Buonaparte, came the last great battle of Waterloo, honourable to the British arms, but still resulting in nothing favour-

able to the liberties of Europe, that is, of the people. The imbecile Bourbons were once more re-established. The holy alliance again ruled the still bleeding and prostrate nations of the continent. Its plain object was to suppress and extinguish the incipient efforts of the people to convert the liberation of Europe from the power of the universal usurper into the means of achieving, for themselves, that fair share of political liberty which could alone render the long and hard-foughten contest a blessing and not a curse.

Now, when the people of this country began to feel, as they would be sure soon to do, the crushing weight of the money burden which the war had imposed on them and their children, they found constant aliment for their rising discontent in this state of affairs on the continent. The English statesmen in power, far from sympathizing with the innocent victims of the great European struggle, were much more inclined to imitate, so far as they could dare, the spirit and the policy of the foreign governments with whom they had become allied. It must be admitted, to the credit of the whigs, as represented by Lord Grey, Lord Holland, and the more staunch adherents of the party, that, in their still prolonged exclusion from office, by the discussions they raised in parliament, they kept alive among the English people the recollection and the love of those great principles of constitutional liberty, which, ever since the Revolution of 1688, had mainly distinguished the whigs from the tories. They denied the principles of legitimacy as construed and enforced by the continental powers, and as they had so recently been practically affirmed by our own statesmen, in the repeated restorations of the Bourbons. They denounced, in words of indignant eloquence, thundering from the lips of Brougham, the cavalierly style of treatment adopted by the powers of the Holy Alliance towards the people, in distributing them, without reference to their will or attachments, among the governments of the self-elected arbiters of Europe. The enlightened opinions and generous feelings expressed by the liberal opposition in parliament operated beneficially, in France and elsewhere, and kept alive on the continent, however flickeringly, the vestal flame of liberty. In England, the effect of the principles announced and advocated by the liberal party in parliament was, to indoctrinate the rising generation in the political creed of our freedom-loving ancestors, neglected and almost forgotten as it had been in the din and turmoil of a thirty years' war, under the guidance of a tory aristocracy. At length, the pressure of taxation, high prices of food, and consequent distress, produced, as was to be expected, first, discontent and agitation, and then outbreak.

But the whigs traced all this to its appropriate and natural causes; and they refused,—so far as they could do by a most determined opposition,—to sanction the ominous repressive policy of the celebrated, or, rather, notorious ‘six Acts.’

It was natural that those classes of the people who suffered most should be the first to seek for and demand some specific remedy for their grievances. This was a full and free representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament, or, in one word, Reform. And, as was to be expected, they at first advocated and demanded those particular measures which, by their amplitude and comprehensiveness, seemed to promise the most effective redress of their social sufferings and political wrongs. Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Hunt frightened the too fastidious whigs, who would have done well if they had taken the question out of such hands, especially considering that, in his youth, Lord Grey had proposed and advocated, on principle, a scheme of wide and substantial reform. Though it may be true that the petty, bit-by-bit plans suggested or introduced, at different times, by Lord John Russell, indicated a want of statesmanlike boldness on the part of the whigs, yet we cannot bring ourselves to believe, with Mr. Roebuck, that when at last they proposed a comparatively bold and effective scheme, they were influenced alone, or even principally, by selfish party views and objects. A candid review of their general course, since the war, as an opposition, leads to the inference that in introducing the Reform Bill they were, in the main, actuated by liberal and patriotic motives. That they preserved, in a comparatively compact condition, their influence as a party by continuing to advocate, though without introducing adequate measures for carrying them into legislative effect, certain general liberal principles denied by their opponents, must be admitted. But if the combination and tactics of a party be at all necessary to carry, practically, great measures of political improvement, we see not why public men may not receive credit for wishing to strengthen their party in order that they may thereby be enabled ultimately to give effect to their principles. We cannot but think that this remark may fairly be applied with reference to such men as Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Althorp, and Lord John Russell.

The unspeakably valuable measures passed by the reform parliament, under the administrations of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, ought fairly to be adduced in evidence that the whigs, when they really had power, made good and patriotic use of their large majorities. The Poor Law Amendment Act, with all its positive faults and comparative defects, no doubt arrested many of the evils of a growingly corrupt and

moralizing system, which was eating into the very vitals of the dy politic. The commerce of our magnificent Indian empire is boldly rescued from the monopolizing grasp of a company Leadenhall-street merchants, and was thrown open to the competition and enterprise of our entire shipping and mercantile interest. Best of all, the dark, overhanging curse of our sin slavery was removed. It was the immortal honour of the Reform Parliament to abolish, throughout the colonial dominions of Great Britain, all property and absolute dominion of man in or over his fellow man. This, too, was not done without a splendid pecuniary example of legislative good faith, between the state and its too long encouraged colonial *paripetes criminis*. And then came that invaluable measure of municipal reform, which superseded, as the governing power in our growingly wealthy and intelligent provincial towns and cities, a corrupt system of self-elected corporators, by popularly elected assemblies, voting and applying their own local legislation for the mutual benefit of all the residents and ratepayers. Now we cannot but feel, in connexion with other reasons which we have already referred to, that the statesmen who devised and carried these great and patriotic measures, as the first fruits of the Reform Act, are entitled to a presumption of their favour against the unworthy supposition that, when they at last introduced a comparatively effective measure of reform, they did so, mainly in order to secure the permanent predominance of their own political party. Indeed, the reacting effect of the truly patriotic policy evinced in the measures which we have alluded to was such, that it proved that the old reiterate party of obstruction still possessed vitality enough to recover itself in its almost pristine strength, and to revenge on the whigs the unpardonable crime of reform. That astute, not to say Machiavellian, statesman, Sir Robert Peel, found out that the whigs, almost as much as the tories, had miscalculated the real nature and extent of the practical operation of the Reform Act. Although it may not have been true that the whigs had merely party objects in view in their great measure of reform, yet they did, undoubtedly, so construct their schemes, that the government of the country should be, not thoroughly and predominantly popular, but on the contrary, aristocratic. Lord John Russell, in his unwise and overweening letter to his constituency of Stroud, said, that in his opinion, it is desirable that the landed interest should have a predominant political influence. And, although he did not, in so many words, say that the Reform Bill was constructed for the express purpose of producing, directly, an effect in accordance with that sentiment, yet it would not be uncandid to infer that its authors



would, according to the laws of nature, 'produce seed after their own kind.' We are quite aware that, in the first Reform Bill there was not the £50 tenancy clause, nor that one which preserved what was absurdly called the 'rights' of the 'freemen.' Let the whigs have the credit of these omissions. But the divisions of the counties, and other parts of the original scheme were calculated, if not intended, not only to prevent any possibly undue popular electoral power, but to maintain a landed interest political predominance. When, therefore, the 'Chandos,' and the 'freemen' clauses came to be incorporated in the Bill, what with the original sly whig contrivances for a landed interest predominance, and the still more cunning tory superinductions, with the same, but a still more developed purpose, it became after all a characteristically aristocratic, instead of a really popular measure. The impulse of the reform *feeling* gave, for some years, large and useful majorities to the whigs, of which, as we have said, to their credit, they, for the time, took good advantage; but it is now quite clear that the *vis vivida* of the reform *principle* had been extracted from the Bill, or at least neutralized, by the conjuration tactics of its tory opponents. The whigs, ere long, found that their game, however they may have supposed it to be for the benefit of the country, was spoilt. Sir Robert, by making good use of the operose scheme of registration, check-mated, at last, the overweening reformers.

Now comes the almost irretrievable failure of the whigs in their duty alike to themselves and the country. Instead of saying, as they might well have done, that the only correct test of the degree of finality, in regard to electoral reform, which might fairly be expected of them as a party, was the *ascertained result* of the operation of the Act, *considered with reference to the objects which they professed to accomplish by it*, they yielded to the insidious doctrine that the measure ought to be taken, at any rate so far as they as a party were concerned, as a formal settlement of the question, 'for better or worse.' It seemed to be a sort of logical corollary, as it was, in fact, a practical consequence of this view of the matter, that the new problem of the whig party should be, how to shape the policy of the Government so as to enable *them* to retain power, *notwithstanding* the now ascertained comparative ineffectiveness of the Reform Act. They turned out Sir Robert, when he came in, for a short time in 1834-5, by a motion asserting the well-known principle of what was called the Irish Church Appropriation Clause; but on their return to power, they soon abandoned any practical policy intended to enforce that temporarily convenient principle. They pursued, however, speaking generally, a liberal policy, foreign and domestic, as contrasted with one that would

have been characteristically tory. But they began to be very moody and crusty towards their old friends, who had fought so gallantly the battle of reform, and who carried it at last with a high hand, spite of trembling king and recalcitrant peers. They tried, to their credit, to carry, in 1837, a measure for the abolition of church-rates, which was founded on the only principle on which that much-vexed question can ever be satisfactorily and finally settled; but because they could not secure so large a majority as they wished, they got out of temper with the much-injured dissenters, though the latter did not ask nor expect them to persevere, at that time, in the particular measure which they had not then sufficient power to carry. Instead of making the reassured boldness of the great class party of the church an argument for strenuous perseverance in a policy of brave resistance against their inveterate and relentless political foes, they bitterly reproached the victims of wrong with their innocent weakness; and, afterwards, they not only never attempted the abolition of church-rates themselves, but even opposed, and by the silliest of speeches, several of the motions on the subject introduced by others.

When, in 1841, Sir Robert Peel stormed the whig citadel, by a combination of the great interested classes of agricultural, commercial, and colonial monopoly, the once puissant whigs, after an unsuccessful dissolution, and a somewhat spirited demonstration to the new parliament, sunk into almost helpless apathy, not to say inanity. They made feeble fight as an opposition. It is true that Sir Robert Peel, by his subsequent masterly commercial and financial statesmanship—treacherous as, in some sense, it seemed to be, as regards his *quondam* friends of the root and branch protectionist party—compelled the assistance of the whigs; though, to do them justice, it must be admitted that he was, in effect, adopting the *principle* of the very fiscal and commercial policy on account of which they had been ejected by manœuvres conducted under his own leadership. But why did they not make the most of this palpable truth, not only as an argument in their own favour as a party, but as a justification for their not abstaining, on other matters, from the usual conduct of a parliamentary opposition? They seemed to think, on the contrary,—if we except, perhaps, the opposition which, though late, they gave to Sir James Graham's insidious Education Bill—that so long as there was any measure proposed by their opponents, *under the name and with the pretence or appearance of liberality*, they could not be too obsequiously yielding and acquiescent. Why, for instance, did they fall so heedlessly into the Maynooth endowment trap? The political party that

had always, upon principle, contended for the civil equality of the Roman Catholics could not have been misunderstood, if they had drawn the obvious distinction between a measure founded on that intelligible and unassailable principle, and a most unconstitutional measure of a permanent religious endowment out of the Consolidated Fund. By supporting this insidious scheme, they were overlooking, nay, expressly violating, the good old parliamentary practice of submitting, in the way of annual grants, payments out of this fund, to the periodical discussion and supervision of the representatives of the people in the Commons' House of Parliament. In this they were recreant whigs, unworthy of their pretended descent from the best men of the best times of our constitution. But so delighted were they to follow a bad tory example, coming, as it did, in pseudo-liberal guise, that, instead of feeling ashamed of their own apostasy, they actually treated those more consistent liberals who opposed this flagrantly unconstitutional measure as if they were in the same category of bigotry and intolerance with those who had all along resisted the just and enlightened policy of Catholic emancipation. They joined Sir Robert Peel in his disregard of the very numerous petitions against this politically jesuitical and unprincipled measure, though large numbers of those petitions were founded on the most soundly liberal and enlightened principles as regards religious liberty. Mr. Macaulay, for want of argument against this class of petitions, found it convenient to excite the sorry cheers of the House against what he, with exquisite taste and eloquence, chose to call the bray of Exeter Hall. The more correct taste of the Modern Athens became offended; and he was soon taught, on the hustings of that distinguished city, the meaning of the brave old Scottish motto—*Nemo me impunè lacescit*. If the whigs felt that they could not, by opposing the Maynooth endowment, afford even to seem to be illiberal to so oppressed a party as the Roman Catholics of Ireland, why did they not eagerly seize the opportunity so favourably afforded to them, of substituting for the money-bribery scheme of the great minister of expediency, some plan founded on their own once pet principle of applying a surplus of church property in Ireland, as *state property*, to some general purpose for the benefit of the people, as distinct from the mere priesthood, of that unfortunate country? O'Connell could not, on principle, have opposed so consistent and statesman-like a scheme, nor have resisted effectually the force of the constitutional objections which might well have been urged by a truly liberal party against such a measure as the permanent endowment of Maynooth. We believe the whigs, by supporting, under the notion, if not the pretext, of liberality, some of the worst parts of Sir Robert Peel's policy, gradually

alienated themselves from a very large portion of the most intelligent and soundly liberal of their ardent supporters in the name of reform.

We commenced by saying, in effect, that twenty years ago, the very word 'Reform' touched a chord of popular enthusiasm. It has now almost lost its magic. After what we have said, can this be matter of surprise? But the blame must be fairly distributed. It should not be exclusively cast on the whigs as a party, but should be, in great measure, attributed to the conduct and bearing of the swarming progeny of whiggism throughout the country. Much increased temporary power and influence was, by the Reform Act, conferred on the middle classes. A large share of delegated government patronage was bestowed on the provincial notabilities. A *bourgeoisie* aristocracy—fairly so to be considered, in relation to the classes still excluded from parliamentary electoral power—has enjoyed a sort of golden *inter-regnum* for some twenty years. The more respectable merchants and tradesmen of the municipalities were entrusted with the honours of magistracy, and, generally speaking, so far as the discharge of official duty was concerned, they justified the confidence which was reposed in them. Yet, as a class, we fear, they too soon 'forgot the rock from whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit from whence they were digged.' They had, as we have said, much influence in directing the local patronage of the government, and of course it did not become such as they to be over-jealous of the wise men now in power. For their parts, they had no idea of joining with the modern 'impracticables,' as they were petulantly styled. Thus, when the more personally disinterested and thorough lovers of popular liberty and social progress—who had always wished for reform mainly for what they hoped it might accomplish in favour of the great general principles of civil and religious freedom—urged upon the government measures of practical importance, such as the reform of the church, the abolition of church-rates and of the ecclesiastical courts, an extension of the suffrage and amendment of the Reform Act, they met with little generous support from this new and second class aristocracy. The whig party aloft, of course, felt mightily flattered by so sensible a course on the part of the more rational and *respectable* of the still so-called liberals. A provokingly-upstart officialism 'pooh-poohed' all ideas of further movement. Our young whiglings had high notions about the implied honour between the two great parties; and the Russell doctrine of finality was proclaimed, with simpering delight, by the guides of political fashion at Brookes's; and even the more genteel and lack-a-daisical of

the loungers at the '*Reform Club*' began to blush at its somewhat vulgar name.

In the meantime—as reform was thus losing its fascination as a popular idea—a new school of politicians was created by the strong good sense of the manufacturing classes. A Reform Act which was evidently constructed so as to preserve aristocratic and landed political predominance was not likely, of itself, that is, by its own natural operation as an electoral machinery, to send to parliament a corn-law abolishing set of legislators. A seven years' extra-parliamentary agitation was necessary to enable the people to conquer in a matter of life-and-death importance. The whigs, as a party, disliked the League almost as much as the tories. They had, in their financial scheme, in 1841, proposed an eight shilling duty on the importation of wheat, and smaller amounts on other corn. This was, by some, supposed to be 'a step in the right direction.' This is a very ambiguous phrase in our modern political phraseology. We fully agree that you may, for the sake of expediency, adopt at a particular time, and under peculiar circumstances, a measure the details of which may not at once carry into full or adequate effect the principle on which it is professed to be founded. But then to render such a measure even an 'expedient' one, or to justify its being characterized as 'a step in the right direction,' it must *really* be founded upon and be consistent with right principle. A fixed duty was only another legislative recognition and adoption of the wrong principle of protection. The whigs thus just did enough to provoke the agriculturists, because, while seeming to admit the justness of the protectionist principle, they stopped short of giving such an amount of protection as was deemed necessary; and they still more provoked the straight-forward leaguers, who justly feared, that if once a fixed duty, on protectionist principles, were carried, it might postpone, at least for many years, the full triumph of free-trade. The power of the league consisted in their determination to bring the ennobled and wide-acred bread-taxers of both the aristocratic parties upon their knees before the people, in penitential acknowledgment of their great, if not wilful, political error. Sir Robert Peel—perhaps sooner even than Lord John Russell—saw that this must be their ultimate and speedy fate. But the more astute of these two ill-matched rivals pleased the free traders more, by saying—even while in his awkward position of a reluctant protectionist—that he disapproved of a fixed duty, than the whigs did by their unwise dalliance with the wrong principle, which their proposition of such a fixed duty necessarily implied. Indeed it is more correct to say, that the latter did not please them at all.

Lord John and the whigs were wise and valiant when, at least for them as a party, it was too late. In his celebrated missive of November, 1845, he sent out a spirited challenge to do battle for free-trade, if Peel would not. The latter, feeling, on the whole, that, whatever were now his individual opinions on the subject, he had at least been supported by protectionists at the election which gave him power, retired to allow the whigs, if they could, achieve the great and patriotic undertaking of a repeal of the corn-laws. But when they were thus fairly put to the test, from some unfortunate cause or other yet to be explained, they were not sufficiently united to enable them to do so great a deed of patriotism and wisdom and to acquire so just a title to future political fame and glory. With sheepishness, rather than modesty, they had to surrender up all this to the great commoner. This very much and very justly annoyed the old and disinterested friends of the whigs among the people; for it is a great mistake to suppose that the people have not strong party tastes and predilections. But they like bold, chivalrous, and successful leaders; and they felt deeply mortified and humiliated that such a measure as the repeal of the corn-laws should be carried—as catholic emancipation had been before—by the once zealous friends, if not the originators, of the very system which they were now to be the honoured and popular instruments of destroying.

Shortly after, however, this great deed had been accomplished, the whigs—by the aid of Lord George Bentinck's insatiable revenge—turned out Sir Robert Peel on a somewhat too stringent clause in an Irish Coercion Bill. We do not mean to say that they were not justified in this by the understood rules of honourable political warfare: but such is the history of the day. Afterwards, the whigs conducted the general administration of the country, upon the whole with praiseworthy ability, taking into candid consideration the circumstances of extraordinary difficulty in which they were placed by the famine in Ireland, the convulsions on the continent, and later still, the impudent papal aggression. They are entitled also to praise for their last successful struggle with the monopolists on the repeal of the navigation laws. But, notwithstanding all this, they had lost their popularity with the nation. It waned away, getting every day 'small by degrees and beautifully less', until—only the other week—they capitulated to a majority of nine, the perhaps almost accidental result of a motion made by a great statesman whom they had ejected from their councils.

Sir Robert Peel, in his celebrated Tamworth manifesto,



makes use of the very significant phrase,—“the spirit of the Reform Bill.” Considering the present political circumstances of the country, we have thought it desirable to give the above rapid—but we hope not altogether imperfect or unprofitable—sketch of what we will call the rise, progress, and temporary decay of the ‘spirit of the Reform Bill.’ We have thus been led to extend our commentaries upon some matters which, though connected and congenital with those adverted to by Mr. Roebuck, refer to a period beyond that which he treats of in this able historical production.

The appearance of the work is very opportune. Mr. Roebuck, in his preface, states, with much force and in a style of graceful diffidence, the peculiarities of his position, as the historian of scenes and events the agents in which are still living. With a full impression of the difficulties which beset his path, he appears to us to have succeeded in producing, on a subject of unusual interest and excitement, a narrative which in the main is candid, dispassionate, and impartial. The style, though not ornate, nor, generally speaking, vivacious, is beautifully clear and perspicuous. At times, especially in several of his sketches of political personages, our author not only evinces much knowledge of human life in estimating character, but proves himself to be, if not quite a master, a very superior artist in biographical portraiture. We would refer, in particular, to his characters of O’Connell and Peel. It is not so certain, to us, that Mr. Roebuck is quite so prejudiced an anti-whig as he is sometimes supposed to be. Yet he reminds us that it is no unusual form of idiosyncrasy which makes some men seem more candid towards their opponents than to those with whom, in a great measure, they agree. The errors and faults of Peel, for instance, though not concealed, are adverted to with what at least may be called—if the alliteration will not offend—marked political politeness; while poor Lord John Russell is subject to a minuteness, we had almost said pettiness, of hypercriticism which, in our judgment, adds nothing either to the weight or the ornament of the work.

No mere summary or abstract of the valuable narrative of the introduction and passing of the Reform Bill, contained in the second volume, would suffice adequately to inform and interest any of our readers who are not old enough to recollect the stirring scenes and incidents of that memorable passage in our recent history. His second volume, therefore, must be read entire by those who require information on the subject on which it so ably treats.

There is one portion of the work on which we have con-

siderable hesitation in forming a satisfactory opinion. We allude to the very minute narration given of the interview between Earl Grey and the Lord Chancellor and the king, when, on the defeat of the first Reform Bill, they advised him to dissolve, in person, the parliament immediately—that is, on the very day of the interview, taking place as it did within eight-and-forty hours of the hostile vote of the Commons. Mr. Roebuck speaks of the scene of this interview ‘as related by those who could alone describe it.’ He does not positively say that there were no others present with the king than the premier and the chancellor; but we must infer as much from the very nature of the occasion. If Lord Grey and the chancellor were the only persons besides the king who were present, we presume that Mr. Roebuck was quite sure that all the three, or at least two of them, had given a relation of it, as otherwise he could not have described the scene as being ‘related by those who alone could describe it.’ Without pretending to be fully versed in the laws of appropriate political courtiership, yet it seems to us that, if either of those great functionaries of state should—without the express or implied permission of the king—have been the graphic narrator of a scene which, as related, exalts them as the boldest of patriots, while the naturally anxious and agitated sovereign is made to act a most puerile, not to say contemptible figure, it is an example which—at any rate, so far as good taste is concerned—would perhaps, in future, be more honoured by avoidance than imitation. We think it at least more than possible that our unsuspecting sailor king might have considered that it was, of all others, an occasion, if not for entire political secrecy, yet for so much of kindly confidence as would protect the sanctuary of his personal dignity. On the other hand, it is not improbable that the good-humoured monarch himself, conscious that he had been rightly advised, and had only done his duty to the country, may have given, and that not confidentially, a description of the scene such as that which so graphically appears in Mr. Roebuck’s pages. But in such a case, and if Mr. Roebuck was aware of it, would it not have been satisfactory if he had so informed the public? We are satisfied that Mr. Roebuck would not publish anything which he was not, in honour, at full liberty to disclose; but we could not, with our feelings on the subject, pass it over without at least this notice.

We have said that Mr. Roebuck is, upon the whole, candid and impartial. Our readers, however, will not be surprised, though for his sake, as a rising public man, they may regret, that the exception to this remark—however unconscious Mr.

Roebuck may be of it—is to be found, throughout the work, in his observations with regard to the dissenters. In his first volume—which, speaking of it generally, is a most interesting and instructive history of the country from 1815 to the advent of the reform ministry—he has occasion to describe the circumstances connected with the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, in 1828. In alluding to the origin and history of the Test laws, he is not satisfied with expressing an opinion that the dissenters were inconsistent and impolitic in consenting, from whatever motives, to the principle of any such legislation, but any reader of the work who had no previous acquaintance with the subject would be led to suppose that they were actuated, principally, by their mere zeal as violent anti-papist religionists.

He speaks of William III. as being ‘unable to relieve the protestant dissenters from the disabilities which their own zeal and *intolerance* had created.’ That they did, in their writings and otherwise, express themselves with warmth and seriousness on the great religious differences between them and the papists, is of course admitted by us; but we think it would have been more ingenuous in Mr. Roebuck, if he had not kept so much out of sight—as he seems to us to have done—the fact that the greatest patriots and statesmen considered that there was just occasion to attribute to the royal and papist party designs utterly subversive of the civil liberties of the country. We do not say that, as a historian, he entirely ignores this well-known fact; but so far as the *dissenters* are concerned, the impression which Mr. Roebuck gives is, that they were mainly influenced by the most unreasoning religious bigotry and fanaticism. Mr. Macaulay, in his noble history—following, in this respect, our best and most constitutional writers, as Fox, Mackintosh, and Lord John Russell—not only gives the dissenters credit for a better motive than that of a blind intolerance, but honourably exalts them, as they deserved to be, as the sincere, disinterested, and ardent lovers of the liberty of their country.

Mr. Roebuck is, we think, equally mistaken when he says, in alluding to the Test Acts, ‘the grievance suffered in consequence of these acts was not certainly of great moment, being rather in the form than the substance.’ The hopelessness of success in any attempts at repeal during the war and the existence of the sort of government which the prevailing policy kept in power, no doubt induced the dissenters to remain in comparative rest on this subject, and that to an extent which might have seemed almost like acquiescence. They may have been—as we now think they were—mistaken in pursuing so

timid a policy. But it is not correct that the grievance was not a real one; for, although a few dissenters did avail themselves of the Indemnity Acts—and others, we fear, consented to the revolting practice of qualifying by taking the sacrament—yet more were excluded from corporate offices and the honours of magistracy by their unwillingness either to desecrate so sacred an ordinance, or to accept the questionable privilege of indemnity for not performing a religious ceremony which it was a degradation, even to a churchman, to submit to as a qualification for civil office. Still more in error is Mr. Roebuck, when he represents the dissenters, on their demanding the repeal of the Test Acts, as being ‘obliged,’ ‘in consistency,’ to use arguments which would necessarily also include the Roman-catholics; thus plainly implying that they were insincere in their professions of a desire that their Roman-catholic fellow-subjects should also be freed from cruel and unjust civil disabilities on account of their religion. We venture to say that this is a most unmerited charge, if it be intended to apply to the ‘dissenting body,’ as that phrase has been understood by our best historians and most intelligent politicians. The Wesleyan Methodists, we believe, never used such arguments in favour of a repeal of the Test Laws as rendered their course on Catholic emancipation inconsistent; but Mr. Roebuck must be too well-informed not to know that, in the political world, the members of that body generally have been considered rather as wild and irregular parasitics clinging, outside, to the crumbling walls of the church, than as avowed dissenters on principle, especially when the latter are, in any sense, spoken of as a political party.

Mr. Roebuck, in a note, seems to be glad to refer—as if in confirmation of the justness of the general tone of his remarks on the dissenters—to their supposed conduct in the matter of the recent papal aggression. We have not now space to refute—as might easily be done—Mr. Roebuck’s mistaken and unworthy imputations on the motives and spirit of the dissenters to whom he refers. Although we admit that the body was divided in opinion—as it was, also, in the time of James II.—yet giving, as we cheerfully do, full credit to the intelligence and integrity of those who disapproved of the principle and the policy of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, we will nevertheless venture to assert of those who took a contrary view of the subject, that the future historian will, with truth and justice, describe them as men thoroughly enlightened and sincere as friends to religious liberty, as regards even the Roman-catholics themselves, while they were far better ac-

quainted, than Mr. Roebuck and those who concurred in his view of the subject, with the real merits of the question as being one of national independence, as against an usurpatory foreign temporal power, encroaching under the poor disguise of universal spiritual dominion.

In conclusion, we commend Mr. Roebuck's history, even with all its faults, to an immediate and careful perusal, as it is pregnant with lessons of political wisdom, which, if well learnt and laid to heart, may be alike beneficial to monarch, peers, and people.

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## Brief Notices.

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*Biblical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Philippians, to Titus, and the First to Timothy; in continuation of the work of Olshausen.*  
By August Wiesinger. Translated from the German, by the Rev. John Fulton, A.M., Garvald. 8vo. Edinburgh: Clark.

OLSHAUSEN, like many a good man, died in the midst of a useful and laborious enterprise. But happily he had accomplished the more difficult parts of the literary work to which he devoted so much of his life when his Master summoned him to rest. We regret, however, that he did not live to give us a commentary on the epistle to the Hebrews,—the only book of special importance which he has left unexpounded. Of his merits as a commentator on the New Testament, we shall take a speedy opportunity of speaking more at large. Suffice it to say, in the meantime, that the characteristic value of Olshausen consists more in his genial appreciation of the spirit, than in his formal elucidation of the letter of Scripture; and that his best efforts are directed rather to certain salient points and principles on which he delights to expatiate, than to the grammatical survey and analysis of continuous words and verses. Such a plan has its serious defects; yet it is surely better far than the dead

rationalistic minuteness which so long withered and blighted German exegesis.

The four German volumes of Olshausen comprise commentaries on the Gospels, and Acts, and on the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, and Thessalonians. He also left behind him, in a state of readiness for the press, the 'Introduction to the Epistle to the Philippians,' and the laboured vindication of the pastoral epistles which appear in the volume before us. His friends Wiesinger and Ebrard have continued the labours of their master and friend. They have successfully imitated the form of his critical labours, and to a large extent they also manifest his spirit. Yet we think we miss in the continuation the delicate shading, the keen sympathy, the ripe spirituality, and the semi-mystic conceptions which give charm and character to the original commentary.

The translation, so far as we have compared it, is marked by general accuracy and care; and is to the full as readable as any of its predecessors. But we have one complaint, and we have made the same complaint before; there are numerous errors of spelling which disfigure its pages. We refer, of course, to foreign words, and expressly to the printing of the Greek. The Dundee press cannot be supposed to be very classical in its habits, but the sheets might have been better corrected. Mr. Clark should take care of it, for surely there is a press at hand in Edinburgh itself. We were annoyed with these blunders, as we happened to turn up some pages accidentally for the purpose of testing the translation. Thus we found two Greek misprints on page 12, another couple on page 120, and similar blunders on pp. 77, 263, 398, 480, 518. The only Hebrew phrases which met our eye are also misprinted, pp. 137, 296. On pages 150, 152, occur two German misspellings, and we noticed also two or three Latin ones, which we did not take time to mark. Such inaccuracies are sad blemishes in a volume of such style and pretension as one belonging to Clark's Foreign Theological Library.

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*A New Gazetteer; or, Topographical Dictionary of the British Islands and Narrow Seas; comprising Concise Descriptions of sixty thousand Places, Seats, Natural Features, and Objects of Note, founded upon the best Authorities. With a Reference under every Name to the Sheet of the Ordnance Survey, as far as completed; and an Appendix, containing a General View of the Resources of the United Kingdom; a short Chronology, and an Abstract of certain Results of the Census of 1851. By James A. Sharp. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.*

THE class to which these volumes belong constitute the most useful books of reference which a library can contain. They bring together a vast range of information scattered through many volumes, both private and public. At an immense cost of time and labor, they present the results of extensive research, within narrow limits, and at a reasonable cost. Such works are, therefore, entitled to much favor; and when prepared with becoming diligence, and with due regard to accuracy, they answer a most important end, and should secure a place on the shelves of



every intelligent man. Their value cannot well be estimated too highly; and as their qualities are the reverse of what are showy and popular, they ought to receive prompt and generous support from those who are in a condition to require their aid or to appreciate their worth. The present 'Gazetteer' is the result of five years' diligent labor, and is constructed on the simple plan 'of bringing together as many articles as possible, under distinct heads, for purposes of reference.' It contains, in one general alphabet, sixty thousand names, and furnishes respecting each a variety of information always useful and sometimes curious. By the use of 'a plain style, a simple method of abbreviation, and other arrangements, this Gazetteer will be found to comprise, in a clear and legible type, more substantial information, collected from original sources, and put into a convenient form, than the bulkiest of its class.' It includes the names of all the cities, towns, villages, &c., which appear in the census returns of 1821, 31, and 41; together with those mentioned by general writers, such as Lewis, Chambers, and Hall, as well as those in the guide-books to Derbyshire, the Lakes, and other localities. No pains have been spared to render 'The British Gazetteer' as complete and accurate as possible. Mr. Sharp has availed himself of every means of information within his reach. Nothing has been too trifling, and nothing too bulky for his scrutinizing glance. The 'Traveller's Pocket Companion,' and the 'Folio Blue-book,' have been alike consulted, and their several contributions, worked into continuous narrative, have been judiciously arranged for purposes of reference. So far as we have been able to examine the work, it appears to be distinguished by accuracy and fulness. The style in which it is written is simple and clear, and the mode of reference adopted such as may be readily understood and applied. In conclusion, we cannot do better than quote the closing words of Mr. Sharp's preface, who modestly prefers a request to which we hope many of his readers will respond. 'This Gazetteer,' he tells us, 'is not offered as an experiment merely, but rather as the first-fruits of a well-considered attempt to provide a work of reference of permanent usefulness,—superior, as I believe, to its predecessors, yet only to be perfected by frequent revisions, aided by the kindness of those who consult it, and who may be willing to communicate through the publishers whatever they notice to be defective or erroneous.'

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*A History of Magic, Witchcraft, and Animal Magnetism.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., Author of 'Iris Revelata.' In two volumes. London: Longman and Co.

THESE volumes are well worth reading, in so far as they embody a wide range of historical research in connexion with obscure yet tempting subjects. But they are more than their title page professes. They are pervaded by a theory which is curious and interesting, as explaining the attested facts which have been ascribed to jugglery, or to preternatural agencies by a natural law. Like all theorists, the author will appear to many readers to see more in certain facts than they really

contain, and on such readers he might retort by replying, that they have their theory as well as he, and that less than the truth is as imputable to them as more than the truth to him. We should be glad to see this whole class of inquiries conducted with candour and seriousness. Mr. Colquhoun appears to us to be an honest advocate for what he holds to be scientific truth, and his views and arguments are such as to claim examination. Our principal difficulty in the question relates not to the existence of a power analogous in some respects to magnetism, but to the *extent* in which it exists. We remember some years ago reading a report of a commission of scientific men on this subject in Paris. So far as we can recal it to our minds, it disposed of a large number of cases under the head of 'Trickery,' while the remainder were divided into cases of excited imagination, diseased organism, and *unaccountable* phenomena. The author of these volumes offers a solution for all the latter class of examples; and he considers animal magnetism as one of the oldest phases of human nature. While we by no means profess ourselves convinced that his theory is satisfactory, we certainly agree with those who think that it is quite as much entitled to courteous consideration as the opinions *on this subject* of those who reject it. The references made to the scriptures are, to say the least, very infelicitous, though the author takes special pains to vindicate their divine authority, and the reality of our Saviour's miracles. This mode of dealing with the demonology of the New Testament is one with which we are familiar in the departments of biblical interpretation and of theological controversy, and which, on those grounds which are held in common by Christians, our judgment decidedly rejects. *We* see no occasion for obtruding psychological opinions of this kind, and we regret their occurrence in these volumes as likely to obstruct the path of truth. We may gently intimate, moreover, that we must have a much larger body of *proof* than we find in these volumes before we can agree in the conclusion to which they lead. The limits of credulity are not very definable. Those who are nearest to the separating line are often the most dogmatic and disputatious. We observe that Mr. Colquhoun is earnestly opposed to materialism, and deeply laments the alliance of magnetism with phrenology. He is somewhat severe in the strain of his remarks on those who differ from him, and, as usual in such cases, is most sensitive when his favourite theory is impugned. We should be glad to see a truly scientific treatment of the whole question of animal magnetism, embodying all the facts, sifting all the evidence, and calmly comparing all the theories. We presume, from the very large number of works which we have ourselves read from time to time on the subject, that the materials are not wanting. Perhaps the enlightened and philosophic mind, which would use them in a strictly scientific spirit, without partiality or prejudice, has not yet arisen. There are many coming men expected. This is one of them. When he comes, his work will prove him to be the Newton of Psychology. These volumes do not come up to our wishes in this respect; but they will be read with interest by those who are in search of information, while they obviate not a few of the most general and the most ready objections to 'Animal Magnetism.'

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*The Analytical Greek Lexicon, consisting of an Alphabetical arrangement of every occurring inflexion of every word contained in the Greek New Testament Scriptures, with a Grammatical Analysis of each Word, and Lexicographical Illustrations of the Meanings. A complete series of Paradigms, with Grammatical Remarks and Explanations. London: Bagster and Sons. 1852.*

THIS admirably arranged and elegantly printed volume entitles the publishers to additional gratitude on the part of the public, who have long enjoyed manifold benefits of a similar kind in the department of Biblical learning. Together with 'the Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon,' it forms a complete *apparatus* of Biblical study. To the most accomplished Greek scholar it will be of great use, but it is designed to assist in cases where assistance is a kindly and really beneficial service,—such assistance, in fact, as is claimed by those peculiar circumstances where time and labour need to be husbanded and where ordinary advantages are wanting;—where it would not impair but cheer a true spirit of self-reliance, and call forth rather than enfeeble habits of industry and enterprise. The table of paradigms of Greek declensions and conjugations with explanatory grammatical remarks is sufficiently clear and ample for the purpose intended, and forms an admirable introduction to the Lexicon. The Lexicon itself not only exhibits the meanings of words properly classified, with the appropriate references, but, by an exact analysis of all the inflexions in which a word occurs, enables the reader, with the help of the paradigms, to translate the entire New Testament. We could not do justice to our sense of the value of this work, without characterizing it as a peculiar treasure to every reader of the New Testament in the original language. If there be anything more than another that relieves our apprehensions amid the dangerous speculations of the age, it is the hope that the sacred documents of the Christian faith will be more thoroughly understood, and that men will reverently and thoughtfully draw from these fountains the truths which God has taught for the salvation of the world. While scholarship of every kind is pressed into the service of every art and science, and the investigation of *original authorities* is practised to a larger extent than in times recently gone by, we know not of any work more noble, or more sure of the grandest results, than this able endeavour to promote an independent knowledge of those Writings which constitute the final authority on the innumerable questions that abound in the field of theological inquiry. While we are contending for the *right* of private judgment in these matters, it is more than ever incumbent on us to provide ourselves with the best means of *using* that judgment wisely and safely. In this respect, the volume which we here commend is invaluable.

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*Something New from the Story Garden* Brought by Sister, for Ida, Agnes, and Ernie. London: Groombridge and Sons.

A LITTLE book that answers well to its title, and is, moreover, admirably suited to instruct young readers. The conception is ingenious, the style lucid and sprightly, and the general tendency eminently good.

*The Two Families. An Episode in the History of Chapellton.* By the Author of 'Rose Douglas.' Two volumes, London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE readers of 'Rose Douglas' will be prepared to welcome these volumes, some of the scenes of which evince considerable skill and are full of quiet power. The tale relates to the fortune of two families which are strongly contrasted, and brings out in striking prominence the opposite principles of selfishness and generosity, the predominance of worldly passions and of religious faith and truthfulness. The early intimacy of Ben Wilson and his cousin Mary is narrated with much skill, while the widowed sorrows of the latter, her maternal tenderness and wisdom, the beauty and moral loveliness of her only child, Lily, the strong, though for a time unavowed, attachment of Ronald Maclean to the Lily of Glencarn, the thunder storm amid the mountains, the heroism of the shepherd, and his ultimate union with the object of his affections, deeply interest the reader. On such topics the author is more at home than on some others, and his success is proportionably great. He writes with ease and finds his way without effort to the heart. Everything is natural. There is no effort, no straining after effect. The picture is put before us in simple and somewhat subdued colors, but we instantly recognise the likeness. Not only is the general outline correct, but the filling up is marked by discrimination and judgment.

The case is different with other parts of the narrative, and the difference betokens the author's forte. There is a want of propriety and nature in some scenes, and an exaggeration and stiffness in others, which contrast strikingly with the better portions of the work. The conversation of Ben Wilson with his aunt on his return to Chapellton, his professed love for Mary after an absence of thirty years, the facility with which he acquiesces in the fact of her marriage, his own speedy union with Miss Merrilees, the training, marriage, and early death of his daughter, and the character and brutality of the Chamberlyns of Arden, are specimens of this class. As a whole, 'The Two Families' has considerable merit, of the quiet rather than of the exciting order. Its sentiments are eminently pure. A calm, religious spirit breathes throughout the work,—not obtrusively, not in the way of giving offence by frowning on the hilarity of life, but as an element of peace, an angel from a better world.

I.—*Hue's Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China.* A Condensed Translation, by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. Parts 14 and 15.

II.—*Memoirs of the late Thomas Holcroft, written by Himself; and continued to the time of his Death, from his Diary, Notes, and other Papers.* London: Longman and Co.

THE 'Traveller's Library' is certainly not surpassed by any of its competitors. The *Macaulay* Reprints are very deservedly popular, and must have had a large circulation, while the other works included in the series do much credit to the judgment of the selector, and have contributed both to the variety and to the worth of the collection. The same may be affirmed of the works now before us. They are totally different from each other, and some readers who are interested in the one, may possibly turn with indifference from the other. Each, however, is good of its class, and is appropriate

to the series in which it appears. 'Huc's Travels' has been somewhat reduced in order to bring it within the required dimensions, but this delicate process has been executed with judgment, those parts only having been omitted on which prior information is supposed to be possessed by the English reader. Of this nature are details respecting Buddhism, a general survey of the Tartar nation, and the author's narrative of his return journey from the capital of Thibet. The single-mindedness of M. Huc, is conspicuous throughout the work, and his credulity sometimes induces a smile; but 'the charms of his picturesque narrative of personal adventure in remote regions where scarcely a European foot has ever trod, have been already too widely appreciated to need any remark.'

'Holcroft's Memoirs,' is a work of a totally different character. It was first published in 1810, and has long been out of print. The first book is autobiographical and brings down the narrative to Holcroft's fifteenth year. Considering the circumstances under which it was written, it is a remarkable instance of the power of intellect in controlling bodily weakness and agony. The remainder of the narrative was prepared by Mr. Hazlitt, and bears the strong impress of his original and active mind. The difficulties mastered by Thomas Holcroft strikingly exemplify the power of genius to surmount formidable obstructions. 'Cradled in poverty, with no education save what he could pick up for himself, amid incessant struggles for a bare existence, by turns a pedlar, a stable boy, a shoemaker, and a strolling player—he yet contrived to surmount the most untoward circumstances, and at last took his place among the most distinguished writers of his age as a novelist, a dramatist, and a translator.' Each of the works consists of two parts, at one shilling a part, or may be had in neat binding at two shillings and sixpence a volume.

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*Classical Selections from British Prose Writers; chiefly illustrative of the principles of Intellectual, Civil, and Religious Liberty; of Peace, Philanthropy, and Social Advancement.* London: Albert Cockshaw.

WE cannot speak too highly of this volume. It is the best of its class which has ever fallen into our hands, and realizes more fully than any other, our notion of what such a publication should be. The literary selections found in our schools exhibit, as the editor remarks, 'some cardinal faults and important deficiencies,' and have been found in many cases to pervert the sentiments and mislead the judgments of their youthful readers. We have long felt this evil and desired to see it corrected, and are now glad to introduce a volume which goes far to compass such an end. To poison the fountain, and then to expect pure water to issue thence, would be as reasonable as the course hitherto pursued in the training of youth. The literature specially prepared for them has been meagre and noxious—very inferior, even in a literary point of view, and open to yet graver exceptions on the ground of crudeness, inaccuracy of views, and most untruthful and deleterious sentiments. The small volume before us aims to produce an entirely opposite effect. 'Its design is to bring before the minds of the young the highest literature of our country engaged in the cause of truth and reason, of virtue, philanthropy and religion. It has been compiled with the hope of attaching them to those principles, which every good and wise parent would desire that his

children should imbibe; and, at the same time, of making them acquainted with those writers, whose works may constitute the staple intellectual and moral aliment of their future life.' This noble end has been worthily pursued, and the result is a collection of passages which stands unrivalled in our language; which the aged may peruse with advantage, and from which the young cannot fail to derive both improvement and pleasure. The editor had gleaned from a vast field, and with few exceptions has exercised sound discretion. He has wisely disregarded all party and sectional divisions, as will be apparent from his having selected, amongst others, from the writings of Robert Hall, Chalmers, John Foster, Curran, Macaulay, Brougham, Milton, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, South, Burke, Hallam, Fox, Mackintosh, Addison, Johnson, Southey, Dugald Stewart, and Paley. We cannot too strongly recommend the volume to parents and teachers. It sets all comparison with similar publications at defiance, and will be found an invaluable auxiliary in the wise and virtuous training of the youthful mind.

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*The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Poets, Philosophers, Statesmen, Divines, &c. &c. With Biographies. Originally Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Parts I. II. and III. London: W. S. Orr and Co.*

MANY of our readers will remember the first issue of these portraits. They were welcomed by a large class, and contributed greatly to form and improve in the public a taste for the fine arts. The cost at which they were produced was much below the ordinary charge, while their execution sustained honorable comparison with the most finished engravings. The property of the work having now passed into other hands, it has been resolved to commence a new issue, at a reduced price, and we take an early opportunity of apprising our readers of the fact. The steel engravings, on which no expense was originally spared, 'are found capable of giving off a much larger number of impressions than has yet been contemplated,' while the literary portion of the undertaking requires but very slight revision. The biographies are to be arranged chronologically; seven portraits are to be included in each monthly part, of which there are to be twenty-four. The work is published at half-a-crown a part, and the whole, therefore, may be obtained for three pounds, while the original cost was seven guineas.

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*The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe; constituting a Complete History of the Literature of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Ireland, with copious specimens of the most celebrated Histories, Romances, Popular Legends and Tales, Old Chivalrous Ballads, Tragic and Comic Dramas, National and Favourite Songs, Novels and Scenes from the Life of the Present Day. By William and Mary Howitt. In two volumes. London: Colburn and Co. 1852.*

WE now give a brief but cordial welcome to these delightful specimens of Northern Literature, intending, at the earliest opportunity, to enter fully into their various merits. We have long wished for a work of this description, and the slight reading of it for which time has been allowed, promises a rich intellectual repast.

N. S.—VOL. III.

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## Review of the Month.

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THE EYE OF THE NATION HAS BEEN FIXED, DURING THE PAST MONTH, ON THE DERBY ADMINISTRATION.—Neither respect nor attachment has had to do with this. The *personnel* of the government is regarded with amazement and something like contempt, while the policy to which its members are shut up, is viewed with the strongest reprobation, and has given rise to precautionary measures that betoken the worth of the boon possessed, and the fierce struggle by which alone it can be wrested from the people. Thoughtful men of all parties have felt that a crisis has arisen. It has long been foreseen, but its occurrence was not anticipated just yet. The feebleness of the whig ministry, the growing narrowness of its basis, its manifest disinclination to incorporate elements of a broader and more popular caste, its reliance on conservative support as a bulwark against the reform tendencies of the more liberal section of its own supporters, together with its obvious mistrust of the people, and its ill-concealed sympathy with the earlier movements of the French president, gave unmistakeable warning of the change which impended, while the increasing boldness of the 'country party' betokened their readiness to take the posts which were declined last year. The more timid of all parties would gladly have postponed the crisis, but the bold, the sanguine, and the ambitious, were concerned to precipitate measures in order to possess themselves of the treasury benches. They have succeeded for a moment, and the first effect of their triumph has been to break up the quietude of the public mind, and to induce one universal feeling of solicitude and indignation. No such emotion would have followed the mere exclusion of the whigs. If Lord John and his associates imagine otherwise, they are grossly mistaken. Right or wrong, wise or foolish, the people have long been wearied of the Russell Cabinet; nor is it difficult to account for their being so. Had its overthrow, therefore, been followed by a government from which reasonable expectations of reform could have been entertained, the nation would have acquiesced in the change. Nay, so completely was its patience worn out, so frequently had its hopes been disappointed, that the public would cheerfully have foregone some advantages in order to possess an administration in whose strength of purpose, and honest sympathy with the popular mind, reliance could be placed. Ministerial power, however, has changed hands. The whigs have quitted Downing Street, and that section of tories which represents, in the most unmitigated form, the creed of a bygone day, has taken their place. On this state of things we have much to remark, which in fitting time and place we shall offer. At present we have space to notice one point only, prior to our attempting the narrative proper to this place. We know not that we can do this better than in the language of Mr. Osborne on the 19th instant, and we should be glad to see the open, honest speaking of the member for Middlesex more generally adopted in our parliamentary discussions. It

would seem, from the practice of honorable members, that there is something in the air of St. Stephens which indisposes to the use of plain good English.

'He was one of those,' said Mr. Osborne, 'who dissented from the course recently taken by the noble lord (Russell) when he threw up the government of the country; and he dissented also from the course which he had afterwards taken, for he thought it unbecoming in him to put the name of Lord Derby before the Queen when there were so many noble lords in another place, and so many gentlemen in that house, who could have obtained the support of the liberal party, both there and throughout the country. He therefore dissented from the noble lord's policy, in placing the powerful but dangerous party opposite on the benches which they now occupied. The day had gone by when this country was to be divided into two parties—either the gentlemen on those benches or the gentlemen on these. He thought there was a third party, not composed of the ultras on either side of the House, and that, in order to preserve free trade and carry reform, a party could have been found that would have received the respect and confidence of the country.' There is much more in this than strikes the thoughtless ear. The language involves a most important principle, which ought to be cherished by the people, and applied as a touchstone to liberal statesmen. We have been accustomed so long to have the offices of state handed backward and forward by whig and tory politicians, that we are scarcely sensible of the wrong thus done the country. Yet what can be more obvious than that such a system, however accordant with party tactics, tends to deprive the nation of the services of many who are well qualified for office, or that it involves gross inconsistencies on the part of those who administer it. No ingenuity can reconcile us to the monstrous incongruity of Lord John naming Lord Derby as his successor, and immediately taking measures, the obvious tendency of which is to compel his retirement from the post for which he has been named.

But we have now to do with facts, and to the detail of these our attention must be restricted. Lord Derby has succeeded in forming a cabinet, and has proffered what he deemed needful in the way of explanation.\* His statement was as vague and unsatisfactory as it could well be. One thing only is clear. His lordship has constructed a re-actionary cabinet,

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\* Amongst the pleas advanced on behalf of the existing ministry, it is urged that they have been called unexpectedly to office, and should, therefore, be allowed time to mature their measures. This plea is simply untrue, and was completely demolished by Lord John on the 19th instant:—

'It was the greatest surprise to me,' said his lordship, 'to hear them declare that they had been called upon unexpectedly to fill the offices that we had abandoned—that they had taken no part in the destruction of the ministry—and that nothing but the pain of seeing the sovereign left without a government had induced them to accept office. Sir, I must say that this pretence is a false one. Last year they brought forward in this house several motions which, if successful, must have put an end to the government. I do not say that they were not motions which they were justified in bringing forward, but I only say that such a course was totally inconsistent with the pretexts that are now put forward. At the end of the last session the chancellor of

and relies for support on the unadulterated toryism which was supposed to be matter of history. He does not, indeed, adopt the phraseology of Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and Eldon. He is too acute and far-seeing for this. He knows enough of the public mind to be assured that the day for such contemptuous disregard of the people is past, but his creed is essentially the same. It is toryism still, though toryism furbished up to meet the new order of things, and to delude, if possible, the advanced intelligence and growing power of the people. On the matter of protection no definite statement was made. Never was oracle more vague in its response. His lordship's opinions are unchanged. They are still what they have ever been. But he does not purpose, in the face of an admitted majority in the Commons, to propose an immediate alteration in our commercial policy. A general election will speedily occur, and for this he will wait, asking in the meantime for the forbearance of the legislature in order that he may carry such measures as he deems expedient. Such was, in substance, his lordship's statement. He could scarcely have expected an affirmative reply to his appeal. Had his views and those of his party respected matters of little moment, a trial might have been conceded; but on a question of paramount importance, it was mere trifling to ask, as it would have been unfaithful in the last degree to grant it. His lordship and the party he leads are well known. They are deeply pledged to the restoration of protection. For years they have been declaiming against the Act of 1846, and in no measured language have denounced the statesman who was bold enough, and honest enough, to repeal the tax which landlords had imposed, for their own special benefit, on the bread of the people. To give to such a cabinet what is delusively termed 'a fair trial,' would be to allow them an opportunity of strengthening their position in order to their unpatriotic and selfish policy being ultimately carried. They have seized the citadel. Shall they be allowed—that is the real question—to turn its artillery against a cause which is identified with the comfort and good of the people? We cannot understand the 'Times' on any principle honorable to its conductors. Either Lord Derby and his cabinet are bent on taxing our bread, or the history of party—dark as are some of its pages—has no record equal to their duplicity and recklessness of principle. A greater insult cannot, in our judgment, be offered to a party than is couched in the able but most sophistical 'leaders' of the 'Times.'

It was not to be expected that the treacherous counsel of this journal would be followed by any honest and far-seeing statesman, and we

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the Duchy of Lancaster (Mr. Christopher) attended a protectionist meeting at Edinburgh, at which he said, that although Lord Derby had declined office, yet that he was then perfectly ready, and that if any offer were made to him to form an administration, he was ready to accept it. At the commencement of the present session the first thing I heard was, that their list was ready, that the new ministry were prepared to take office, and one nomination I heard of was, that the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Walpole) was ready to quit the Chancery bar, of which he was an ornament, and accept the office of secretary of state for the home department. That was in the very first days of February, and yet at the end of February these gentlemen are quite surprised and astonished that they found themselves in office!

were not, therefore, surprised to find that the honorable member for Wolverhampton, whose name is identified with the parliamentary struggles of 'free trade,' gave early notice of his intention to submit a resolution to the House, which should distinctly indicate its policy on this question. The notice was well timed and most serviceable. It reassured the friends of free trade, by apprizing them of the vigilance of their parliamentary representatives. A somewhat different course has subsequently been resolved on, but this does not diminish our gratitude to Mr. Villiers, nor involve in any doubt the value of the service he rendered. At the time he gave the notice, and under the circumstances then existing, his act was immensely important. Such a step was needed to prepare the country for the contest which impended. Tens of thousands were ready for action, but they waited to see whether their leaders were alive to the crisis, and were ready again to undertake the conduct of the struggle. Mr. Villiers' notice was a spark on a well-prepared train, and we have now no fear. Come when it may, the contest will issue in the certain, and we hope final, defeat of the advocates of a tax on bread, whether for the purpose of protection, or—to use the delusive language of the day—for that of revenue.

On the 11th, 188 members of the Lower House assembled at Lord Russell's residence, in Chesham-place, to determine on the course to be pursued. His lordship spoke with more decision than has been usual with him for some time past. Opposition has already braced his nerves, and induced a measure of zeal on behalf of the popular cause which has been sadly wanting during his ministerial career. Having failed to obtain satisfactory information from the chancellor of the exchequer, Lord John consulted with Sir James Graham and Mr. Cobden, and as the result recommended 'that Mr. Villiers should not bring on his motion of which he had given notice, that no abstract resolution on the subject of free-trade should be proposed, but that their proceedings should be confined to asking a question upon the first opportunity allowed by the forms of the House, with the intention of eliciting the views of her Majesty's government. When those views had been ascertained, and when they knew what they had to contend for, he thought another meeting should be held, as united action was desirable and essential, to consider what further steps should be taken by the liberal party.' Mr. Villiers, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright, concurred in these views, and it was ultimately resolved to adopt this course. Mr. Hume and Mr. T. Duncombe endeavored to elicit his lordship's intention on the subject of reform, in the event of his being again called on to form an administration, and we cannot say that his reply was altogether satisfactory. We admit that the circumstances of the hour are peculiar, and that the utmost necessity exists for unanimity amongst the friends of free-trade. On this account we give his lordship the benefit of a very candid construction of his statement, at the same time that we cannot conceal from ourselves the fear of his party exigences being opposed to a satisfactory settlement of the reform question. The necessity for union is a plea so uniformly urged on the more advanced of our representatives, that we regard it with suspicion. It has been employed so frequently in antagonism to the

popular cause, that it wears a somewhat questionable air. One thing, however, was gained, and in this we rejoice. It will be a starting point in future arrangements.

‘Lord J. Russell said, if he had to state all the difficulties he had had to encounter in framing his Administration in 1846, and again last year, when there was an anticipation of a change in the government, he felt that all present would justify him in the measures he had then taken. He hoped they would not be entered into at a time when it was desirable to secure unanimity of action upon a question most materially affecting all the great interests of the country. For these reasons he should himself abstain from observing upon the causes which had led to the breaking up of the late government, or upon its alleged narrow basis of construction. It might, however, be hoped that the difficulties which had been experienced in past endeavors to widen its basis would not exist to the same extent in the construction of a new Cabinet at a future period.’ In conformity with the course resolved on, Lord Beaumont in the Lords, and Mr. Villiers in the Commons, endeavored on the 15th to elicit the intentions of the government. The Earl of Derby replied to the former, and Mr. D’Israeli to the latter. Both displayed talent and much tact, but the Premier sought to raise another issue, on which he might engage the conservative prejudices of his hearers and of the country. He was unfortunate in referring to the Chesham-place conference, which he termed ‘a rival to the Litchfield-House compact.’ A little more discretion, or a better memory, would have saved him from the well-merited retort of Lord John on the following Friday, when the subject was renewed. The temptation, however, was too great; the advantage too immediate for the impetuous earl. To raise a present cheer he risked a future rebuke, which was administered with much dignity and effect. On the whole, enough was ascertained to unmask the ‘organized hypocrisy.’ The anti-popular character of the ministry was clearly elicited. All room for doubt was removed. Whatever may be the premier’s skill as a debater, he cannot keep ministerial secrets. He is too impetuous, too headstrong, too self-confident for this. The truth will out, spite of his calmer judgment. As an illustration, we refer to the peroration of his lordship’s speech on the 15th, in which, referring to his government, he tells us, in unmistakable words—‘It will exert itself, moreover, I don’t hesitate to say, to stem with some opposition, to supply some barrier, against the current of that continually increasing and encroaching democratic influence in this nation, which is bent on throwing the whole power and authority of the government nominally in the hands of the masses, but practically and really in the hands of demagogues and republicans, who exercise an influence over those unthinking masses—will you, I say, support a government which is determined to resist that noxious and dangerous influence, and to preserve inviolate the prerogatives of the crown, the rights of your lordships’ house, and the liberties of a freely elected and freely represented House of Commons?’

We thank Lord Derby for these words. ‘To be forewarned is to be forearmed;’ and if we mistake not, the coming election will furnish another confirmation of this proverb. The subject was again raised in both Houses on the 19th, and further light was thrown on the intentions of

ministers, or rather on what they reluctantly admitted to be the necessity of their position. On first meeting parliament the premier unhesitatingly acknowledged himself to be in a minority in the Commons, yet avowed his intention to carry on the business of the nation, avoiding simply the question of protection. Admonished of the unconstitutional character of this position, he spoke defiantly and with pride, would not dissolve, and tauntingly challenged his opponents to move a vote of want of confidence. Subsequent reflection, however, satisfied the noble earl that he must give way, and his tone on the 19th was, therefore, greatly modified.

'I think the next autumn,' he then said, 'ought not to be allowed to pass over, not only without the country having had the opportunity of coming to a decision, but without parliament having had the opportunity of pronouncing definitively and finally its opinion and its judgment on the course of policy that ought to be adopted on the part of the government. I will give no pledge as to time, whether in April, in May, or in June, that an appeal shall be made to the country; but I admit that an appeal ought to be made to the country before the ordinary time of commencing the next session of parliament; and that the great question in issue should be decided and adjudicated upon by parliament at an earlier period, so that the ordinary and current business of the next session should not be interfered with by a protracted discussion on the commercial and financial policy of the country.'

The statement of Mr. D'Israeli in the Commons was of similar import, though not quite so definite.

We rejoice in one fact elicited by these debates. There is no division amongst the friends of free trade on the question of our commercial policy. The Peelites are as decided on this point as the most advanced ministerialist. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Aberdeen in the one House, and Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cardwell in the other, placed this beyond doubt. We are also glad to find that the rumors which were afloat—but which we never credited—that Lord Palmerston would support a fixed duty for revenue, are without foundation.\* This unanimity precludes the possibility of ultimate defeat, but we must be on our guard against the tactics of a wily foe. The supplies and the mutiny bill are the only measures which the government should be allowed to submit. If more than this be attempted, the constitutional power of the Commons' House should be exercised forthwith, that we may be guarded against the anomaly of an executive which has not the confidence of a majority of the representatives of the people.

From what has occurred we conclude, that ministers have relinquished

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\* 'I am told,' said Sir James Graham, 'and I confidently believe, that the Earl of Derby had an interview, by the permission of Her Majesty, with the noble lord the member for Tiverton, when the present administration was formed; that he did propose to that noble viscount that he should take part in the new administration, and that the same question as was put last year to my right hon. friend, the member for Oxford, was put this year, and within the last fortnight, to the noble lord—that the same question, I say, was put, and the same answer given—that it was as possible for the Exe to flow backward from the ocean as for the corn laws to be repealed, and that it was impossible for him to join the administration.'



the hope of deferring the dissolution till after the next registration. We shall probably have an election in May or June, and instant preparation should be made. Our friends cannot be too much alive to the importance of early and well-considered arrangements. The supporters of Earl Derby are already in the field, and it is marvellous to see how singularly unanimous they are. Their credulity is amazing, and awakens the suspicion—so abundantly confirmed by other facts—that there is some element not avowed to the uninitiated, by which these parties are held together, and their individual peculiarities for a time discarded. What this element is, we need not go far to ascertain. The definition of the Earl of March throws an undesigned, but not on that account less satisfactory light upon the point. ‘It has been asked,’ said his lordship, ‘what a protectionist was?’ His definition, and he believed it would be heartily responded to by the farmers throughout the kingdom, was, that a protectionist was a warm and cordial supporter of that government of which Lord Derby was at the head.’ Here then we see the secret of what otherwise appears so marvellous. And we must be content to take a leaf out of our opponent’s book. The coming election will turn mainly on the question of free-trade—of cheap or dear bread. Wherever, therefore, this question is in danger, we must rally to it, and be content to defer for a season other matters however important or vital. No advantage must be given to protectionist candidates, under whatever guise they appear, by divisions amongst ourselves. Where a common foe is in the field, we must keep a united front; and be content for the moment with his defeat. In some cases our utmost strength will be taxed to accomplish this, and nothing but failure would result from an attempt to secure electoral support for other principles.

In many cases, however, no such danger will exist, and a different course therefore, may, and ought, in such instances, to be followed. The question of free-trade being safe, our distinctive principles as voluntaries must be enforced. They have been kept in abeyance too long. Mistaken but well-meaning spiritualism, worldly prudence, party prepossessions, or indifference to the truth nominally held, has been the motive for this. Religious men, and non-conformists especially, have recoiled from the hustings, as a scene of criminal conformity to the world; and the consequence has been, that our national interests, religion among the rest, have been committed to men who are ignorant of our principles, and have no faith in our honesty. Happily, this state of things is passing away. The Christian public are freeing themselves from so miserable a delusion, and are beginning to feel their responsibility. May they do this increasingly, until the elective franchise shall be regarded as a sacred trust, to be exercised under religious principle and with a view to the highest and noblest end. In the coming contest it will behove dissenters to keep themselves free from the trammels of party. To support Earl Derby is out of the question, and to aim at the restoration of Lord John will be scarcely less suicidal. We must abide by principle rather than men, and may be assured that leaders will not be wanting, whatever may befall the scion of the house of Bedford.

THE ADVENT OF THE DERBY MINISTRY HAS LED TO THE REVIVAL OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.—We are not surprised at this. It

was to be expected. The premier must have looked for it, unless he held the sincerity and common sense of the nation in much lower esteem than we imagine. The dissolution of the League, immediately after the act of 1846 was carried, was proof of the single-mindedness and honesty of its members, and its prompt revival now is additional evidence of the force and permanent vitality of the conviction on which it was based. In our last number, we reported that a preliminary meeting had been held in Manchester, and that it was determined to suspend proceedings until the policy of the new cabinet had been disclosed. Mr. Cobden and his friends had not long to wait, and they promptly assembled on the 2nd to complete their arrangements. We were present on that occasion, and never witnessed so calm, resolute, and practical a meeting. There was no morbid excitement, no attempted exaggeration, no mere clap-trap. It was a meeting of intelligent, earnest men, who knew the value of the boon they had secured, and were resolved to retain it. Their power was proportioned to their will; and the following resolutions, which amongst others were adopted, clearly bespoke their knowledge of the danger which threatened, and their confidence of ultimate success.

'That an administration having been formed, committed by every pledge that can bind the honour of public men, to attempt to re-impose a duty on corn, it is resolved that the Anti-Corn-Law League be re-constituted, under the rules and regulations by which that body was formerly organized.

'That, considering how essential it is to the welfare of the agricultural, colonial, and shipping interests, as well as to the peace and prosperity of the great body of the people, that the free-trade question should be permanently settled by an appeal to the country,—resolved that a memorial to the Queen, praying for an immediate dissolution of parliament, be signed by the chairman, on behalf of this meeting, and transmitted for presentation to her Majesty.'

The re-appearance of the *League* has gone far to determine, in the judgment of all reasonable men, the fate of Lord Derby's government, while the subscriptions which have flowed into its treasury, evince the vital interest cherished in the free-trade policy of Sir Robert Peel, and the determination of the country to withstand any attempt, open or concealed, to tamper with it. These subscriptions have already reached the enormous sum of £70,000, and are daily augmenting.

We rejoice that it has been determined to maintain the exclusive character of the *League*. From the language uttered by some at the preliminary meeting, we were apprehensive that a different course might have been resolved on. Had it been so, the strength of the organization would have been gone. Endless divisions must have ensued, and the commercial would have been sacrificed to the political. Our fears were the more aroused, as there are not wanting plausible pretexts for the political agitation advocated. We are thankful, however, for the good sense which has prevailed, and see in it another omen of triumph.

TWO BILLS ON THE SUBJECT OF EDUCATION ARE BEFORE THE COUNTRY, one entitled, 'The Manchester and Salford Education Bill,' and the other 'The Public Schools Bill.' The first of these was introduced and sought to be carried as a private bill, but this having been prevented, its progress has been of course delayed, and there is now good reason

to hope that for the present, at least, it is consigned to repose. On the 17th the second reading of this bill was moved by Mr. Brotherton, when the following amendment, proposed by Mr. M. Gibson, was adopted by the House:—‘That a select committee be appointed to inquire into the state of education in the boroughs of Manchester and Salford, and in the contiguous townships of Broughton, Pendleton, and Pendlebury, and to report to the House whether it would be desirable to make further provision, and in what manner, for the education of the inhabitants of those boroughs and townships.’

This amendment was supported by Mr. Walpole and Lord John Russell, and Mr. Brotherton ultimately consented to suspend his bill for a month, to allow time for the inquiry delegated to the committee. Little progress can be made within so brief a period, and in the present state of parliamentary business, we do not expect to hear any more of the bill prior to a dissolution. The friends of voluntary education, however, must be on the watch, as there is evidently a strong feeling on the part of various politicians to steal a march upon them if possible. This was strikingly shown in the committee proposed to the House on the 23rd. It is within our knowledge, that the names of two members at least friendly to voluntary education, were submitted to Mr. Gibson, yet, strange to say, in the list proposed by that gentleman, and drawn up, no doubt, with the concurrence of the home secretary and the ex-premier, neither of these members was included, nor was there a single person friendly to voluntary as opposed to state education.

Other systems were represented on the committee, but those who have done *more than talk* about education, who were earliest in the field, and have been most honorably distinguished by their labors, were altogether, and with obvious designs, excluded. Such a proceeding needs no comment. It speaks for itself, and is of a piece with the one-sided view, and inveterate pre-possessions, with which even liberal politicians regard this subject. We rejoice that Mr. Peto called the attention of the House to this omission, and gave notice of his purpose to move the addition of new names. ‘On the part of those who advocated the voluntary principle, he begged to assure the House that that party had been in earnest, that they had done the work committed to them to the best of their ability, and that the country was greatly indebted to them for what they had accomplished.’ The case was too glaring to admit of defence, and the nomination of the committee was in consequence deferred to the 26th, when Mr. Peto and Mr. Banks were substituted for Viscount Melgund and Mr. Child. Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Kershaw most properly objected to the addition of *one* voluntary only, and the latter gentleman notified his intention to move an addition on the 29th.

AN IMPORTANT STATE PAPER ENTITLED, ‘Correspondence respecting the Foreign Refugees in London,’ has been presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. We refer to it with pride, and should be doing injustice to Earl Granville, did we not place on record the honorable part he has acted. The revolutions which have recently taken place throughout Europe have driven a large number of political refugees to our shores. They comprise men of various classes, and of very different views. With the opinions of many of them we have no sympathy, and

with their measures—if possible—still less. In the case, however, of others—such as the Mazzinis and the Kossuths—we are bold to avow our admiration, and feel proud, as Englishmen, that they can find, in our midst, a refuge from the perfidious tyranny which threatens them elsewhere. We are not surprised to find that the despots of Europe, whether emperor, king, or president, follow them even here, nor are we prepared to deny that their presence constitutes a difficulty to which the most deliberate attention of our rulers should be given. Something is certainly due to States with which we are in friendly relation, at the same time that the pride and boast of England is not to be lightly treated. To hit the happy medium of affording shelter to political refugees, and of maintaining the obligations of international law, has been the aim of all enlightened statesmen amongst us. Louis Napoleon, however, and the monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, have forwarded memorials to our government requiring us ‘to adopt measures calculated to put an end to the machinations of the political refugees who so scandalously abuse the hospitality granted to them by England.’ The last of these personages, on hearing of the dismissal of Lord Palmerston, promptly forwarded instructions to his ambassador ‘not to press the representations of the Prussian Government on the subject of the ‘foreign refugees in England,’ as he was willing to let that question drop.’

To the demand of the other powers a calm and dignified reply has been returned, honorable alike to Earl Granville and to the British nation. We should like to give it entire, but our space, of course, precludes this. Its tone will be sufficiently apparent from the following brief extracts:—‘By the existing law of Great Britain, all foreigners have the unrestricted right of entrance and residence in this country; and while they remain in it, are, equally with British subjects, under the protection of the law; nor can they be punished except for an offence against the law, and under the sentence of the ordinary tribunals of justice, after a public trial, and on a conviction founded on evidence given in open court. . . . The general hospitality thus extended by our institutions to all who choose to come to England, has from time to time been the means of affording a secure asylum to political refugees of all parties, many of them illustrious in rank and position. Among them may be mentioned kings and princes of the two branches of the Bourbon family, and the prime ministers of France and Austria. . . . It is the earnest wish of her Majesty’s government to promote as far as is in their power, the peace, order, and prosperity of every country with which they are in friendly alliance; but they do not think that any ground exists which would justify them, on the present occasion, in applying to the legislature for any extraordinary or further powers in reference to foreigners resident in England; and they have no reason to doubt that this opinion is shared both by the parliament and the public of this country.’ The whole despatch, dated January 13th, 1852, is in the best style of British statesmanship, and is admirably adapted to teach the leaders of European reaction, that there is one country, at least, to which the friends of liberty may repair with confidence, and over which neither their policy nor their power will be permitted to extend itself. To this despatch Austria has returned an insulting reply, dated Feb. 4th, at which, however, we can well afford to smile. Its folly is only equalled by

its impotence. The threats held out by Austria, so far from moving the resolution of our countrymen, only serve to show the necessity of our abiding firmly by a position which our constitution, and the temper of our people, alike enjoin.

We are solicitous to know whether Lord Granville's successor will follow his noble example; but our anxiety is diminished by the conviction, that Lord Malmesbury's tenure of office will be very brief. On the 18th, in reply to an inquiry from Lord Beaumont, the foreign secretary stated, that the government had no objection to produce the additional correspondence which had taken place respecting political refugees; and on the same day, Mr. M. Milnes gave notice of his intention to move a resolution on the subject. This notice has since been withdrawn, on the assurance of Mr. D'Israeli, that the correspondence in question should be laid before parliament forthwith.

THE TEMPER OF THE AUTHORITIES OF AUSTRIA has been disgracefully shown by the expulsion of British missionaries from Hungary. Irritation at the recent conduct of England has, in this case, been combined with religious intolerance. The Court of Vienna is deeply mortified, and is mean enough to vent its spite on those whom it deems too feeble to resist its power. We may judge from this what it would do, if its ability were equal to its revengeful passion. The facts of the case were brought under the attention of the late foreign secretary, by a combined deputation from the Free Church of Scotland, the Protestant Alliance, and the Scottish Reformation Society. From the statement then presented, it appears that a mission was commenced at Pesth, in 1841, with the knowledge and approbation of the Viceroy of Hungary, that the missionaries, Messrs. Wingate and Smith, had continued to labor from that period, with a slight interval during the civil commotions of 1848, when they deemed it prudent to retire, lest they should be suspected of political partizanship. 'During all this time,' says the statement in question, 'they have transgressed no law of the country, nor has such an allegation ever been made against them. They have conducted themselves in the most inoffensive manner, and have, by their quiet and consistent conduct, gained the respect and affection of a large portion of the community. In the lifetime of the late Palatine, they always enjoyed his confidence and protection, and since his death have been uniformly frank and open in giving account of their objects and labors to the constituted authorities when required. Their mission from the first having embraced the supply of religious ordinances to the British residents, they have preached regularly every Lord's day to those residents, numbering at the commencement about 400 souls, though now greatly reduced by causes known to the British government; but by the recent proceedings of the Austrian Government, this, which was the only Divine service in the English language in Hungary, has been suppressed. They have also preached in German to the converts from Judaism, who have, however, formed no new church, but have been received as members of the sanctioned Protestant communities. They have distributed Bibles and other religious books in Hebrew and other languages, but in so doing have adapted their proceedings to all existing laws, and under their care a large school has sprung up, superintended by a Jewish convert, and attended by 350 children,

about 300 of whom are Jews, the rest Protestants, and no Roman Catholics.' Such was the nature of their vocation, and so scrupulous had they been to avoid giving offence. But their integrity and usefulness availed them nothing. They were the subjects of a constitutional monarchy, and the preachers of Protestantism, and these were mortal sins in the eyes of the despots and Jesuits of Vienna. On the 15th of January, Messrs. Wingate and Smith were ordered to quit the Austrian dominions after six days. Medical certificates were presented to the authorities, stating 'that a journey over so great a breadth of country in the depth of winter, and in the sickly state of several members of their families, would be attended with danger to health and life.' But it was in vain. The Imperial order from Vienna was enforced by the local authorities, and our countrymen were, in consequence, compelled with considerable loss, and at great risk, to leave the scene of their apostolic labors. And this is the government which 'The Times' has defended, and which our ultratories would, if they dared, befriend. The end is not yet. Lord Granville requested further particulars respecting the property lost by the sudden expulsion of Messrs. Wingate and Smith, and also desired to be informed concerning Mr. Edwards, another British missionary, who had been ordered to leave Lemberg, the capital of Galicia. We shall be glad to see how Lord Malmesbury follows up this matter.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE IS PROSECUTING A VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN against the Maynooth grant. To this we have no objection. The grant is unsound in principle, most anomalous in character, and fatally mischievous. Its design was obvious from the first, but all reserve has recently been laid aside by the less discreet advocates of the Protestant church. They speak and write of the grant as an outwork of the establishment,—a bribe in fact to the papal clergy to tolerate the most astounding and disgraceful hierarchy in Europe. We are ready therefore, in every way which our principles permit, to labor for the termination of this grant, and if we stand aloof from the *Protestant Alliance* it is not from favor to Maynooth, any misgiving about depriving it of votes from the public exchequer, but because our principles are broader and deeper than those of the society, and could not be fully stated without mortal offence to our co-workers. We are opposed to grants of public money to all and any religious body. Our opposition would be as decided in the case of New College, Cheshunt, Stepney, or any other dissenting institution, as in that of Maynooth. Our primary objection is not founded on the nature of the doctrines taught. It is far more radical than this. It goes deeper and comprises within its range all possible votes from the public exchequer for religious purposes. We again therefore avow our conviction that it would be much better for churchmen and dissenters to labor separately in this matter. They are one in their end, so far as Maynooth is concerned, but their principles are essentially different; and the tone of their advocacy, if honestly uttered, cannot fail to be offensive to each other. We dissent from much which is uttered on the society's platform, and record our solemn protest against the bitterness, assumption, and false piety which characterize some of its most zealous advocates. Our taste and our principles are alike offended by their bakderdash. Regarding the law of 1845 as, in effect, an extension of



the principle of state-establishments of religion, we are of course committed to unceasing hostility against it. So far there can be no doubt. Under all circumstances, and in every way which we deem consistent, we shall be found in the front rank of opponents to this grant, but we cannot occupy what seems to us a questionable position, or suppress convictions which we deem essential to the matter in hand. We regret the position taken by Mr. Bright on this question. It appears to us both unsound and inconsistent. At the same time, we must note our strong disapprobation of the style in which he has been assailed in some quarters. The spirit of such assaults is a thousandfold more injurious to the truth than the mistake—as we deem it—of the member for Manchester. We are glad to find that the British Anti-State-Church Association has again recorded its sentiments on the point, and cannot do better than quote, as expressive of our own views, the language of its resolution in June 1845: ‘They wish,’ say the committee, ‘the Roman Catholics of that kingdom, and the British community at large, distinctly to understand, that they will seek the repeal of the Maynooth College Act by such measures only as will equally tend, and as will be designed equally to tend, to the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, and to the repeal of every Act, and the abrogation of every practice, by which, in any part of the British empire, civil distinctions are made on religious grounds, or the authority and influence of the State, through control and patronage, are exerted in matters of religion.’ The congregational ministers of London have also recorded their judgment in substantial harmony with this view; and we hope their example will be followed throughout the country.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Last May we advocated the reorganization of the university, by the admission of the graduates as an integral part of the body corporate, with a potential voice in the internal administration. We did not then discuss the right of the graduates so admitted to be erected into a parliamentary constituency. We are happy to inform our readers, that there is a probability of the former measure being speedily adopted, and that the latter may confidently be expected to find place in Lord John Russell’s next Reform Bill. The noble lord is understood to have expressed himself in very explicit terms, both in and out of office, as to the desirableness of giving the franchise to the University of London, while the incorporation of the graduates is now looked upon with favor by the most influential members of the senate itself.

While we are freely willing to accept the altered tone of the senate, as founded in good faith, we cannot conceal from ourselves its immediate coincidence in point of time with a dropping fire of collegiate resolutions in favor of the graduates, which for some time past has been kept up upon both the Home Office and the senate. About eight or nine have already pronounced; and it is well known that others are only waiting the periods of their ordinary meetings to follow the example. We may name Airedale, Bristol, Cheshunt, Downside, Huddersfield, Lancashire, Manchester New, Oscott, Owen’s, Plymouth, St. Cuthbert’s, Spring Hill, Stepney, and University, as all in communication with the graduates upon the movement. The University College meeting most of our readers will remember as one of the most important since the time of its early

history. The Manchester New College sent its resolutions to Sir George Grey by the hands of two members of parliament, Mr. James Heywood, M.P. for North Lancashire, and Mr. Thorneley, M.P. for Wolverhampton. Then came in the committee of the deputies; and Mr. Hume's motion in the House of Commons, on the 15th ult., for 'papers' relating to the organization of the university, was immediately followed by a motion in the senate, expressive of its opinion 'that a change in the constitution of the university is advisable.' Overtures of an amicable nature subsequently came from a leading member of the senate to a member of the committee of graduates. These negotiations led to the reception by the senate of a deputation from the graduates' committee, who were since requested to state their views in writing; which the senate met on the 24th to consider. It is obviously premature to allude to details to which, as yet, no party is committed. One thing only we will say:—The dissenters do not desire a dissenting university. What they want is, an institution based upon the broadest principles of religious equality, practically enjoyed by men of all denominations, and whose degrees shall stand upon a par with those of any other university in the world.

THE FATE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE IS SEALED.—The government and the royal commission have decided to allow the contract under which it was erected to take its course. The building will, therefore, be shortly taken down, unless—which we do not anticipate—such a demonstration of public feeling be made as shall induce the authorities to alter their course. At first we were strongly disinclined to this step. It appeared to us little short of sacrilege. The structure is so beautiful and so vast; its associations are so pleasing; its success has been so marvellous; its capabilities of ministering to public gratification are so great, that we recoiled from the bare suggestion of its demolition as an act of folly and recklessness to which we knew no parallel. Calmer thoughts, however, have succeeded, and as we think, a more correct though altered judgment. The present site, however adapted to the purposes of *The Exhibition*, is clearly unsuitable for a winter garden, while the structure itself having been erected as a temporary building, would require an enormous outlay to be converted into a permanent one. We speak on undoubted authority when we say, that to take the building down and to re-erect it as a permanent structure in another part of the park—say the neighbourhood of Kensington gardens—would not exceed by more than £25,000 the outlay required in order to strengthen it in its present locality. Such being the case, we cannot hesitate as to the course which should be pursued. A winter garden between two roads bears no comparison with one surrounded by trees, and smiling with all appropriate, because natural, accompaniments. As well might we compare the showy pretentious villa of some Cockney citizen with the simple beauty of a country residence, in which art has maintained its due subordination to nature. The contractors deprecate, of course, the taking down of the present building, but we cannot desire, as we do not anticipate, the success of the appeal they have made.

## Literary Intelligence.

### *Just Published.*

The Grenville Papers; being the Correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, K.G., and the Right Hon. George Grenville, their Friends and Contemporaries. Now first published from the original MSS. formerly preserved at Stowe. Edited with Notes by William James Smith, Esq. 2 vols.

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MAY, 1852.

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N<sup>o</sup>. I.—*The Protestant Alliance Tracts, No. I. The Maynooth Endowment Act.* London: Seeley. 1852.

THE repeal of the Maynooth Endowment Act of 1845 has been under discussion in the press ever since the papal aggression, and is the main subject of agitation with the 'Protestant Alliance.' The accession of a conservative ministry, composed of men decidedly hostile to the measure of Sir Robert Peel, has given fresh hope and vigour to the repealers. Towards the end of March, Mr. Keogh put a question to the order of the House of Commons, as to the intentions of the present government regarding this matter. Mr. D'Israeli answered that there was no intention of touching the Maynooth Endowment during the present session, and he should not be expected to say what a parliament not then elected might or might not do.

The Protestant feeling of this country, however, is so strong against the institution, that its abolition will be pressed on candidates very generally at the impending elections. It is therefore, of the greatest importance that the public should have before them one side of the question merely. Whatever their judgment may be, it should be based upon the whole of the facts.

The tract before us is important, as emanating from so influential a body as the *Protestant Alliance*. The writer endeavours to prove, that when the college was founded, the Roman Catholic bishops 'never dreamed that they should be able to

throw the burden of educating their priesthood upon the funds of this Protestant nation ;' and he adds—

'That this statement of the case is correct, is shown beyond a doubt by what was stated in the House of Commons, by His Grace the Duke of Wellington, on the 29th of April, 1808. The Duke of Wellington, (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) said, "The fact was, that when the Maynooth institution was first established, it was not intended that it should be maintained by the public purse. The memorial presented previously to the foundation of that establishment prayed for a charter, in order that their funds might be better secured." (Hansard's Parl. Debates, v. xi. p. 91.) Again, on the 5th of May, 1808, the Duke of Wellington said, "that when he had asserted, in a former debate, that the Catholics had originally proposed to support this institution, he had done so on the authority of their original memorial to government, a copy of which had been furnished him by Dr. Troy. This memorial was dated the 14th of January, 1794, and showed that the object in the contemplation of the Catholics at that time was to *be permitted to establish* this institution *with their own funds.*" (Hansard, v. xi. p. 122.) The Government consented to their proposal, and procured the passing of an Act, by the Irish parliament, (35 Geo. III. c. 21. Irish Stat. v. xvii. p. 514,) which contained the following preamble:—"Whereas by the laws now in force in this kingdom, it is not lawful to endow any college or seminary for the education exclusively of persons professing the Roman-catholic religion, and it is now become expedient that a seminary should be established for that purpose."—It then proceeded to enact that certain parties, therein named, should be appointed "trustees for the purpose of establishing, endowing, and maintaining one academy for the education only of persons professing the Roman-catholic religion; and that the said trustees shall have full power and authority *to raise subscriptions and donations to enable them to establish and endow an academy for the education of persons professing the Roman-catholic religion,*" ' &c.—p. 3.

These statements of the Duke of Wellington do *not* place the matter beyond a doubt. They do not contain the whole truth. He ought to have known, that the 'Memorial' of the bishops does not give all the information necessary to enable us to determine what was the policy and conduct of the government in connexion with the founding of this college. The latter dreaded the contagion of French principles even more than the former, and regarded home education for the Irish priesthood as a matter of paramount importance for the peace of the country and the safety of the empire. This is rendered abundantly evident by the State Papers relating to Maynooth, which are found scattered through the 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh,' recently published by the Marquis of Londonderry. Of these we shall avail ourselves, to place the history of this institution in the clearest light before our readers.

The 'Memorial' referred to is now before us. It is dated

Jan. 14, 1794, addressed to the Earl of Westmorland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and signed 'on behalf of the prelates of the Roman-catholic communion in Ireland,' (sic) by 'John Thomas Troy, Roman-catholic Archbishop of Dublin.' They stated, that under the laws that formerly existed, they were obliged to resort to foreign countries for education, particularly to the kingdom of France, where they had procured many valuable establishments, in which 400 persons were 'constantly maintained and educated for the ministry of the Roman-catholic religion in Ireland.' Those establishments were destroyed by the revolution, and the property lost. But even if it could be restored, they stated, that they 'would not expose youth to the contagion of sedition and infidelity, nor their country to the danger of thus introducing the pernicious maxims of a licentious philosophy.' They, therefore, prayed that they might have an institution in Ireland, which, they respectfully represented, would prove an advantage to the nation at large, 'as well as a matter of great indulgence to his Majesty's subjects professing the Roman-catholic religion in Ireland;' and as the royal licence was necessary to secure the property devoted to this object, they begged that it might be granted.

Government favoured the undertaking. An act of the Irish parliament was passed, establishing the Royal College of Maynooth, in 1795, and accordingly the constitutions of it were presented to the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Camden, in the summer of that year, and were approved of by him. During the same year students were admitted, 'and lodged in a house purchased from Mr. John Stoyte and others in Maynooth, where they were maintained six months before the foundation-stone of the new building was laid by Earl Camden, in April 1796.'

In the year 1795 there was a parliamentary grant of £8000 made to the college (chiefly for building, but not exclusively, as we shall see); in 1796, another grant of £7000; in 1797, it was raised to £10,000; and in 1798, it was £10,302. A statement of the expenditure of this money was furnished to the commissioners of accounts. On the 22nd of April, 1799, the trustees met, and published a reply to certain misrepresentations of the press. In this document, they say that 'the grants were appropriated to the building, *and to the establishment*;' and they add—'It has, therefore, been erroneously insinuated in the prints, that the trustees charged for the subsistence of scholars before there was a house provided for their reception.'

They *did* charge for the subsistence of scholars before the erection of the college, lodging them in houses provided for the purpose. But *that* was not the allegation against them; it



was, that they had charged for the maintenance of students when, it was presumed, the professors had not commenced their operations, as the building had not been completed.—(‘Memoirs, &c. of Lord Castlereagh,’ vol. iii. p. 72.)

The Bishop of Meath is, *ex officio*, an Irish privy councillor. The occupant of that see at the time of the Union was a very able man, as is evident from his letters in the ‘Castlereagh Correspondence,’ and the Government frequently consulted him in matters connected with the Catholics. These letters throw much light on its policy in reference to Maynooth College. Writing to Lord Castlereagh, November, 1800, he refers to the foreign seminaries, and says:—

‘The appointment of national superiors to those seminaries can be no security against *the dangers which the appointment of the College of Maynooth was designed to prevent*. In France, Spain, and the Low Countries, the superiors of the different seminaries for the English, Scotch, and Irish missions, as they expressed it, were always natives of those kingdoms; but they were persons exactly of the description which Government must ever consider as disqualified for such situations—persons exclusively devoted to the see of Rome, educated in all the principles, and therefore certain to inculcate and teach all the principles that militate most against *the civil authority* in every country, and particularly tainted with all the prejudices against *our establishment and our constitution*, which an education in countries hostile to both cannot fail to inspire. But in addition to this consideration, I shall beg leave to recal to your lordship’s attention what I suggested to you relative to the parties and factions which a continuance of those seminaries abroad—and a permission of having Romish clergymen still educated in them for the missions of Ireland—must necessarily produce. The foreign priest will not fail to represent the *Maynooth priest* as a half heretic, *as a government instead of a Roman priest*. . . . I would, therefore, put an extinguisher on these foreign seminaries. . . . I would stipulate, that not only to be qualified to hold any curacy, or any higher situation in the Roman-catholic church, it should be essential to have been educated from the very first, and altogether in the College of Maynooth, but that this qualification should be essential towards being admitted to orders, in the same way as to be graduated in Trinity College, or at Cambridge or Oxford, is essential to be admitted to holy orders amongst us.’—(Ibid. vol. iii. p. 402.)

From a summary of correspondence with the Irish government, in the same volume, (pp. 458-460,) we gather the following authentic information on the subject of the English, Scotch, and Irish colleges in Rome; which were pontifical foundations, liberally endowed and appropriated to the education of students who were destined to the secular priesthood in the British dominions. These colleges had each a rector or superior, who had charge of the revenues as well as the education, and was subject to the control of the Cardinal Protector of each nation. The protectors were appointed by the pope,

and had a sort of jurisdiction over the national church to which the college belonged; at least they were the organs of communication between them and the Holy See. After the extinction of the order of jesuits, Italian rectors were invariably appointed to these colleges, the revenues were ill administered, and the education of the students was grossly neglected. Sir J. Hippisly, who was at Rome from 1793 to 1795, was enabled to effect a reform in this matter, and to restore the system of appointing national rectors. From the abdication of James II. down to that time, the recommendation of cardinal protectors had been exercised by the representative of the house of Stuart.

Considering, then, the designs of foreign powers on Ireland, from the days of Elizabeth to the Union, and how constantly these designs were pursued through the agency of the 'seminary priests,' as they were called, educated on the continent, an establishment to supply the church of Rome with a home education for its clergy was regarded by the British government as a sort of state necessity, which over-ruled the religious antipathies of such men as Lord-Chancellor Clare, and the orange party in Ireland. It was even a favorite scheme with the government to connect the priesthood with the state by liberal pensions, and several plans to effect that object were devised; indeed, it was regarded by the leading statesmen as a necessary consequence of the Union.—This and emancipation were held out as inducements to the Catholics to agree to the abolition of the Irish parliament. Their neutrality was secured by assurances from Mr. Pitt's government that they never could be admitted into an Irish parliament, and that their emancipation would certainly be granted by the imperial legislature soon after the Union. These assurances were conveyed from the Duke of Portland through Lord Cornwallis, and government agents were busy in all parts of Ireland, impressing upon the minds of persons of influence in that communion, that if they remained quiet on the Union question, their demands would be granted. Lord Castlereagh was in constant communication with their bishops, some of whom exposed themselves to popular odium on account of their connexion with the Castle, and were called 'orange bishops.' The only thing that can relieve Mr. Pitt and his party from the charge of bad faith in this matter, is the hope they may have entertained that they could overcome the obstinacy of George III. about the coronation oath. They certainly made an effort to do so, but when Pitt retired from office because he could not grant the Catholic claims, and at the same time allowed his friends to form a ministry, which he supported, his position was felt to be so damaging to the character of the Irish government, whose promises and pledges he had dis-

credited, that Mr. Cooke, the able under-secretary for Ireland, who was the principal agent in making converts to the Union, declared it to be inexplicable and indefensible.

On the 16th of February, 1799, the trustees presented a petition to the Irish House of Commons, in which, after alluding to the completion of the building, they stated that 'a more faithful attachment to the government, and a more dutiful submission to the laws must be naturally looked for from the zealous exertions of instructors, who, in the inculcation of those important duties, must feel themselves urged by a strong impulse of gratitude to enforce and illustrate the general principles on which those duties are founded.' They submitted an estimate of the expenses of the establishment for the first year, and concluded by praying the house to grant them the sum of £8000 for that purpose.

The *Protestant Alliance* in its 'Tract' states, that 'the Irish House of Commons was caught by the bait, and passed a bill for carrying out the object; but when this bill was brought into the House of Lords, it was thrown out by a majority of twenty-five to *one*! Thus we see that, in 1799, the Irish legislature distinctly refused to undertake the maintenance of the college.' And again—'We have seen that the original intention of the Roman-catholics, as well as of the ministry and the legislature, was that the institution should be maintained by the Roman-catholics out of their own funds.'

Here is a striking instance of the gross errors into which a writer may fall by taking an isolated fact of history, and founding conclusions upon it without regard to its attendant circumstances. The House of Lords *postponed from February till August* a bill sent up by the Commons, and hence it is inferred that the *ministry* and *legislature* refused to undertake the maintenance of Maynooth College. The fact is, that the ministry supported the bill in the Commons, and that it was delayed in the Lords owing to the opposition of the Lord-Chancellor Clare, who made a strong speech against the system of education pursued at Maynooth. But even he did not mean that the establishment should not be maintained by the state—he meant only that it should be founded on safer principles, and placed under more efficient control: for which purpose he wished for an altered bill on the subject. And as a matter of fact, this same Irish parliament did vote, in the next session (25th Feb., 1800), the sum demanded by the trustees, towards defraying the charge of the full establishment of the 'Roman-catholic seminary for one year, to the 25th March, 1801.' This is a more authentic expression of the intention of the ministry and legislature than the accidental vote of the Lords the year before.

But the *Protestant Alliance* might have learned that the vote in question excited the greatest alarm in the government, and led to language on its part quite inconsistent with the position which the writer of the tract takes such pains to establish.

Immediately after the rejection of the Maynooth bill, the Lord-Chancellor wrote thus to the Lord-Lieutenant.

‘Ely Place, April 18, 1799.

‘MY DEAR LORD,—I cannot be responsible for any mis-statement of what may fall from me in parliament; for if any alarm for the institution at Maynooth has been sounded, most certainly it can have no foundation in anything which was stated by me, as I did distinctly and repeatedly say, that I considered it now to be a *great national object, and essential to the public security*, that there should be a well regulated academy in Ireland for the education of Catholics. But it would have been an idle waste of time, and a mockery of the House of Lords, to have originated any regulation there, even if there had been time now to enter into so difficult a subject, in a bill of appropriation sent up by the Commons. If we had pretended to originate any rule, it would have been rejected by the Commons for that reason alone, if no other objection was made to it. There can be nothing so easy as to dissipate any alarm which may have arisen by introducing a new bill of appropriation of a moderate sum, if any is really wanted to support the college at Maynooth for the current year, without any clause which may be construed into a legislative sanction of their present establishment, which, I am quite clear, if it were to receive a permanent sanction, would enable the popish prelates of this country to subvert the government of it in ten years. It seems to be a complete Irish idea, first to make an establishment and then to take the chance for guarding against the mal-administration of it. Your excellency may be assured, that if the Catholics are given to understand they can have such an establishment only on terms compatible with its due administration they will submit to the terms. But, if we first sanction the establishment on their terms, and then desire to control them in the administration of it, they will raise a clamour with some plausible ground for it.’

To this letter the Lord-Lieutenant replied as follows.

‘Phoenix Park, April 18, 1799.

‘MY DEAR LORD,—I neither meant to accuse your lordship of intending any serious mischief to this country, nor to defend the establishment of Maynooth from the charges of abuse and mismanagement which you so clearly stated. Had the House of Lords gone no further than to propose the means of reforming the abuses, to restrain the shameful expenditure of the public money, and to restrict the establishment to the original objects of its institution, there could have been no plausible grounds for sounding a general alarm amongst the Catholics. But I am sorry to say, that a very different construction was put upon the proceedings of the House of Lords, and there was not a person among those whom I saw on Tuesday morning who did not conceive that the institution of Maynooth *was entirely done away*: and many of them were so blinded by

their protestant zeal as to exult exceedingly in the justice of the punishment which they conceived to be thereby inflicted on the Catholics for their late offences. When the opinion universally prevails in Dublin, there can be no doubt that the emissaries of faction as well as of treason will be very active in conveying it to every corner of the kingdom, and that it will most powerfully tend to inflame the minds of the Catholics of all orders against the government, on the evil consequences of which, it is, I am sure, unnecessary for me to expatiate. I conceive it, therefore, to be necessary, that either something be said in parliament, or some other public means taken to quiet the minds of the people, and to convince them that *it is not the intention of the legislature to destroy the institution*, and I should be much obliged to your lordship if you will have the goodness to suggest the mode which may appear to you the most proper for effecting this purpose.'

In this letter it is assumed that to withhold the grant was to destroy the institution, so completely was it the creature of the government, who felt themselves pledged to the country for its support, in such a manner that they apprehended the most dangerous consequences from the rumour that it was their intention to abandon it. A letter from Lord Castlereagh, then chief secretary for Ireland, to the Duke of Portland, throws some light on the proceedings of the legislature and the government in connexion with this college.

' *Private.*

' Dublin Castle, April 26, 1799.

' MY LORD,—The lord-lieutenant has apprized your grace of the *unexpected interruption* given to the grant for the catholic college in the Lords, *postponing the consideration of the bill till the 1st of August*. The Chancellor's object was to have a new bill with further provisions for the regulation of that seminary sent up from the Commons. His lordship was not aware that the orders of parliament preclude us from bringing in a second bill on the same subject, one having already passed this session, and being yet pending in the other house. Had it been amended and sent down, no difficulty would have occurred. Finding, upon consultation with the speaker, that it could not be done, I nevertheless thought it right to move for leave in the house, which gave me an opportunity of removing any unfavourable impression which this transaction might have made, and of stating that it would be *the duty of government, under the sanction of the provision made by the Commons for the support of the institution, to take care that it did not suffer or fall into decay*, should the rising of parliament before the 1st of August, preclude the Lords from deciding on the bill sent up for their consideration.'

From these letters the reader will be able to judge of the truth of the emphatic declaration repeatedly made by the committee of the Alliance, that 'it was the intention of the ministry and the legislature, that the institution should be maintained by the Roman-catholics out of their own funds, and that in the year 1799, a bill, which was considered as implying a pledge for the maintenance of the college, was thrown out by a majority of

twenty-five to one.' Considering the extensive circulation of the tracts of the Alliance, and the faith which a large portion of the public puts in a society so composed, and with such a nobleman as Lord Shaftesbury at its head, it is lamentable to see it give its sanction to such gross perversions of history; and we think we are doing a service both to the Alliance and the Protestant community in warning them against such errors in future. It is not by ignorance or falsehood that the true interests of Protestantism can be upheld.

In a letter from the Bishop of Meath to Lord Castlereagh, dated April 27, 1799, he discusses the whole question of the Maynooth College with great ability. He expresses his satisfaction that the late irritating decision of the Lords was not to be final as to the institution itself, and then proceeds to examine the objects for which it was founded, and to suggest reforms in its constitution and management. 'One of the great objects of the institution,' he says, 'was to bring the education of the Roman-catholic clergy, on whom the morals and conduct of the Roman-catholic body so exclusively depend, *into contact with the government, and to subject them, as far as might be, without outraging their religious prejudices, under its control.*'

For this purpose, however, the board of trustees was improperly constituted. The great majority were Roman-catholics, and the few Protestants that were joined to them seem to have been added rather as a compliment than as forming an active and efficient part of their body. They never interfered in the management or discipline of the college, not even on extraordinary occasions, such as the removal of the first president, Dr. Hussey, and the expulsion of some students, in 1798, for treasonable practices. The case of Hussey is instructive:—

'Although,' says the Bishop of Meath, 'the Roman-catholic trustees, and particularly the greater number of their bishops, were very willing to drive him from amongst them, through personal envy and hatred, yet they neither dared nor would avow the cause for which the government called for his removal. It was *not* the inflammatory doctrines he advanced in his pastoral letter, nor the mischievous tendency of the spiritual tyranny he proposed to establish that was given to him as the motive for not suffering him to be any longer at the head of an establishment *designed to promote the public tranquillity*. They had recourse to the subterfuge of his being absent from the kingdom, and thus every advantage to be derived from the example was effectually frustrated. I have observed that they neither dared nor would place this expulsion on the ground on which alone it could answer the purposes of the government. They dared not, as Hussey would have appealed against them to their spiritual superior, for having punished him for enforcing the discipline of the church of Rome; and they would not, as they had every one of them, in their respective dioceses, adopted his system, and vigorously compelled their clergy to carry it into effect.'



The system here complained of was the removal of Roman-catholic children from all schools where the master was a Protestant, which had the effect of throwing the education of the Protestants into the hands of the priesthood, as they were too few in most districts to support schools of their own. The priests punished disobedience with the excommunication of the parents, and refused the sacraments to those who joined public worship with Protestants.

Hussey originated a movement against united education precisely similar to that headed by primate Cullen at the present day, and aiming at the same objects. The writer of the state paper before us truly remarks, that 'the worst enemies of Ireland could not devise a scheme more effectually calculated to keep this description of the king's subjects a distinct people for ever, and to maintain eternal enmity and hatred between them and the Protestant body. It was obviously a scheme to raise a *spiritual* wall of separation between them, in the place of that *civil* wall which the legislature had removed, and to counteract the effects of that liberal intercourse which every friend of his country rejoiced to see so generally taking place, but from which the Roman-catholic priests, imprudently left to depend for their subsistence on the number of their respective congregations, naturally dreaded to be the sufferers.'

If any doubt remains on the mind of the reader as to the fact that Maynooth College was a *state institution* from the very first, it will be removed by the following passage from a document deliberately written by a privy councillor familiar, not only with all the facts of the case, but with all the intentions of government. The Bishop of Meath continues,—

'That such a system as this deserves to be reprobated by the legislature, no man can deny. It is equally undeniable that an establishment, conducted by persons engaged in reducing this system into practice, and in which is provided a regular succession of persons trained and instructed to perpetuate it, should not even be tolerated, much less supported, at the public expense. But there is a wide difference between abolishing the establishment and revising it after a proper trial; between *violating, in a moment, and from passion and prejudice, the faith of government and the implied pledge of parliament*, and endeavouring to correct the abuses that frustrate the intentions of government and parliament, in providing for an institution which, if properly conducted, must be productive of the greatest public good.'

The remedy he proposed was, that the government should insist on the Roman-catholic church formally and practically renouncing the exclusive and intolerant system in all its parts, and giving a pledge that no such doctrines should be taught in their divinity schools, nor enforced by the parochial clergy. But this would evidently be calling on Rome to deny herself,

and act contrary to her nature. In a correspondence between Lord Redesdale and the Earl of Fingall, a Roman-catholic peer, in 1803, the root of all the animosity between Roman-catholics and Protestants is shown to be the doctrine of exclusive salvation. All who refuse submission to the See of Rome are rebels against divine authority, and as such, abhorred in this life, and destined to damnation in the next. Hence, he argued the true charity of Christianity could not be effectually taught by the priests; and he traced the conduct of the lower orders in the rebellion of 1798, their savage and remorseless murders of Protestants, to the teaching of the priesthood:—

‘I am assured,’ he says, ‘from very high authority, that (at least in one district) the priests who were instrumental in saving the lives of loyalists in the late rebellion are universally discountenanced by their superiors, and that a priest (Peter O’Neill,) proved to have been guilty of sanctioning the murders in 1798, transported to Botany Bay, and since pardoned by the mercy of the government, has been brought back in triumph by the same superior, to what, in defiance of the law, he called *his parish*, and there placed, as a martyr, in a manner the most insulting to the feelings of the Protestants, to the justice of the country, and to that government to whose lenity he owes his exemption from the punishment due to his crimes.’—(‘Castlereagh’s Memoirs,’ &c., vol. iv. 312.)

Lord Redesdale adds that the successor of Hussey in the presidency of Maynooth was notoriously disaffected. But what was to be done? If the government refused to maintain Maynooth on such terms as the Roman-catholic prelates deemed consistent with the faith and discipline of their church, the priesthood must continue to be educated abroad by the bounty of France, Spain, Rome, and the Low Countries, or at home in the diocesan schools, entirely on the voluntary system. It is hard to say which of these plans the government considered the more dangerous to the state. If the students went abroad, in addition to the strongest religious prejudices they imbibed a political hatred to their own government, and formed connexions which made them effective auxiliaries to the continental enemies of England, in case of an invasion of Ireland. Of the hatred to England, cherished as a religious duty by the Irish priests educated abroad, France and Spain had uniformly availed themselves ever since the Reformation; and it was most important to cut off the connexion of the Irish priesthood with those countries. On the other hand, if the government forbade students to go abroad, where they got a collegiate education free, ‘they would be left to pick up such an education as they could find at home,’ says the Bishop of Meath, ‘amidst all the poverty, ignorance, and low and vicious habits of the class from which they are generally taken.’

From the foundation of Maynooth, the Irish Roman-catholic

bishops had disregarded the understanding with the government in this matter of sacerdotal education. Dr. Hussey, the first president, assisted by the bishops, returned 400 students as the full supply needed to keep up their succession in Ireland. This number was accordingly provided for in the new college. But not content with this, the bishops, in compliance with one of the regulations of the Council of Trent, and in imitation of the continental prelates established a seminary, under their own immediate control in every diocese. They have continued this practice to the present day. The protestant bishop of Meath, from whose letter to Lord Castle-reagh we have quoted, had observed the working of these seminaries, and he says:—

‘If I can judge of them all by what I observed in Ossory, this is a most dangerous abuse. In the first place, it goes to multiply their clergy beyond calculation, and to make them swarm in a country where there can be no provision for them, and where they will, in all probability, minister to the vices, and consult the worst prejudices of the lower orders to get bread. In the next place, as the students of these seminaries do not reside in them, but come there occasionally and at stated periods, from all the parts of each diocese, they must spend the greater part of their time among their parents and friends, acquiring habits of idleness, and of all the vices which abound among their own class, and must of course become a profligate and abandoned priesthood.’—(Ibid. vol. ii. p. 289.)

Indeed, had that system been continued, this must have been the result. From the day that a youth is entered as a student for the priesthood in Ireland he becomes a sacred character, and a member of a distinct *caste*. Thenceforth, *labour* was contamination, and to pass away time in the country, he had recourse to card-playing, and probably fell into habits of drinking; for the overflowing kindness and hospitality of his neighbours would so press the intoxicating glass upon him that he could not well resist. Besides, owing to the holiness that was supposed to attach to a priest in embryo, the softer sex were familiar and affectionate with him, to an extent from which they would shrink in the case of secular persons. Thus dangerous attachments were insensibly formed, as well as habits very unsuited to the office of a confessor and a spiritual director. These evils must have been soon felt; for in all, or nearly all, these diocesan seminaries, the students are now boarded and lodged, subjected to rigid discipline, and carefully excluded from society,—an isolated and monastic education being found absolutely necessary to a priesthood bound by vows of celibacy; for a priest is a being that can be produced only in separation from the world—a plant that flourishes only in the shade.

The bill for the endowment of Maynooth, as we have seen, became law in the year following its rejection by the Lords; the grant was found annually in the Irish estimates, and as such was subject to discussion, to increase or diminution; but although the high Protestant party grumbled, and moved its withdrawal from time to time, no government was ever found bold enough to reverse the policy of Pitt and Castlereagh. The annual discussions only produced irritation and excited animosity. No rational being expected they could have the effect of inducing the state to abandon Maynooth college. Every statesman felt that the faith of parliament was pledged in the matter, and that the pledge could not be violated without the ruin of the Irish church establishment, for the sake of which, chiefly, Maynooth was founded. For thirty years the government had to endure the mortification of being taunted with violating its faith on the question of emancipation, and while that question was agitated, the withdrawal of the Maynooth grant would have converted the public excitement into a destructive conflagration.

When that question was settled in 1829, the Repeal of the Union was taken up, and the government were too glad to let other matters rest. The state prosecutions occurred in 1844, in consequence of the alarming organization against the Union, and the formidable displays of physical force in the 'monster meetings.' At that time the republican principles, against which Maynooth was designed to be a safeguard, became once more rife in Ireland. The 'Young Ireland' party aimed at a separation of the two kingdoms, and had carried the population with them. Had they carried the priesthood also, the movement of 1848 must have issued in a general and sanguinary insurrection. But the endowment of Maynooth, in 1845, granted without solicitation, in so liberal and confiding a manner, had a conciliating and soothing effect on the priesthood, and tended powerfully to alienate them from the O'Briens, Duffys and Mitchells. This is a view of the subject that has been entirely overlooked.

The act 8 and 9 Vict. c. 25) constitutes the trustees a body corporate and politic, with perpetual succession, and the other attributes of a corporation aggregate; and gives them power to hold land to the annual value of £3000, in addition to the land already in possession, and to take and hold personal property to any amount whatever. The act also granted the sum of £30,000 for the enlargement and repair of the building; and provides for its being permanently kept in repair, and from time to time, enlarged, improved, and furnished, under the superintendence of the Board of Works. At the same time, the endowment (now nearly £30,000 per annum) was trans-

ferred from the annual estimates to the consolidated fund, for the board and education of 520 students, as follows :—

(S. 4.)—Salaries of the president, officers, and professors of the college, and for the expense of commons, attendance, and other necessaries to be supplied for their use, the annual sum of . . . . .	£6,000
(S. 5.)—20 senior students, or Dunboyne scholars (in addition to £25 each, from the bequest of Baron Dunboyne), an annual sum of £40 each . . . . .	800
(S. 6.)—250 students in the three senior classes, an annual sum of £20 each . . . . .	5,000
(S. 7.)—Commons, attendance, and other necessaries for 20 senior students on the Dunboyne establishment, and for 500 free students, at not exceeding £28 each per annum	14,560
(S. 8.)—Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, for purchasing necessary lands and buildings, and for purchasing or erecting buildings or improvements, and for repairs, and fitting up, and furnishing the college from time to time, upon an average of the last five years, as shown by the returns ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 14th April, 1851, the annual sum of	1,145

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Making the total annual expense during the last five years £27,505

‘The whole of these sums, with the exception of the last item, are charged on the consolidated fund, and are payable annually without any application to parliament.’

A great number of public meetings have been held throughout the United Kingdom, addressed by the most eminent ministers of all denominations in connexion with the *Protestant Alliance*, to petition parliament for the repeal of this act. We are prepared for this, but are the clerical supporters of the *Alliance*? Those who think it practicable should *count the cost*. Are they prepared to give up the *Regium Donum* enjoyed by the Irish Presbyterians? Are they prepared for the downfall of the *Irish establishment*? We hold that these consequences must inevitably follow the success of the agitation.

The increased grant to the Presbyterians at the time of the Union, was given on the same principle as the grant to Maynooth. The object of both was to attach the recipients to the state, to make them loyal and quiet subjects, and to secure the established church, to which they serve as props, for, like an inverted pyramid, it would inevitably fall if either were removed.

Dr. Black, minister of the Presbyterian church, Londonderry, was in secret correspondence with the government at the time of the Union, and he laboured hard to win over the Synod of

Ulster to that measure, on the assurance from Lord Castlereagh that a large increase would be made to the royal bounty. Dr. Black gave the government the following statement of the *Regium Donum*, as then enjoyed—

‘On the 30th May, 1699, William III. granted, by his letters patent, to seven Presbyterian ministers, and to their successors, for the use of the Presbyterian ministers of the north of Ireland, £1200 per annum, to be paid to them or their successors, or to the person the major part of them or their successors shall appoint during pleasure. This grant was renewed by Queen Anne in 1702, with this difference, that she ordered it to be paid “in such proportion, and to such ministers as the lord-deputy or the lords-justices shall appoint or approve.” The next grant was in 1784, when his Majesty, having received the strongest assurances of the zeal of the Presbyterian ministers for his person and government, and their determination to inculcate the same principles on their congregations, directed an additional allowance of £1000 per annum “to be distributed in such manner among such non-conforming ministers as the lord-lieutenant, or other chief governor or governors for the time being, shall find necessary for his Majesty’s service, and the good of his kingdom.” The last grant was made in consequence of an address from the Irish House of Commons in 1792, and directs that an allowance of £3729 16s. 10d. per annum, *during pleasure*, be distributed among such of the non-conforming ministers of the northern department, by warrant of the lord-lieutenant, or other chief governor or governors for the time being, in such manner as they shall find necessary.’—(‘Castlereagh’s Memoirs,’ &c., iv. 88.)

Dr. Black earnestly urged a large additional endowment, and proposed that it should be distributed in three classes: the 1st to the city ministers, £100 to £200 each; the 2nd to ministers of inferior places, £80; and the third to rural ministers, £60 each. He calculated that £16,000 would be enough for this purpose. A change of ministry made him fearful as to the success of his plan; but as Lord Castlereagh was a member of the new administration, he wrote to him anxiously on the subject. From this letter, dated Londonderry, Feb. 28, 1801, and which, he says, was written under very agitated feelings, we extract a few sentences:—

‘With respect to the particular measure to which your lordship alludes, I know not how to contemplate its failure without a kind of terror for its consequences to this province, and of course to the kingdom and empire. And I do entreat your lordship to represent to those with whom the decision on it now remains, the severe inconvenience to which such failure must subject those men in the synod who have exposed themselves to popular and Jacobinical hatred, for having supported his Majesty’s government. . . . It is needless to point out to your lordship, who are so well acquainted with our unhappy divisions, the loss of influence which *loyal ministers* will sustain, and the *complete ascendancy which men of a*



*different description will acquire, should those engagements not be observed, which were made in the name of the late administration. Policy, justice, generosity, compassion, all concur in soliciting encouragement and protection to men who devoted themselves by falling in with the views of Lord Cornwallis's government. Be you, my lord, their advocate, and they will be cherished, and, in their turn, they will strengthen the state which nourishes them."*

These engagements were made in the year 1800, the year of the Union, Lord Cornwallis being viceroy. Commissioners had been appointed to confer with the government, and a meeting of the synod was convened to receive their report. This meeting, through the moderator, Dr. Bankhead, earnestly requested that the bounty might be conferred, as the existing bounty had been, *i. e.*, in consistency with ministerial parity and Presbyterian principles. And in the same month, October, 1800, the Rev. J. Sherrard wrote to Lord Castlereagh, earnestly deprecating the classification, which had reference solely to the influence of government giving most money to the men in the towns, who could render it most political service. To the moderator, Lord Castlereagh replied:—

‘As I know that it is the great object of his Majesty’s ministers to draw the connexion of the Presbyterian body to the constitution as close as circumstances will permit, I should hope the synod will not think themselves called upon to persevere in the sentiments they have adopted, but that they will cheerfully give their concurrence to such regulations as the wisdom of government and the legislature shall adopt for augmenting the maintenance of the clergy, *and at the same time securing their loyalty to the government*, and increasing their connexion with the constitution.’—(Ibid. vol. iii. pp. 338-9.)

The synod acquiesced, and the classes were arranged at £100, £75, and £50, for the synod of Ulster, and less sums for the ‘seceders.’ The government retained the appointment of the ‘agent,’ who in addition to his £100 *Regium Donum*, had £300 or £400 per annum, for distributing the fund. This office was appropriately conferred on Dr. Black, as a reward for his exertions, and as he was best qualified to give effect to the policy of the government. A letter from Mr. Alexander Knox to Lord Castlereagh, dated July 15th, 1803, throws much light on this policy. He advised the government not to confer with the moderator, but with Dr. Black alone, and that Dr. Black should be the agent of the government and not of the synod, and he adds—

‘The agent being an officer of the government, will be to all intents (with less state but far more efficiency than in Scotland) a royal commissioner in the synod, whereas, because he is under no control, he will be

certain of respect and influence. . . I believe a happier policy has never been resorted to than this plan of your lordship's. *Never before was Ulster under the dominion of the British crown.* It had a distinct moral existence before, and moved and acted on principles, of which all we could certainly know was that they were *not* with the state; therefore, when any tempting occasion occurred, ready to act against it; now, the distinct existence will merge into the general well-being, the Presbyterian ministers being henceforth a *subordinate ecclesiastical aristocracy, whose feeling must be that of zealous loyalty, and whose influence upon their people must be as surely sedative when it should be so, as it was the direct reverse before.* . . . *The agent must be the servant of the government, but this he can only be by the government paying him.*'—(Ibid. iv. 285.)

Mr. Knox has certainly proved a true prophet. The *Regium Donum* has had all the sedative effects he ascribed to it. Presbyterian Ulster has been so completely at the service of the government, that until lately the people have not even thought of having a single member of their church to represent them in parliament, though forming nearly half the Protestant population, concentrated in one province, but have quietly given their votes to their episcopalian landlords, while their own more wealthy people have dropped off to the supreme 'aristocracy' of the established church.

We see, then, that in their case, as well as that of Maynooth, *religion* had nothing to do with the endowments. They were granted for reasons of state. Those reasons are in full force still; indeed, the threats of a French invasion, and the tenant right agitation, give them fresh cogency at the present moment. With the Roman-catholic party the government have not been so successful as with the Presbyterians, but this is because the policy was not fully carried out by the payment of the priests. *This is the step which will next be taken as soon as practicable.*

There never was a more Utopian idea than that the government will repeal the act which endowed Maynooth, and continue the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterians. But, if both endowments be withdrawn, the Catholics and the Presbyterians will combine against the establishment, and in two years it must fall before the tremendous agitation that would be brought to bear against it. We quite agree with the *Protestant Alliance*, that nothing more unprincipled than the endowment of such a college as Maynooth, by a Protestant government, was ever known in the history of states. But we tell them that their agitation against that endowment is worse than useless—an unwarrantable disturbance of the public mind—unless they are prepared to give up the connexion of the church of England with the state in Ireland. This is the real cause

of all the disaffection and disloyalty which state bounties are designed to counteract, by bribing the ministers of religion to inculcate the doctrines of political servility, or else to be silent and tame when a corrupt government and a tyrannical aristocracy trample on the rights of the people.

Besides, the Alliance proceeds upon a principle which, if sound, ought to be carried out to all its just consequences. This principle is that *error* should not be endowed, which would disestablish the Church of England itself; for not more than about one-fourth of its clergy would sign a declaration against baptismal regeneration. The doctrine of sacerdotal efficacy is the very essence of Romanism, and involves all the principal dogmas taught at Maynooth which affect the plan of salvation. If, then, three-fourths of the clergy of the Church of England teach fundamental error, and reject the *doctrine of justification by faith*, why should they be supported by the state? Again, a large portion of the Irish *Regium Donum* goes to two or three sects of *Unitarians*, who deny the divinity of Christ. Why is the *Alliance* silent on this violation of its principle? But we cannot conclude without asking the Dissenting members of that body, is this a principle which *they* can sanction? May the state endow *truth*, without marring its influence, corrupting its ministers, injuring the church of Christ, or wronging that portion of society which the state brands with heterodoxy? Does not their connexion with the *Alliance* concede to state churchmen this postulate? And does it not involve another concession, which is, in fact, a surrender of the whole question of voluntaryism, and of religious liberty too,—namely, that the civil power is competent, and has a right, to determine *what is truth*? If this concession be made, how can Dissenters consistently object to the disabilities inflicted upon themselves?

The necessary conclusion from all that we have written is, that since the maintenance of Maynooth by a state, in which the ruling power is in the hands of Protestants, is indefensible and sinful,—that, since it was founded chiefly with a view to the defence of the episcopal establishment in Ireland, and is a vital part of the state church system in that country,—the only agitation in which British Dissenters can take part, without compromising their principles, is that which demands, in the name of Protestant truth and social equity, the total abolition of that system. *Their* proper place is not on the platform of the Alliance, but on that of the Anti-State Church Association.

ART. II.—*An Introduction to the New Testament.* By Samuel Davidson, D.D. (Halle) and LL.D. Vol. III. London: Bagster. 1851.

THIS volume, which completes Dr. Davidson's work, extends from the First Epistle to Timothy to the close of the New Testament.—It has been boldly asserted, that the First Epistle to Timothy does not agree with its proposed object; and hence it is summarily concluded that the production is unworthy of an apostle, particularly of the Apostle Paul. De Wette temperately maintained this view; Baur urges it with great vehemence; so much so that Dr. Davidson deems his opinions less dangerous because of their extravagance. De Wette tried to show the incongruity of the contents with the object of the epistle, as follows:—'First, according to the object for which Timothy was left at Ephesus, as stated in i. 3, we should expect a searching strain of disputation against the false teachers, and useful directions how to combat them. But after their erroneous tenets (i. 4—7) are designated, in a very obscure manner, and an incidental refutation of them is given (8—10), the author loses sight of his subject, and comes, as it were, incidentally (19 &c.) to speak of others that had already fallen into false doctrines, &c.'—('Exegetisches Handbuch,' ii. 5.) To this representation Dr. Davidson replies:—

It is not said that Timothy was left at Ephesus solely for the purpose specified in ch. i. 3; nor is it stated that the persons whom he was to charge were the heads of the false teachers, or that they really belonged to the party of the false teachers, properly so called, *at that time*. They were elders. As yet they had not openly and avowedly joined the party. He gives Timothy directions how to deal with *persons in the Church* whom the false teachers were beginning to influence. The Evangelist, accordingly, was commissioned to charge them to take care of their doctrine, lest they should teach any other than the true—they had begun to diverge from the simplicity of the faith. They gave too much heed to the Judaizers. This is the reason why the writer alludes to the false teachers incidentally and indirectly—why he does not engage in direct polemics against them. His opposition to the errors noticed in the Epistle is cursory, indefinite, partial, because they are usually viewed in connexion with the persons in the Church who were but partially corrupted by them, rather than in connexion with their original active promoters, who did not belong to the church. In ch. iv. 1, &c., the persons who should continue to listen to the false teachers are spoken of along with the latter themselves, chiefly in relation to the future, because both were to be identical when the erroneous tenets should be fully developed. As yet they had not fairly appeared within the church circle; though

Hymenæus and Alexander had gone so far as to justify their exclusion from the communion of the visible society at Ephesus.'—Vol. iii. p. 41.

De Wette's second objection complains, that instead of finding 'a treasure of appropriate and valuable directions and counsels for the management of the church,' as ch. iii. 15, would lead us to expect in the body of the epistle, we have only 'an enumeration of such qualifications in church officers as any one could give of himself, with the exception, perhaps, of two (verses 2, 6). The injunctions relative to public prayers, and the proper department of women (ch. ii. 1—10), are of no importance,' &c. Dr. Davidson replies, that it is unjust to judge of these instructions from the ideas of modern times. Timothy's age, the times he lived in, and the circumstances of the church, ought to be considered before it is pronounced that the directions given 'concerning office-bearers, the public behaviour of certain classes, the conducting of the worship, &c., are trifling, or such as any one could easily know without being taught or reminded by another.' Things which appear commonplace to us would not be so eighteen hundred years ago, when Christianity and its institutions were new, and but imperfectly apprehended. This argument, derived from historical considerations, is pertinent, and perfectly conclusive against De Wette. We think it might also be urged, with equal pertinency, that the objection in question would cut against all the ministrations of friendship and piety amongst mankind, when put forth in the form of advice, exhortation, and monition. It is not to *unknown* duties that we exhort, but to duties that are in danger of being neglected. Paul counselled Timothy, not altogether because Timothy lacked the *ideas* involved, but because the superior intelligence and wisdom of inspired age would be of material assistance to him in steering a difficult course, and acting with discrimination and prudence. Timothy was reminded of common duties, not because he had grown indolent, or because he was of obscure apprehension, but because the apostle fixed upon exciting emergencies, and dwelt upon aspects of truth and duty which, however homely, were the things *then* to be borne in mind. Common sense, here, as in many other cases, shows the preposterousness of the 'higher criticism,' and how men very often, in arguing against a particular fact, unconsciously violate a universal principle.

De Wette, in the third place, alleges that the admonitions given assign to Timothy 'too low a position of intelligence.' The passages referred to (ch. i. 18, 19; iv. 7; vi. 11, &c.) are rather unfortunate. They appear to us to be amongst the most precious parts of the Epistle. They contain the counsels of

Christian affection, wherein Paul addresses Timothy 'as a father does his son,' inciting him to 'war a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience, which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck;' to 'refuse profane and old wives' fables,' and to 'exercise' himself 'unto godliness;' to be 'an example to the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity;' to 'give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine;' to eschew the 'love of money,' and 'follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness;' and to 'fight the good fight of faith, laying hold upon eternal life,' &c. These, and the like, are actually the passages demurred to by De Wette, as being '*unofficial*' on the part of Paul, and beside the 'object;' and as assigning to Timothy 'too low a position in intelligence.' We are reminded that Timothy was capable of putting the Corinthians in remembrance of the ways of Paul which were in Christ (1 Cor. iv. 17), and of establishing the Christians of Thessalonica, and comforting them concerning their faith (1 Thess. i. 1—3); and, as one so fully furnished with spiritual qualification, that he might well dispense with such advice as is here afforded. We guess, however, that the instructions given were not only appropriate *then*, and to Timothy, even on the supposition that he was marked by high and sanctified intelligence; but that they are appropriate still, and that many would do well to attend to them in our own day. We believe none to be so great as to be above them, none so good as not to need them. To pass by those exhortations concerning godliness, faith, purity and good conscience, righteousness and eternal life, which are of permanent and universal interest, we think the less important admonitions given to be things not altogether unworthy of attention, even in modern times. There are so-called 'successors of the apostles' who need greatly being exhorted to abandon 'old wives' fables' and 'bodily exercises' which profit them, we fear, but *very* little, and to 'exercise' themselves, 'unto godliness.' The ascetic tendency of those times, like that of our own, threatened the vigor of active Christianity. 'Bodily exercise,' and 'fables,' which men of sense would consider too silly for nursery tales, are still in vogue; and even men of learning, men of so-called philosophic habits, who fill chairs of colleges and episcopal thrones, confess the power of their charms! Why should De Wette, or any one else, see anything unreasonable in the apostle's *caveats*? Why not rather see in them apostolic authority and inspired intelligence designating and proscribing things which are not the trifling peculiarities of a particular by-gone age merely, but *signs* of a degenerating tendency of *human nature* ever to merge



religion into the sensible and external? Both for Timothy, in his peculiar circumstances, and for all succeeding ages, while man continues what man has always been, they must be considered as having been written with deep wisdom and divine insight.

It is next complained by De Wette, that while the author of this Epistle was writing to Timothy at Ephesus, he makes no allusion whatever to Paul's relation to the Ephesian church. (comp. Acts xx. 18, &c.) Dr. Davidson observes, that it was no part of the apostle's object to write about himself. Hence, such an allusion would have been superfluous. It may be added that as Timothy, who resided at Ephesus, was well aware of Paul's relation to that church, and as he had only just left the place, where he had been on a visit with Timothy, it would have been idle to make any such communication.

The last objection advanced by the same writer to the Pauline authorship of this Epistle is 'the want of harmony and connexion in it.' Our author meets this as follows:—

'Here again a severe test is applied to it by De Wette, as though the digressions he discovers from the one object, the transitions from one part to another, the warnings against false doctrine, the admonitions, were marked by feebleness and incompetency on the part of the writer. But we do not agree with him in the opinion that *one object* is pursued, or was *meant to be* pursued throughout the epistle; and, therefore, the test by which he examines its contents is a partial one. Neither do we see any proof of the fact that the author was *unable* to distribute his materials in proper harmony and connexion. He has certainly not done so; but because of that fact must it be inferred that he lacked the ability? Did he *mean* to do so and fail? So De Wette appears to think. Where, then, is the evidence of his intention? *The fact* is obvious; but does *the mere fact* show that he failed in what he endeavoured to do? Certainly not. He passes from topic to topic with the easy familiarity evinced in the letter of an affectionate friend to his friend, intent on the useful and practical; but we can find no evidence of this failure in the composition because he had not sufficient mental power. Hence we are not at all concerned about the charges advanced on this head; nor does the want of logical connexion, said to be exemplified in ii. 1, iii. 15, iv. 8, prove the least stumbling-block to us. The writer does not address a church. He does not write a doctrinal epistle. He addresses an evangelist respecting a variety of matters ecclesiastical as well as personal, with an affectionate solicitude which neglects rigid ratiocination.'—Ibid. p. 45.

In the argument on the 'authenticity' of the pastoral epistles (those to Timothy and Titus) *taken collectively*, Dr. Davidson brings into full play all the appliances of a well furnished and logical mind. The position of the literature of these portions of Scripture was such, that great demands were naturally made upon the author. Schleiermacher denied the authenticity

of First Timothy. Even Neander had his doubts. Credner denied the authenticity of the three together. So did Baur, Mayerhoff, Schwegler, and others. The method to which we desire to draw attention, as adopted, especially by De Wette and Baur, has been that of showing that certain passages, in the *form of language* used, or in *doctrines* taught, are diverse from what is found in what are allowed by all to be the genuine writings of Paul; and also, that there is internal evidence that they were written at a period *subsequent to the death* of that apostle—i. e., when *Gnosticism* had reached a point of development which it had not attained to in the apostle's time.—Ibid. 117, 119, 125.

Let us look at the first of these—that which finds fault with *forms of expression* differing from the ordinary language of Paul. Now, of their existence there can be no doubt. But in this admitted fact we can see no manner of force for proving that these epistles are not the productions of Paul. Was the apostle always to be restricted to a certain vocabulary? Whatever his state of mind, whatever the diversity of subject, whatever the variety of exigency on the part of those to whom he wrote—was he under an iron law which prohibited him from using any words which he has not used in any of his other epistles which have come down to us? It is pretty certain that the Second Epistle to Timothy (A.D. 63, probably) was the apostle's last composition; and it is not unreasonable to expect, at least, a slight diversity between the diction of this and that of the First Letter to the Thessalonians, written more than ten years before, and embracing a very different class of subjects. Language, to a mind that is not stationary, is not stereotyped. The mind of Paul was eminently subject to the influx of new ideas, and in ten years might be expected to have undergone some change in the expressions more immediately at its command. Besides, other portions of Paul's recognised writings contain terms which he uses nowhere else. If First Timothy, because it contains eighty-one ἀπαξ λεγόμενα, is to be declared as not Pauline, by the same rule must it not be maintained that the Epistle to the Galatians is not Pauline, because it exhibits fifty-seven, or that to the Philippians, which contains fifty-four? Dr. Davidson, and other apologists for the authenticity of these writings, urge this view with obvious reason and truth. The assumption combated, we must add, would alienate from their authors all the productions of antiquity, and even the literary world at large. It would prove that Homer wrote not the 'Odyssey' because that poem contains terms not found in the 'Iliad,' and, *mutatis mutandis*, that he wrote not the 'Iliad!' It would tie Milton to

the same vocabulary and style when writing 'Il Penseroso,' as when writing 'L'Allegro.' The scientific and the historic, the comic and the tragic, the measured logic of philosophical disquisition and the loose familiar effusions of the communications of friendship, must all draw their phraseology from the same limited allowance. The same author, in all circumstances, at different periods of his life, writing to different persons in different offices, and bearing diverse relations to him, and on a variety of subjects, must always guard against indulging in the use of any new vocables, or even such as he does not *intend* always using whenever he is called upon to write, whatever the occasion may be which demands it! There scarcely ever was an argument which more easily admitted of a *reductio ad absurdum*.

After discussing the objection, that the writer of these epistles wanders from his proposed object to indulge in 'general truths and common-places,' and another to the effect that, in these writings, the doctrinal and practical aspects of Christianity are put forward in an exaggerated form, unlike the manner of Paul, showing a reason for the former, and substantially declaring the latter *untrue*, Dr. Davidson brings forward De Wette's great historical argument, whose purport it is to show that these epistles are distinguished by 'a polemical opposition to certain false teachers who appear in all, though not always the same, yet at least *similar* characters, being partly judaizing, partly anti-judaizing Gnostics.' Gnosticism, it is argued, had not been so fully developed in the time of Paul, as to require such an opposition. Paul might have become acquainted with the *germ* of the gnostic heresy, but the passages 1 Tim. vi. 20, and Titus iii. 10, point to it in an advanced state: when the idea of heresy had become a familiar one; and there are many traces of later times than those of Paul in the epistles before us. 1 Tim. iii. 1; v. 9; vi. 17, are referred to.—*Ibid.* 125.

This is the way in which an argument is fashioned to prove that Paul could not have been the writer. It is a way peculiar to German critics; none else, we trust, could thus build castles. With an air of learning which is very profound, an array of high authorities, and great logical tact, this sort of thing is urged upon us as a contrivance which proves quite subversive of the Pauline authorship. We admit that, could it be proved that a matured gnosticism which did not exist is implied in the epistles, the objection would prove a formidable one. Of course it would: for since gnosticism, by the hypothesis, is held not to have grown up to manhood in the days of Paul, a writing pretending to be Paul's, whose main object appears to be to combat a *grown-up* gnosticism, must bear upon its front its own

indictment. But, if it can be proved, either that this philosophic mysticism had sufficiently appeared in the time of Paul to justify any allusions to it which may be found in the writings in question, even under the amplest construction of their meaning; or, that the passages cited have, legitimately, no reference to a gnosticism which had advanced beyond its incipient stages, then the objection falls to the ground. Now, taking the latter supposition, we know that great organic changes in society are usually foreseen by marking the action of certain great principles, and may be spoken of as approaching; and their antecedents are often to the wise the objects of what many would deem disproportionate attention. So, also, in the growth and shiftings of religious opinions. It is quite supposable that Paul—not to speak of the *divine* discernment which we know was given him—was capable of recognising in a too prevalent tendency of opinion, evils which amply justified all the expressions here used. Very strong language might be called for. Poison when newly injected is as poisonous, and requires nearly as summary handling, as when in more advanced stages. History may prove that the errors of the Gnostics had not broken out in all their fulness in the time of Paul; but his quick perception might detect, and his ardent antagonism might lead him to assault, this unchristian *γνῶσις* on its very first appearance, as the fatal enemy of the truth. One of the passages selected by De Wette to prove allusions to a developed gnosticism is that wherein Timothy is exhorted to avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of '*science falsely so-called*.' The writer, he thinks, distinctively denotes a current, definite, religious tendency and mode of teaching—viz., the so-called *γνῶσις*. Dr. Davidson is not prepared to say that this '*science falsely so-called*' was the real *gnosis*. He thinks it '*probable, on the whole, that it does refer to the germ of a judaizing gnosticism*;' but '*that the appellation involves a developed definite tendency, such as gnosticism was in the first half of the second century, cannot be established*.'

Let us now look at the former supposition—viz., that gnosticism was already considerably developed, and that this is implied in these epistles. What follows, if borne out by history, fully supplies the exigencies of the case.

'We know that such a science or philosophy existed at the origin of Christianity amongst cultivated Jews at Alexandria and in Asia Minor. It had been developed out of the Jewish system. It may have been at Ephesus before Christ was preached there, as we have reason to believe it was at Colosse.'—Ibid. p. 128.

This we believe to be true, and, in our opinion, the historic

evidence which it implies is abundantly sufficient to meet the objection of De Wette. A few remarks will unfold the view we are inclined to maintain. 'Gnosticism,' as used by the early fathers was a generic term, which denoted a theological medley made up by the intermixture of certain parts of Christianity with Persian, Platonic, and Jewish systems of faith. All these latter were anterior to the advent of Christ. The philosophic religion of Persia, which held the existence of two principles, good and evil, with perhaps a supreme God over all—an idea of a reformatory kind probably introduced by Zoroaster—formed the basis of the gnostic doctrine of the two powers, the *good principle* on the one hand, and *Demiurgus* on the other, and above these the supreme *Pleroma* inhabiting *Bythos*. Then, as Professor Burton has very clearly shown,\* an oriental mixture had been incorporated with the Jewish religion through the intercourse of Israel with the east during and since their captivity in Babylon. From the land of their captivity a large number of Jews never returned, and their learned men, resident in Babylon, kept up a regular philosophical intercourse with the literati of Judea. This was the source of the Jewish *Cabala*, which Burton defines to be 'a mystical system, affecting the theory and practice of religion, founded upon oral tradition.' Hence the three principal sects amongst the Jews, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes, which were formed by the effervescence produced in the midst of Judaism by the oriental philosophy; hence the doctrines concerning angels, which often appear in the gospels; hence Philo's allegorical interpretations, &c. This cabalistic religion was in full action amongst the Jews prior to the advent of Christianity, and, accordingly, prior to the gnostic heresy. Then came *Platonism* with its eternity of matter, but not of the actual creation, and its archetype of all created things in the divine *idea*. To shield the Deity from the charge of being the author of evil, it maintained the uncreatedness of matter, and that in this matter the cause of evil was to be sought after. Hence the gnostic opinion of the evil of matter. From these three sources, the Platonic or Grecian, the Oriental or Persian, and the Jewish, were gathered the leading attributes of what in after times was denominated 'Gnosticism.' Its two principles of good and evil came from the Persian theosophy; its inherent malignity of matter from Plato; its doctrine of '*aeons*' from Plato's '*ideas*,' which were a kind of media between God and the created universe; and its judaizing tendencies from Judaism. The mystic notions of the Persian and Platonic systems had given the

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\* Burton's 'Bampton Lectures.'

minds of cultured Jews a distaste for the sensuous ceremonial of Judaism, and had imparted the habit of assimilating to themselves whatever was new and admitted of incorporation. When Christianity appeared, it was immediately laid hold of. Its grandeur, its revealed mysteries, especially its doctrine of the incarnation, captivated the oriental theosophists. Many who embraced it, when dispensed by the apostles, contemplated it from that point of observation which they occupied as eclectic religionists, most of whose tenets were in favour of eastern and Platonic dogmas. On their *very first* reception of Christianity, then, what would be the substantial character of the faith of such persons? Was it not essentially *gnostic*? We can see nothing extraordinary in the supposition that this amalgamation of dogmas had become so serious when the pastoral Epistles were written, that the writer was justified in using very strong language regarding it. When the first letter to Timothy was written, (A.D. 56) *twenty-three years* or so had elapsed since the ascension of our Lord, and about *eighteen years* since the conversion of Paul. The elements of gnosticism (excepting the Christian) were no new things amongst the Jews, no new things to the more intelligent amongst the first Christian converts. At that time, a period of *twenty-three years* would witness a prodigious change—in such an unsettled state was religious opinion. Then Christianity was not in a corner. The disciples, who had been scattered abroad since the day of Pentecost, and the martyrdom of Stephen, had sown far and wide the gospel seed. The apostles had also been labouring in Judea. Fifteen or twenty years gave ample scope for the fusion of this new system with the gnostic materials which had been so long in preparation. It is not necessary to suppose that gnosticism had at this time (the time of Paul), reached the point of development which the extravagances of subsequent ages unfold; yet we deem it highly probable, and of some importance to maintain, that its development was already abundant enough to correspond with the language used in these Epistles, when that language is *fairly interpreted*.

De Wette refers to 1 Tim. vi. 20 ('*vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so called*') and to Titus iii. 10 ('*a man that is an HERETIC, after the first and second admonition, reject*') as indicating a matured gnosticism. But we venture to maintain that these passages do *not* indicate a development which at all exceeds what the history of the times makes *highly probable*, nay, morally *certain*, as being the state of things during the latter part of the lifetime of the apostle. Dr. Davidson takes a somewhat different view. While admitting that the phrase, '*science falsely so called*,' may apply to gnosticism, he is still of opinion that the



principles here combated appear to be neither those which were distinctively termed *gnostic*, nor the peculiar positions of Marcion, but the seed or germ out of which both were afterwards developed—(p. 126). It is certainly to be admitted that gnosticism presented grosser forms in the second century than it did in the first half of the first century, as Puseyism has become more matured now than it was when Tract 90 made its appearance; but as that Tract embodied not merely germs but mature principles, which called forth immediate and loud protests, so it is highly probable that, from the long prevalence of an admixture of the Oriental, Cabalistic, and Platonic principles, parties embracing Christianity, and explaining any of its doctrines on the basis of their philosophy, would, *at once*, manifest so much that was absurd and antichristian, as to demand the same species of antagonism as the more complete systems of Menander, Marcion, or Cerinthus demanded. Let us remember the gnostic excesses of *Simon Magus*, at the very outset of apostolic preaching (Acts 8), and the terrible sweep of the gnostic heresies at the commencement of the second century, and we shall not have much reluctance in admitting that during the life time of Paul it may have attained to considerable maturity. This argument of De Wette's may thus be considered, even upon his *own interpretation* of the passages quoted, to fall to the ground.

With a single reference to the opinion of Neander we shall quit this subject. He says, ('Geschichte der Pflanzung und Leitung,') that his doubts about the genuineness of 1 Timothy did not arise from its references to the false teachers; and he could not see in it the allusions to the *later* gnostic doctrines to which Baur referred; but he still says, that he could presuppose *a priori*, the existence of the germ of the judaizing ascetic tendency from collateral historical testimony. He also rejects summarily the statement of Hegesippus in Eusebius, that the gnostic corruption of doctrine appeared not until after the death of Paul.

For the subsequent parts of the author's discussions on these Epistles, we must refer our readers to the work itself. We have devoted so large a space to the consideration of a few points connected with these books, because of the peculiar position in which continental criticism has placed them, and from a desire to unfold fully to our readers the nature of the objections upon which so great a stress has been laid.

Passing over Philemon, which occupies only eight or nine pages of the 'Introduction,' we come to the Epistle to the Hebrews. In all ages the *authorship* of the Hebrews has been a subject of contest. It has been variously attributed to Clement of Rome, Barnabas, Luke, Silas or Silvanus, Apollos, and Paul. All these theories are canvassed in this work; some

of them with great minuteness, and the Pauline authorship defended at considerable length, and with surpassing ingenuity and force of reasoning. After adverting to other theories of Ullman and others, Dr. Davidson proceeds to state and defend his own opinion. Before doing this, however, he advances some weighty considerations upon 'the question of authorship as affecting *Canonical authority*.'

'Inferior critics reason as if we were *obliged* to regard Paul as the author, because none of his known companions have any fair claim to it. The choice, it is said, lies between Paul and some unknown writer. And the consequences of ascribing it to the latter necessitate the adoption of the former. An unknown writer of the apostolic age is a dreaded personage to the petty hunters of heresy. Why? Because the canonical credit of the latter is gone if an unknown author composed it. Verily, if this be the case, we may bid farewell to not a few of the Old Testament books. No such fear of an unknown writer haunts us—a fear that judges *a priori*, and condemns ignorantly. If the Epistle was received as authoritative by the early Christians of the apostolic age because they knew it had apostolic approbation—if they looked upon it as *scripture*, equally with the authentic productions of Paul himself, because they either knew the writer, or knew that his composition was sanctioned and authorized by one or more inspired apostles—then is its canonical reputation secure. It need not be struck out of its place in the sacred canon, should the endeavours to ascribe it to any of Paul's known companions prove futile. It need not be struck out of the canon, though it cannot be shown that all the early churches received it as Paul's. Some of the early churches did so receive it. Others did not. All that is necessary to its safe position in the sacred canon is to hold, either that it was written by an apostle; or, if not, by an apostolic man with his express sanction and superintendence.'—*Ibid.* pp. 172, 173.

A discussion like that upon the *authorship* of the Epistle to the Hebrews, extending over *ninety-six* pages of this work, we cannot here attempt to describe, much less pretend to examine. It is a volume in itself. In a concentrated form, it contains the substance of many volumes for and against the position maintained by the writer. It is, beyond comparison, the best treatment of the subject we have seen; and settles the Pauline authorship upon a basis of probability, amounting almost to certainty. That no other claimant can come forward with the same show of right as the apostle Paul, is clearly manifest:—the only thing remaining is proof positive that he *did* write it.

The result of a minute examination of the Fathers, both Greek and Latin, is thus given:—

'The preceding examination of patristic evidence gives the following result: In the Western or Latin Church, the Epistle was not regarded as

Apostolic or Pauline down to the fourth century. During this century, however, it obtained a canonical position, and was attributed to Paul; so that in the latter part of it, and afterwards, the Epistle was firmly established in ecclesiastical opinion among the authentic writings of the apostle. The causes which contributed to this change of sentiment in the Western Church, if it can be properly called a change, cannot be exactly traced. Perhaps the study of Origen's writings had its influence. We know that Hilary and Ambrose in particular were conversant with, and largely influenced by them. The ecclesiastical intercourse, too, between the East and West that began to be held at the time, must have brought the sentiments of the East into the West. Above all, the weight of two names, Jerome and Augustine, contributed largely to the formation of such an opinion. When these distinguished fathers quoted and used it as the apostle's authentic production, inferior writers might well do the same. It has also been conjectured that the Arian controversy, in which the Epistle was of service to the orthodox cause, helped to give currency to it as an apostolic writing. But this is not very clear. One thing is apparent—viz., that the influence of the East on the West was very perceptible in the matter in question.

'In the Eastern or Greek Church, the tradition was early and uniformly in favour of the Pauline authorship. The Greek fathers in Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Asia, Greece, believed that it proceeded from the apostle of the Gentiles. The exceptions were very few and insignificant; for the Arians were the first Greeks whom history charges with denying the Pauline origin, as we learn from Theodoret and Epiphanius.

'The Syrian Church, as has been shown, entertained the same opinion.

'Thus, when we look at the external testimony, there can be little hesitation in saying, that it is decidedly favourable to the opinion of the Epistle's having been written by Paul. The value of the evidence furnished by the early Latin Church cannot be put in comparison with the early Alexandrian. The former church was *uncritical* in comparison with the latter. It cannot be placed on an equal footing with the Alexandrian either in learning or critical skill. . . . The number and weight of witnesses on the side of the old Alexandrian opinion, considerably exceed the witnesses on the other side. Judging by patristic evidence alone, the truth is undeniably on the side of those who hold that the letter was written by Paul.'—Ib. pp. 195, 196.

Having disposed of the external evidence, the work proceeds to an examination of the internal. The Pauline authorship has been combated principally on the ground of the latter.

We regret that we cannot afford space for further elucidating the scope and construction of the argument on this book. The digest of evidence for and against the Pauline authorship is comprehensive, discriminating, and candid. The breadth of testimony surveyed—the skill wherewith the multitudinous array of diversified opinions is marshalled, so as to admit of no painful complexity—the concern, not obtrusive, but still quite discoverable, to allow to each objector the full benefit of

his argument, and even sometimes the benefit of entire arguments claimed by many as important on our author's side; these and other features of this discussion demand our unqualified admiration. We occasionally notice, however, a summariness of manner which must prove rather caustic to those who are combated: instance p. 281, where Stuart's opinion is set aside without much ceremony. But this frankness of antagonism arises, probably, from our author's evident and pervading love of absolute freedom of judgment: he concedes it ungrudgingly to others, and asserts the right of its exercise for himself. He is fully conscious that different 'critics may draw different conclusions from the very same facts,' and that 'there are degrees of importance which are measured differently by different minds.'—p. 282.

We cannot see the pertinency of the fifth observation, p. 205. It is classed under '(a) circumstances mentioned or alluded to in the letter.' But this argument, which runs thus—'5. It is alleged that Paul would scarcely have written to Hebrew Christians, since he was not accustomed to intrude into others' sphere of activity,' &c., has no bearing upon the subject. Moreover, it is an argument by the *opponents* of the Pauline authorship, which is here classed with four others which have been used in *favour* of that authorship. It seems to us to have been inadvertently misplaced.

We cannot sympathize in the tone of those writers on the characteristics of the Epistle of James, who see in it an element which is *non-Christian*. Could we go so far we should readily conclude with Luther that it is '*eine rechte stroherne Epistel*'—a right strawy epistle, totally unfit, because of its incongruous character, to be admitted into the canon of the Christian scriptures. Christianity embraces, not merely certain principles peculiar to itself, but the *universal system of moral and religious truth*. It is designed to be a universal religion, responding to all the wants of man individual and social. Many other religions, all religions, perhaps, have partial truth—for without this they could not find a resting-place amongst mankind—this supplements them all, eliminating their error, but preserving their truth. If James dwells upon the sternly *ethical* side more distinctly than upon that aspect of Christianity which is radiant with the splendours of grace, it is because Christianity includes ethical principles as intrinsically true and unavoidable principles. All the axioms and laws of morality are within the circumference of Christianity; and God may have designed such a document as this epistle, which harmonizes so fully with the doctrine of our Lord, in his Sermon on the Mount, and other places, and with the love-principle of John, to give to the sys-

tem of the gospel the comprehensive and universal aspect, which would commend it to, as well as qualify it for, all ages and all nations; and to man as still responsible and free, as well as to man needing the mercy of redemption. It is perfectly true, as Dr. Davidson observes, that in this Epistle 'no one important portion of the Christian system is clearly unfolded,' if we refer to the Christian system in its *points of difference* from all other systems; but we would still suggest whether, when Christianity is viewed in itself, and as a whole, as comprehending the universal body of moral and religious truth, some of its most vital principles are not here very clearly unfolded. The divorce often effected between the most glorious facts and dogmas of Christianity and the region of ethics, or, in other words between *religion* and *morality*, has done incalculable mischief. It has placed morality in a false light, given the law (the moral law) a position of antagonism to the gospel, and so paved the way for a settled prejudice against the religion of Christ. We judge from what we know of Dr. Davidson's mode of thinking that he would not countenance such alienation, and we make these remarks in order to anticipate misapprehension as to his language.

Over the general epistles of Peter, John, and Jude, we must pass, merely specifying, as points of difficulty illustrated with much force and felicity, the question whether Peter visited Rome and there suffered martyrdom, which our author decides in the affirmative (pp. 354—362)—the relation of 2 Peter to Jude (pp. 399—408)—the authenticity of 2 Peter, which was doubted or denied by Calvin and Grotius, and many others amongst modern critics besides Eichhorn, Credner, Neander, Mayerhoff, De Wette, Lachmann, and Schwegler. Dr. Davidson agrees with Michaelis, Augusti, Hug, Guericke, Windischmann, and Thiersch, in defending the authenticity.

Next comes the 'Abysmal' book of Revelation. We never look into this marvellous production without awe. We never witness the feeble impertinence of men in pretending to be capable of easily distributing its various sections to particular events through the progress of ages, without pity and shame. At the entrance into this interminable labyrinth, men feel bold to stand and make assertions concerning the interior, for the very reason that none can demonstrate the opposite. When little or nothing can be said with certainty, multitudes of things will be advanced and hotly contested upon conjecture. There is, too, a fascination in a prophetic writing, which, in exact proportion to its inscrutableness, will often tempt the rash, and ambitious, and curious, to try to plumb the deeps, and to evolve

underful phenomena. The book of Revelation gives scope such, and sad is the exhibition they often make.

We have not space for noticing Dr. Davidson's elaborate acquisitions in this part of his Introduction; or to unfold the story of interpretation he has adopted. This, however, we do less regret, since we hope hereafter to give a connected view of the various leading 'Schemes of Interpretation' which students of prophecy have at different times applied to the mysterious Apocalypse.

We have a word to say, in conclusion, on two or three things in this work as a whole which we have hitherto omitted. First: It is not a *compilation*. We say this because we know it, and because the form of the argument and composition would in any instances lead to a false impression. It has quotations numberless, and adopted views; but not without references. It is a *digest* often—an elaborated *essence*, extracted by unparalleled diligence and great exactness of judgment from voluminous productions. It tells us what all distinguished men think of the questions handled. We are presented with a *panoramic view* of modern criticism, with every object, eminence, and depression in the scene graphically marked. But although we have authors and opinions mentioned to our heart's content, we have no views urged upon us for adoption without carefully weighed reasons. The book is, so to speak, a conclave of learned men sitting in discussion—our learned author listens, ponders, and decides, and gives us the judgment. This is what students want—all the ways, right and left, through the country they are exploring, with a kind and trusty guide to put them in the right path. In a work of the kind, we submit that this was the preferable method, nay more—no other method could have at all satisfactory.

Again: We would notice the simplicity and *perspicuity* of the style and diction; we do not remember having ever read a book of this class whose style was more transparent. While we have conciseness which is sometimes almost provoking—briefly expressed separate thoughts or facts, coming in quick succession—we have at the same time an entire absence of confusion or vagueness of conception or language. Considering the nature of the author's plan, and the constant converse he held with the men of Germany, who live in what *some* people call Cloudland, his claim to our admiration and thanks on this account is high. Many men of culture could not translate into such obvious English forms, the labyrinthine and ponderous cogitations of our neighbours in objection and argument. The reason of Dr. Davidson's clearness and ease here is to be found, partly, in the thorough mastery he has obtained over the German language,



and his extreme familiarity with German modes of thought. He knows precisely the dress in which to present an idea, so that it may have the same effect upon the English mind which in its original dress it had on the German. No deference is paid to the morbid taste existing, and perhaps growing amongst us, for the mystic and *quasi* profound. Thought is not buried in the grave of verbosity,—as if from a consciousness that if clearly exposed it would only win derision. The subject of the work is grave, and the diction is dignified and sober, as it ought to be. The book is an *exposition* rather than an *exhibition*. It is intended to bring out the truth concerning the New Testament, as the careful artist would evoke the living expression from the canvass which had been buried in the dust of ages, and not the daubing and dressing manipulations of the crude *dilettante*. To us, this is refreshing. There are such afflictive signs around us of a love of literary display and vapid philosophism—such ‘tinkling brass’ productions calling forth such ‘sounding cymbal’ encomiums, that it is real joy to have a great work finished with a simplicity apparently unconscious—with skill and gentle strokes. So are the greatest works finished. So Phidias finished the Olympian Jupiter; so Locke wrote the ‘Human Understanding;’ so Shakespere wrote his dramas.

We would also mention the *candour* with which difficult subjects and the opinions of opponents are treated, and, as examples, would refer to pages 202, 205, 223, vol. iii., the second, fourth, and third paragraphs respectively.

We must touch upon another prime feature—what some will designate the prime sin of these volumes—we mean their free dealing in *German criticisms*. Our author maintains a serene indifference as to the gruff complaints of ‘heresy hunters’ against what is called *Germanism*. He writes not for the ‘perfunctory’ nor for the ‘stereotyped’ in creed; but for those who are ‘alive to the tendencies of the age they live in,’ and who are ‘not afraid of a German writer merely because he is German.’ Either for use or for exposure, his pages are besprinkled with German thoughts new and old. There is not a modern author of importance who has written of biblical matters, but is noticed here. Criticisms, both pro-biblical and anti-biblical, meet here with free and fearless dealing, come whence they may. At the present time this is matter of moment. Teutonic influence is rushing in upon us with force and volume unprecedented. Now and then, some of the friends of orthodoxy are losing their self-command. The Protestant maxim of liberty in thought and utterance is looked upon shyly. A book that, like a pilot, marches

boldly upon the flood, fathoms its depths, ascertains the direction of its currents, and guards the points of faith imperilled, will hence command attention and elicit hearty responses. We hail the spirit of free inquiry which Dr. Davidson dares to cultivate—not from a morbid love of unrest and novelty; and *not* because we love orthodoxy less, but *because* we love the Bible more. His platform is that of divine truth, not that of a human creed. The presence that presides in his study is God's, not man's. The book he is employed in examining, the glorious faith he is concerned to serve, are things to be best understood, and things which shed their benignant influence upon the studious soul, when the judgments of mortals are comparatively forgotten—occupying the place of Abraham's servants at the foot of the mountain—and the asking mind retires to the holiest place, where creatures may not disturb his contemplations, where the face of God gives peaceful light. We are aware of the evils, the mighty evils, of German literature; but we trust in the right remedy; we despise the practice of gagging. The spread of truth by imprisonment and torture, whether of body or *mind*, we hold to be wicked to attempt, and *impossible* to accomplish. Religion cannot be promoted by irreligious means.

And what if Germany *does* produce instruments of warfare against the truth? She labours also, and labours bravely, in its defence. Germany has a Neander as well as a Strauss, an Olshausen as well as a De Wette, a Tholuck as well as a Baur. German literature is not to be discredited in the mass because of its exceptionable portions. For a similar reason, we might inveigh against Oxford University, as *such*, because of its Puseyism; or against St. Stephen's, as *such*, because of its blunders in legislation. The complaint is indiscriminating. To those who will see, Germany is now the theatre of no ignoble struggle in the cause of the truth we love. It is a laboratory of thought promising mighty issues. Out of that deep meditation, that strange endurance of toil, that unconstrained battling of opinions, good must eventually come forth. While the conflict rages, ask not the student to shut his eyes; and if you do, what avails it? And what avail your denunciations? You might as well lift up deprecatory hands against the north wind marching across the German sea, or build a wall to stop the hurricane or the tide. The wave of Teutonic influence is but a part of the intellectual tidal flow of our times. The cycle of progress is thus borne onwards towards completion; and, with all its grotesqueness blended with its elaborate grace, with all its abrupt, wild, half-maniac vaticinations mingled with most sober and measured judgments, with all its profanity and fierce

ungodliness mingled with the loveliest utterances of subdued devotion and gospel faith, we must witness its march and wait the certain issue. We may not feel that it is well thus to have society convulsed with intellectual throes, any more than to have thunder storms and earthquakes. But our liking guides not our lot.

The evil referred to is not a petty impertinence, but a grave aspect of the spirit of the age. It is not in store on the other side of the sea, and brought over here only in parcels. If you could lay an embargo upon all German thinking, nay, if you could even annihilate Germany herself, and all her literature, you would not have crushed, or even touched, this foe. A rationalistic tendency pervades America, and is rife in England. It seethes and effervesces in the pew, while you wish the pulpit to ignore it. In the sparkling pages of our higher literature, it is a plastic presence, and you cannot prevent your children from receiving its inspiration. In our seats of learning it fascinates our rising youth, whose recognised teachers you would have act the part of *censores*, not of *ductores*. And the upshot of the matter is this—either you or some other men must meet and fight the evil. Error, now as ever, and more than ever, must be dispelled by truth. The theological excesses of modern times are fruits of wide and comprehensive processes of inquiry in departments of human knowledge diversified and complex, and levelled against the Gospel with earnest decision and scientific exactness. The men competent to meet these assaults are not those who have grown under glass, or who have spent an easy pupilage in the home school of musty creeds and ‘standards.’ They must be students, and triers of spirits; men of patient thought, and sober utterance: men able to discern, and willing to discriminate—severely equitable, and humble in godliness. ‘Butler’s Analogies’ we do not expect to see produced, nor would we believe that anything approaching to them had appeared, whoever gave his word. But something following that thoughtful and reasoning mood, we *do* want, and expect to see. This is *our* way of repelling error. No enemy, least of all the intellectual aberrations of our day in matters of faith, can be defeated by shutting our eyes and affecting indifference. We must be equal to the emergency, and meet force by force.

We heartily thank Dr. Davidson for his noble and most useful ‘Introduction,’ as a material contribution to the establishment of the truth.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. Vol. I. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume will probably disappoint many readers; and we shall not be surprised if some bitter complaints are made respecting its short-comings, its prejudiced judgments, and the artificial and clique standard by which the merits and demerits of men and parties are estimated. Something of this kind has indeed already appeared, nor are we disposed to volunteer a wholesale and indiscriminate defence. We are no worshipper of the author, or of the party to which he belonged. The charmed circle of Holland House never exercised its witchery over us, nor are our principles and views limited to those of the whigs. So far we are free to exercise our craft with impartiality, and have seldom attempted it with more pleasure than on the present occasion. The book is a good book, whatever exceptions may be taken. It will be read with pleasure; and those who commence its perusal without prosecuting it to the end, must be either remarkably dull, deeply tinctured with prejudice, or discredibly indifferent to the deepest and most permanent interests of our country. It were easy to point out many things which we should like the volume to contain; but to be surprised at their absence is to forget the character of the late Lord Holland, and to lose sight of the circumstances amid which his habits were formed, and his journal (if such it may be termed) was penned. The work suffers somewhat from its title, which is too ambitious, or at least too large and historic. Its pages are opened with the expectation of a more continuous and detailed narrative than they are found to supply, and the consequence in many cases is disappointment, or it may be a yet stronger feeling. For ourselves we have been, on the whole, much gratified. A more readable or pleasing volume we have seldom met with. It is not profound in its views either of men or things. It makes no pretension to anything of the sort, but is content with a clear record of the impressions received, and of the estimates formed, by an intelligent, amiable, and liberal observer. Nor is the information conveyed—at least in any large measure—novel or recondite. For the most part, the author founds his sketches on intelligence generally accessible, nor does he attempt, what is by no means uncommon, to glorify himself by arrogating the possession of secrets unknown to the many. The simplicity of his object is conspicuous throughout, while his self-knowledge and genuine modesty preclude any of those tricks by which superficial and

vain men are wont to please themselves, and to delude unreflecting readers. The talents of Lord Holland were thoroughly respectable; his opportunities of observation were more numerous and valuable than are common; his disposition was eminently kind; his political tendencies were liberal; and his candor, it is needless to say, was unsurpassed. He was on intimate terms with the most distinguished men of his day, was the attached nephew and ardent admirer of Charles James Fox, shared in the councils of the whig party during the premiership of Pitt, attended the death-bed of Fox, was accurately informed of the closing scene of the career of his great rival, remained faithful to his political faith, through evil report and through good report, and ultimately assisted Earl Grey in achieving the great triumph of modern times. The recorded judgments of such a man, on matters with which he was intimately acquainted, statesmen whom he daily saw, and parties at whose council-board he sat, cannot but be valuable, and such we hesitate not to say is the work, the first volume of which is now before us. The 'Foreign Reminiscences,' published in the autumn of 1850, were prepared as a supplementary chapter to these 'Memoirs,' and were dis severed from their connexion in order to meet the special interests in continental politics supposed to be felt at that period. The wisdom of this arrangement may be questioned, and the noble editor of the present work acknowledges to something like an error in the publication.

'It would be gross vanity,' says Lord Holland, 'to fancy the transactions of my life of any great importance;' and having then stated the reasons which induced him to record his impressions and views, he adds, 'I shall write down what has come to my knowledge respecting public events and public characters, and is not to be found in annual registers or other histories of the day, with little or no regard to the manner of relating it.' The first *Book* of these 'Memoirs' was written before 1802, and the second, between May 1805 and January 1812. They were both revised in 1824, when a few illustrations were added, and the style and language were corrected. The general narrative, however, was untouched, and the work, therefore, comes to us as a piece of contemporaneous history, reviewed and amended by the author after an interval of some years.

During the minority of Lord Holland he was under the guardianship of his uncles, by whom, he tells us, he was 'treated with the tenderness of parents.' He went through 'Eton and Oxford without disgrace and without distinction;' and travelled through Scotland, Switzerland, France, Denmark, Germany, Spain, and Italy. The correspondence of his uncle Charles

James Fox, during this period, seems to have exerted considerable influence over his views, and the value of the 'Memoirs' would have been greatly enhanced if some fragments of this correspondence had been preserved. Such, however, is not the case, and we must be content to receive what is proffered, instead of indulging in unavailing regret at what is withheld. Mr. Fox was at this time leader of the opposition, and we are by no means surprised when told by his nephew—'I was, no doubt, swayed by my affection for him, as well as convinced by his arguments, to espouse the principles which have generally guided the popular party in this country called whigs.' It would have been strange had it been otherwise, and any disclaimer of the influence thus exercised would only have involved in doubt the writer's sincerity or self-knowledge.

The effect of the French revolution in breaking up the whig party is well-known. But for this, William Pitt and the war party must have yielded to the terrible reverses of the struggle to which they had committed the country. Had the Portland and Fox sections of the Opposition continued in unison, they could scarcely have failed to check, if not entirely to reverse, the policy of the court. But their strength disappeared with their harmony. The duke and his friends sided with the administration, and Fox was thus left to wage an unequal war against one of the most unscrupulous, iron-hearted, and imperious ministers that ever presided over the councils of a British sovereign. Edmund Burke was mainly instrumental in effecting this division. We do not here mention the fact to his discredit, much less do we impute his agency to personal and unworthy motives. In point of genius and mental endowments he was vastly superior to the men about him. He towered above them all, while his integrity defied malice, and has challenged the scrutiny of disappointed and embittered allies. Yet he greatly erred in the measures he advocated, and in the policy to which he surrendered himself, body, soul, and strength. The whigs whom he left never forgave his desertion, nor were they without grounds of complaint. He confounded the immediate and the remote, mistook the excesses of a popular revolution for the revolution itself, identified the struggle of an indignant people with the atrocities perpetrated in their name, and suffered his horror at the crimes of the Robespierres and Dantons, to obliterate from his memory the chronic diseases with which ages of misrule had infected the body politic. Had the men whom he forsook confined themselves to these topics, they would have commanded our sympathy, and might have established against him the charge, to which in our judgment he was liable, of substituting sweeping denunciations for discrimina-



ting censure, and of thus aiding the despotic policy of an administration to which he had pledged interminable war. But when they proceeded to charge him with a wilful and corrupt abandonment of the popular cause, to heap on his name the fiercest anathemas, and to employ that name itself as the synonym of political apostasy, they raised up between themselves and impartial men an impassable barrier, by evidencing the heat and passion of disappointed partizanship, rather than the sorrow of a sound-hearted and large philosophy. But we must not descant on these points. A reference was needful to put our readers on their guard against the bias to which Lord Holland, like other men of his day, was liable; but having accomplished this, we shall best fulfil our vocation by introducing them to the volume itself, by means of a few illustrative extracts. Perfect impartiality in the case of Burke and Pitt is not to be expected from the nephew and disciple of Fox, but there is no appearance of intentional misrepresentation. The admirers of these statesmen may complain of the absence of some bright colorings from their portraits, but considering the time when, and the circumstances under which, the portraits were sketched, they betoken an honorable solicitude to do justice to the likenesses taken. Burke is early introduced, and the following description, though dealing only with the exceptionable points of his character, is not fairly open to censure—

‘ I had only a school-boy’s acquaintance with Mr. Burke. It is not for me to correct or to reconcile the contradictory opinions, entertained by his partisans and his enemies, of his views and conduct at that period. Till the ecclesiastical revenues were suppressed, Burke was far from disapproving the French revolution. But what conclusion, against the sincerity of his opinions, is drawn from the fact? An extravagant veneration for all established rites and ceremonies in religion appears to have been a sentiment long and deeply rooted in his mind. It arose, indeed, from a conviction of the necessity of some establishment to the preservation of society, and the necessity of some outward show and pomp to the maintenance of that establishment, rather than from any strong predilection for particular tenets. Mr. Fox has more than once assured me, that in his invectives against Mr. Hastings’ indignities to the Indian priesthood, he spoke of the piety of the Hindoos with admiration, and of their holy religion and sacred functions with an awe bordering on devotion. The seizure of the property of the clergy in France, might then excite alarm in breasts less predisposed to sensibility on such subjects. It was, in the judgment of many, an outrageous violation of property; when, therefore, it professed to be the result of a philosophy which denied the usefulness of all ecclesiastical institutions, rather than the desperate resource of an exhausted exchequer, it suggested a train of apprehensions in the mind of Mr. Burke, who, from the habitual tenor of his opinions, was prepared to receive such impressions. He was, too, as rational friends

of liberty are apt to be, a supporter of aristocracy, in the favourable sense of that word. But from intimacy with some of the most amiable members of it, and from the long habit of defending them, he had grown somewhat superstitiously attached to the shape which it has assumed in our constitution; and from temper he had learnt to pay an absurd degree of reverence to those appendages, or rather abuses, for which the general benefits of the system may offer some atonement, but which nothing but prejudice or adulation can seriously regard as beauties in the system itself. He loved to exaggerate everything: when exasperated by the slightest opposition, even on accidental topics of conversation, he always pushed his principles, his opinions, or even impressions of the moment, to the extreme. A ludicrous instance may illustrate this peculiarity. When recommending spermaceti candles (then a new invention) for their cheapness, he somewhat hastily asserted that they were equal in brightness and other qualities to the best wax tapers; but when contradicted, he maintained, with earnestness and even with vehemence, that they were infinitely better. With all the extent of knowledge, and all the depth of thought, which he could apply to more important subjects, he was on them, as in trifles, equally peremptory, extravagant, impetuous, and overbearing. His principles led him to condemn the French revolution, his temper to discard all candour and moderation in speaking of those who promoted or approved of it. Accidental circumstances conspired with his natural violence to direct his alarms at its progress to his own country, and to convert what at first appeared a speculative censure of a foreign event into distrust and suspicion of those with whom he had hitherto acted. It was not long before he charged many of them with disaffection, and united himself, and some few who followed him, with those whom he and they had constantly opposed.—pp. 5—8.

Sheridan accelerated the rupture that was inevitable, but few were prepared for the scene enacted on the 6th of May, 1791, when the Canada Constitution Bill was under discussion. Lord Holland was present on that occasion, and there is no material difference between his estimate of the actors and that of the settled judgment of posterity. Burke's passion obviously mastered his judgment, when, in answer to the whispered appeal of Fox, he replied, 'I regret to say there is—I know the value of my line of conduct; I have indeed made a great sacrifice; I have done my duty though I have lost my friend; there is something in the detested French constitution that envenoms everything it touches.' Fox was deeply touched. It was some moments before he could reply. His lacerated heart at length found vent in tears, and when he sufficiently mastered himself to speak, he poured forth an eloquent appeal to his old and venerated friend, reminded him of their past attachment, acknowledged his deep obligations, disavowed intentional offence, and entreated a continuance of the friendship which had lasted 'upwards of five-and-twenty years, for the last twenty of which

they had acted together, and lived on terms of the most familiar intimacy.' The appeal was vain, and these two statesmen, so illustrious in their talents and public services, and hitherto so united in policy, were from this moment isolated from each other. 'Nothing,' says Lord Holland, referring to this remarkable scene, 'can be more false than the account of that memorable debate in Prior's *'Life of Burke.'* From this day the splendid genius of Burke was lost to the popular cause. He became the most zealous preacher of the crusade which Pitt proclaimed against the revolutionists of France, and transferred to the service all the ardor and multifarious knowledge by which his masculine intellect was distinguished. Few of the men whom he left were capable of judging his motives. They saw only what was outward and visible, mistook intemperance and want of discrimination for treachery, and charged him with crimes, of which it is not too much to say, that he was absolutely incapable. Sheridan was one of these. He had never liked Burke. His vanity was probably wounded by the acknowledged superiority of the philosopher of Beaconsfield, while his dissipation stood rebuked before the stern morality of Burke. His wit and sarcasm were mischievously employed in throwing missiles at his late ally, whose irritable temperament was thus inflamed, as his pugnacity was awakened and confirmed. Sheridan was utterly incapable of doing justice to Burke. There was a vast gulf between the two men. They had few points in common, and those points were the results of accident, not the leading or essential elements of character. The sarcasms of Sheridan, industriously propagated by party organs, were frequently as devoid of truth, as they were bitter and malicious. 'It is hard,' he said, in 1793, and his words cannot now be read without indignation, 'that he whom we had drummed out as a deserter, should be lurking within our lines as a spy.' Burke was no spy, nor had the whigs driven him from their camp, but the utterance of such speeches by those who were in the councils of Fox, goes far to account for the estrangement, which did more than any other event to weaken the friends of constitutional freedom. Sheridan was no favorite with Lord Holland, nor are we surprised at it. His parliamentary services gained him a prominent position among the whigs, but he wanted the first element of integrity, and never hesitated to avail himself of any artifice by which the purpose of the hour could be accomplished. The following is eminently characteristic—

'In the ensuing February I moved for an inquiry into the causes of the failure. I had hardly given notice, when Mr. Sheridan gave notice of a similar motion in the Commons, and fixed a day preceding that which I had named. He came over to Holland House, and procured from me all the

materials which I had collected, and which he used without scruple. He even repeated, word for word, and like a lesson, a long paper which had been confidentially communicated to me, and which I, won by his protestations of not divulging it, had imprudently entrusted to him. Such petty tricks, as traits of a singular character, may be worth preserving; but it is right to add, that the fascination of his conversation, and the mixture of archness and good humour with which he defended himself when detected or attacked for such artifices, made all who knew him, and many whom he injured in more important matters than such trifles as these, in some measure his accomplices, by forgiving, winking at, and encouraging his great and his little delinquencies.—pp. 153, 154.

Mr. Fox's habits resembled too closely, in some respects, those of Mr. Sheridan, and our knowledge of this fact prevents surprise at the little effect produced by his parliamentary eloquence. Whatever may be alleged to the contrary, it is a hopeful sign that the people of this country require the public professions of their statesmen to be sustained by private morality. No man can attain general and permanent influence, the integrity of whose course is not guaranteed by an observance of the moralities of life. We rejoice in this. It is proof of the general soundness of our countrymen, and is entitled to respect. Men may call it hypocrisy, methodism, saintship, or what they please, but it betokens a higher code of morals than prevails on the continent, and gives us data on which to calculate a more certain and hopeful future. Fox, unhappily for himself and for his country, failed on this point, and his unrivalled oratory, the condensed passion with which he addressed the legislature, the rare conjunction he exhibited of first-rate powers, failed consequently to produce an adequate result. Men looked to his private life, and were incredulous of the professions he made in public. Right or wrong, they would not be persuaded that the same party who was regardless of so many of the obligations of private life, was to be confided in on the larger and more prominent theatre of political action. Lord Mahon relates, that before Fox attained his twenty-fifth year, his father paid his debts, amounting to the enormous sum of £140,000, contracted mainly at the gaming-table.\* The same habit clung to him in after years; and in 1793, he had consequently to struggle with pecuniary embarrassment as well as with the vexations of his political situation. From these perplexities he was relieved by the generous interposition of his political friends, who contributed a sufficient sum to discharge his debts, and to insure him an annuity for life. The subscription was raised with delicacy and honor, and the frankness and gratitude with which it was

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\* History of England, vol. v. p. 497.

received 'was of a piece,' says his nephew, 'with the natural simplicity of his character, and the whole transaction was surely one of the most honorable that ever occurred in the life of a public man. . . . I should add,' his lordship continues, and we rejoice in the statement, 'that Mr. Fox, notwithstanding his early, and, with the exception of his two short administrations, uninterrupted habits, not only never visited Newmarket, but never played after he had been thus relieved from the consequences of his former extravagance, by the generous interposition of his political friends. It required, no doubt, considerable fortitude to resist a vice, in which he had so long and so largely indulged; but such were the happy elements of his temper and disposition, that the recollection of stronger excitements never deadened in him the relish for tamer and more innocent amusements and pursuits.'

There is now probably no difference of opinion on the secession of the whigs from parliament in 1797. It was an ill-advised and mischievous step, which reflected no credit on the sagacity of the party, and accomplished no one of the ends it proposed. As in other like cases, it was the result of various motives, some of which were far from commendable. Lord Holland's sketch of its private history will be read with interest:—

'That measure,' he says, 'in which Mr. Fox acquiesced from indolence rather than from judgment, originated chiefly with Mr. Grey, Lord Lauderdale, and the Duke of Bedford. Mr. Grey, naturally impatient, was much irritated at the perpetual misrepresentations to which the language of Opposition was exposed; and the Duke of Bedford was laughed at by Lauderdale—himself excluded as an unelected Scotch peer from parliament—into a very mistaken notion that he was weary of the labour and hopelessness of debate and attendance in the House of Lords. Erskine, whose attendance in the House of Commons interfered much with the more profitable exertions of his profession, and also did not feed his vanity, with so much additional fame as an orator as might well have been expected, was earnest and vehement for retiring. Mr. Fox, when the painful division of the party in 1793 took place, and when his debts had been discharged by friends who then unfortunately separated, had wished to retire from public life altogether, and had actually taken steps for quitting parliament. He relinquished that design, partly, no doubt, from the secret remonstrances of his private friends, and of General Fitzpatrick in particular, but chiefly from a sense of duty to the public, and of honour to those who in his conscience he thought were serving the cause of freedom, and exposing themselves to much obloquy and to severe injury by so doing. His generous temper could not reconcile itself to quitting them at such a moment; when, however, those very persons thought that a compliance with his inclinations had become a duty, he could no longer resist them. He could not press them to attend when

he felt so strong a desire to secede. He warned them, however, that if he once took leave of the House, it would be no easy matter to bring him back. The first meeting of Opposition that I ever attended, was for the purpose of settling the motion with which they were to secede from both Houses of Parliament. Lord Guildford and General Fitzpatrick expressed their disapprobation of such a measure; but the former acknowledged himself to be so bad an attendant, that he had hardly a right to urge others to persist in what he practised so little. He added, however, that if they resolved to secede, he for one would never set his foot in the House of Lords again.

Other meetings, however, were held previous to that debate. Among the rest, I recollect a dinner at a tavern, at which Mr. Tierney and many other members of parliament were present. Mr. Tierney had lately seated himself for Southwark by pleading his own cause before two committees, and persuading them to declare the candidate at the head of the poll ineligible on the score of bribery. He was, as Mr. Courtenay said, bound to love minorities, for he represented one. At the dinner he offered to take the Chiltern Hundreds, but declared that if he remained in parliament, he must and would continue to discharge his duty by attendance. He spoke openly, and did his utmost to prevail on Mr. Fox and his friends not to secede. He was subsequently much blamed for this proceeding; and it is not to be denied that his attendance was sufficient to defeat the object of secession. It is, however, equally true that it was an obstacle to its success, of which those who adopted it were previously aware. Mr. Fox, at the dinner to which I allude, with his usual candour and good humour, acknowledged that the *onus probandi* lay with the seceders. "We," said he, "have to explain to Mr. Tierney why we leave the House of Commons, not Mr. Tierney to account to us for staying there." Mr. Sheridan attended none of these meetings. He disapproved of the secession, yet he was among the loudest in condemning Tierney's attendance, and spreading a distrust of his motives. He, in truth, speculated on Mr. Fox's going out of parliament; and his vanity or jealousy made him always harbour a secret wish to be member for Westminster. Lord Lansdowne never concealed his disapprobation of the seceders: he said to me, "Is your uncle aware of what he is doing? Secession means rebellion, or it is nonsense."—pp. 84-91.

The following relates an occurrence now happily rare, which made much noise at the time, and throws no very creditable light on the morality of the day. If the 'abuse' to which reference is made related to the day simply, and not to the *fact* itself, then there is ground for the disparaging epithet employed. But if the occurrence of the duel on a Sunday was referred to only in the way of aggravation, then his lordship may wisely have withheld it. At any time, and under any circumstances, the modern duel is a monstrous and most palpable violation of the ethics and spirit of Christianity; but it wears an air of special impiety when perpetrated on the day which



all Christian men have consecrated to religious worship. But to our narrative :—

‘ Mr. Pitt’s irritability to Mr. Tierney was near involving more fatal consequences. Mr. Tierney, I have been told, annexed a meaning to Mr. Pitt’s words which they were not meant to convey ; but the latter’s imperious manner of refusing all explanation, when called upon by a member (Mr. Wigley), made it difficult for Mr. Tierney not to resent his language. The circumstances of the duel are well known. It was fought on a Sunday, a circumstance which gave a handle to much vulgar abuse against Mr. Pitt. He did, indeed, urge the necessity of fighting immediately if at all, because it was not proper for one in his situation to maintain any protracted correspondence on such a subject. Never did two men meet more ignorant of the use of their weapons. Mr. Pitt, on being cautioned by his second to take care of his pistols, as they were “hair triggers,” is said to have held them up, and remarked that “he saw no hair.” They fought near a gibbet on which the body of the malefactor Abershaw was yet suspended ; and I have been assured by a person,\* whom anxiety about the event, of which he had been apprised, had drawn to the place, that in a gravel pit within a few yards of the ground, an assignation of a very different sort between a lover and a compliant mistress completed this group of human life. Mr. Tierney’s second, General Walpole, leaped over the furze bushes for joy when Mr. Pitt fired in the air. Some time, however, elapsed, and some discussion between the seconds took place, before the affair was finally and amicably adjusted. Mr. Pitt very consistently insisted on one condition, which was in itself reasonable, that he was not to quit the ground without the whole matter being completely terminated. On Mr. Tierney’s return home, he related the event to his wife. That lady, who was much attached to her husband, although she saw him safe before her, fainted away at the relation ; a strange but not uncommon effect produced by the discovery of events which, known at the time, would have excited strong emotions. The danger to Mr. Tierney had indeed been great. Had Mr. Pitt fallen, the fury of the times would probably have condemned him to exile or death, without reference to the provocation which he had received, and to the sanction which custom had given to the redress he sought.’—pp. 140-143.

Mr. Grattan, it is well known, had sustained an honorable part in the Irish Commons. He was a zealous opponent of the Union, and did all which patriotism could accomplish to prevent the extinction of a national legislature. His genius and virtues, however, availed little against the wholesale corruption of the English minister. The tide was too strong to be resisted, and he could only mourn in very bitterness of heart at the political profligacy he witnessed. He did his own part nobly, at the gold of England was too powerful for Irish patriotism. that \_\_\_\_\_  
could n.

\* Lord Grey.

Pitt accomplished his object by the most nefarious means; but whether the benefits secured were not purchased too dearly by the sacrifice of the last shreds of Irish political integrity may well be doubted. The part acted by Grattan insured him the enmity of the English ministers. They denied his genius, caricatured his person, and amused themselves and their followers by grotesque descriptions of his voice and demeanor. His appearance, therefore, in the imperial parliament was anticipated by his friends with apprehension, and the following notice of his reception affords gratifying evidence of the power of genius and of public virtue to bear down the strongest antipathies:—

‘Mr. Grattan was introduced into parliament, and made his first appearance in the English House of Commons on this occasion. He had been basely calumniated in his own country during the troubles, and he was deeply mortified at the extinction of the Irish parliament. His health had suffered, and it had been a fashion for some years in England to relate in derision the peculiarities of his manner, phraseology, and style, without doing justice to the unrivalled wisdom of his views, elevation of his sentiments, fancy, imagery, and wit of his language. He rose in a house prepared to laugh at him, in the face of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, both of whom had treated him with scorn, and with a manner and voice much exposed to ridicule everywhere, but more especially so in an assembly which had never been familiarized to it, had no experience of the sense and genius by which these defects were redeemed, and has, at all times, been remarkable for great reluctance in confirming reputations for oratory elsewhere obtained. When he rose, curiosity was excited, and one might have heard a pin drop in that crowded house. It required, indeed, intense attention to catch the strange and long deep-fetched whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on Mr. Pitt’s lips, at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, his grotesque gesticulations, peculiar and almost foreign accent, and arch articulation and countenance. As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and, at length, settled in delight and admiration. Mr. Pitt beat time to the artificial but harmonious cadence of his periods, and Mr. Canning’s countenance kindled at the brightness of a fancy, which in glitter fully equalled, in real warmth and power far exceeded his own. Never was triumph more complete.

‘It was really delightful to see an honest man recover, by dint of genius and spirit, that station in the estimation of mankind of which detraction had for a season, to appearance, dispossessed him. It gratified the Irish to find that their popular orator could inspire even Englishmen with admiration, and that the zeal with which they idolised his effusions ceased to be a topic of ridicule the moment the object was known in the Union Parliament.

‘Among the many eccentricities that distinguished Mr. Grattan as an orator, nothing was more remarkable than this apparent contradiction. He was artificial in manner, in utterance, in pronunciation, and in style;

and yet he breathed such a spirit of benevolence, such a warmth of feeling, and such sincerity of principle, into all his speeches, that, like Mr. Fox himself, he won as much on the affections as on the understanding of his audience. From this period he became a favourite of the House: they not only admired his orations, but revered the man. They treated him, even in the decline of his powers, with a deference and tenderness that nothing but a long tenor of honourable conduct and many proofs of an amiable disposition can command or deserve.'—pp. 198—202.

Reference is made by Lord Holland to an account of the illness and death of Mr. Pitt in the 'Annual Register' of 1806. It is said to be marked by 'singular precision,' and to have been taken in substance from Dr. Bayley, the medical attendant of the statesman:—

'I mention it, because a tale relating to the circumstances of his death was fabricated by Mr. Rose, and delivered in his place in parliament. As Mr. Rose was his intimate associate and steady partisan, and his account was uncontradicted in the House, it might very reasonably obtain credit with posterity. Mr. Pitt was represented by this unscrupulous and injudicious encomiast to have exclaimed, in the agonies of death, "Save my country—save my country!" and then to have gone through his devotions, and taken the sacrament with the most fervent and edifying piety. In all this there was not one word of truth: for some days before his death, his fever had rendered him nearly insensible, and during the last twenty-four hours he was actually speechless. As to religious observances, he at all times complied with the customs of the world, but neither felt nor affected any extraordinary zeal or devotion. Mr. Canning was disgusted at the effrontery of Mr. Rose, and left the House, after observing to his neighbour, that the value of historical testimony was impaired by seeing that a lie could pass uncontradicted in the presence of hundreds who knew it to be false.'—pp. 207, 208.

With another brief extract we must close. Mr. Wyndham, though not belonging to the first class, was a prominent politician at the commencement of the present century, and possessed many qualities which insured parliamentary influence. The following sketch exhibits with much accuracy the more prominent features of this distinguished senator:—

'Though so frequently divided in opinions, Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Fox were in temper, manner, tastes, and pursuits, admirably adapted to one another. A disdain, or rather loathing, of all cant and hypocrisy was a prominent feature in the character of both. Mr. Wyndham, indeed, was neither so easy in his disposition, nor so affectionate or gentle in his nature; but he had, in appearance at least, the same frankness and fearlessness of character; the same, and even greater, readiness to converse on all subjects of literature and philosophy. He had even a more active, though not an equally powerful, spirit of inquiry than Mr. Fox. In knowledge of men, and yet more in the management of them, he was

wofully inferior, not only to Mr. Fox, but to many persons who in all other respects could bear no comparison with either. He had, indeed, many other grievous defects, which in the course of these papers, I may be called upon to describe and acknowledge; but he united withal the qualities of an orator, a philosopher, a scholar, and a companion, more than any public man, Mr. Fox excepted, that I have been acquainted with.

‘His conversation, agreeable to all men, was peculiarly so to Mr. Fox. It was remarkable, that with all his passionate devotion to certain authorities, his bitter personal resentments against some public characters, and his unconquerable and silly prejudices on many important topics, his appetite for discussion was such, that he would often converse on his most rooted opinions with wonderful temper and candour, and seem even for a time to acknowledge the force of arguments directed against them. Mr. Fox could not prevail upon him to suppress, and hardly to soften, his opposition to the abolition of the slave-trade. He had, at the commencement of those discussions, been one of the most ardent supporters of the abolition; but the French revolution had intervened. The fear of anything like the extension of freedom at that era had led him to oppose the abolitionists, and he had been much extolled for the boldness of his opposition. To the praise of despising popularity, his vanity was never insensible, and that weakness, perhaps full as much as any real opinion on the subject, gained him the unenviable distinction of being one of the most pertinacious opposers of a great act of justice; and one of the last sticklers for a traffic horrible to humanity, and condemned alike by sound philosophy and by safe or enlightened policy.’—pp. 223-225.

The extracts we have given will enable our readers to judge of the character and worth of this volume. It is not a continuous history, but a notice of the more prominent personages and events with which the noble author was associated. The sketches which it contains must, in fairness, be viewed from his position, and due allowance should be made for the disturbing influence of private friendship and of party association. There is an almost entire absence of dates, which is much to be deplored, and a frequent hiatus in the narrative, which occasionally renders it somewhat difficult to apprehend the writer’s reference. These deductions, however, with others which we have noticed, are very slight, and we have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending the work to the perusal of our readers.

ART. IV.—*Representative Men*. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Routledge and Co.

FROM St. Anselm to Mr. Emerson, from the *Acta Sanctorum* to the 'Representative Men;' so far in seven centuries we have travelled. The races of the old Ideals have become extinct like the Preadamite Saurians; and here are our new pattern specimens on which we are to look, and take comfort and encouragement to ourselves.

The philosopher, the poet, the sceptic, the man of the world, the writer; these are the present moral categories, the *summa genera* of human greatness as Mr. Emerson arranges them. From every point of view an exceptionable catalogue. They are all thinkers to begin with except one; and thought is but a poor business compared to action. Saints did not earn canonization by the number of their folios; and if the necessities of the times are now driving our best men out of action into philosophy and verse-making, so much the worse for them and so much the worse for the world. While again, significantly, the one pattern actor, 'the man of the world,' is Napoleon Bonaparte, not in the least a person, as we are most of us at present feeling, whose example the world desires to see followed. Mr. Emerson would have done better if he had kept to his own side of the Atlantic. He is paying his own countrymen but a poor compliment by coming exclusively to Europe for his heroes; and he would be doing us in Europe more real good by a great deal, if he would tell us something of the backwoodsmen in Kentucky and Ohio. However, to let it pass; it is not our business here to quarrel either with him or his book; and the book stands at the head of our article rather because it presents a very noticeable deficiency of which its writer is either unaware or careless.

These five predicables, as the logician would call them, what are they? Are they *ultimate genera* refusing to be classified further? or is there any other larger type of greatness under which they fall? In the naturalist's catalogue, poet, sceptic, and the rest will all be classified as men—man being an intelligible entity. Has Mr. Emerson any similar clear idea of great man or good man? If so, where is he? what is he? It is desirable that we should know. Men will not get to heaven because they lie under one or other of these predicables. What is that supreme type of character which is in itself good or great, unqualified with any farther *differentia*? Is there any such? and if there be, where is the representative of this? It

may be said that, as the generic man exists nowhere in an ideal unity, but if considered at all, must be abstracted from the various sorts of men, black and white, tame or savage, so if we would know what a great man or a good man means, we must look to some specific line in which he is good, and abstract our general idea; and that is very well, provided we know what we are about; provided we understand, in our abstracting, how to get the essential idea distinctly out before ourselves, without entangling ourselves in the accidents. Human excellence, after all the teaching of the last eighteen hundred years, ought to be something palpable by this time. It is the one thing which we are all taught to seek and to aim at forming in ourselves; and if representative men are good for anything at all, it can only be, not as they represent merely curious combination of phenomena, but as showing us in a completely realized form what we are, every single one of us, equally interested in understanding. It is not the 'great man' as 'man of the world' that we care for, but the 'man of the world' as a 'great man'—which is a very different thing. Having to live in this world, how to live greatly there is the question for us; not, how, being great, we can cast our greatness in a worldly mould. There may be endless successful 'men of the world' who are mean or little enough all the while; and the Emersonian attitude will confuse success with greatness, or turn our ethics into a chaos of absurdity. So it is with everything which man undertakes and works in. Life has grown complicated; and for one employment in old times there are a hundred now. But it is not *they* which are anything, but *we*—we are the end; they are but the means, the material, like the clay, or the marble, or the bronze in which the sculptor carves his statue. The *form* is everything; and if it be, what is the form? From nursery to pulpit every teacher rings on the one note—be good, be noble, be men. What is goodness then? and what is nobleness? and where are the examples? We do not say that there are none. God forbid! That is not what we are meaning at all. If the earth had ceased to bear men pleasant in God's sight, it would have passed away like the cities in the plain. But who are they? which are they? how are we to know them? They are our leaders in this life campaigning of ours. If we could see them, we would follow them, and save ourselves many and many a fall, and many an enemy whom we could have avoided, if we had known of him. It cannot be that the thing is so simple, when names of highest reputation are wrangled over, and such poor counterfeits are mobbed with applauding followers. In art and science we can detect the charlatan, but in life we do not recognise him so readily—we



do not recognise the charlatan, and we do not recognise the true man. Rajah Brooke is alternately a hero or a pirate, and fifty of the best men among us are likely to have fifty opinions on the merits of Elizabeth or Cromwell.

But surely, men say, it is simple. The commandments are simple. It is not that people do not know, but that they will not act up to what they know. We hear a great deal of this in sermons, and elsewhere; and of course, as everybody's experience will tell him, there is a great deal too much reason why we should hear of it. But there are two sorts of duty, positive and negative; what we ought to do, and what we ought not to do. To the latter of these conscience is pretty much awake; but by cunningly concentrating its attention to it, has contrived to forget altogether that any other sort of duty exists at all. 'Doing wrong' is breaking a commandment which forbids us to do some particular thing. That is all the notion which in common language is attached to the idea. Do not kill, steal, lie, swear, commit adultery, or break the Lord's day—these are the commandments, very simple, doubtless, and easy to be known. But after all, what are they? They are no more than the very first and rudimental conditions of goodness. Obedience to them is not more than a small part of what is required of us; it is no more than the foundation on which the superstructure of character is to be raised. To go through life, and plead at the end of it that we have not broken any of these commandments, is but what the unprofitable servant did, who kept his talent carefully unspent, and yet was sent to outer darkness for his uselessness. Suppose these commandments obeyed. What then? It is but a small portion of our time which, we will hope, is spent in resisting temptation to break them. What are we to do with the rest of it? Or suppose them (and this is a high step, indeed) resolved into love of God and love of our neighbour. Suppose we know that it is our duty to love our neighbour as ourselves. What are we to do, then, for our neighbour, besides abstaining from doing him injury? The saints knew very well what *they* were to do; but our duties, we suppose, lie in a different direction; and it does not appear that we have found them. 'We have duties so positive to our neighbour,' says Bishop Butler, 'that if we give more of our time and of our attention to ourselves and our own matters than is our just due, we are taking what is not ours, and are guilty of fraud.' What does Bishop Butler mean? It is easy to answer generally. In detail, it is not only difficult, it is impossible, to answer at all. The modern world says—'Mind your own business, and leave others to take care of theirs.' And whoever among us aspires to more than the negative abstaining from

wrong, is left to his own guidance. There is no help for him, no instruction, no modern ideal which shall be to him what the heroes were to the young Greek or Roman, or the martyrs to the middle age Christian. There is neither track nor footprint in the course which he will have to follow, while, as in the old fairy tale, the hillside which he is climbing is strewn with black stones enough, with their thousand voices mocking at him. We have no moral criterion, no idea, no counsels of perfection; and surely this is the reason why education is so little prosperous with us; because the only education worth anything is the education of character, and we cannot educate a character unless we have some notion of what we would form. Young men, as we know, are more easily led than driven. It is a very old story, that to forbid this and that (so curious and contradictory is our nature) is to stimulate a desire to do it. But place before a boy a figure of a noble man; let the circumstances in which he has earned his claim to be called noble be such as the boy himself sees round himself; let him see this man rising over his temptation, and following life victoriously, and beautifully forward, and depend on it, you will kindle his heart as no threat of punishment here or anywhere will kindle it.

People complain of the sameness in the 'Lives of the Saints.' It is that very sameness which is the secret of their excellence. There is a sameness in the heroes of the 'Iliad'; there is a sameness in the historical heroes of Greece and Rome. A man is great as he contends best with the circumstances of his age, and those who fight best with the same circumstances, of course grow like each other. And so with our own age, if we really could have the lives of our best men written for us (and written well by men who knew what to look for, and what it was on which they should insist), they would be just as like as each other too, and would for that reason be of such infinite usefulness. They would not be like the old Ideals. Times are changed; they were one thing, we have to be another—their enemies are not ours. There is a moral metempsychosis in the change of era, and probably no linament of form or feature remains identical; yet surely not because less is demanded of us—not less—but more—more, as we are again and again told on Sundays from the pulpits. If they would but tell us in what that 'more' consists. The loftiest teaching we ever hear, is, that we are to work in the spirit of love; but our teachers remain in their generalities, while action divides and divides into ever smaller details. It is as if the church said to the painter or to the musician, whom she was training, you must work in the spirit of love and in

the spirit of truth ; and then adding, that the catholic painting or the catholic music was what he was *not* to imitate, supposed that she had sent him out into the world equipped fully for his enterprise.

And what comes of this? Emersonianism has come, modern Hagiology has come, and Ainsworth novels and Bulwer novels, and a thousand more unclean spirits. We have cast out the catholic devil, and the puritan swept the house and garnished it, but as yet, we do not see any symptoms showing of a healthy incoming tenant, and there may be worse states than catholicism. If we wanted proof of the utter spiritual disintegration into which we have fallen, it would be enough that we have no biographies—we do not mean that we have no written lives of our fellow creatures ; there are enough and to spare. But not any one is there in which the ideal tendencies of this age can be discerned in their true lofty form ; not one, or hardly any one, which we could place in a young man's hands, with such warm confidence as would let us say of it: ' Read that, there is a man—such a man as you ought to be ; read it, meditate on it ; see what he was, and how he made himself what he was, and try and be yourself like him.' This, as we saw lately, is what catholicism did. It had its one broad type of perfection, which in countless thousands of instances was perpetually reproducing itself—a type of character not especially belonging to any one profession ; it was a type to which priest and layman, knight or bishop, king or peasant might equally aspire. Men of all sorts aspired to it, and men of all sorts attained to it ; and as fast as she had realized them (so to say) the church took them in her arms, and held them up before the world as fresh and fresh examples of victory over the devil. This is what that church was able to do, and it is what we cannot do ; and yet till we can learn to do it, no education which we can offer has any chance of prospering. Perfection is not easy ; it is of all things most difficult ; difficult to know and difficult to practice. Rules of life will not do ; even if our analysis of life in all its possible forms were as complete as it is in fact rudimentary, they would still be inefficient. The philosophy of the thing might be understood, but the practice would be as far off as ever. In life, as in art and as in mechanics, the only profitable teaching is the teaching by example ; your mathematician, or your man of science, may discourse excellently on the steam engine, yet he cannot make one ; he cannot make a bolt or a screw. The master workman in the engine room does not teach his apprentice the theory of expansion, or of atmospheric pressure ; he guides his hand upon the turncock, he

practises his eye upon the index, and he leaves the science to follow when the practice has become mechanical. So it is with everything which man learns to do, and yet for the art of arts, the trade of trades, for *life*, we content ourselves with teaching our children the catechism and the commandments; we preach them sermons on the good of being good, and the evil of being evil; in our higher education we advance to the theory of habit and the freedom of the will; and then when failure follows failure, *ipsa experientia reclamante*, we hug ourselves with a complacent self-satisfied reflection that the fault is not ours, that all which men could do we have done. The freedom of the will! as if a blacksmith would ever teach a boy to make a horse shoe, by telling him he could make one if he chose.

Alas! in setting out on life, we are like strangers set to find our way across a difficult and entangled country. It is not enough for us to know that others have set out as we set out, that others have faced the lions in the path and overcome them, and have arrived at last at the journey's end. Such a knowledge may give us heart—but the help it gives is nothing beyond teaching us that the difficulties are not insuperable. It is the *track*, which these others, these pioneers of godliness, have beaten in, that we cry to have shown us; not a mythic 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but a real path trodden in by real men. Here is a crag, and there is but one spot where it can be climbed; here is a morass or a river, and there is a bridge in one place, and a ford in another. There are robbers in this forest, and wild beasts in that; the tracks cross and recross, and, as in the old labyrinth, only one will bring us right. The age of the saints has past; they are no longer any service to us; we must walk in their spirit, but not along their road; and in this sense we say, that we have no pattern great men, no biographies, no history, which are of real service to us. It is the remarkable characteristic of the present time, as far as we know, a new phenomenon since history began to be written; one more proof, if we wanted proof, that we are entering on another era. In our present efforts at educating, we are like workmen setting about to make a machine which they know is to be composed of plates and joints, and wheels and screws and springs,—and they temper their springs, and smooth their plates, and carve out carefully their wheels and screws, but having no idea of the machine in its combination, either fasten them together at random, and create some monster of disjointed undirected force, or else pile the finished materials into a heap together, and trust to some organic spirit in themselves which will shape them into unity. We do not

know what we would be at—make our children into men, says one—but what sort of men? The Greeks were men, so were the Jews, so were the Romans, so were the old Saxons, the Normans, the duke of Alva's Spaniards, and Cromwell's Puritans. These were all men, and strong men too; yet all different, and all differently trained. 'Into Christian men,' say others, but the saints were Christian men; yet the modern Englishmen have been offered the saints' biographies, and have with sufficient clearness expressed their opinion of them.

Alas! in all this confusion, only those keen-eyed children of this world find their profit; their idea does not readily forsake them. In their substantial theory of life, the business of man in it is to get on, to thrive, to prosper, to have riches in possession; they will have their little ones taught by the law of demand, what will fetch its price in the market; and this is clear, bold, definite, straightforward, and therefore it is strong, and works its way. It works and will prevail for a time, not for ever, unless indeed, religion be all a dream, and our airy notions of ourselves a vision out of which our wise age is the long waited for awakening.

It would be a weary and odious business to follow out all the causes which have combined to bring us into our present state. Many of them lie deep down in the roots of humanity, and many belong to that large system of moral causation which works through vast masses of mankind; and impressing peculiar and necessary features on the eras as they succeed, leaves individuals but a limited margin within which they may determine what they will be. One cause, however, may be mentioned, which lies near the surface, and which for many reasons it may be advantageous to consider. At first thought it may seem superficial and captious; but we do not think it will at the second, and still less at the third.

Protestantism, and even Anglo-Protestantism, have not been without their great men. In their first fierce struggle for existence, they gave birth to thousands whose names may command any rank in history. But alone of all forms of religion, past or present, and we will add (as we devoutly hope), to come (for in her present form, at least, the church of England cannot long remain), they know not what to do with their own offspring, they are unable to give them open and honourable recognition. Entangled in speculative theories of human depravity, of the worthlessness of the best which the best men can do they are unable to say heartily of any one, 'here is a good man to be loved and remembered with reverence.' There are no saints in the English church. The English church does not pretend to them. Her children may live purely, holily

and beautifully, but her gratitude for them must be silent; she may not thank God for them, she may not hold them up before her congregation. They may or they may not have been really good, but she may not commit herself to attributing a substantial value to the actions of a nature so corrupt as that of man. Among Protestants she is the worst, for she is not wholly Protestant. In the utterness of the self-abnegation of the genuine Protestant there is something really approaching the heroic. But she, ambitious of being Catholic as well as Protestant, like that old church of evil memory which would be neither hot nor cold, will neither wholly abandon merit, nor wholly claim it; but halts on between two opinions, claiming and disclaiming, saying and in the next breath again unsaying. The Oxford student being asked for the doctrine of the Anglican church on good works, knew the rocks and whirlpools among which an unwary answer might involve him, and steering midway between Scylla and Charybdis, replied, with laudable caution, 'a few of them would not do a man any harm.' It is scarcely a caricature of the prudence of the Articles. And so at last it has come to this with us; the soldier can raise a pillar to his successful general; the halls of the law courts are hung round with portraits of the ermined sages; Newton has his statue, and Harvey and Watt in the academies of the sciences; and each young aspirant after fame entering for the first time upon the calling which he has chosen, sees high excellence highly honoured; sees the high career, and sees its noble ending, marked out each step of it in golden letters. But the church's aisles are desolate, and desolate they must remain. There is no statue for the Christian. The empty niches stare out like hollow eye sockets from the walls. Good men live in the church and die in her, whose story written out or told would be of inestimable benefit, but she may not write it. She may speak of goodness, but not of the good man; as she may speak of sin, but may not censure the sinner. Her position is critical; the Dissenters would lay hold of it. She may not do it, but she will do what she can. She cannot tolerate an image indeed, or a picture of her own raising; she has no praise to utter at her children's graves, when their lives have witnessed to her teaching. But if others will bear the expense and will risk the sin, she will offer no objection. Her walls are naked. Her congregation, the wealthy ones among them, may adorn them as they please. The splendour of a dead man's memorial shall be not as his virtues were, but, as his purse; and his epitaph is brilliant as there are means to pay for it. Alas! alas! it is not the way they manage things at the museums and the institutes.

Let this pass, however, as the worst case. There are other



causes at work besides the neglect of churches; the neglect itself being as much a result as a cause. There is a common dead level over the world, to which churches and teachers, however seemingly opposite, are alike condemned. As it is here in England, so it is with the American Emerson. The fault is not in them, but in the age of which they are no more than the indicators. We are passing out of old forms of activity into others new and on their present scale untried; and how to work nobly in them is the one problem for us all. *Surius* will not profit us, nor the '*Mort d'Arthur*;' our calling is neither to the hermitage nor to the round table. Our work lies now in those peaceful occupations, which, in ages called heroic, were thought unworthy of noble souls. In those it was the slave who tilled the ground, and wove the garments. It was the ignoble burgher who covered the sea with his ships, and raised up factories and workshops; and how far such occupations influenced the character, how they could be made to minister to loftiness of heart, and high and beautiful life, was a question which could not occur while the atmosphere of the heroic was on all sides believed so alien to them. Times have changed. The old hero worship has vanished with the need of it; but no other has risen in its stead, and without it we wander in the dark. The commonplaces of morality, the negative commandments, general exhortations to goodness, while neither speaker nor hearer can tell what they mean by goodness, these are all which now remain to us; and thrown into a life more complicated than any which the earth has yet experienced, we are left to wind our way through the labyrinth of its details without any clue except our own instincts, our own knowledge, our own hopes and desires.

We complain of generalities; we will not leave ourselves exposed to the same charge. We will mention a few of the thousand instances in which we cry for guidance and find none; instances on which those who undertake to teach us ought to have made up their minds.

On the surface at least of the Prayer-book, there seems to be something left remaining of the catholic penitential system. Fasting is spoken of and abstinence, and some form or other of self-inflicted self-denial is necessarily meant by it. It is a thing which by no possibility can be unimportant, and we may well smile at the exclusive claims of a church to the cure of our souls, who is unable to say what she thinks about it. Let us ask her living interpreters then, and what shall we get for an answer? either no answer at all, or contradictory answers; angrily, violently, passionately, contradictory. Among the many voices, what is a young man to conclude. He will

conclude naturally according to his inclination; and if he chooses right it will most likely be on a wrong motive.

Again, *courage* is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character. Among all fine people, old and modern, wherever we are able to get an insight into their training system, we find it a thing particularly attended to. The Greeks, the Romans, the old Persians, our own nation till the last two hundred years, whoever of mankind have turned out good for anything anywhere, knew very well, that to exhort a boy to be brave without training him in it, would be like exhorting a young colt to submit to the bridle without breaking him in. Step by step, as he could bear it, the boy was introduced to danger; till his pulse ceased to be agitated, and he became familiarized with it as his natural element. It was a matter of carefully considered, thoroughly recognised, and organized education. But courage now-a-days is not a paying virtue. It does not help to make money, and so we have ceased to care about it; and boys are left to educate one another by their own semi-brutal instincts, in this, which is perhaps the most important of all features in the human character. Schools, as far as the masters are concerned with them, are places for teaching Greek and Latin—that, and nothing more. At the universities, fox-hunting is, perhaps, the only discipline of the kind now to be found, and fox-hunting, by forbidding it and winking at it, the authorities have contrived to place on as demoralizing a footing as ingenuity could devise.

To pass from training to life. A boy has done with school and college; he has become a man, and has to choose his profession. It is the one most serious step which he has yet taken. In most cases, there is no recalling it. He believes that he is passing through life to eternity; that his chance of getting to heaven depends on what use he makes of his time; he prays every day that he may be delivered from temptation; it is his business to see that he does not throw himself into it. Now, every one of the many professions has a peculiar character of its own, which, with rare exceptions, it inflicts on those who follow it. There is the shopkeeper type, the manufacturer type, the lawyer type, the medical type, the soldier's, the sailor's. The nature of a man is

‘Like the Dyer’s hand,  
Subdued to what it works in,’

and we can distinguish with ease, on the slightest intercourse, to what class a grown person belongs. It is to be seen in his look, in his words, in his tone of thought, his voice,

gesture, even in his hand-writing; and in everything which he does. Every human employment has its especial moral characteristic, its peculiar temptations, its peculiar influences—of a subtle and not easily analysed kind, and only to be seen in their effects. Here, therefore—here, if anywhere, we want Mr. Emerson with his representatives, or the church with her advice and warning. But, in fact, what attempt do we see to understand any of this, or even to acknowledge it; to master the moral side of the professions; to teach young men entering them what they are to expect, what to avoid, or what to seek? Where are the highest types—the pattern lawyer, and shop-keeper, and merchant? Are they all equally favourable to excellence of character? Do they offer equal opportunities? Which best suits this disposition, and which suits that? Alas! character is little thought of in the choice. It is rather, which shall I best succeed in?—Where shall I make most money? But, suppose an anxious boy to go for counsel to his spiritual mother; to go to her, and ask her to guide him. Shall I be a soldier? he says. What will she tell him? This and no more—you may, without sin. Shall I be a lawyer, merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, engineer? Still the same answer. But which is best? he demands. We do not know; we do not know. There is no guilt in either; you may take which you please, provided you go to church regularly, and are honest and good. If he is foolish enough to persist further, and ask, in what goodness and honesty consist in *his especial department* (whichever he selects), he will receive the same answer; in other words, he will be told to give every man his due, and be left to find out for himself in what ‘his due’ consists. It is like an artist telling his pupil to put the lights and shadows in their due places, and leaving it to the pupil’s ingenuity to interpret such instructive directions.

One more instance of an obviously practical kind. Masters, few people will now deny, owe certain duties to their workmen beyond payment at the competition price for their labour, and the workmen owe something to their masters beyond making their own best bargain. Courtesy, on the one side, and respect on the other, are at least due; and wherever human beings are brought in contact, a number of reciprocal obligations at once necessarily arise out of the conditions of their position. It is a question which at this moment is convulsing an entire branch of English trade. It is this question which has shaken the continent like an earthquake, and yet it is one, which the more it is thought about, the more clearly seems to refuse to admit of being dealt with by legislation. It is a question for the gospel and not for the law. The duties are of the kind which it is the

business, not of the state, but of the church, to look to. Why the church silent? There are duties; let her examine them, test them, prove them, and then point them out. Why not—why not? Alas! she cannot, she dare not give offence, and therefore must find none. It is to be feared that we have a rough trial to pass through, before we see our way and understand our obligations here. Yet, far off we seem to see a time when the lives, the actions of the really great, great good masters, great good landlords, great good working men, will be laid out once more before their several orders, laid out in the name

God, as once the saints' lives were; and the same sounds will be heard in factory and in counting-house as once sounded in the rough abbey, chapel, and cathedral aisle—'Look at these men; bless God for them, and follow them.'

And let no one fear that, if such happy time were come, it would result in a tame and weary sameness; that the beautiful variety of individual form would be lost, drilled away in regimental uniformity; even if it were so, it need not be any the worse for us; we are not told to develop our individualities, we are told to bear fruit. The poor vagabond, with all his individualities about him, if by luck he falls into the hands of a recruiting sergeant, finds himself, a year later, with his red coat and his twelve months' training, not a little the better for the loss of them. But such schooling as we have been speaking of will drill out only such individualities as are of the unworthy kind, and throw the strength of the nature into the development of the healthiest features in it. Far more, as things now are, we see men sinking into sameness—an inorganic, unwholesome sameness, in which the higher nature is subdued, and the *man* is sacrificed to the profession. The circumstances of his life are his world, and he sinks under them; he does not conquer them. If he has to choose between the two, God's uniform is better than the world's. The first gives him freedom; the second takes it from him. Only here, as in everything, we must understand the nature of the element in which we work; understand it; understand the laws of it. Throw off the lower laws; the selfish debasing influences of the profession; obey the higher; follow love, truthfulness, plainness; follow these first, and make the profession serve them; and that is freedom; there is none else possible for man:

'Das gesetz soll nur uns Freiheit geben,'

and whatever individuality is lost in the process, we may feel assured that the devil has too much to do with, to make us care to be rid of it.

But how to arrive at this? so easy as it is to suggest on

paper, so easy to foretell in words. Raise the level of public opinion, we might say; insist on a higher standard, in the economist's language, increase the demand for goodness, and the supply will follow; or, at any rate, men will do their best. Until we require more of one another, more will not be provided. But this is but to restate the problem in other words. How are we to touch the heart; how to awaken the desire? We believe that the good man, the great man, whatever he be, prince or peasant, is really lovely; that really and truly, if we can only see him, he more than anything will move us; and at least, we have a right to demand that the artificial hindrances, which prevent our lifting him above the crowd, shall be swept away. He in his beautiful life is a thousand times more God's witness than any preacher in a pulpit, and his light must not be concealed any more. As we said, what lies in the way of our sacred recognition of great men, is more than anything else the Protestant doctrine of good works. We do not forget what it meant when the world first heard of it. It was a cry from the very sanctuary of the soul, flinging off and execrating the accursed theory of merits, the sickening parade of redundant saintly virtues, which the Roman church had converted into stock, and dispensed for the benefit of the believers. This is not the place to pour out our nausea on so poor, yet so detestable a farce. But it seems with all human matters, that as soon as spiritual truths are petrified into doctrines, it is another name for their death. They die, corrupt, and breed a pestilence. The doctrine of good works was hurled away by an instinct of generous feeling, and this feeling itself has again become frozen, and a fresh disease has followed upon it. Nobody (or, at least, nobody good for anything) will lay a claim to merit for this or that good action which he may have done. Exactly in proportion as he is really good, will be the eagerness with which he will refuse all credit for it. He will cry out, with all his soul, 'Not unto us—not unto us.'

And yet, practically, we all know and feel that between man and man, there is an infinite moral difference; one is good, one is bad, another hovers between the two; the whole of our conduct to each other is necessarily governed by a recognition of this fact, just as it is in the analogous question of the will. Ultimately, we are nothing of ourselves; we know that we are but what God has given us grace to be—we did not make ourselves—we do not keep ourselves here—we are but what in the eternal order of Providence we were designed to be—exactly that and nothing else; and yet we treat each other as responsible; we cannot help it. The most rigid Calvinist cannot eliminate his instincts; his loves and hatred seem

rather to deepen in intensity of colouring as, logically, his creed should lead him to conquer them as foolish. It is useless, it is impossible, to bring down these celestial mysteries upon our earth, to try to see our way by them, or determine our feelings by them; men are good, men are bad, relatively to us and to our understandings if you will, but still really, and they must be treated so.

There is no more mischievous falsehood than to persist in railing at man's nature, as if it were all vile together, as if the best and the worst which comes of it were in God's sight equally without worth. Alas, these denunciations tend too fatally to realize themselves. Tell a man that no good which he can do is of any value, and depend upon it he will take you at your word, most especially will the wealthy, comfortable, luxurious man, just the man who has most means to do good, and whom of all things it is most necessary to stimulate to it. Surely we should not be afraid. The instincts which God has placed in our hearts are too mighty for us to be able to extinguish them with doctrinal sophistry; we love the good man, praise him, admire him—we cannot help it; and surely it is mere cowardice to shrink from recognising it openly, thankfully, divinely recognising it. If true at all, there is no truth in heaven or earth of deeper practical importance to us. And Protestantism must have lapsed from its once free generous spirit, if it persists in imposing a dogma of its own upon our hearts, when its touch is fatal as the touch of a torpedo to any high or noble endeavours after excellence.

'Drive out nature with a fork, she ever comes running back;' and while we leave out of consideration the reality, we are filling the chasm with inventions of our own. The only novels which are popular among us are those which picture the successful battles of modern men and women with modern life, which are imperfect shadows of those real battles which every reader has seen in some form or other, or has longed to see in his own small sphere. It shows where the craving lies if we had but the courage to meet it; why need we fall back on imagination to create what God has created ready for us? In every department of human life, in the more and the less, there is always one man who is the best, and one type of man which is the best, living and working their silent way to heaven in the very middle of us. Let us find them then—let us see what it is which makes them the best, and raise up their excellencies into an acknowledged and open standard, of which they themselves shall be the living witness. Is there a landlord who is spending his money, not on pineries and hot-houses, but on schools, and washhouses and drains, who is less



intent on the magnificence of his own grand house, than in providing cottages for his people where decency is possible ; then let us not pass him by with a torpid wonder or a vanishing emotion of pleasure, rather let us seize him and raise him, up upon a pinnacle, that other landlords may gaze upon him if, perhaps, their hearts may prick them, and that the world may learn from what one man has done what they have a right to require that the others shall do, and so on, through all the thousand channels of life. It should not be so difficult ; the machinery is ready, both to find your men and to use them. In theory, at least, every parish has its pastor, and the state of every soul is or ought to be known ; we know not what turn things may take, or what silent changes are rushing on below us. But while the present organization remains—— but, alas no !— it is no use talking of a church bound hand and foot in state shackles stretching its limbs in any wholesome activity. If the teachers of the people really were the wisest and best, and noblest men among us, this and a thousand other blessed things would follow from it ; and till then let us be content to work and pray, and lay our hand to the wheel wherever we can find a spoke to grasp. *Corruptio optimi est pessima* ; the national church as it ought to be is as the soul and conscience of the body politic, but a man whose body has the direction of his conscience we do not commonly consider in the most hopeful moral condition.

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ART. V.—*Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Rattlesnake, Commanded by the late Captain Owen Stanley, R.N., F.R.S., during the years 1846-1850. Including Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea, the Louisiade Archipelago. To which is added an Account of E. B. Kennedy's Expedition for the Exploration of Cape York Peninsula.* By John MacGillivray, F.R.S. T. & W. Boone. 1852.

MR. JOHN MACGILLIVRAY, the naturalist to Captain Stanley's expedition, has presented to us a narrative of adventure and discovery rarely equalled for interest or value. It resembles rather the manly and simple relations of Forrest or Dampier, than the production of a voyager in these times, when even naval officers attempt to flourish their pens through pages of sentimental declamation. Plainly, but ably written, it leads us through wonderful and little explored regions of the world, characterized by strange phenomena, inhabited by singular tribes, and wearing all the traces of an ancient and peculiar

barbarism. To all such, therefore, as delight in records of real adventure, in striking accounts of new races and new scenes, in anecdotes and sketches of extraordinary interest, we accredit Mr. MacGillivray as a most faithful narrator, who, with materials at his hand which few can procure, has produced a work affording as much genuine entertainment as solid information.

The 'Rattlesnake' made a long voyage; but our author has judiciously avoided amplification of the more ordinary episodes of travel. He visited scenes which many had visited before, but also others scarcely, if at all, popularly known. To these portions of the work we shall confine our notice—though it may be necessary to follow the frigate in a general outline of her wanderings. The object of the expedition was to perfect the survey, for commercial and other purposes, of the groups in Torres Straits, and along the south-eastern coast of New Guinea, including the curious archipelago of Louisiade. The importance of the task is explained by the circumstance that it is the usual practice of vessels returning from the Australian colonies upon the south-east, to proceed to India through the straits which separate New Guinea from New Holland. A multitude of islands, reefs, and shoals, stud the surface of these waters; and it was to discover and fix safe passages for vessels that the 'Rattlesnake' was commissioned to this voyage. At the same time her commander was instructed to further, as far as possible, the other general objects of scientific research and discovery, and Mr. John MacGillivray, a distinguished naturalist, was appointed to accompany the expedition. Two little vessels, the Bramble and the Castlereagh, were attached as tenders to the frigate. The whole complement of men was a hundred and ninety, while every arrangement was made to provide for their comfort, and the efficient conduct of the interesting work undertaken.

The 'Rattlesnake' left Spithead on the 3rd of December, 1846, and on the 20th arrived at Madeira. There vines, orange-groves, chesnut clumps, and a ride over the hills, with the other usual features, arrest our attention for a moment or two; but we are soon at sea again. On the way, Captain Stanley attempted to sound the deep ocean, between Cape de Verd and the South American coast; but though 2,400 fathoms of line were run out, failed to measure its profundity. The graceful and busy city of Rio de Janeiro, where slavery and catholic ceremonials are the most conspicuous objects which attract remark, was visited, as well as Cape Town, where prices had risen enormously in consequence of Earl Grey's wretched Kaffir war. During a calm between the Mauritius and Van Diemen's Land, Captain Stanley again attempted to sound the deep sea;

but ran out four miles of yarn without finding bottom. Hobart Town, with its neighbourhood, reminded Mr. MacGillivray of English urban as well as rural scenery. Thence to Sydney; from Sydney to Moreton Island, and thence along that coast we proceed, until the advanced posts of civilization are left behind, and we enter the great world of islands scattered along these remote and little visited shores.

It would be difficult to impress on the reader's mind an idea of the number, beauty, and natural richness of those islands; such a knowledge he can only obtain from a perusal of Mr. MacGillivray's work. We may, however, read a few sketches from his volumes to show what resources of amusement and instruction are here offered to the public.

To the south-east of New Guinea lies the Louisiade Archipelago. They were first seen in 1606, by De Torres, who described the people as 'Indians not very white, much painted, and naked, except a cloth made of the bark of trees. They fight with darts, targets, and clubs, which are made fine with plumage.' Bougainville sailed past the group, whose 'delicious odours' and varied prospect of plain and hill charmed his imagination. Since his adventure several navigators have visited the regions, but few of their accounts are popular in this country. In June, 1847, the 'Rattlesnake' approached it, and Rossel Island first entered within the range of view. Not more than twenty-two miles long, by eleven wide, its surface presented a varied scene, of peaks and valleys, and small grassy levels, with woods of stately trees, and a jungle clothing all the margin of the sea.

Numerous natives were passing to and fro in small canoes with large mat-sails. They were fishing in the shoal water, and exhibited no remarkable curiosity. Near the beach were discovered clusters of huts, thickly scattered along the skirts of the jungle—long, low, ground-built habitations arched in the roof, and picturesquely situated in the shade of cocoa groves. Numbers of children played around them, with men engaged in different occupations; but no women appeared. In one place, a cleared slope of land retreating from the shore exhibited signs of industry in a succession of small terraces, cultivated with a bush-like plant disposed in regular rows.

The first direct communication with the people of this archipelago was made at Pig Island, where Mr. MacGillivray went on shore with a party. Seven or eight men fishing on one of the annular reefs encircling the little isles allowed them to approach within a short distance; but on their attempting to leave the boat, they became alarmed and fled to their canoe, which they hurriedly paddled to the landing-place of a small village near at hand. This consisted of three or four barn-like huts, raised on

posts, like those in Borneo. A larger collection of habitations showed over the brow of a hill not far off.

'Five of our party landed about half a mile from where the canoe had disappeared, apparently in some creek of a mangrove swamp; while walking along the muddy shore, we were met by about a dozen natives, who gradually fell back as we approached. Seeing them apparently afraid of our number and weapons—they themselves being unarmed—I left my gun behind, and advancing alone, holding up a green branch in each hand, was allowed to come up to them. They were apparently in a state of great agitation, and very suspicious of our intentions. The spokesman of the party was much lighter in colour than the others; and I at first fancied he spoke some Malay dialect, from the similarity in sound and intonation of his words; nor was it until I had used some of the commonest and least changeable of the Malay words—as those meaning fire, water, &c.—without being understood, that I was convinced of my mistake. Two others of our party were allowed to come up, one by one, and some trifling articles were exchanged for various ornaments. Still they would not suffer any one with a gun to approach, although anxious to entice us singly and unarmed to their village, towards which they were gradually leading us, and where they could be reinforced by another party, whom we saw watching us at the edge of the mangroves.'—Vol. I. p. 188.

The men seen were of a dark copper hue, with hair frizzled out into a mop—in some instances of prodigious size; the light coloured man, however, had his head closely shaved. The expression appears to have been as savage, though not so gross as that of the Australian aborigines. They chewed betel, perforated the nose with an ornament of polished shell, passed a roll of banana leaf through the lobe of the ear, and wore about their loins a strip of rude texture, or a palm leaf. When seen armed, they carried spears of polished cocoa-nut wood, from eight to ten feet long, sharp at each end, and beautifully balanced; the thickest part being two-fifths of the distance from the point. At one end was a strip of palm leaf, which fluttered as a pennon in the air; one man was observed with a two-edged and pointed instrument resembling a sword. They had their faces coloured with black and white laid on in fantastic streaks, which gave them a wild and savage aspect.

They fish with the seine, with nets more than a hundred and thirty feet in length, only a yard deep, supported on the upper edge by floats of light wood, and sunk at the lower by strings of perforated shells. The cordage is white, neatly made up, and the whole being dexterously handled, proves very effective in the hands of the rude island fishers. Some used a small scoop-net with a very long handle; others, a curious wooden hook with a slightly curved barb of tortoise-shell. Thus, from the materials spontaneously given to their use, the

natives of the Louisiade derive their means of life ; and though civilization may, morally and intellectually, elevate them from their actual condition, it will do them a very ill office if it attempt to multiply their pains by teaching them to abandon their natural modes of labour to adopt those which are wholly unsuited to them and the region they inhabit. In the Pacific we have seen instances of this false solicitude for the people. There are islands where toil is unrequired, provided the gifts of God are husbanded with providence and applied with care ; but persons, more zealous than philosophical, are teaching the islanders to forget their cocoa groves, and apply themselves to a system of tillage wholly unadapted to the nature of the soil and the character of its inhabitants.

The natives of the Louisiade evinced a strong disposition to traffic, and bartered their weapons, their ornaments, their cocoa nuts, yams, and bananas, very readily. Strips of calico and iron hoops were eagerly sought for, but nothing was so much prized as an axe—an instrument exceedingly useful to them—but which their own primitive industry was compelled to supply by a sharp piece of iron-stone, fixed in a clefted handle, and firmly secured by cordage. They were equally inclined to thief when an opportunity occurred ; but the most harmless display of the white man's weapons sufficed to drive them helter skelter to the refuge of their own unexplored jungles and woods.

Rude as their industry is, the dwellers along the shores of Coral Haven evince considerable skill and taste in the building and decoration of their canoes, which are formed from the trunk of a tree, fancifully ornamented with painting and carving, white egg-shells, and feathers of the bird of paradise. Our author affords a most minute and interesting description of these craft, among his other graphic pictures of savage life, in those remote seas. His drawing, which represents one of them, has a very singular and romantic effect. Among other remarkable specimens of their social state we have, is the wearing of a bracelet formed from a human jaw. The love of personal, and indeed of all kinds of ornament was exceedingly prevalent among them. They are not, however, characterized by that vulgar spirit which in many populations, civilized as well as barbarous, induces persons to forget decency, while they are punctilious in self-decoration. After a very interesting description of their habitations, Mr. MacGillivray goes on to say :—

‘ Near these huts were several large sheds, open at one side, where cooking is performed, judging from the remains of fires under them. On two small stages, planked over, we saw a number of thin and neatly carved earthen pots, blackened with smoke : these are usually a foot in diameter,

but one was as much as eighteen inches. I was struck with a feature exhibiting the cleanly habits of these savages, from which, in this respect, the inhabitants of many villages in the mother country might take a lesson; it consisted in the well-swept ground, where not a stray stone or leaf was suffered to remain, and the absence about the dwellings of everything offensive to the smell or sight. I could not help contrasting the condition of these people with that of the Australian blacks, a considerable portion of whose time, at certain periods of the year, is spent in shifting about from place to place, searching for food, living from hand to mouth, and leading a hard and precarious life. But here on this little island, the cocoa-nut tree alone would be sufficient to supply many of the principal wants of man. The fruit serves for both food and drink, and the shell is used to carry about water in; the fibres of the husk are converted into cordage, and the leaves into matting; while the wood is fashioned into spears and other useful articles. The cultivation of bananas and yams—of the latter of which and two other edible roots we saw large quantities in the huts—costs him very little trouble; he occasionally keeps a few pigs; and when inclined, can always catch plenty of fish, and occasionally a turtle upon the reefs at low water.—*Ib.* p. 227.

Hospitable and polite as a few of these islanders were, the general body of them soon became weary of the strangers' presence, and, when satisfied with barter, gave signs of suspicion, of insolence, and even of hostility. It was found necessary to make some demonstrations of skill and power before them, as shooting a single swallow on the wing, to impress them with a salutary fear of the white man's fire-arms. Even in spite of this, they made an attack on the surveying boats, which they sustained with a decision and courage surprising among people who never before had seen the flash of a gun.

In many of the other islands, however, a very amicable and amusing intercourse was kept up with the natives. In the Brumer group some women were seen; they were profusely tattooed on the face, fore-part of the arms, and bosoms, being covered with lines of blue spots; on the fore-arm and wrist so close and elaborate as to resemble fine lace-work. As we have introduced Mr. MacGillivray's notion of the men, we shall allow him to tell how the females of the Louisiade are attired.

'They wear petticoats of palm leaf divided into long grass like shreds and reaching to the knee. That worn by the girls consists merely of single lengths made fast to a string which ties round the waist; but the women wear a larger and thicker kind of petticoat, composed of three layers of different degrees of fineness and lengths, forming as many 'flounces,' the upper one of more finely divided stuff neatly plaited above, over a girdle of the same tough sort used in making their larger kinds of ropes. Two or three of these petticoats are usually worn one over the other, and in cold or wet weather, the outer one is untied and fastened round the neck, covering the upper part of the body like a cape or short cloak. The hair of the



women is also usually, but not invariably, twisted up into "thrums" like those of a mop, a style of dressing it here peculiar to the female sex.' *Ib.* p. 263.

On gala days, the young girls wear petticoats of finer texture, dyed red and green, and diversified with straw coloured bands and broad white strips of the palm leaf. They appeared to enjoy a position of equality with the men, exercised considerable influence over them, were always the loudest talkers, acted apparently in perfect independence, and invariably conducted themselves with modesty and decorum. Occasionally some of the men made gross allusions, but never in the presence of a woman. Polygamy does not seem to exist among them, but nothing certain could be learned of their marriage customs. Children were observed to be treated with every mark of affection.

Among these islands, and associating with these tribes, Mr. MacGillivray remained for a considerable time. He learned much more than we can now paint of their manners, customs, traditions, social state, forms of life and modes of thought; all, however, indicating them as a comparatively happy race, contented in their poverty, and worthy of far more attention than has hitherto been bestowed on them. Hence the 'Rattlesnake,' which continued without ceasing to survey that ocean, and mark out safe paths for the mariner, proceeded to Cape York, in Australia. There she remained for some time, expecting a vessel with provisions and stores from Sydney. A singular adventure occurred to dissipate the tedium of her stay. One day a party went on shore to examine the country, and in the afternoon were astonished to perceive a young white woman approaching. She ran up to them, and claimed their protection from a party of natives, from whom she said she had escaped, and who would, she feared, carry her back to their savage haunts. She, of course, was received with every attention, taken on board the ship by the first boat, and encouraged to relate her story; this proved to have been an episode of singular romance. Her name was Barbara Thompson; she was an<sup>rn</sup> at Aberdeen in Scotland, and in company with her parents am<sup>ng</sup>ed to New South Wales. After five years, she departed vulgar<sup>oreton</sup> Bay with her husband, in a small cutter of which barbar<sup>e</sup> the owner, for the purpose of picking up some of the punctill<sup>a</sup> a whaler wrecked on the coast. They were unable to tion of t<sup>pot</sup>; the company quarrelled; two men were drowned; struck on a reef; and the two remaining men were

'Near the<sup>pting</sup> to swim on shore. Barbara, however, remained cooking is per<sup>ed</sup> cutter, and was presently rescued by a party of two small stage<sup>am</sup> off for the sake of plunder. Two of them earthen pots, blac<sup>e</sup>.



supported her between them to the beach, where the booty was divided, and she fell to the lot of a black, Boroto by name. He compelled her to live with him, but, in common with all the men of his community, treated her with distinguished kindness. This, which alleviated to some degree the wretchedness of her position, excited the jealousy of the other women, who, envious of the assiduous courtesy paid to her, conducted themselves towards her for a long time with anything but gentleness or respect.

‘A curious circumstance, however, secured for her the protection of one of the principal men of the tribe, a party from which had been the fortunate means of rescuing her and which she afterwards found to be the Kowrarêga, chiefly inhabiting Muralug, or Western Prince of Wales Island. This person, named Piaquai, acting upon the belief (universal throughout Australia and the islands of Torres Straits, so far as hitherto known,) that white people are the ghosts of the Aborigines, fancied that in the stranger he recognised a long lost daughter of the name of Giom, and at once admitted her to the relationship which he thought had formerly subsisted between them; she was immediately acknowledged by the whole tribe as one of themselves, thus ensuring an extensive connexion in relatives of all denominations. From the head quarters of the tribe, with which Giom thus became associated, being upon an island which all vessels passing through Torres Straits from the eastward must approach within two or three miles, she had the mortification of seeing from twenty to thirty or more ships go through every summer without anchoring in the neighbourhood, so as to afford her the slightest opportunity of making her escape.’—*Ib.* p. 303.

At length, however, she heard that Captain Stanley's expedition, described as ‘two war canoes, a big and a little one,’ was at Cape York, and though it left before she could escape, she was successful on its next visit. Some of the tribe learning by smoke signals from the main-land that the strange vessels were at anchor, told her of it. She persuaded them that as she had been so long with them, and been well-treated, she would not go away, but after shaking hands once more with her white friends from the world of ghosts, would come back with axes, knives, tobacco, and other much prized articles. This appeal to their cupidity decided the question at once. She landed, ran to the ships as quickly as her lameness would allow, and was fortunate in reaching so soon, for a party of the blacks soon followed to demand her restoration. Some of them were brought on board and presented with axes and other small gifts, but seemed very loth to part with their friend of fair complexion.

‘Upon being asked by Captain Stanley, whether she really preferred remaining with us to accompanying the natives back to their island, at

she would be allowed her free choice in the matter, she was so much agitated as to find difficulty in expressing her thankfulness, making use of scraps of English alternately with the Kowrarega language, and then suddenly awakening to the recollection that she was not understood, the poor creature blushed all over, and, with downcast eyes, beat her forehead with her hand, as if to assist in collecting her scattered thoughts. At length, after a pause, she found words to say:—"Sir, I am a Christian, and would rather go back to my own friends;" at the same time it was remarked by every one that she had not lost the feelings of womanly modesty, even after having lived so long among naked blacks; she seemed acutely to feel the singularity of her position, dressed only in a couple of shirts, amidst a crowd of her own countrymen.'—Ib. p. 305.

Barbara was clothed only with a fringe of fern leaves when she presented herself to the sailors on the beach, and was so miserable in her appearance that they at first took her for a native, until she called out in English, 'I am a white woman; why do you leave me?' The care of a physician, however, the attention of the captain, and the comforts of a cabin, soon improved her, and she was restored to her parents at Sydney in excellent condition. She related that she had been a great favourite among the blacks, holding a daily levee to receive visits from them, with gifts which they brought for her acceptance. Boroto the native in whose hut she had lived, came to see her in the ship, and sought by much words and flattering promises to gain her back; but when she refused, left in a storm of rage. He declared that should she ever again fall into his hands, he would cut off her head and preserve it as a trophy. Among other curious things Barbara told, was that a white man had also been living amongst the blacks, apparently a foreigner, for he understood no English. He became a great chief and warrior, took several wives, possessed a canoe, and cultivated a tract of land. He was probably a runaway convict. Generally the natives of that coast behave very savagely to Europeans, having murdered several who fell into their hands.

The story of Barbara Thompson illustrates the kind of romantic episodes which occasionally interrupt the monotony of an expedition like that of the 'Rattlesnake.' Monotony, we mean, of intercourse with man, for curious as savage tribes are, and interesting as their manners may be, converse with them is altogether unsatisfying to the civilized mind. But of scenes and adventures there was no want of variety, as will be perceived by all who are induced to read these remarkable volumes. With reference to the result to which we ourselves are led by their perusal, it coincides to a great degree with that of Mr. MacGillivray, who, indeed, is not a man to state an opinion not established on true and trustworthy research. He says—

‘Whalers will no doubt find it worth their while, with the characteristic enterprise of their class, to push into those parts of the Coral Sea, now first thrown open to them; and, although, we have not as yet sufficient grounds to warrant the probability of success in the fishery, yet I may mention that whalers were seen on several occasions from both of our vessels. This naturally originates the question,—to what extent do the Louisiade Archipelago and the South East coast of New Guinea afford a field for commercial enterprise? What description of trade can be established there by bartering European goods for the production of those countries? Unfortunately at present most of the evidence on this point is of a negative kind. Besides articles of food, such as pigs, yams and cocoa nuts, and weapons and ornaments of no marketable value, tortoiseshell, flax, arrow-root, mosses, bark, and feathers of the bird of paradise were seen by us, it is true, but in such small quantities as to hold out at present no inducement for traders to resort to these coasts for the purpose of procuring them. That gold exists in the western and northern portions of New Guinea has long been known; that it exists also in the south-east shores of that great island is equally known, as a specimen of pottery procured at Redscar Bay, contained a few small laminar grains of this precious metal. The clay in which the gold is embedded was probably part of the great alluvial deposit on the banks of the rivers, the mouths of which we saw in that neighbourhood.’—Vol. II. p. 69.

Nevertheless, from the general information contained throughout the work, we are inclined to believe that a great field for commercial enterprise remains still to be opened up in that region. Probably the natives themselves are entirely ignorant of the resources of their country. They are pure savages, without any stimulus to enterprise; but in their habits and manners we discern traces of a character which may be educated to great purpose. At any rate we are glad to hear that a new expedition is about to visit those seas, and that while the democratic energy of America is about putting our nation to the blush by breaking open the barbarous inhospitality of Japan; while Sir James Brooke's admirable exertions in Siam promise to be renewed with better success, and while a thriving trade is springing up along the coasts of Borneo, long abandoned as the prey of ferocious pirates, there is a prospect of the romantic and beautiful islands of the Louisiade Archipelago being familiarized among us. At present, however, we have only to thank Mr. MacGillivray for the original and valuable work he has written, and to congratulate science as well as humanity on the acquisition of so much of that knowledge which is the true pioneer and apostle of Christianity and civilization.

**ART. VI. — *The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*: constituting a Complete History of the Literature of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, with copious Specimens of the most celebrated Histories, Romances, Popular Legends and Tales, Old Chivalrous Ballads, Tragic and Comic Dramas, National and Favourite Songs, Novels and Scenes from the Life of the Present Day. By William and Mary Howitt. In Two Volumes. London; Colburn and Co. 1852.**

**THIS** attractive title gives no exaggerated impression of a work, of whose contents we wish to convey some conception to our readers. Its principal feature is an appeal to our national vanity, on behalf of a literature in which we have a peculiar property. It opens for that vanity a double outlet, and gives it a healthy direction. For, if Americans and our children, all the world over, are to contribute to our reputation and participate in our praises, so should our ancestors. But, how can we rationally divide the honor of our name, and especially of our achievements, with the Angles of Holstein? That we do habitually ascribe the magnificent results of our free-born and practical energy to the *Anglo-Saxon*, no man needs to be reminded; how irrationally we do this, Mr. Howitt shows us in a few sentences.

‘The Saxons, during their period of dominion, so far from showing themselves an enterprising and progressive people, notoriously degenerated, became slothful and weak, and were overrun by the Danes, and soon after permanently subjected by the Normans, another branch of the Scandinavians. But if the Anglo-Saxons sunk after a temporary rule in this country, where else did they exhibit those great and commanding qualities which we are so fond of conferring on the Anglo-Saxon race? The so-called Anglo-Saxons were a mere handful of people in Holstein. It is not to be supposed that they all left their country for these islands. Even, as we have said, those who bore that name amongst the emigrants to England, were not mere Angles, but Jutes, Angles from the distant Anglen in Holstein, Saxons, and no doubt also a plentiful mixture of Danes and Swedes. Those that remained at home—what became of them? What proud exploits did they achieve? Where did they expand their rule and their glories, so as to crown their race with that renown for indomitable energy and successful enterprise which we associate with the name Anglo-Saxon? We search for such things in vain. If we want the Anglo-Saxons, we must seek them in the still well-known district of Anglen, in Holstein, and shall find them in their inglorious obscurity the reluctant subjects of Denmark.’—Vol. I., pp. 3, 4.

'But more than all, in their religious creed, they transferred the faith of Persia, India, and Greece, to the snowy mountains of Scandinavia, and there modified it so as to give it a most distinct air of originality, without destroying those primal features which marked their kinship to the peoples of the East. The Aasr and the giants were in constant hostility, like the gods of Greece and the Titans. They had three principal deities—Odin, Thor, and Loke; the latter the evil principle, the Pluto of the Greeks, the Ahriman of the Persians, or the Siva of the Hindoos. They had their gods of thunder, of war, of eloquence, and of the sea. They had the actual Venus of the Tanais, the great deity of the Persians, the very name Vanadis suggesting that of the Hellenic (?) Venus. They had in Balder the Vishnu of India, and a more beautiful Pan. The gods of Scandinavia are actually described as sitting on Idavalla, or Mount Ida, and Odin, Thor, and Loke, like the Jupiter, Mercury, and Mars, (Zeus, Hermes, and Ares &c) of Greece, make excursions amongst mankind, indulge in singular love adventures, and place themselves in circumstances that are anything but consistent with the dignity of great deities. You have the strife of light and darkness in Balder and Höder, as in Ormuzd and Ahriman; you have a tripartite divinity—the Jove, Neptune, (Zeus, Poseidon?) and Pluto, of Greece, the Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, of India, find their counterparts in Odin, Thor, and Balder. Instead of the ox Abudad, we have the cow Audumbla; instead of genii, nymphs, dryads, and nereids, we have elves, dwarfs, and trollquinnas. All the powers of nature are shadowed forth in the various deities of the various systems; there is a great and sublime deity, being far above all the semi-human deities that stand in greater proximity to men, and then comes a final fire, Regnarök, like that of the Persians, and the grand mundane catastrophe of the Christian creed. Through the whole, indeed, we trace the earliest traditions of the primitive world, the Adam and Eve in Ask and Embla, the Meshia and Meschiane of Persia; the very Fates are there, the Nornor, the Dog of Hell, and the Tree of Life.'—Vol. i. pp. 33-40.

After a beautiful account of their ideas of the creation of the world, we come to a description of this tree, which shows how little power the severity of a northern climate has to check the luxuriance of an oriental imagination. Though it was a stern superstition which peopled this walhalla, it was equal to any other pagan faith in poetical beauty and pathos. Moreover, the grim gods knew their doom; they foresaw the end of their fierce reign; and the blood-thirsty warriors who believed in them felt a strong presentiment that a more peaceful mission among the sons of men awaited them in the future.

What gross injustice we do these blood-thirsty warriors, when we are content, as has been the fashion, with such an epithet to dismiss whole nations of them to oblivion, appears most strongly in 'Hávamál; or, the High Song of Odin the Old,' which Mr. Howitt gives entire. There are one hundred and twelve strophes, and scarcely one of them which does not exhibit, like the proverbs of Solomon, genuine wisdom, and a



departments into which Mr. Howitt divides his subject. These are—1. The ancient literature common to all nations who trace their descent from the original Scandinavians; 2. The ballads and folk-sagas, which were the forms in which the people retained the ancient literature, when Latin superseded the vernacular tongue and Romish superstition supplanted the religion of Odin. These fill up a blank between the end of the twelfth century and the latter half of the sixteenth; 3. The modern Danish literature; 4. The modern Swedish. His method of procedure is as strictly chronological as this classification will allow. If we follow somewhat closely in his track, our apology will be found in the nature of the book, which is precisely that of a review. It is a condensed and polished examination of the rich and varied literature of a race,—one of the oldest, if not the oldest in Europe, beginning with the ‘edda’ (grandmother—great family mother), the record of their oral traditions, and ending with the novels of Fredrika Bremer.

The elder, or rhythmical edda, we owe to Saemund the Wise, an Icelandic clergyman, who collected the songs from the lips of the native Scalds, in the eleventh century. The twenty-eight poems of which it consists ‘contain everything relating to the Scandinavian ideas of the creation of the world, the origin of men, the morals taught by the priests, the stories of the gods, and of the chief heroes.’

There is scarcely a nation on the earth which cannot boast a mythology. Even the Germans can look back to one. The ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, imported their gods from Greece, yet they made them their own by strongly marked distinctions. ‘For the rest, they think it inconsistent with the greatness of celestial beings, to enclose deities with walls, or liken them to any form of human countenance.’\* We admire the mythology of Greece, which marks an interesting epoch in the history of the Hellenic mind. The corresponding epoch in the development of the English mind is a blank. In selecting from three of the eddaic poems the only figures that can fill this blank, Mr. Howitt remarks that all mythologies point back to one geographical centre, the ‘original source of a religious faith, which has grown dimmer and more disfigured the farther it has gone,’ and states that the Scandinavians came, according to their own account, from Svithiod, or Circassia, whence they brought with them eastern customs, and to which they always looked with patriotic affection.

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\* Tacitus’ *Germania*, cap. ix.

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profound knowledge of the human heart. The social virtues of hospitality, temperance, consideration, charity, and prudence are here inculcated; the contempt in which fools are held; the happiness of noble and gentle souls; the bitterness of dependence, of poverty, and the neglect of friends; the *vulgarity* of ostentation; and the wisdom of setting a guard on the tongue are vividly depicted. Some of the touches are of the quaintest humour, as 'This is the best of drink, that every one afterwards comes to his senses.' In some it is impossible not to recognise our English proverbial philosophy: 'Bed the dog in the court-yard;' 'Drink ale by firelight;' 'The world knows what is known unto three;' 'Each man is master at home;' 'The man's heart bleedeth at every mealtime, who his food beggeth.' The rights of property are recognised in a manner somewhat remarkable in a 'northern barbarian.' Readers who dislike the piratical reputation of these Scandinavian ancestors would do well to study the morality which underlies our Indian empire, our Australian colonies. Yet Englishmen respect the distinction of *mine* and *thine* as much as any people under the sun. Just so with these enterprising robbers. That they had a great respect for private property is evident from the fact that they made use of stones for boundaries to distinguish the field of one man from that of another. Truly it is not easy to show that they ever were sheer savages. Poems like those of the Elder Edda betoken a stage of social advancement many degrees above barbarism. It may be doubted, indeed, whether maritime enterprise can co-exist with a very low civilization. It is certain that at a very early period these Scandinavians possessed ornaments of gold and silver, arms, and tools of iron; and still earlier (according to Worsaae, 2400 years ago), tools of bronze; and six or seven centuries before that tools of stone. Some of the works which remain from this earliest period, attest no mean order of mechanical and engineering skill. And the one thing needful for a race whose energy is to deliver them from a savage state—the horse—they would seem to have carried with them from the East to their polar home. In this view, it is more interesting than surprising to find the sentiments of refined life in the rude strains of this ancient poem.

Mr. Howitt states that Carlyle is accused of having borrowed his 'Philosophy of Clothes' from Montaigne, and asks whether the latter got it from 'Hávamál.' As far as our acquaintance with the writings of the Frenchman goes, the charge against Mr. Carlyle rests on a very slender foundation. But if he did get the idea from Montaigne, he Gothicised it again thoroughly, for where does the 'Philosophy of Clothes' lead you with so grave an air down to the profounder philosophy of 'No-Clothes,'

as in the fiftieth strophe, the very bareness of the verse giving point to the satire?—

‘ I hung my garments  
On the two wooden men  
Who stand on the wall.  
Heroes they seem to be  
When they were clothed !  
The unclad are despised.’—Vol. I., p. 59.

We see in this rude simplicity of versification the excellent use of translations from uncouth poets of the olden time. Those who can appreciate *naked* poetry may here take their fill. The expressions are like the peaks of icebergs seen against a deep-coloured and cloudless sky, as clear, definite, and majestic. Thus, reflecting the rays of fancy in hues as varied as their own, they suggest no thought of *clothes*.

The ‘Run-talen’ is a poem throwing great light upon the magical powers, long held by the northern nations to reside in *runes*, or the letters of the alphabet. Mr. Howitt remarks, that although these runic letters were for ages known to the Scandinavians, and so highly prized by them, they never seem to have conceived the idea of applying them to the record of their annals or literature. Though on great occasions they used them for correspondence, they reserved them chiefly for inscriptions on their stones of memorial for the dead, and on their staves. ‘The people saw that through these runes ideas were communicated, and their imaginations were easily excited to credit any wonders that were attributed to them. They were precisely in the case of the South Sea Islanders, who set up and worshipped a chip on which Williams the missionary had written a message to his wife.’—Vol. I., p. 71.

The nature of these wonders may be guessed from the names of the varieties spoken of in this poem. Here are mind runes, drink runes, runes of victory, storm runes, and runes of freedom. This belief was confined to the more ignorant and superstitious, and in a people ambitious of power it is not difficult to see how such a faith should have prevailed. They saw and felt the truth expressed long after in Bacon’s aphorism—‘Knowledge is power.’ Possibly they comprehended that truth more fully than the great philosopher himself. A strong man, when he strikes a weaker, is conscious of the strength he puts forth; yet the man *struck* best understands its superiority. But able to appreciate only one kind of power that was mysterious—the magical—they ascribed this to the symbols of knowledge, and their priests, seeing in this notion a new source of influence, fostered it. Mr. Howitt does not very distinctly

recognise the share of the priests in the matter, reserving his indignation for the not more enlightened, not more subtle, but less poetical priests by whom they were succeeded. In his comments on the opening of this poem, however, as well as in his quotations, the craft of its clerical composer is unmistakably indicated.

A variety of other poems are brought before us, one of them containing a series of menaces, or what Mr. Howitt calls, a curse 'more awful than ever cast its thrilling fear through the most dark and impassioned tragedy.' A curious poem, describing the origin of the different classes of society, is followed by two songs, described as 'among the most deeply poetical and singular hymns of the Edda.' With a specimen of the 'Sol Song,' by Saemund himself, we leave the mythologic part of the Edda, and come to the heroic lays. Of the first of these, the hero is already known to our readers under the name of Wayland Smith, in 'Kenilworth.' Sir Walter Scott showed in his novels an affection for anachronisms, remarkable in an antiquary and historian, but he seldom perpetrated one so startling as this. Völund, Veland, Weyland, as he has been otherwise named, was renowned for the manufacture of armour and swords. He was also distinguished as a fabricator of crowns and bracelets; but as he did not live in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, so neither was he a Loleo, or filagree worker, but the veritable Vulcan of classical mythology,—the lineal descendant of Tubal Cain, and the professional forefather of your modern Sheffielder. His story is here given. There are also five songs, 'dark and wild poems,' testifying a great antiquity, and bearing a great resemblance to Ossian; and finally there are thirteen poems, the originals of the great Gothic epic of the Niebelungen. If any of our readers have dipped into the Niebelungen Lied of Germany, or listened to any German enthusiastically portraying the grand features of that mighty work, and tracing the outline of its thrilling story, they will not be sorry, while claiming Scandinavia for the birth-place of their race, to learn

'That the claim to the originality of this poem is unquestionably hers. We may allow to the Germans the possession of the "Niebelungen Lied," as they possess it, but we must confine the merit of that possession to the elaboration of the form from the grand and still-existing materials of the North. To those materials, to the Sigurd, Brynhilda, and Gudrun songs of the Edda, we must accord a still higher poetical merit. As poems, though fragmentary, they stand in all the genuine essentials of poetry infinitely above the German "Lied," and above any remains of ancient poetry, excepting that of Greece,'—Ib. p. 95.

The moral of the original poems is grander,—the curse, namely, of ill-gotten wealth; and Mr. Howitt says truly that

'never was moral worked out more terribly.' We must pass over the prose or supplementary Edda, the biographical sketch of its author, Snorre Sturleson, the account of his great historical work, the 'Heimskringla,' and Mr. Howitt's concluding glance at Icelandic literature.

We have considered the ancient literature of Scandinavia at comparative length, because we think it is more worthy of the serious attention of English scholars at the present time, than any other literature whatever. Were this the ancient poetry of Japan, we could not have cared less about it than we have hitherto; yet we could easily understand and appreciate it, and should then accord to it both admiration and love. The *temperament* it reveals has originally been a genial one, open and cheerful. But the frowning austerity of northern winters has imparted to some of it a shade, not merely of solemnity, but of gloom; and there are nooks and caverns, which, if our sympathy succeeds in penetrating, it finds itself shrouded in a darkness that may be felt. Probably the same cause, in its lighter effects, has produced the serious and thoughtful tone of mind, in which lies the secret of that *earnestness* which is so conspicuous in all nations of the north, when we contrast them with the gay or listless peoples of the south. The *conceptions* which reveal the temperament, always gigantic and muscular, often terrible and sublime, stand in much the same relation to most in our English poetry as Shakespeare's in 'Hamlet' do to Moore's in 'Lallah Rookh.' Yet in robustness, if in nothing else, our conceptions will bear comparison with those of any modern poetry, and Goethe regarded them as unique on the score of melancholy grandeur. Lastly, the *taste* displayed in these remains of Scandinavian poetry is in harmony with the Gothic love of simplicity and bluntness; but for a taste 'born where the sun showers triple light,' as, strange to say, it certainly is, it is severe.

Of the folk-sagas we will only remark that we find in them the originals of our well-known nursery tales, 'Jack the Giant-killer,' 'Dick Whittington and his Cat,' and many others. Among the complete specimens we have here a much more elegant version of the 'Little Pig that would not go over the Brig,' and a charming Scandinavian 'Cinderella.'

The ballads resemble our own, with a perpetually recurring *refrain*, which Mr. Howitt pronounces to be the lyric first uttering itself in poetry. They are divided into heroic, necromantic and supernatural, historic ballads, and ballads of love and romance; some of them are exquisite. Our readers will observe that in these mainly do we see the native literature, as it lived on in the hearts and homes of the people, slowly



retiring, but at last disappearing, before the legends of Rome. All this is expressed in a single ballad, where ridicule, the weapon of a worsted foe, is directed against nunneries. It tells how Master Carl laid a trap for a handsome maid in a convent. He feigned death: the lady came to his bier and murmured there the confession of her love. As she was about to depart, Master Carl sprang up and seized her, fixed the next day for his wedding, and vanished with his prize:—

‘It was the nuns of the convent,  
And without book read they,  
“Be sure it was one of God’s angels  
Who took our sister away.”

And every nun in the convent,  
Unto herself sang she,  
“Christ grant that there come such angels  
To take both thee and me.”’—p. 294.

In the modern literature of Denmark the spirit of the ancient was revived after a long dearth of genius. We do not know what the ‘Athenæum’ means when it accuses Danish literature of an utter absence of nationality. It is the most serious charge that can be brought against the literature of any country; but in this particular case, absurdly groundless. The greatest, the permanently popular poets of Denmark drew all their inspiration, and the bulk of their materials, from the Eddas. We can only name a few chief luminaries.

The first are ARREBOE, and KINGO the Psalmist, both religious poets. But HOLBERG, who created this modern literature, was of a different stamp. He was one of the greatest comic and satiric writers who ever lived, and nothing else. The specimens here given are tantalizing, but are sufficient of themselves to determine his rank. He died in 1754. EVALD was a deeply feeling, highly gifted spirit, who gave a new form to Danish poetry, turning it back into its ancient channels. But he was before his time; he spent a life of pain, penury, and sore neglect, and was near his grave when his country awoke to an appreciation of his worth. We must find room for his masterly lyric of ‘King Christian.’ This has become the national song of Denmark, which shows that it is true of her, what one of the greatest of lyrical poets has sung of England,

‘Her march is on the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep.’

And however pacific we may be on principle, there is no true Englishman who cannot sympathize with the warlike and

maritime enthusiasm which bursts forth in these verses. For here the music of the accompaniment is not the sound of the trumpet, but the crash which follows the deep booming of treble-shotted guns, the creak of straining timbers, and the roar of waters.

'King Christian stood by the lofty mast,  
In smoke and night;  
His sword dealt blows so fell and fast  
Through Swedish helms and skulls it passed,  
Mid smoke and night.  
"Fly!" cried they, "fly! fly all who can—  
Who dare face Denmark's Christian  
In fight?"

Niels Juel he heard the tempest blow ;  
Now, for your life !  
Aloft he had the red flag go,  
Stroke upon stroke he dealt the foe ;  
They cried aloud, while tempests blow ;  
“ Now, for your life ! ”  
“ Fly,” cried they all, “ to shelter fly !  
For who can Denmark's Juel defy  
In strife ? ”

**Oh, sea ! the fires of Weasel drove  
Thy death-smoke dread,  
Here to thy bosom fled the brave ;  
Round him flashed terror and the grave ;  
The ramparts heard the roar which drove  
Through death-smoke dread ;  
From Denmark thundered Tordenschild,  
To heaven for aid they all appealed,  
And fled.**

Thou Danish path of fame and might,  
Oh ! gloomy sea !  
Receive thy friend, who for the right  
Dares danger face in death's despite  
Proudly as thou the tempest's might !  
Oh ! gloomy sea !  
And lead me on though storms may rave  
Through storms and victory to my grave,  
With thee !"—Ib. p. 407.

We think this version is far more graphic than Longfellow's. Of BAGGESEN, who belonged to the end of the eighteenth century, Mr. Howitt gives a biography 'to relieve the monotony of mere criticism.' If any relief is needed, it will be found in the sparkling extracts from Baggesen's account of his travels.

We assure those who fancy that a review in two volumes must be dry, that they may search far before they find such champagne-like reading. RAHBÆK was a contemporary of Baggesen. Though he left no one monument of his genius, his various literary labours are inseparable from those of his time. His fame owes still more to the goodness of his heart, and his name is, in Denmark, 'a household word, which must always be heard when this period of Danish letters is spoken of.' OEHLenschLÄGER has obtained a European reputation as Denmark's greatest poet. He acted on his own theory of the poet's mission, which is given in his own words:—'In all times have splendid human faculties developed themselves, but one-sidedly. It is the vocation of the poet to collect all the flowers of the ages into one ideal floral wreath. The events and the great characters of the ancient times he shall complete and ennoble—that is to say, he shall give them something of his own time's philosophy and enlightenment, and he shall in this prove his genius by making his union natural and beautiful.'—vol. ii. p. 104. And in his 'Gods of the North,' lately translated into English by Mr. Edgar Bowring, he has nearly accomplished for the myths of Scandinavia what Homer did for those of Greece. But in order that this work may be appreciated, it is necessary that its readers should have at least a poetic faith in the 'gods' themselves; and it is to be regretted that we have not previously a good version of the Edda of Saemund. From Oehlenschläger's splendid drama of 'Aladdin,' we have here the 'Prison Hymn;' of 'Hakon Jarl,' the greater part; from 'Corregio' several acts. He excelled in the higher poetic faculties. But the following satire upon certain travellers will show that he was not deficient in quiet humour. It is taken from his 'Fisherman's Daughter.' The fisherman is weeping for his son, who has been drowned, when a traveller from Europe comes into the desert, carried in a palanquin by slaves, and attended by his secretary and guide.

*European (with enthusiasm).* Is it then here?

*Guide.*

Yet a few paces farther

Towards the left, good sir.

*Europ.*

May I then feel assured

Of this great fact? That it was even *here*

That Moses, in the early dawn of time,

By Pharaoh was pursued. In very deed,

Is this the great Red Sea?

*Guide.*

It is indeed;

Without a doubt; you may depend on't, sir.

*Europ.* The redness does not indicate itself,  
I had supposed it to be much more red ;  
Something like cherry-soup, or perhaps red ink.

*Guide.* The sand alone gives it a reddish colour.  
They ought not really in geography  
To use such names as give a wrong idea.  
The Black Sea, now, it is not raven-black ;  
Nor is Marmora's Sea hewn out of marble ;  
Nor yet are the Green Mountains always green ;  
And often is the luckless seaman wrecked,  
With all he has, at the Cape called Good Hope.

*Europ.* There you are right. Travels are full of lies,—  
Thrown in for broad effect. And therefore 'tis  
Of such importance that we should ourselves,  
With our own eyes examine. Gracious God !  
And it was here, then, where that mighty man  
Led forth upon dry land the all undrowned,  
The chosen people ? Yes, by heaven ! one sees  
Even yet the scars—sees the great furrows still.  
Not very plain, 'tis true ; the tooth of time  
Has dimmed them somewhat, but has not destroyed.

*Guide.* Your grace is quite poetical in language !  
You mean that the monsoon, that the great winds,  
Which then produced effects so marvellous,  
Have not yet wholly ceased, and still continue  
To combat with the waves which once they parted.  
To me appears that learned hypothesis  
Full of great truth, and worthy to be printed. . . .

*Europ.* (to his secretary.)—Under the head 'Red Sea,' write down  
these words—

'This was the very place where fled the Jews,  
When through the sea King Pharaoh followed them,  
As by the furrows may be seen, even now.'

The secretary most formally obeys. Presently the traveller asks if no one has anything rare to sell, as he understands such things, and gladly buys them when they are not too dear. The guide picks up a stone, rubs it with his garment, and presents it.

*Guide.* 'Twas with this stone  
That Pharaoh, in his holy earnestness,  
Struck the great Moses 'mid the deep abyss ;  
Here at this corner is a little redness,  
That is, blood petrified. It is not dear,  
It only costs a baham.

*Europ.* (having bought the stone). There, secretary,  
Put it in your pocket.

*Sec.* I am already  
As heavily laden as a common waggon  
That carries loads of bricks.  
*Europ.* That matters nothing.

I must soon buy another ass or two ;  
In this land are more rare and curious things  
Than I expected, and at reasonable prices.  
What is a baham for such a stone as this ?  
The stone wherewith the mighty Pharaoh smote  
The yet far mightier Moses in the back !  
Now lead me further ; it will soon be dark.'—Vol. ii. pp. 148-150.

In describing Oehlenschläger's position, Mr. Howitt compares the discovery of intellectual wealth destined to become the aliment of a new era, to our recent discoveries of gold. Over both, until the hour for their proper influence on the world arrives, providence throws 'an impenetrable veil of invisibility.' The whole passage is a happy specimen of Mr. Howitt's popular manner. The style of it puts one in mind of Elihu Burritt's little masterpiece, the first of his 'Sparks from the Anvil,' but this passage is more nervous and less florid. What we admire in it is, the smartness with which an apt illustration is seized, and the expertness with which it is applied. It is not altogether inapplicable to Mr. Howitt's own labours. For, how many men, possessing faculties for translation and compilation, and for nothing else, have we seen mastering the strangest languages, ransacking the darkest corners, groping their way amongst the mouldiest traditions, in the hope of finding something *new* on which to build a fame ! A whole district of gold lay close at hand, but who of them ever thought of looking in ancient and modern Scandinavia for it ? Only Sir Walter Scott, like his countryman, the shepherd of New South Wales, found a few handfuls of the precious metal, and smuggled them into the 'Edinburgh Magazine.'

The modern literature of Sweden is eminently peculiar. It has owed most, perhaps, to GEIJER, the prince of Swedish historians. He was contemporary with TEGNER, who holds the highest place in Swedish poetry. We have here the beautiful eighth canto of Tegner's 'Frithiof,' which, Mr. Howitt says, has been five times translated into English, without any idea being conveyed of the original. We cannot go into this department of the subject ; we can only observe that the poetic genius of the Swedes is essentially lyrical, that they are fond of bacchanalian poets, and are more than tolerant of eccentricity, whether in fancy, philosophy, or fun.

Mr. Howitt introduces to us about three hundred names be-

longing to modern Denmark and Sweden, as note-worthy in various branches of literature, science, and art. Yet his is no dry catalogue. The specimens are sufficiently numerous, judiciously selected, and carefully and gracefully translated. Mr. Howitt's standard of literary excellence being understood, his criticisms enable his readers to fix the relative position of every star. He praises, but with a meted praise, every writer whom he mentions, excepting Bellman. But his work is very properly an advocacy at the bar of public opinion, not a judgment from the bench. One does not expect a Columbus to pass an impartial opinion on the physical resources of his newly discovered world. Whether in completeness or in interest, the inadequacy of our own sketch cannot be seen without a perusal of the original. For convenience, we have spoken of the author of these volumes as Mr. Howitt. Our readers will perceive that they are inscribed with the names of *William* and *Mary* Howitt. We are not distinctly informed of the respective shares of the author and authoress. But the delicacy of taste shown throughout is exquisite. This is the more remarkable in the earlier portions of the book—a pagan literature and mythology are presented to us without a trace of impurity, or one coarse thought.

Both writers are widely known and honoured; but, whatever claims they may have on the affection of different classes of readers, it is in this book, and in the part they have taken in introducing to the English public the writings of Miss Bremer, Hans Christian Andersen, and the Baroness Knorring, that they have established an indisputable title to the gratitude of their country.

And how much interest and curiosity have we still to spare for these glorious productions of a race to whom, more than to any other, we are indebted for nearly everything; for the rhymes which lull us to sleep in infancy, the stories which amuse our childhood, the monumental stones which record our epitaphs; for the strength of our language and our character, the native vigour of our genius, and majesty of our literature; for the institutions which for a thousand years have stood guard over our liberties at home, and the wooden bulwarks which have so long kept them safe from the hand of the foreign aggressor; for our all but boundless empire, and for our being?



ART. VII.—*Life of Lord Jeffrey; with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1852.

WHEN a man dies whose life has been in any sense public, or whose name is so familiar that some account of him is demanded, and above all, when the demand is so loud and general that the publication becomes a matter of pecuniary moment, it seems to be very much left to chance to determine who shall be the biographer. The selection is made usually by no considerations of mental or literary fitness, but according to the mere laws of succession. If the inheritor of the documents which are necessary, or at least important to the work, happen to have the slightest acquaintance with the art of writing, or suppose himself to have it, the memoir is undertaken by a son, or brother, or nephew, or son-in-law, possibly under the impulse of a kind family affection for his ancestor, but very often with his eye rather fixed on the proceeds, which may be no inconsiderable part of the inheritance. Thus, as a biography or personal history is but the writer's estimate of him whose life and doings he professes to record, the work, however elaborate, will be no better than shall correspond with the author's conception and power of expression. Such being the case, no wonder our good biographies are but few, one here and another there, among huge heaps of volumes, many of which, in recorded dates, facts, letters, &c., may yet contain the materials of interesting and highly instructive memoirs.

In the instance now under consideration, the biographer appears to have been selected from his assumed capacity to do the work well; the first sentence of the preface bearing—‘that it was undertaken at the request of the family, and of several of the friends of Lord Jeffrey,’ and unquestionably it is a very interesting memoir. Certainly the selection was a very natural one; and however it may be judged of elsewhere and in literary circles, at least in their native Edinburgh, the names of Jeffrey and Cockburn have been long familiarly associated. Their acquaintance, we are told, became intimate more than fifty years ago, and was never for a moment interrupted; and their social and political, if not their literary life, may be said to have been one during that half century. At the bar, in the General Assembly, the Supreme Scotch Ecclesiastical Court, which has during its history been connected with so much of popular interest, in political meetings, in public office, they

were still together; fighting on the side of what is now orthodox whiggery, but what was long regarded as little less than rebellion.

After these remarks, it need hardly be added, that whatever may be its literary faults, this work may claim a judgment friendly even to partiality. To treat it as Jeffrey treated so many biographies or other compositions, with the anatomy of which he amused himself and the readers of the 'Edinburgh Review,' not considering that their authors might yet feel pain, would be altogether revolting to us. Grey hairs and old friendships must be held to consecrate these volumes.

Feeling all this, we, too, owe a duty to our readers, and shall now endeavour briefly to indicate what seems to us the character of this book. Of the two volumes, one only is devoted to the memoir, the second being composed entirely of Lord Jeffrey's letters, of which it contains two hundred. The memoir is not divided into chapters; and in place of an index, there is appended a list of subscribers to Lord Jeffrey's monument. The absence of the divisions usual in such works, is in this case due, perhaps, to what is the radical fault of the work; the want of any general idea, according to which the materials might be so arranged as to form a congruous whole. There is, in truth, no unity; it is by no means a work of art. It seems more like a chronicle, with parallel reflections, and notices of persons or events, suggested by the period which the biographer is at the moment recording. Among these are included clever graphic sketches of many of the most distinguished men who appeared in Edinburgh during the time embraced in the memoir, some of them of general interest, but others which will hardly be much esteemed out of Scotland. Of these the most important is, perhaps, the not unfriendly portrait of the great political opponent of the rising whig school, Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville, whose reign in Scotland was all but absolute—Vol. i. pp. 77—79.

Indeed, the Scotch, and even Edinburgh character of the work is one of its most remarkable features. It is impossible not to see, in almost every page, with how zealous, and even local a patriotism, the biographer views all public events; as they are thought to affect Scotland, or Edinburgh, so they affect him. Opportunities could not but occur of noticing all the more important institutions in the Scottish metropolis; and Lord Cockburn will let none of them out of his hands with a mere passing remark. Interesting as these may be in other views, they contribute little towards a just conception of Lord Jeffrey; and even of those contemporaries whose influence upon him must have been great, we can hardly learn from this

volume what was its specific character ; what that was in each of them which had an appreciable bearing upon Jeffrey's mind or habits is left undetermined. The reader who would possess this essential knowledge must discover it for himself. Yet, especially for the Scottish reader, Lord Cockburn's acute, sagacious remarks on the state of Scotland and on the eminent lawyers of the time, possess more than a passing interest. Our readers will now understand the point of view occupied by the biographer to be such that he by no means commands the whole, or even the most important regions of Lord Jeffrey's activity,—any general estimate of his literary position and influence being in truth wisely avoided, as a task for which the writer was not prepared. What he tells us in the preface (p. v.), with reference to the published letters, that they '*are given solely from their tendency to disclose the personal nature of the man,*' may be thought to have a wider application. On the other hand, in all that relates to private, social, and political life, we have the advantage of the biographer's daily familiar intercourse with the subject of the memoir. Thankfully accepting what aid this may bring us towards a right appreciation of Lord Jeffrey, and without ungraciously noticing in detail the grammatical errors, and other effects of carelessness, or of that want of practice which is pleaded in the preface, let us attempt to lay before our readers such a view of Lord Jeffrey's life and character as our narrow limits allow. It will appear, not unnaturally, that our estimate differs widely from Lord Cockburn's in most important respects, for we belong to another generation, and look at things with younger eyes.

Before doing this, we must remark, with regard to both the volumes, especially the second, that we find few or no traces of Lord Jeffrey's intercourse with some of the most important of his correspondents. In the whole volume, there is not a single letter to Lord Brougham, Sydney Smith, or Mr. Carlyle. Beyond the circle of his own relations, the letters are chiefly to the late Francis Horner and John Allen, Mr. Dickens and Lord Cockburn, with a very considerable number addressed to female correspondents ; while, within that circle, they are chiefly to his brother, the late Mr. John Jeffrey, who resided in the United States of America until 1807, and whom we believe to have exerted upon his brother a much more considerable influence than the biographer would lead us to suppose ; his second father-in-law, Mr. Wilkes ; his cousins, the Moreheads ; and his only daughter, Mrs. Empson, and her husband. In saying this, we do not intend to make the author responsible for what hindrances to his work may have arisen from circumstances quite beyond his control. We would only suggest the reflec-

tion, that it may be yet too soon for us to obtain full materials for a just estimate of Lord Jeffrey.

His father was one of the depute-clerks of Session, a respectable, but not influential office; a man of grave, at least, if not gloomy character, with an inveterate aversion to anything like whiggism; his mother, who died when he was but thirteen years old, of the most womanly, gentle nature. Francis Jeffrey was born at No. 7, Charles-street, Edinburgh, on the 23rd October 1773; the third and last surviving of a very attached family of five, of whom three were daughters. 'He was the tiniest possible child, but dark and vigorous, and gained some reputation at school while still in petticoats.' At the age of eight he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, where he spent the next six years, the first of them under a master, who, from three successive classes, 'had the singular good fortune to turn out Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham;' and afterwards under the rector, Dr. Adam. In his fourteenth year he went to Glasgow College, where he remained two winters. During the first, we are told that 'he exhibited nothing remarkable except a degree of quickness, bordering, as some thought, on petulance; and the whim of cherishing a premature moustache, very black, and covering the whole of his upper lip. 'Next year,' writes the same fellow-student, 'he broke upon us very brilliantly;' being distinguished especially as a debater and as a critic; and he was said to be the ablest student in the class of logic. Returning to Edinburgh in May, 1789, he remained there attending only law classes, until he went to Oxford in September, 1791, when he had not quite completed his eighteenth year; and left it during the following summer. Writing to a friend, he expresses the desire to abandon nothing of the Scotchman at Oxford but the language, which he did certainly, but not with very happy effects; for, in the words of Lord Holland, though Jeffrey 'had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English.' The mode of utterance he acquired was peculiar, and far from pleasing, and, no doubt, was a serious disadvantage to him in all popular addresses. Lord Cockburn describes it as 'a high-keyed accent and a sharp pronunciation,' and the effect of it was to give the impression of affectation and want of earnestness. Whether or not in consequence of the resolution to retain all other Scotch peculiarities, or from a certain measure of petulant conceit of which the moustache had been the outward symbol, we need not now determine; but, although for his years a very diligent student, and undoubtedly clever, he seems to have made himself by no means at home among his fellow students at Oxford; of whom he had nothing to tell but

that he found them 'pedants, coxcombs, and strangers,' from whose heartless dull society he ardently longed to be delivered. The two following winters were passed in Edinburgh, in attendance on law classes, and at the Speculative Society, and in private studies; and in December, 1794, he was admitted to the bar, having just completed his twenty-first year. Let us here pause for a moment, and examine his employment of these early years, on which so much of his ultimate success appears to have rested.

From the first hour that he was brought into contact with others, he seems to have been fired with a passion for distinction; for one of the few things his early schoolfellows remember of him is, that he was 'always near the top of the class, and never lost a place without shedding tears;' and we believe Lord Cockburn to be right in regarding this as the chief motive to his extraordinary industry. For, indeed, his industry was very unusual in degree, and still more so in kind. All his readiness and early efforts seem to have been steadily governed by one inflexible principle. He was resolved, by well-directed industry, to become a good speaker, a good writer, and even a good talker. Letter-writing he carefully cultivated; his first ambitious effort in that direction being a letter to his old master, Dr. Adam, written from Glasgow in his sixteenth year, in which he tells his venerable teacher 'that he had been impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent;' adding, 'as a student of philosophy, I thought myself bound to withstand the temptation, and as an adept in logic, to analyze the source of its effects.' Speaking he began even earlier; having the previous year been observed, 'a little black creature, haranguing some boys on the green against voting for Dr. Adam Smith,' one of the candidates for the office of Lord Rector; an office which he was himself to fill after more than thirty years had elapsed (in 1820). In a debating society connected with the Glasgow college, he cultivated this faculty so diligently, that next year he was 'distinguished as one of the most acute and fluent speakers, his favourite subjects being criticism and metaphysics.' But above all he gave himself up to writing, on all manners of subjects, and to an almost unexampled extent. Before he had reached his twenty-first year he must have written something like a cyclopædia. There were 'lectures, essays, translations, abridgements, speeches, tales, criticisms, poems, &c.; and not one of them done from accidental or momentary impulse, but all wrought out by perseverance and forethought, with a view to his own improvement; nearly the whole of his early original prose writings being of a critical character; and this inclination towards analysis and appreciation was so strong, that *almost every one of*

*his compositions closes with a criticism on himself.* Of those written at Glasgow (in his fifteenth or sixteenth year,) four remain; one of them, on the 'Benevolent Affections,' extending to about fifty folio pages: 'both in its style and reasoning,' adds the biographer, 'it seems to me an extraordinary performance for his age.' The two years which intervened between Glasgow and Oxford, (æt. 16-18,) were very productive; the papers still remaining, with the deduction of articles of only a sheet or two, being about *sixty*. Among these, are 'translations of Cicero, a Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning, an Essay on Happiness, one on Physiognomy, a clever and well-written refutation of Lavater, one on Poetry, four Sermons, a long Poem on Dreaming,' an Epitome of Lucretius, *De Naturâ Renum*, and four Speeches, supposed to be addressed to the House of Commons. '*My opinions of some Authors*,' is a collection of short critical judgments. In a note it is added, 'I have only ventured to characterize those who have *actually undergone my perusal*;' yet there are fifty in number, including at least *ten* of the most eminent French writers. It is still more important to remark that some of these criticisms are said to be 'written in a style of acute and delicate discrimination, and *to express the ultimate opinions of his maturer years*. Johnson, as might be expected of a youth, is almost the only one whom he rates far higher than he did afterwards.' Then there are twelve letters, each longer than a paper in the 'Spectator,' all dated July, 1789; and thirty-one Essays, each as long, written between November and March of the ensuing winter, on every variety of subjects, from 'Slavery' to 'Beauxism,' and the 'Poetic Character.' The last of the series is printed in the first volume, (pp. 29-32,) and besides being a remarkable example of early facility in composition, contains some curious indications of the character and tendencies of the author's mind. 'It was, I thought, and so far I surely did think justly, a very essential point for a young man to acquire the habit of expressing himself with ease upon subjects which he is unavoidably [illegible] one time or another to talk of; but though the habit of speaking easily be a very valuable one, that of thinking correctly is undoubtedly much more so. These, too, cannot be attained by mere mechanical practice, and an earlier exertion of those powers with which every one is endued is absolutely necessary to confirm it.' This paper contains another remark, also illustrative of Lord Jeffrey's writings, to the effect that 'the common routine of mental occupation is so much habituated to little and trivial subjects, that it is requisite to treat even more sublime topics in the same style and fashion, if we would have them received.' 'By habituating myself to this sort of ma-



nagement, I thought I should never want *something to say* upon trivial subjects, something to the purpose on more important ones.' Still more extraordinary as an instance of premature self-dissection is a 'Sketch of my own Character,' extending to seventy folio pages, written when he had just completed his seventeenth year; and as an example of ready writing, hardly surpassed by the most fluent of versifiers, we may mention that the poem 'on Dreaming,' extending to 1800 lines, was composed between the 4th May and 25th June, 1791; that is, in about seven weeks of the author's eighteenth year.

Such were the occupations of the hours which the young aspirant for literary distinction passed in the 'dear, retired, adored little window' of his Lawnmarket garret, and such were the mental resources with which he invaded Oxford, in October, 1791. At this period he seems to have thought himself called to the highest top of literature; for he writes to his sister from Oxford (ii. 4). 'I feel I shall never be a great man, *unless it be as a poet*; for though I have boundless ambition, I am too much the slave of my heart;' and again, 'my poetry does not improve; I think it is growing worse every week. If I could find in my heart to abandon it, I believe I should be the better for it. But I am going *to write over my tragedy* in a fortnight. Though my own compositions please me less, those of higher hands please me more than ever.' (i. 70.) He by no means abandoned it; on the contrary, between his eighteenth and twenty-third year, besides the poem on Dreaming, and a variety of Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, &c., he attempted a translation into blank verse of the 'Argos of Appollonius,' in the style of Cowper's 'Homer,' (extending to about 6000 lines,) 'and it is not much further below him, than my original is under his.'

Lord Cockburn has given us no specimens of these poems; judging that their publication 'would not give Jeffrey the poetical wreath, and of course would not raise his reputation.' 'His poetry is less poetical than his prose.' Fortunately for himself, Jeffrey escaped an imminent danger from that quarter; for we are told, 'that he once went so far as to leave a poem with a bookseller to be published, and fled to the country; and that finding some obstacle had occurred, he returned, recovered the MS., rejoicing that he had been saved, and never renewed so perilous an experiment.' The full amount of the peril he could hardly have been himself aware of at the time; for what a triumphant subject for comparison, to the poets whom he mercilessly criticised, would have been his own immature insignificant verses!

Before taking up the thread of our narrative, we must notice two elements of Jeffrey's character, which exerted on him

during life most important and beneficial influences. The first of these was the strength of his social and domestic affections; the second, his love of nature.

The chief attraction to us of the letters which form the second volume is the warm breath of affection which pervades and hallows them. Their literary or historical importance is small; but the constancy and simplicity of friendships and dearer ties which are there ever under our eye, and which seem to us to have been the most elevating influence of which we trace the results in Lord Jeffrey's life, invest them with a permanent and delightful interest. By this may be partly explained his dissatisfaction with his life at Oxford, where there does not seem to have been formed for him the embryo of a single friendship, or even permanent acquaintance. He writes thence to his brother (ii. 2):—

'There is nothing I detest so much as companions and acquaintances, as they are called; but to have for your society those for all of whom together you do not care one farthing; in whose company you speak without any meaning, and laugh without any enjoyment; whom you leave without any regret, and rejoin without any satisfaction; from whom you learn nothing, and in whom you love nothing;—to have such a set for your society is worse than to live in absolute solitude, and is a thousand times more pernicious to the faculties of social enjoyment, by circulating in its channels a stream so insipid. Thus we form men of the world, the most unhappy and most unamiable of beings.'

Hence the letters we have most pleasure in are those which contain the fullest outpourings of his affection. Among these are to be remarked the letters to his daughter, and to her children; for the power he retained, even into old age, of forming and maintaining friendships with the young, and his obviously keen relish for their prattling talk and winning childish ways, was quite characteristic of the amiable old man. But we must not so far anticipate the sequence of events.

The other element we have to advert to was his love of nature. In his earliest letters to his sisters and other intimate friends, we find him continually referring to the 'romantic temper' which possessed him, and which he at one time feared would prove fatal to his professional success; and a great part of his letters, written at all periods of his life, from Oxford, Hatton, Lochlomond, and Craigerook, are full of the details of gardening, flowers, woods, and fields, and other such natural objects, which appear to have been connected with one of his greatest sources of interest in life. So strong was this feeling with him, that Lord Cockburn writes that the enjoyment of scenery was 'with Jeffrey indispensable for happiness, if not

judge of public speaking, observes:—‘It has scarcely ever fallen to my lot to hear three better speeches than three I heard in that place: one on National Character, by Jeffrey; one on the Immortality of the Soul, by Horner; and one on the Power of Russia, by Brougham.’ This society is still in vigorous existence as the acknowledged training school of the Edinburgh lawyers. To Jeffrey it was more than this, being the occasion of his forming acquaintance with some of those ardent youths who afterwards became his principal associates in the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ Nor had his readings in general literature been by any means absorbed by his law studies; for we find him still perusing all sorts of books, and writing full abstracts or criticisms. In the sixth year of his professional life, he had penned ‘one hundred and fifty very closely filled quarto pages, which remain in the form of a bound volume, with an alphabetical index, and contain short criticisms of forty-eight books which he had been studying, almost all of them on the most important and difficult subjects.’

Notwithstanding these advantages, his success at the bar was so moderate, that at times he thought his prospects in that direction so discouraging as to look in several other quarters for a more remunerative mode of life. No doubt, the political feelings of that remarkable era, and the disrepute attached in the higher circles generally, and especially in those of the Parliament House (the Westminster Hall of Scotland), to opinions so liberal as those of Jeffrey and his associates, was a considerable bar to his professional advancement, which in quieter times would probably have been greatly more rapid. As it was, we find him at the end of seven years’ attendance on the law courts, confessing or complaining, ‘I do not make £100 a year by my profession;’ and this in a letter which announces his approaching marriage to Catherine Wilson, a daughter of the professor of church history at St. Andrew’s. The marriage took place on the 1st November, 1801; and there being little or no assistance from the parents on either side, arrangements were resolutely made corresponding with the very moderate income we have named. Jeffrey, who had hitherto lived with his father (and sisters until their marriage) in the Lawnmarket, built his first hearth on the third story of No. 18, Buccleuch-place. ‘There is a sheet of paper containing an inventory, in his own writing, of every article of furniture (including what his wife’s family had bestowed) with the value of each.’ ‘His own study was only made comfortable at the cost of £7 18s.; the banquetting-hall rose to £13 8s.; and the drawing-room actually amounted to £22 19s.’—(i. p. 119.)

for existence. He lived in it. The earth, the waters, and especially the sky, supplied him, in their aspects, with inexhaustible materials of positive luxury, on which he feasted to an extent which those who knew him superficially could not suspect.' Thus he writes, in 1835, from Skelmorlie, on the Forth of Clyde (ii. 272) :—' This neighbourhood, and this autumn leisure,—the first I have had, I think, for twenty good years,—bring fresh to my mind the many pleasant rambles we used to have together when we were less encumbered with cares, and more vacant from all external impressions. That love of nature, and sympathy with her aspects, which was the main source of my delight then, remains more unchanged, I believe, than any thing else about me, and still contributes a very large share to my daily enjoyments.' Still later, 1846 (ii. 400), he writes of that 'delight in the beautiful aspects of external nature, which, I really believe, forms a very large part of the enjoyment of good people, and which, when once confirmed, not only does not decay, like most other emotions which come through the senses, but seems rather to grow more lively with the decay of every thing else.' As a more practical expression of the same feeling, we may quote another sentence, of a kind which is continually recurring in these letters. The one from which we quote is addressed to Mr. Wilkes, and contains a particular account of the past or contemplated additions to Craigcrook :—' The larches are lovely, and the sycamores in full flush of rich fresh foliage, the air as soft as new milk, and the sky so flecked with little pearly clouds, full of larks, that it is quite a misery to be obliged to wrangle in courts, and sit up half the night over dull papers.'—Vol. ii. 179.

It might be thought that, bringing to the practice of his profession the abilities and cultivation which Jeffrey possessed, he was certain of early and distinguished success at the bar. From one of his oldest companions, well qualified to judge, the late George Joseph Bell, brother of Sir Charles Bell, we learn that, in legal acquirements, Jeffrey was quite equal to the best furnished of his contemporaries; and it cannot be doubted that in general capacity for speaking and writing, he had few, if any equals, and no superiors. The habits of debating, which he began at Glasgow, he had sedulously pursued in Edinburgh at the Speculative Society, which held, and still holds, its weekly meetings within the walls of the University. During the nine or ten years of his constant or frequent attendance, he was brought into contact with very distinguished competitors, among whom it is enough to name here Walter Scott, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Brougham. With reference to the character of these meetings, Lord Cockburn, a most competent

judge of public speaking, observes:—‘It has scarcely ever fallen to my lot to hear three better speeches than three I heard in that place: one on National Character, by Jeffrey; one on the Immortality of the Soul, by Horner; and one on the Power of Russia, by Brougham.’ This society is still in vigorous existence as the acknowledged training school of the Edinburgh lawyers. To Jeffrey it was more than this, being the occasion of his forming acquaintance with some of those ardent youths who afterwards became his principal associates in the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ Nor had his readings in general literature been by any means absorbed by his law studies; for we find him still perusing all sorts of books, and writing full abstracts or criticisms. In the sixth year of his professional life, he had penned ‘one hundred and fifty very closely filled quarto pages, which remain in the form of a bound volume, with an alphabetical index, and contain short criticisms of forty-eight books which he had been studying, almost all of them on the most important and difficult subjects.’

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Of his wife, he tells his brother, that 'she is not a showy or remarkable girl either in person or character. She has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands, and above all, I am perfectly sure that she has a good heart, and that it is mine without reluctance or division.' The biographer adds, 'She soon secured the respect and esteem of all his friends, and made her house, and its society, very agreeable.' Are we to regard this as the happy result of his views of marriage, expressed elsewhere, to the effect, that a sensible man can hardly choose ill, unless he choose in a fever of admiration?

To one who felt 'the incomparable superiority of quiet and domestic enjoyments to all the paltry troubles that are called splendour and distinction,' no doubt this marriage was an inestimable blessing. But, alas! it was soon to be the parent of a double grief to Jeffrey; the only fruit of it was a son, who died a few hours after birth, and he was left a widower in the fourth year of his married life. From the effects of this affliction it was years before he at all recovered. Some months after his wife's death, we find him writing, 'My home is terrible to me, and I am a great deal in company. I am gay there, and even extravagant, as usual; but I pass sad nights, and have never tasted of *sweet* sleep since my angel slept away in my arms' (ii. p. 103); and a year later, in a letter to his brother (whose wife had lately died), he thus expresses himself: 'If I had found any effectual comfort myself, this might enable me to lead you to it also; but I do think your loss irreparable, and I mourn for you as well as for myself. I found no consolation in business, and nothing but new sources of agony in success. The ear is closed in which alone I wished my praises to be sounded, and the prosperity I should have earned with such pride for her, and shared with her with such delight, now only reminds me of my loneliness.'

After eight years of childless widowhood, Jeffrey was married, for the second time, in November, 1813, to Miss Charlotte Wilkes (one of the daughters of Charles Wilkes, Esq., banker in New York, an Englishman, and a nephew of the famous John Wilkes), with whom he had become acquainted in 1810, when the young lady was on a visit to Scotland, with Mons. Simond and his wife, who was the sister of Mr. Wilkes, and thus the aunt of Jeffrey's future wife. In order to win his bride, he had to cross the Atlantic during the war; and his journal of the voyage gives a full picture of his troubles, which were not alleviated by the enjoyment of sea-views; for, by his own account, he had a 'spite at the sea,' and could by no means discover the amiable changefulness of which his friend Campbell wrote:—



——‘Thou changest ever, but there’s love  
In all thy change, and constant sympathy  
With yonder sky, thy mistress.’

An important result of this visit to the United States, where he spent some months, was to give greater force and distinctness to the friendly feelings which he had long entertained towards the rising Anglo-Saxon republic. He seems, indeed, to have anticipated the recent movement towards the efficient and permanent co-operation of the two great nations which have almost everything essential in common, now talked of as the Anglo-American alliance. One of his contributions (May, 1820), contains the following passage, which we would earnestly press upon the notice of our public men:—‘There is no one feeling—having public concerns for its object—with which I have been so long and so deeply impressed, as that of the vast importance of our maintaining friendly and even cordial relations with the free, powerful, moral, and industrious States of America—a condition upon which I cannot help thinking *that not only our own freedom and prosperity, but that of the better part of the world* will ultimately be found to be more and more dependent.’

Of this second marriage, which was in every respect a happy one, only one child was born, a daughter (now Mrs. Empson), who seems to have been a source of ceaseless and intense delight to Lord Jeffrey, and whose vacant place in the family circle soon came to be filled by his grandchildren, one of whom was the constant, and by no means the least important, inmate of his house, whether in Edinburgh, during winter, or at Craigmock, where he passed all his summers from 1815 till his death. The place is thus described by Lord Cockburn:—

‘It is on the eastern slope of Corstorphine Hill, about three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh. When he first became tenant, the house was only an old *keep*, respectable from age, but inconvenient for a family; and the ground was merely a bad kitchen garden, of about an acre; all in paltry disorder. He immediately set about reforming. Some ill-placed walls were removed, while others, left for shelter, were in due time loaded with gorgeous ivy, and both protected and adorned the garden. A useful, though humble, addition was made to the house, and by the help of neatness, sense, evergreens, and flowers, it was soon converted into a sweet and comfortable retreat.’ The high ground adjoining the house ‘commanded magnificent and beautiful views, embracing some of the distant mountains in the shires of Perth and Stirling, the near inland sea of the Firth of Forth, Edinburgh and its associated heights, and the green and peaceful nest of Craigmock itself.’

‘During the thirty-four seasons that he passed there, what a scene of

happiness was that spot! To his own household it was all that their hearts desired. Mrs. Jeffrey knew the genealogy and the personal history and character of every shrub and flower it contained. It was the favourite resort of his friends, who knew no such enjoyment as Jeffrey in that place. And, with the exception of Abbotsford, there were more interesting strangers there than in any house in Scotland. Saturday, during the summer session of the courts, was always a day of festivity; chiefly, but by no means exclusively, for his friends at the bar, many of whom were under general invitations; and the Craigcrook party began to assemble about three, each taking to his own enjoyment. The bowling-green was sure to have its matches, in which the host joined with skill and keenness; the garden had its loiterers; the flowers, not forgetting the wall of glorious yellow roses, their worshippers; the hill its prospect-seekers. The banquet that followed was generous; the wines never spared, but rather too various; mirth unrestrained, except by propriety; the talk always good, but never ambitious, and mere listeners in no disrepute. What can efface these days, or indeed any Craigcrook-day, from the recollection of those who had the happiness of enjoying them.'—(i. 234-5.)

The following extracts, from one of his weekly Sunday letters to his daughter, will give our readers some notion of the feelings and occupations which engaged his quieter hours at Craigcrook:—

‘ Craigcrook, 23rd May, 1847.

‘ Bless you ever! and this is my first right earnest tranquil Sunday blessing since my return; for, the day after my arrival, I was in a worry with heaps of unanswered letters and neglected arrangements. But to-day I have got back to my old Sabbath feeling of peace, love, and seclusion. Granny (Mrs. Jeffrey) has gone to church, and the babes and doggies are out walking; and I have paced leisurely round my garden, to the songs of hundreds of hymning blackbirds and thrushes, and stepped stately along my terrace among the bleaters in the lawn below, and possessed my heart in quietness, and felt that there was sweetness in solitude, and that the world, whether to be left, or to be yet awhile lived in, is a world to be loved, and only to be enjoyed by those who find objects of love in it. And this is the sum of the matter; and the first, and last, and only enduring condition of all good people, when their fits of vanity and ambition are off them, or finally sinking to repose. Well, but here has been Tarley (his granddaughter), come of her own sweet will, to tell me, with a blush and a smile, and ever so little of a stammer, that she would like if I would walk with her; and we have been walking, hand in hand, down to the bottom of the quarry, where the water is growing, though slowly, and up to the Keith's sweetbrier alley, very sweet and resonant with music of birds, and rich with cowslips and orchis; and over the stile back to our own domains; and been sitting in the warm corner by the gardener's house, and taking cognizance of the promise of gooseberries and currants, of which we are to have pies, I think, next week; and gazing at the glorious brightness of the gentians, and the rival brightness of the peacock's neck; and discoursing of lambs and children, and good-

ness and happiness, and their elements and connexions. Less discussion though than usual, in our Sunday tusculans, and more simple chat as from one friend to another. And now she has gone to sharpen her teeth for dinner, and tell Ali (a nurse) as much as she likes of our disceptations; and I come back to my letter.'

We shall end this notice of his domestic life with a few lines from one of his letters to his grand-children, written, like the last, in his 74th year. Mrs. Jeffrey hardly survived her husband, and his dear little girl Tarley, or Charlotte, died six months after her grandfather:—

'A high day! and a holiday! the longest and the brightest of the year! the very middle day of the summer—and the very day when Maggie first opened her sweet eyes on the light! Bless you ever, my darling and bonny bairn. You have now blossomed beside us for six pleasant years, and been all that time the light of our eyes and the love of our hearts,—at first the cause of some tender fears from your weakness and delicacy—then of some little provocation, from your too great love, as we thought, of your own will and amusement—but now only of love and admiration for your gentle obedience to your parents, and your sweet yielding to the wishes of your younger sister and brother. God bless and keep you then for ever, my delightful and ever-improving child, and make you, not only gay and happy, as an angel without sin and sorrow, but meek and mild like that heavenly child who was once sent down to earth for our example.'—(ii. 420.)

Before passing again to Jeffrey's professional and public life, we must say a few words on one of the most marked and honourable features of his character, and one to which the biographer has hardly given the prominence to which it seems entitled; we refer to his generosity and kind consideration for others. Living with conscientiously rigid frugality so long as his narrow circumstances made that a duty, no sooner had he the means of affording to others pecuniary relief, that he systematically and largely availed himself of his power to do so. The only instance of this recorded, so far as we remember, in these volumes, has reference to the poet Moore, whom, earlier in life, Jeffrey had met in a duel. Hearing of Moore's embarrassments, promptly, and with the most delicate consideration for his feelings, Jeffrey wrote to Rogers, offering to contribute from £300 to £500 towards his relief, and requesting that Moore might not be informed from what quarter the much needed aid had come. Many other instances might easily have been given of what was Jeffrey's constant habit. Nor was it only money he gave. Naturally, he was much consulted on literary subjects by aspiring poets or other authors; and there was a friendly, frank true-heartedness in his manner of giving advice, that even where it could not be complimentary, it was

always kind, and we believe, except by the utterly unreasonable, always well received. Indeed, the very last letter, written a few days before his death (ii. 466), was a reply to an obscure author who had sent Jeffrey a volume of poems, in which the good-hearted old man offers his 'sincere thanks for the honour you have done, and the pleasure you have afforded me.' He takes occasion to observe:—'Indeed, I have always been charmed, and in some measure surprised, by the delicate soft-heartedness which has so generally distinguished the recent poetical productions of our Scottish tradesmen and artizans, and which contrast so favourably with the licence in which many of their rivals in higher stations indulge. It will give me pleasure to hear of the success of your modest publication, and still more to be able to do you any service.'

His letters to Dickens (a great favourite with him) are full, not only of good advice, but of expressions of extravagant romantic admiration; they strike us as being almost burlesque.

Of Jeffrey's professional career we shall say little. It began to brighten soon after his first marriage, and his success was afterwards very brilliant, being favoured by the establishment in Scotland of trial by jury in civil causes, which until 1815 had been unknown there. In this branch of practice he peculiarly excelled; variety of knowledge, rapidity of thought, promptness of decision, and great ingenuity and clearness of reasoning, combined with a fluent oratorical style of speaking, leaving him few competitors. After having been long in very lucrative practice, he attained the highest honours of the bar by being, in 1829, chosen unanimously Dean of the faculty of advocates. The whigs coming into office in the following year, he was appointed lord advocate; and losing his election for the Forfarshire Burghs, by the disfranchisement of Dundee, became member of parliament for the burgh of Malton, for which he was again chosen after the dissolution of parliament in April, 1831, having been defeated in Edinburgh by Mr. Dundas. As Lord Advocate, he was charged with the preparation of the Scottish reform bill, which he brought into the House of Commons on the 1st July of that year, Lord Cockburn, his biographer, being solicitor-general. In the first reformed parliament he sat, along with the Hon. James Abercrombie (afterwards Speaker), as member for Edinburgh. The following remarkable passage, to which we find many similar ones in his letters, expresses his feelings on leaving the house after the third reading of the bill, 'It is odd how strangely I felt as I walked home alone last night after all was over. Instead of being elated or relieved, I could not help feeling a deep depression and sadness, and I rather think I dropped a tear or

two, as I paused to interrogate my own feelings in St. James'-square. I cannot very well explain this, but *a sense of the littleness and vanity even of those great contentions* was uppermost in my mind.'—(i. 334-5.)

A vacancy occurring among the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, (as the supreme civil court is called,) Jeffrey was raised to the bench in May, 1833; and his biographer, who was his junior at the bar by six years, received the same honour a few months later. Of Jeffrey's merits as a Judge there is a general consent of opinion, which assigns him a highly respectable place among Scottish judges. He was not certainly a great lawyer, and his irrepressible love of speaking was a serious judicial fault; but his quick intelligence, general acquirements, and painstaking conscientious candour, were eminently valuable qualities; and, on the whole, he must be deemed to have left behind him none superior, if any equal.

In estimating his success as a speaker in parliament, which was certainly by no means what the public anticipated, it must be remembered that he was already in his fifty-eighth year when he appeared on that trying and peculiar stage, and that his voice was so much impaired that he could never be sure that he would be fully heard. At the same time, it may be questioned whether he would, in any circumstances, have been a speaker of much influence in the House of Commons.

Jeffrey had long been on terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished men of his time; and with some professional excuse, or without any, had been in the habit of resorting frequently to London. But his public position, which implied residence there during the sitting of Parliament, gave him ampler opportunities of mixing in the general society of the metropolis, fashionable and literary. His acquaintance became very widely extended. Of all the houses he used to frequent, Lord Holland's seems to have been the favourite one; and in his letters to London there is generally a message of remembrance in that quarter. Our readers may be interested with his description of 'a truly elegant English woman of fashion:'—'Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit, and manners, and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good-nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity, and ambition.'—(ii. 206.)

Such opportunities of improving his already remarkable

powers of conversation could not be lost on Jeffrey; and, indeed, he so excelled in that much-valued metropolitan accomplishment, that, even in 1812, Sir James Mackintosh described him as 'more lively, fertile, and brilliant, than any Scotchman of letters; with more imagery and illustration added to the knowledge and argumentative powers of his country, and more sure than any native of this island whom I have seen to have had splendid success in the literary societies of Paris.'—(i. 364.) Such a man was naturally a great favourite in the highest circles of London society, in which nothing seems to have pleased him more than what he terms the 'true sweet-blooded simplicity of the old English aristocracy, to which I grieve to say we have nothing parallel, and not much in the same rank that is not in harsh contrast, in Scotland.'—(ii. 243.) His annual visits to England in spring, to be returned by the Empsons in autumn, were a great source of enjoyment, part of the time being always spent in London. His last visit to England was in 1847, the same year in which he wrote his last contribution to the 'Edinburgh Review,' being an article on the comparative claims of Watt and Cavendish, published in January 1848.

This brings us to the subject we had reserved for our concluding remarks, which must now be few—Jeffrey's literary influence. Although the history of the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review' has been already given to the public, we must here repeat a few of the more prominent facts connected with it, some of which are only now disclosed. It was in Jeffrey's house in Buccleuch-place, early in 1802, on 'a stormy night, which suggested the greater storm to be soon raised,' that the first serious consultations about the matter took place. Sydney Smith claims the merit of the suggestion, and Jeffrey admits the claim, dedicating to him his 'Contributions,' as its 'original projector.' Brougham and Horner were the other two principal parties. John Allen, in 1802, was thirty-two years of age, Smith thirty-one, Jeffrey twenty-nine, Dr. Thomas Brown twenty-four, Horner twenty-four, Brougham twenty-three. 'The first three numbers were *given* to the publisher, he taking the risk and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor.' After the fourth number things were put on a better footing, ten guineas a sheet being allowed to the contributors, which was soon afterwards raised to a *minimum* of 'sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign, though two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher, averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number.' Jeffrey was appointed editor with a salary of 300*l*. The first number appeared on the 10th of October,



1802. 'Besides several other articles, it contained seven by Smith, four by Horner, four commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham, and five by Jeffrey.' A list of his contributions to the 'Review,' amounting to 200 articles, prepared by himself, is appended to the first volume. As to some of the articles, he was uncertain; and we have reason to believe that in two important instances (probably in many more) it is erroneous; the article entitled, 'Cevallos on the French Usurpation in Spain,' which made much stir, (No. 77 of the list,) being one of Lord Brougham's; and that on 'Coleridge's Literary Life,' (No. 145,) being by Hazlitt, the *note* only being Jeffrey's. So numerous were his articles, that during the first six years he had written on an average more than one each month; and, on the whole, they were probably the most important and popular articles in the journal. Still more influential, however, was his position as editor for twenty-seven years, an office for which he seems eminently qualified—his admirable good temper, combined with his other endowments, enabling him to keep the peace, as perhaps no other could have done, among such conflicting elements as went to the formation of the 'Review.' Although he had to make the confession to Horner (ii. 129), 'I am but a feudal monarch at best, and my throne is overshadowed by the presumptuous crests of my nobles,' there can be no doubt of his having had great power over these rebellious subjects, who submitted to his 'vamping and patching,' where another's would have been resented.

In estimating the influence of Jeffrey and the 'Review,' it is necessary to remember at what time it appeared—just after the ferment of the French revolution. Two years younger than Scott, Jeffrey had, in his fourteenth year, stood gazing at Burns in the High-street of Edinburgh, fascinated no doubt by the large commanding eyes of the stranger; and a year or two later he had helped to carry Boswell, in his cups, to bed, for which service he was rewarded in the morning by being told 'that he was a very promising lad, and that if you go on as you've begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet.' Thus connected with the past in English and Scottish literature, he had been a familiar student of the French philosophy and general literature; and, like most of his associates, had imbibed too freely its irreverent irreligious spirit. Indeed, the light easy temper of mind which was pleased with dipping into every subject, but sounding none, was just what suited Jeffrey; and the very abundance and facility of his early writings indicate the ready careless composer, by no means the anxious inquirer or painful thinker. Accordingly it must be said that, with all his endless writing, he has discovered nothing—created nothing.

In these volumes, with the continual presence of a playful fancy and kind heart, one is struck by the commonplaceness of the thoughts, the absence of anything deep or original. His strength lay in the use of language, to the study of which he had so early devoted himself, and which was all ready for him before he had any use to make of it. Most pleasant, readable, sprightly, intelligent, acute, and in all manner of ways clever, as are his criticisms, there is wanting any profound investigation, any reference to ultimate principles, even on his most favourite themes. He has no sympathy with, little patience for, whatever in philosophy or in poetry aims at disclosing the infinite deeps which underlie this visible sensible life; thus, without any hesitation he prefers Campbell and Crabbe, and even Mrs. Hemans, to Wordsworth and Coleridge.

His article on Beauty, regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*, in truth rather exhibits the Agreeable than the Beautiful; and so utterly is the writer's judgment in æsthetics without any fixed standard, that the practical conclusion he comes to is, that 'all tastes are equally just and true in so far as concerns the individual,' and that there is nothing for the critic but to count voices. His biographer pronounces this article to be quite as satisfactory as the subject admits of, and terms its author 'the greatest of British critics.' In our view, he was indeed a great writer of criticisms, but not a great critic; and we utterly protest against admitting, as the highest criterion of excellence, the mere popular judgment. According to that, possibly Robert Montgomery may be a greater poet than Wordsworth. At the same time, the very absence of severe thought and profound views made the 'Review' more widely acceptable; and the practical ability and good sense of the political articles rendered the journal in that department of very great importance; while, even in the other regions of thought, the new boldness and free spirit of investigation with which all manner of subjects were treated could not but have great results.

While these writings did much good in the way of chastising immoralities, they did little or nothing in the way of advancing truth. There was too little seriousness of tone to admit of their being thus effective. Indeed, the writers hardly aimed so high. On this subject we find Jeffrey writing to Horner (ii. 83): 'The main object of every one of us I understand to be, our own amusement and improvement, joined with the gratification of some personal and some national vanity.'

One other topic only can we touch upon, and we do it with pain and sadness.

Throughout these volumes nothing has struck us more strongly than the placid spirit of irreligiousness which marked

that life. Not that there is any appearance of hostility to devotional feelings in others; on the contrary, there is most perfect and constant toleration of it, and even now and then what seems an adoption of its language by way of accommodation; it is the absence of any habitual or even occasional recognition of an Infinite Presence—of any trace of hope for the future. There is an absolute contentment in this sphere of things; there are no aspirations forward, no crying and tears except at the very ‘vanity of human life;’ even a wife’s or an infant’s death suggests no better hopes. Such is the general impression which this book leaves on us; yet there are, here and there, and more frequently in those later days ‘when his low sun looked lovingly on the world,’ indications of the seeds of higher thoughts of human destiny; he ‘hopes to know Arnold yet;’ he tells his little granddaughter ‘of the goodness of God in making flowers so beautiful;’ and of ‘that heavenly child, who was once sent down to earth for our example.’

Yet it must be remembered that, if we deem his a superficial, unsatisfying, irreligious life, so thought not his associates—so thinks not his biographer. Probably no one of them was in this respect more what is to be desired than he was, for though *Dugald Stewart* may have ‘breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils,’ there are no signs of his having instilled any love of religion; and if it has been given to us to live in a better time, and to acknowledge higher influences, let us be thankful; and if we cannot look with approval, or even without blame, on such examples of man’s life on earth, let there be at least no complacent self-gratulation, than which no measure of forgetfulness can be more unchristian. ‘And so he passed away,’ on the 26th of January, 1850, in his 77th year. A marble statue will soon be his public memorial in the scene of his forensic labours; but his best monument will be the affectionate recollections of the many friends who tell of his kindnesses and fondly cherish his name.

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## Brief Notices.

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*The Political and Historical Works of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the French Republic; with an Original Memoir of his Life, &c. In two vols. 8vo. London: Published at the Office of the 'Illustrated London Library.'*

THIS work appears among us very seasonably. The amazement which was occasioned by the unprincipled *coup d'état* of last December, and by the murderous fusillade on the Boulevards, has not been removed by the subsequent acts of the President of ~~what is still~~ ~~termed the French Republic~~; and the English people naturally know all that can be known of the man who has trampled the constitution and the liberty of the French nation under his feet. The works of Louis Napoleon contained in these volumes are appropriately prefaced by an impartial sketch of his life, the materials of which are for the most part drawn from the newspaper narratives of the last twenty years. In tracing the chequered course of the prince-president from his first appearance on the stage of European politics down to the present hour, we find abundant evidence that he has been all along consistent with himself. His whole course exhibits a noteworthy self-seeking. In his proclamation at Strasbourg, when he rashly attempted by the aid of Colonel Vaudrey to raise the standard of rebellion and revolution in France; in the ridiculous affair at Boulogne, when he invaded a kingdom 'with a well-supplied cellar and larder, with a tame eagle, a cook and scullion, with a valet, a maître-d'hôtel, a secretary, a chasseur, a hair-dresser, and grooms, with an elaborate and costly dressing-case, and a couple of travelling carriages, and with a Fortunata to grace these orgies of a political Trimalchio; and in his subsequent proclamations, written under the smiles of fortune, while we make allowance for the *blague* they contain, we can trace in all stealthy attempts at self-aggrandizement. In the short life of the president published in these volumes, there is not much which is novel to newspaper readers; but there is clear evidence that the editor possesses good principles and has considerable ability as an historian. The lucubrations and reveries of M. Bonaparte are certainly not wanting in cleverness. In his 'Historical Fragments' it is evident that he has studied the history of the English nation in the works of French writers, or he would not have particularized the Independents as a body distinct from the Nonconformists (vol. i. p. 434). But on the whole these

compositions, many of which no doubt were produced during the prince's imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, are not discreditable to him either as a shrewd thinker or as a political economist; although some of his theories are not altogether free from the wildness of Bonapartist speculations. In our perusal of the reveries of the president, we have been forcibly struck by his frequent reference to the catastrophe at Waterloo—a convenient clap-trap to enlist French sympathies, by a direct appeal to the national war-lust. In his artfully composed proclamations, as a military adventurer, we find a continual reference to that disaster to the French arms, and to the imperative necessity of wiping off the stain it inflicted on the national honour.

We commend the attention of our readers to these volumes, which contain much that is both instructive and admonitory, and which ought, therefore, to be seriously pondered at the present time. The work is exceedingly creditable to its pains-taking editor, whose sentiments are liberal and philosophical.

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*The Journal of Sacred Literature.* New Series. Edited by John Kitto, D.D. F.S.A. No. III. April, 1852. London: Blackader.

THIS number of Dr. Kitto's excellent journal contains several papers of varied interest. 'Romanism as it is,' is founded on modern publications issuing from the presses of Leipsig, Rome, Naples, Firenze, Venice, Turin, and London, and ought to be carefully perused by any who imagine that the huge system of papal delusion has been improved by the progress of knowledge and liberal principles. Dr. Carl Ullman's 'Monograph of Gregory of Nazianzum,' throws much light on the character of one of the eminent ecclesiastics of the fourth century, and is ably reviewed. We observe that a series of papers on the 'Rephaim,' has been continued through three successive numbers, illustrating some parts of Old Testament history, in which most readers have probably felt the need of some such guidance as these chapters supply. Mr. Alford's 'Greek Testament,' is examined with wholesome and commendable discrimination. A paper 'On the Nature of a Miracle,' is ably written, and suggests some valuable distinctions of great use in the present state of the controversy between Christians and unbelievers. The remainder of the journal is filled with contributions on travels in Palestine; a good translation of the precious epistle to Diognetus, which cannot fail to be acceptable to lovers of *early* patristic literature; an excellent review of Johnson's 'Israel after the Flesh,' bringing out what we have long regarded as the true explanation of the Theocracy; and remarks on several passages of Scripture, some of which are remarkably good and others doubtful. 'The Serpent,' is the title of a paper designed to combat the received notions regarding the temptation of Eve, and to confirm the view, explained in a former number, that it was Satan, not the serpent, who deceived the mother of all living; the serpent being one of the names by which the evil spirit is designated in the sacred volume. We are glad to notice that Mr. Tregelles has corrected some mistakes made by a writer in the previous number on the Septuagint. Besides brief notices of books, and of contemporary periodical literature and *analecta biblica*, there is a fair amount of biblical,

literary, and educational intelligence. This excellent Journal occupies a department on which our own labours and those of other periodicals can only bestow occasional attention; a department so important in itself, so rich in materials, and so attractive to the best men in the community, that we must express our hope that the indefatigable editor and his coadjutors will receive decided and vigorous encouragement.

*Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*  
Illustrated. London: National Illustrated Library.

THIS volume, edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Mr. Robert Carruthers, constitutes the fifth and last of an illustrated edition of one of the most fascinating works in our language. That such a man as Boswell should have produced such a biography, is one of the marvels of literature. The present edition is richly illustrated, and its great cheapness places it within the reach of the million. It requires only to be known to supersede all others, and as such we give it our warm commendation. We shall be glad to learn that its circulation is sufficiently extensive to remunerate the proprietors and editor. It ought unquestionably to do so; and unless we have miscalculated the public taste, their anticipations will be fully realized.

*Paul the Apostle; or, Sketches from his Life.* By the Rev. Henry J. Gamble. Second Edition. London: J. Snow. 1852.

THIS is a very pleasing volume. The theme is one which speaks for itself. The treatment is discriminative, eloquent, and such as to kindle in the reader the emotions appropriate to the contemplation of such a life. We are glad to see that it has reached a second edition. Such books are always welcome. While we repudiate saint-worship, we believe that the best exemplification of the truth which Paul was inspired to preach is to be found in the power of that truth in ennobling, spiritualizing, and consecrating his own character. We ascend, through sympathy with the apostle, into the higher region of the truth of God, and trace the Divine Master's walk in the footprints of his most illustrious servant.

*What is Death? A Sermon, delivered in the Poultry Chapel, London, on the Evening of Thursday, November 27th, 1851, on the occasion of the recent Death of the Rev. John Philip, D.D. With an Appendix, containing Additional Particulars of Dr. Philip's Early Life and Labours.* By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: Fullerton and Co.

ALL the pulpit productions of so eminent a preacher as Dr. Wardlaw are entitled to respectful reception: none more, <sup>or</sup> than this. It bears all the marks of calm, thoughtful, discriminative <sup>and</sup> lucid meditation, which have so long instructed us in the writings <sup>are</sup> of the venerated author. Regarding death as *the dissolution of a union*; <sup>it</sup> *execution of a sentence*; *an end*; *a beginning*; and as *the seed-time of a future harvest*, he applies each of these views successively to the occasion <sup>before</sup> him. The method



has the appearance of repetition, which might have been avoided if the preacher had not been constrained by the habit of a long life to divide his instructions into at least two parts. The illustrations, both general and special, are rich in the fruits of observation and of biblical studies, and are put forth with the elegant serenity and the orthodox decisiveness which have ever been among his most admired characteristics. In these respects the discourse presents unusual attractions, independently of its connexion with the great and good man whose memory it honours. Our readers need not now be told that we have long regarded the late Dr. Philip with as much veneration and love as could reasonably be cherished towards a human being. We go along with Dr. Wardlaw in all that he has said, so truly as well as beautifully and chastely, of 'his large-hearted philanthropy, his high and sacred sense of justice, his unquenchable love of liberty, and his abhorrence of oppression, whosever were its subjects' (or its perpetrators); 'his dauntless moral courage, happily associated with the most consummate prudence and shrewd perception of propriety, his acute and untiring powers of research and discovery, his indomitable perseverance; and all these associated with and regulated and hallowed by the dominant principle of enlightened and high-toned piety, and of unreserved devotedness to the glory of Christ, and to the progress of his kingdom in the conversion and salvation of the world.' We do not think the London Missionary Society ever enjoyed the co-operation of a man who excelled Dr. Philip in these noble qualities, or one of whom a 'more extended and permanent memorial' would be received with heartier welcome, or productive, if worthily executed, of greater benefit to the service in which it was his chief glory to live and die. With commendable good taste and propriety, any profits arising from the sale of this discourse—which, we hope, will be considerable—will be devoted to the fund for the relief of the missionaries and their families suffering from the Kafir war.

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*The Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, adapted for general use in other Protestant Churches.* London: Pickering. 1852.

It requires no very prescient eye to discern that the 'Calvinistic Articles,' and 'Popish Liturgy,' which constitute the doctrinal standards of the Established Church, cannot long maintain their present neutralizing union. Give us 'Synodical action!' cry the tractarians: Revise the Prayer Book! is the response of the evangelicals. The volume before us is an unofficial attempt to prepare the way for, and indicate the manner and spirit of that revision.—The motive and tone of the author is good, so is the typography, we wish we could say the same of the matter. As might be anticipated in any improved or revised edition of the Prayer Book, the form of absolution, the creeds, the objectionable passages in the offices for the sacraments and the burial of the dead, and the signing of the cross in baptism, are omitted. The frequent and apparently unmeaning repetition of the Lord's prayer is discontinued. The Gloria Patria is rendered 'Glory be to the Father through the Son and by the Holy Ghost,'—the catechism is remodelled, and the Bible version of the Psalter is substituted for the Vulgate. Apart from these

palpable, and almost hackneyed suggestions, our author's verbal and literary emendations are for the worse. Retaining all our objections to a liturgical service, and to that of the Church of England in particular, we are yet alive to the exquisite beauty, and devotional fervour of many passages in the book of Common Prayer. To alter, or to modernize these is intolerable. But in dealing with some of the most beautiful, variation for variation's sake, seems to have been the purpose and motive of the compiler of the volume before us. One instance will suffice—that glorious hymn known as the 'Te Deum' derives the principal part of its devotional effect (if we may so speak) from an impassioned and highly wrought use of the second person, or rather of the pronoun 'thou,' and that pre-eminently so, in the ascriptions of praise and alternations of prayer and declarations of confidence, addressed to our Lord. Nothing can heighten the beauty or improve the theology of the versicles, 'Thou art the King of Glory O Christ. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. We believe that Thou wilt come to be our Judge, &c.' Where, we would ask, is the improvement of substituting a cold statement of these inspiring truths in the form of a declaration—*adopting* 'he' for 'thou' and reducing to the level of eloquent prose the above glowing poetry? The volume abounds with arbitrary verbal alterations of this character. We are not sure whether our lady readers will approve of our adducing as a further instance of this latter class, the studious omission of the well remembered words 'honour and obey' in the service where they occupy so prominent a place; but we are sure, that both conforming, and nonconforming brides will repudiate such an 'adaptation' of the form of 'Solemnization of matrimony,' as the one inserted in the present volume. We do not believe the Prayer Book can be 'adapted to the use of other Protestant Churches,' for the majority of those churches object not only to the Prayer Book *per se*, but to a Prayer Book *at all*. The present attempt, though it might partially succeed in the former case, leaves the latter, the principal obstacle, untouched.

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*The History of Greece, from the Earliest Records to the close of the Peloponnesian War, including a Sketch of the Geography of Greece, and Dissertations on Greek Mythology, on the Heroic Age, on the Early Painters and Sculptors, and on the Social Condition of the Greek People.* By E. Pocock, Esq.; Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L., one of the Justices of Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas; the late John T. Rutt, Esq.; and the Rev. J. B. Ottley, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. ('Encyclopædia Metropolitana.') London: Griffin and Co. 1851.

IN this edition each department of the elaborate and beautiful 'History of Greece' contained in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' has been revised and greatly enlarged. The volume consists of fifteen chapters:—I. Preliminary view of the Influence of Mythology over the Early Greeks. II. Oracles, Mysteries, Festivals, and National Games of the Early Greeks. III. Oriental Sources of Greek Mythology.

iv. Popular Legends of the Gods. v. Legends of Heroes. vi. Sketch of the Geography of Greece. vii. Early History of the Peloponnesian States, B.C. 884 to B.C. 585. viii. Athens and other Greek States, from the time of Codrus to the Ionic Revolt, B.C. 500. ix. The Persian War, B.C. 490 to B.C. 469. x. The Supremacy of Athens, B.C. 469 to B.C. 429. xi. Alcibiades flourished about B.C. 400. xii. Recapitulation of the History of Greece from the Battle of Marathon to the close of the Peloponnesian Wars, B.C. 490 to B.C. 404. xiii. On the Social Condition of the Ancient Greeks. xiv. The Early Sculptors of Greece. xv. The Early Painters of Greece. The chapters are followed by a list of illustrations (in wood-engraving), a Greek chronology, and an index. Each of the contributions is worthy of the reputation of the writers, and the volume is one to which we give hearty welcome in the name of all to whom the history and literature of Greece are dear.

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*The Successful Merchant; Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill.* By William Arthur, A.M., Author of 'A Mission to the Mysore,' &c. London: Hamilton and Adams. Mason. 1852.

MR. ARTHUR has done good service on behalf of 'The Young Men of Commerce,' to whom he dedicates these sketches. The book is instinct with vitality. Some readers may object that there is too much preaching, and that they are too frequently reminded of the laborious periods of ambitious oratory. Notwithstanding, we congratulate Mr. Arthur on the power with which he has broken comparatively new ground. 'The Successful Merchant' reminds us of 'Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster,' Mr. Thornton, and some others in the same line, who blended the habits of devotion and benevolence with integrity, energy, and systematic perseverance in commercial life. In this busy country there is no small danger of separating trade from Christianity. The more special is the call on preachers and writers to infuse into the minds of young tradesmen the practical spirit of the Gospel. That spirit is not sectarian. Though the subject and the writer of the volume before us both belong to the Wesleyan Society, the scenes described, and the lessons inculcated, are not peculiar to that religious community, but such as every parent may wisely place in the hands of his son, every master in the hands of his apprentice, every minister in the hands of every tradesman in his congregation, whether young or old. It is very much the sort of thing which is largely wanted, and we have no doubt it will be followed by most beneficial results.

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*Anecdotes of the Habits and Instinct of Animals.* By Mrs. R. Lee. With Illustrations by Harrison Weir. London: Grant and Griffith.

THIS small volume is certain of a hearty reception from the class for whom it is designed. Its title is enough to insure this, and its contents will sustain and gratify the expectation thus awakened. There are few things more pleasing to young people than the department of natural history to which the volume belongs, and Mrs. Lee has catered with diligence and judgment for their instruction. 'Dry details of science and classification have been laid aside, but a certain order has been kept to avoid confusion;

and although endeavours have been made to throw as much interest as possible over these recorded habits and actions of the brute creation, I love the latter too well to raise a doubt by one word of embellishment, even if I did not abstain from principle.' The 'Anecdotes' have been collected from a wide field, and have been subjected to such tests as place their credibility beyond reasonable doubt.

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*The Natural History of the Year for Children.* London: Ward and Co.

WE have seldom read a child's book with such unmingled pleasure. It is evidently the production of a well-furnished and reflecting man, who is capable of improving facts usually overlooked, and of renewing the feelings and thoughts of early life. The design of the little volume may be gathered from the following invitation of the author to his young friends,—'Will you come with me, month after month, for a walk into the fields, where the noise and bustle, and smoke and dust of the streets may be forgotten, and we can talk about things which can make even a child's heart holier and happier, because they show how loving and how great a God He is, who does all that we shall see around us?' We cannot too strongly recommend 'The Natural History of the Year.' It is instinct with the love of nature, at the same time that it breathes a yet higher and more devotional temper. Without the forms and parade of religion, it is eminently and earnestly devout.

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*An Epitome of the Evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on Church-Rates, in the Session of 1851.* By J. S. Trelawny, Esq., M.P., Chairman of Committee. With an Historical Sketch of Recent Proceedings on the same Subject. 8vo, pp. xii., 84. London: Robert Theobald.

WE are greatly indebted to Mr. Trelawny for having brought the subject of *Church-Rates* again before the Commons House. There was a time when it constituted a standing theme with whig statesmen, but that time is past. They have learnt, like other possessors of office, to discard the auxiliaries by whom they were aided in securing power, and what is still worse, are now in the habit of referring with disrespect, if not contumely, to those whom they courted in the hour of need. The want of resolution, so fatally conspicuous in their general policy, reduced their majority on this, as on other topics, until they have deemed it best for their party interests to renounce, if not to disown, former associates.

On the 8th of April, 1851, Mr. Trelawny obtained a committee 'to consider the law of church-rates, and the differences of practice which exists in various parts of the country, in the assessment and levy of such rates.' This committee sat nineteen times, and examined twenty-three witnesses, of whose evidence 'a careful epitome' is presented in this volume. 'Whatever conclusion,' remarks the chairman of the committee, 'may in other respects be drawn from that evidence, it plainly shows the imperious necessity of an immediate and final settlement of this irritating question.' We thank the honorable member for Tavistock, for the service he has rendered to the cause of religious freedom, and strongly

recommend his *Epitome* to the careful perusal of our readers. It contains a large mass of valuable information, unfolds the views of eminent men of various religious bodies, and will do much to substitute clear and definite conceptions for the somewhat vague notions which are prevalent. The church-rate question is eminently practical. It ought to be understood both in its history and logic, and to this end the volume before us will greatly contribute.

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*The London University Calendar.* 1852. London: Richard Taylor.

Few words are needed in commendation of this volume. Its title accurately describes its character; and the information it contains is indispensable to the large and increasing class for whom it has been prepared. In addition to a *Calendar*, the volume includes the classical subjects for the matriculation and B.A. examinations in 1852 and 1853, the royal charters, regulations in arts, laws, and medicine, the senate, and examiners of the University, the Institutions from which certificates are received, lists of the graduates and undergraduates, &c. The *Calendar*, it will thus be perceived, has a special designation, and is admirably adapted to the requirements of the class addressed. Of the great superiority of the course prescribed in *The London University*, we have never had a doubt; and those who differ from us, will do well to examine this volume. Incredulity itself must give way before the evidence adduced, and the older institutions of Oxford and Cambridge must bestir themselves, or they will be left disgracefully in the rear. The saints of the 'Romish Calendar' are added to the *Almanack* this year. Why is this? In the present temper of the public mind such a circumstance awakens suspicion, and is regarded as specially out of keeping in the case of a University which has made a somewhat boastful display of its freedom from antiquated superstitions and ecclesiastical rule.

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*A Popular Account of Discoveries at Nineveh.* By Austin Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. Abridged by him from his larger work. With numerous woodcuts. London: John Murray.

THIS volume belongs to 'Murray's Readings for the Rail,' and is every way fitted for, as it is eminently worthy of, extensive circulation. Of Mr. Layard's larger work we need not speak. It is widely known, and very highly estimated, and has opened up a new field of investigation which can scarcely fail to exert important influences on the state of historical and ethnological science. The narrative which it contains is one of deep significance. A new link has been discovered between the past and the present,—a new mode has been devised of ascertaining the habits, and of looking in on the life of the ancient world. Such being our estimate of Mr. Layard's labors, we were glad to receive the announcement of this abridgment, respecting which the author tells us—'The interest felt in the discoveries on the site of Nineveh having been so general, it was suggested to me that an abridgment of my work on 'Nineveh and its Remains,' published in a cheap and popular form, would be acceptable to the public. I have omitted the

second part of the original work, introducing the principal Biblical and historical illustrations into the narrative, which has thus, I hope, been rendered more useful and complete.' The abridgment is happily executed, and we congratulate our countrymen on some of the most interesting and valuable discoveries of modern times being thus placed within their reach. A five shilling volume will introduce them to rarer specimens of the ancient world, and teach them more of its artistic, social, and religious forms than could previously be gathered from many bulky tomes. We need not say that, 'the getting up' of the volume is creditable to the parties concerned. The name of the publisher is a sufficient guarantee for this.

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*Pictures of Life in Mexico.* By R. H. Mason. With Etchings by the Author. In 2 vols. 12mo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE picture exhibited by these volumes is melancholy and revolting, and we should be glad to disbelieve its correctness. We fear, however, this must not be, and the conviction leads us to view, with something like complacency, the recent appearance of the United States army on Mexican soil. A more wretched state of society cannot well be imagined. Any change must be for the better, and we therefore venture to anticipate some good result from a war, the origin and character of which were eminently reprehensible. In order to acquaint himself with the condition of Mexico, Mr. Mason visited the more remote and wild districts of the country, as well as its populous cities. His descriptions are 'interspersed with characteristic stories and anecdotes, with a view of presenting the habits and manners of the people more vividly than any mere description could have done. These narratives are not only founded on facts, but have for the most part, really occurred in the author's experiences; and he has endeavoured to imitate the style in which they would be related by Mexicans.' As a whole, 'The Pictures of Life in Mexico' constitute one of the most readable works which we have met with for a long time past. It is full of incident, is written with much vivacity, and conveys, we fear, a truthful, though most unattractive, view of Mexican character and society.

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*The Life of Constantine the Great.* By Joseph Fletcher. London: Albert Cockshaw, 41, Ludgate Hill.

THIS volume throws a great deal of light on a character much disputed and misunderstood, and on a period of history which becomes more and more interesting, as increased attention is devoted to the origin and pretensions of religious establishments. The author has brought to his task clear views, an impartial spirit, and no mean amount of learned research. Two cardinal points he establishes indisputably. The first is, that up to the very time when Constantine established a form of religion, he himself sanctioned the rites of pagan idolatry; that the form of religion so established was not the pure religion of the New Testament, but a system defaced by human superstition and error—in a word, the Catholic church; and that all who did not connect themselves with that corrupt church were either ignored or persecuted. The second is, that a comprehensive survey



of the career of Constantine presents no evidence of his having been a Christian, but much in favour of the opposite opinion. 'The judgment of posterity,' says Mr. Fletcher, 'will confirm the opinion expressed by Niebuhr in the following words:—"The religion which he had in his head must have been a strange compound indeed. The man who had on his coins the inscription *sol invictus*, who worshipped pagan divinities, consulted the haruspices, indulged in a number of pagan superstitions, and interfered with the council of Nicæa, must have been a repulsive phenomenon, and was certainly not a Christian. He did not allow himself to be baptized till the last moments of his life; and those who praise him for this do not know what they are doing."

Mr. Fletcher has executed his task with much care and ability, and has produced a highly interesting little volume, written in an accurate and historical style.

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*The History of Greece.* By Connop Thirlwall, D.D. 8vo. Vols. vii. and viii. New Edition. London: Longman and Co.

WE are glad to receive these volumes so soon after their predecessor, though it be at the sacrifice of the author's revision. They complete the edition, and will have a cordial welcome from all students of Grecian history. Bishop Thirlwall's 'History of Greece' is one of the rarest additions made in our day to the literature of classical history, and we are glad, therefore, to see the work in a form comporting with its great merits. Of those merits we have spoken so frequently, that, were we to remark on them now, we should be doing little more than repeat ourselves. We are content, therefore, to report the appearance of these volumes, and to tender our best thanks to the author and his publishers for the invaluable service they have rendered by the publication of such a work.

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### Review of the Month.

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THE REPUTATION OF THE EARL OF DERBY HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY DAMAGED DURING THE PAST MONTH.—We regret the cause of this, as it lowers the standard of political morality, and shakes confidence in the integrity of statesmen. Few evils are more serious than the destruction of national faith in the integrity of our rulers. We see its mischievous effects in a neighbouring country, but, to a good extent, we have hitherto escaped them ourselves. The present ministry, however, is in a fair way of supplying us with an abundant harvest. Should its tenure of office be protracted, we shall have little to boast of in comparison with others; nay, we shall be in danger of outstripping them in the inglorious career which has rendered the politicians of France a bye-word and reproach. That Lord Derby was intemperate, headstrong, and self-willed, was known to every

one. These qualities had been sufficiently visible in his past career, and had gone far to counterbalance his acknowledged talents as a debater. The party he served to day has frequently, on the morrow, had to pay dearly for his aid. His haughty spirit, his irascibility, his contemptuous disregard of the popular will, and his wedded attachment to some of the weakest and worst features of our political system, had long marked him out as the rallying point around which would gather the last advocates of feudalism, in the desperate hope of making head against the reforming spirit of the age. So much was clearly seen, and it was therefore easy to predict the general features of the *future* career of his lordship. It has been reserved, however, for his premiership to elicit qualities whose existence was not suspected, nay, which were deemed incompatible with others which he was known to possess. His lordship has had credit for an open-hearted and thoroughly English frankness. Think as we may of his judgment, condemn as we please his intemperance and self-will; we have been assured again and again—and we were simple enough to believe it—that he was incapable of deceit, spurned the trickery of party, and whether for good or for evil, would be transparent in all his purposes, and honest in every word he uttered. Such has been the estimate of the country; such will be its estimate no longer. His lordship has himself destroyed the illusion. He has laid aside the mask. Intentionally or not he has revealed his genuine character, and the country has not yet recovered from its surprise and indignation. People are astonished at having been so long deceived, and readily admit their fault in mistaking the intemperance of passion and the obstinacy of self-will, for an honest and generous frankness. Referring to the statement of the premier on the 19th of March, we intimated in our last, that ministers had apparently abandoned the hope of deferring the dissolution till after the next registration. In this we find ourselves to have been mistaken. The language uttered by the premier was so understood in both houses, and the leader of the opposition in the Commons, thereupon abandoned the course he had contemplated, and advised his party to pass the supplies and the mutiny bill. There was not a man in the kingdom, save such as were in the ministerial secret, who did not so understand the matter, and it is impossible therefore, to express the astonishment with which the report of what occurred in the upper House on the 30th of March, was read by the public. Men were unwilling to believe that so much trickery, such double-dealing, such condescension to the mean and faithless manœuvring of party, could be practised by one of high birth and station, and that too, under the guise of more than common transparency and frankness. But so it was. Incredulity has been compelled to give way. A reluctant assent has been yielded to what all would gladly have denied, and the premier now stands denuded of that which constituted his highest honor and disposed the nation to exercise towards him a generous forbearance. Notwithstanding what had occurred on the 19th of March, the Earl of Derby ventured on the 30th to affirm—

‘Nothing has ever fallen from my lips which could lead any man to suppose that the present would be a session of unusually short duration. I never said anything that could justify such a conclusion. What I did say was this, that I thought it advisable that the autumn should not pass

over without parliament coming to a decision on certain subjects deeply affecting the welfare and interests of the country. But I did not say anything which could lead the House, nor did I intend to lead the House, to the impression that there would be an early dissolution in the spring, to be followed up by a short and hurried session in the summer. On the part of her Majesty's government, there was no such intention.'

The Duke of Newcastle immediately affirmed that this statement was not consistent with the former declaration of the premier, as *that* was understood by himself, by other noble lords, or by the public at large; and he proceeded to prove the discrepancy by reference to the words employed. Lord Derby, with characteristic precipitancy, denied having specified the months in question, when the duke rejoined,—and his words must have been gall and wormwood to the modern Rupert:—

'I must then appeal to the recollection of your lordships, for my recollection on the point is distinct. If the noble earl says he made such a statement without intending it, I am ready to admit it; but from my perfect reliance on my own recollection, I must say that the noble earl has forgotten his own statement; for I aver that he distinctly said that he did not pledge himself to the time of the dissolution, and that he would not say whether it was to take place in the month of April, May, or June.'

The chancellor of the exchequer was subsequently employed to vindicate his leader, but how miserably he failed we need not say. It is the truth, we verily believe, and the nation will do well to remember it, that a mean advantage has been taken of the too credulous disposition of our liberal senators. For the honor of our public men, we regret the fact, but its admission is wrung from us by evidence which cannot be gainsaid. It is greatly to be deplored that the trickery of the turf should be transferred to the conduct of our national affairs; and all that can be pleaded in extenuation is derived from the force of habit, and the unconsciousness of those who do the wrong.

'It cannot be denied,' says the 'Times,' 'that there has been a definite understanding between the ministry and the threefold opposition. There has been give and take. The opposition has been voting supplies and passing estimates with as cheerful an acquiescence as if they were enjoying a triumph instead of bearing a defeat. They have done this in the belief,—which we must maintain to be fully justified by the general tenour of the ministerial explanations,—that Lord Derby would not attempt to introduce any measures that were not of immediate necessity.'

A worse case we never met with. One so bad has rarely, we believe, happened in this country. Even those who wished well to the Derby cabinet, and pleaded for what they term 'a fair trial,' have been compelled to acknowledge the bad faith, as well as the bad generalship, which has been practised. The position of the 'Times,' it is well known, has been equivocal. Like a weathercock it has been moving to and fro, pointing to every quarter of the heavens, but resting in none. Few have doubted the inclination of its conductors. The under current has been sufficiently visible, and yet the 'Times' has been constrained to denounce, in no measured terms, the faithlessness of the course pursued.

'If Lord Derby,' says that Journal, on the 1st, 'had been misreported, or if the construction placed by Lord John Russell on his words was forced

or erroneous, it was their duty to contradict an interpretation which, by their silence and acquiescence, they rendered their own. On the strength of this interpretation the estimates were passed unquestioned, and no doubt was thrown on the intentions of the government till Lord Derby's declaration of Tuesday last.' Either the premier did not mean what he said on the 19th of March, or he has seen reason subsequently to change his purpose. His supporters may adopt which alternative they please, but in either case his reputation is irremediably damaged, and his lordship must be content henceforth to have his word mistrusted. To confide in the asseveration of a man who can thus deny himself, would be to exhibit a measure of credulity only exceeded by his want of fair dealing.

In the meantime, the question recurs, What are the intentions of the ministry, what is their policy, on what ground will they appeal to the country? On this point, a discreditable and most suspicious silence is maintained. The oracle is dumb, or speaks in terms so enigmatical and vague, as to allow the largest latitude of interpretation. Its occasional responses may mean protection, or free trade, a hearty return to the system discarded in 1846, or a reluctant and dishonest acquiescence in the new order then instituted. If ever men had sworn to a dogma, were committed beyond the power of redemption to a definite course, Lord Derby, Mr. D'Israeli, and their associates, were thus sworn and committed to protection. They have pledged themselves to it in a thousand ways. In parliament and out, through the press and by word of mouth, at country meetings and at civic banquets, in fierce denunciations of the late Sir Robert Peel, in unscrupulous opposition to the free-trade policy of the ministry of Lord John, by the arts of the demagogue and the declamation of the orator, by the denial of obvious facts, by flattering the ignorant, by appealing to the meanest and most sordid passions, by substituting the few for the many, a class for the nation, they have shut themselves up to the inglorious career of diminishing the comforts of the people, by withholding from them the bountiful supplies with which God's providence has garnished this earth. Such have been their pledges, such their career in opposition. They are now in office, and what do we see? An honest and straight-forward pursuit of the end to which they had so frequently and with such apparent earnestness, pledged themselves? Nothing of the sort. The very word which has been their rallying cry is discarded. *Protection* is scarcely ever named within their camp. A leaf has been borrowed from the Society of Jesus, and no effort is spared to withdraw the obnoxious term, and the thing which it denotes, from the public eye. The men who opposed free trade when a famine impended, are willing, forsooth, to be its ministers in a time of plenty. Is there honesty in this? We believe not. An election *must* speedily take place, on the result of which the fate of the Derby cabinet is suspended. At present, protection is unpopular. To abide by past pledges would be to prejudice future prospects, and protection is, therefore, to be kept in abeyance. It belongs to the initiated. It must not be propounded to the vulgar. A majority in the new parliament is the thing sought. This must be obtained at any sacrifice. Every sail must be set, any and every profession be made, in order to it. A more bare-faced attempt to delude a nation we have never known, save in the violated oaths of the French president.

And yet we are to trust these men. Beginning with a practical lie, they are to be confided in as the vestal virgins of truth. Should they obtain a majority—of which, however, we have no fear—there would be a speedy revival of protection. It would come forth, like another spectre, from the grave in which it lies interred, and would spread confusion and dismay throughout the land. Even Mr. G. F. Young, the most unscrupulous of protectionist orators, counsels silence on the very point which, until recently, was identified with the national welfare,—nay, was essential to the salvation of a tottering empire. His language is significant of the tactics of his party, and will not be lost upon the country. If it avail with the agriculturists, it can only be by a superfluity of folly which their bitterest opponents have not yet charged upon them.

‘If you begin now,’ says Mr. Young, ‘to re-construct corn laws and navigation laws, and fixed duties and sliding scales, and diminution of burdens, and the thousand and one expedients with which friends perplex and enemies decoy you, be assured you are lost. Divided and distracted, you will be defeated. Lord Derby’s Government will be displaced. Lord John Russell, “taking to himself seven other spirits more evil than himself,” will again be installed in power, and your “last state will be worse than the first.”’ . . . Again, then, I say, select as candidates men whose character is a guarantee for their honesty, and ask them now only the one question, “Will you support the government of Lord Derby?” It is too late to raise other points.’

THE QUESTION OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM has not apparently gained by recent changes. On the 25th of March, Mr. Hume brought on his annual motion, and, somewhat contrary to general expectation, the number of his supporters was not increased from the whig camp. For this, various reasons may be urged. Some probably were deterred by the negotiations on foot between the whigs and peelites, while others thought it undesirable to defer, even by such a motion, the dissolution of the house. Lord John spoke decidedly against the measure, while his solicitor-general gave it the support of a speech without the aid of a vote. On the whole, the debate was dull. There was no strong, earnest conviction,—no reasoning or appeal which betokened an absorbing and vital interest. On a division, the numbers were, exclusive of tellers, 89 for, and 244 against, the motion. The same measure was brought forward by Mr. Hume in 1848, 1849, 1850, and the following statement shows the progress it has made:—

In 1848, his motion was supported by . . . . .	86
In 1849, by members who did not vote in 1848 . . . . .	22
In 1850, by members who did not vote in 1848 or 1849 . . . . .	13
In 1852, by members who did not vote in 1848, 1849, or 1850 . . . . .	19

Total number of members who have voted in support of Mr. Hume’s motion in 1848, 1849, 1850, 1852 . . . . .	141
Deduct members not now in the house . . . . .	9

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MR. H. BERKELEY’S MOTION ON THE BALLOT, met with a similar

fate on the 30th of March, and we have do doubt that similar causes operated in this as in Mr. Hume's case. The motion was negatived by 246 against 144, exclusive also of tellers; and the following tabular statement will show the relation of these numbers to those of former years :—

				DIVISIONS.			
				Aye.			No.
1836	.	.	.	92	.	.	141
1837	.	.	.	157	.	.	269
1838	.	.	.	202	.	.	319
1839	.	.	.	220	.	.	337
1842	.	.	.	161	.	.	294
1847	.	.	.	90	.	.	85
1849	.	.	.	89	.	.	140
1850	.	.	.	125	.	.	180
1851	.	.	.	91	.	.	53
1852	.	.	.	146	.	.	248

On the whole there is little to animate in these figures, yet we do not despair. We should have been glad to note an improvement in the tone of the ex-premier, and were not without hope of doing so. We have, however, been disappointed, and if our confidence rested solely on his lordship, we should not be sanguine. But our statesmen are evidently bidding for popular favor, and if our liberal senators are wise in their generation, much may yet be gained. Reluctantly, or otherwise, concessions must be made to the people. No party is sufficiently powerful to do without them, and he who honestly and boldly throws himself into their cause will win the day. ‘Already,’ says the honorable member for Norwich, in his able address to his constituents, ‘there have been evolved the elements not only of a still more liberalized government than the last, but there has been a mutual recognition among all sections of parliamentary liberals of the basis of a measure that shall go a long way towards remedying abuses that have been the scandal of our electoral system. This co-operation alone is wanting. Without it political improvement throughout the kingdom will again be arrested for an indefinite time.’

THE SUBJECT OF EDUCATION REMAINS IN STATU QUO.—The committee appointed on the motion of Mr. M. Gibson, has had one meeting only, for the appointment of a chairman, and then adjourned to the 22nd. Its unfair constitution precludes the hope of much good from its inquiries. It is a mere party move, designed to establish a foregone conclusion, and as such does not merit, and cannot have, the confidence of those who have labored longest and most zealously on behalf of popular education. The *animus* of the transaction was shown, as we remarked last month, in the exclusion from the committee of the friends of voluntary education. Mr. Peto was indeed subsequently added, but the motion of Mr. Kershaw to add Mr. Pilkington also, was rejected by a majority of 29. We do not, however, regret the appointment of the committee. We want facts; but let us have them all. The *whole* truth must be spoken, and if the committee suppresses a part, we will take what it gives, and supply the remainder ourselves. What we specially object to, is legislation based on ignorance; and against this, therefore we must sedulously guard. As to the notion of the premier, of working through the medium of the parochial



clergy, it is simply absurd. Either his lordship knows nothing of the history of the case, or he expresses a confidence which he does not entertain. It is impossible to read his declaration, without feeling that ignorance or dishonesty must largely characterize his mind. If there is one class more inveterately hostile than another to the education of the people, it is the very one which his lordship tells us is his mainstay. 'I trust I shall say nothing,' he remarked, 'which could be offensive to any of those who belong to other communities, when I say that, for the promotion of education and religious knowledge, I rest mainly on the exertions—the able, and indefatigable, and enlightened exertions—of the parochial clergy.' Let the country look to it. Religious freedom is menaced from more quarters than one.

**PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.**—The following tabular view of the numbers of the population and houses in the several counties of Great Britain, according to the Census of 1851, is made up from a return presented to the House of Commons by the late government. It is a most important document, and will frequently be needed in the discussions which are impending. We transfer it to our pages with a view of giving it a more permanent existence than the columns of a newspaper can supply.

COUNTIES.	Total Male Population.	Inhabited Houses.	Members Returned.		
			Co.	B or City	Total.
Bedford . . . . .	59,553	24,505	2	2	4
Berks . . . . .	84,381	33,278	2	6	8
Bucks . . . . .	81,158	33,232	3	8	11
Cambridge . . . . .	92,590	37,067	3	4*	7
Chester, North and South . . .	222,286	85,260	4	6	10
Cornwall, East and West . . .	171,636	67,987	4	10	14
Cumberland, East and West . .	96,244	36,763	4	5	9
Derby, North and South . . .	147,737	59,371	4	2	6
Devon, North and South . . .	269,583	98,387	4	18	22
Dorset . . . . .	89,204	36,138	3	11	14
Durham, North and South . . .	196,559	64,977	4	6	10
Essex, North and South . . .	185,390	73,526	4	6	10
Gloucester, East and West . . .	217,822	86,271	4	11	15
Hereford . . . . .	58,114	23,890	3	4	7
Hertford . . . . .	83,161	32,706	3	4	7
Huntingdon . . . . .	31,938	13,313	2	2	4
Kent, North and South . . . .	307,041	107,748	4	14	18
Lancaster, North and South . .	991,091	349,938	4	22	26
Leicester, North and South . .	112,937	48,953	4	2	6
Lincoln, North and South . . .	205,183	81,336	4	9	13
Middlesex . . . . .	882,823	239,362	2	12	14
Monmouth . . . . .	82,349	28,944	2	1	3
Norfolk, East and West . . . .	215,254	93,244	4	8	12
Northampton, North and South .	105,984	43,942	4	4	8
Northumberland, North and South	149,454	47,737	4	6	10
Nottingham, North and South .	132,381	55,053	4	6	10
Oxford . . . . .	85,529	34,360	3	6*	9

\* Including the University.

COUNTIES.	Total Male Population.	Inhabited Houses.	Members Returned.		
			Co.	B or City	Total.
Rutland . . . . .	11,801	4,588	2	—	2
Salop, North and South . . . .	114,340	45,648	4	8	12
Somerset, East and West . . . .	211,045	85,054	4	9	13
Southampton or Hants, N. and S. including the Isle of Wight . .	201,946	75,215	5	14	19
Stafford, North and South . . . .	309,966	116,248	4	13	17
Suffolk, East and West . . . . .	166,201	69,285	4	5	9
Surrey, East and West . . . . .	325,037	108,822	4	7	11
Sussex, East and West . . . . .	165,772	58,663	4	14	18
Warwick, North and South . . . .	232,411	96,731	4	6	10
Westmoreland . . . . .	29,079	11,217	2	1	3
Wilts, North and South . . . . .	126,027	51,778	4	14	18
Worcester, East and West . . . .	136,956	55,639	4	8	12
York (the three ridings) . . . .	1,797,667	450,225	6	31	37
Wales (the twelve counties) . . .	498,159	200,087	15	14	29
Scotland (thirty-two counties)	1,375,668	311,608	30	24	54

REFERRING IN OUR LAST NUMBER TO THE CORRESPONDENCE between the Austrian Government and our Foreign Office, we expressed solicitude to know whether Lord Granville's example would be followed by his successor. We have now the means of judging on this point. 'Further correspondence respecting the foreign refugees in London' was presented to the House, March 29th, and on the 1st instant Mr. M. Milnes moved a resolution respecting it, which, however, was not pressed to a division. The general feeling of the House was obviously in accordance with the policy of the late administration. The same subject, though under a different form, was introduced to the Lords on the 5th by Lord Beaumont; and as the result of the whole, we have the impression that on this, as on the protection question, the existing cabinet are constrained to succumb to a necessity which they abhor. The 'Correspondence' itself is instructive in various ways, and should be well considered by the people. The Austrian despatch of February 4th is simply insolent, and contrasts strikingly with 'the friendly and conciliatory tenor' of that of Russia. No surprise is awakened by the assurance of Prince Schwarzenberg, March 5th, that 'the intelligence of the formation of the new Government, under the auspices of the Earl of Derby, has been received by the Imperial Cabinet with a *feeling of genuine satisfaction*.' Englishmen will know how to interpret this. A government satisfactory to Austria can never meet the wants or have the approval of our countrymen. There is a fellowship in politics as well as in love; and to be one with the court of Vienna is to be mistrusted by the great mass of our people. Ministers cannot serve two masters, and Earl Derby will find this to his shame and mortification whenever an appeal is made to the country. The assurance of the Austrian premier, however, was 'received,'—such is the Earl of Malmesbury's acknowledgment,—'with the liveliest pleasure.' No doubt it was, but whether it was wise to say so is another thing. There was ample room for Lord Palmerston's pleasantry, uttered in the course of the Commons' debate. It was the severest thing that could be said,—'the unkindest cut of all:—'

'There are parts of the papers,' said his lordship, 'especially towards the conclusion, upon which I wish only to make two remarks. I am alluding now to the amicable Arcadian dialogue which has passed between the Austrian government and the present ministry since the accession of the latter to office. The beautiful complimentary and amicable feeling exchanged between the two parties is indeed worthy of Virgil. I must say I could not read the despatches without a smile; and there were circumstances which took place when the present government was formed which certainly did not diminish in my mind the disposition to smile at the joy which the Austrian government exhibited at the entire change of men which had occurred. It was certainly rather amusing, many things considered.' The sudden death of the Austrian premier will not, probably, produce any material change in the policy of Vienna. The government is too far committed, and may be expected to persist in its despotic career, until another convulsion comes, in which terrible retribution will be inflicted on 'the powers that be.'

**JEWISH DISABILITIES.**—The Court of Exchequer, by a majority of three to one, have decided that Alderman Salomons has not legally taken the oath of abjuration, on the ground that the words 'on the true faith of a Christian' (omitted by him) form an essential part of the oath, and are not merely a mode of its administration. Baron Martin dissented from his colleagues. The whole question of Jewish disabilities is therefore reopened, and must be speedily determined. It, however, appears, from the elaborate judgments of the members of the court adverse to Alderman Salomons, that these disabilities are not created by any direct enactment, but (to quote Baron Alderson) by 'the casual operation of a clause intended apparently in its object, and origin, to apply to a very different class of the subjects of England.'

Such a state of the law cannot be permanently sustained, and the common sense of the country will demand, that direct and intelligible legislation shall settle the question one way or the other. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has now an opportunity of giving a practical application to his eloquent disquisitions on Semitic races and Jewish superiority.

**THE MILITIA BILL OF THE HOME SECRETARY IS FAR FROM BEING POPULAR WITH THE COUNTRY.**—Many deride the notion of danger, and others condemn the mode in which this measure proposes to deal with it. The government of Lord John having resigned on a militia bill, much curiosity was, of course, felt to learn how their successors would deal with the subject. This feeling was gratified on the 29th of March, contrary, as we think, to the pledge of the premier, not to introduce other than absolutely needful business. The danger recently apprehended has, to a great extent, passed away. For a time it was real, but the attention given to it, and the wiser disposal of our military resources, which has been effected, has accomplished nearly all that was desired. Let the same measures be carried out, and free scope be given to the voluntary agency of the people, and the enormous expense, and still more enormous social evils, involved in the government bill, need not be incurred. Lord Derby, however, is desirous of protracting the session, and his home secretary, therefore, has submitted a bill whose provisions will give rise

to much discussion. While avowing unbounded confidence in the pacific policy of the French president, his lordship propounds a measure which can only be justified on the plea of urgent danger.

The main features of the proposed measure are to raise, if possible, a force of eighty thousand volunteers,—fifty thousand the first year, and thirty thousand the second; the period of service to be five years. This force is to be raised by bounties of £3 or £4, to be paid in one sum, or monthly, at the option of the volunteer; but if this plan fails, then a ballot is to be taken of all persons ranging from eighteen to thirty-five years of age. The number of days for training to be twenty-one in the year, subject to an increase or diminution by the crown.

A strong feeling has been expressed in various parts of the country against the scheme, and public meetings are in the course of being held, with a view of giving utterance to it. This feeling is not limited, as some sneeringly insinuate, to the peace society, nor even to the saints. Apart from the higher religious considerations which are applicable to such a case, the economical reformer propounds grave objections, while the friends of social progress see in it the germ of immense evil. With these parties we sympathize. When real danger exists, we are ready to meet it; but when the danger has passed, or is passing, we object, as political and social reformers, to say nothing of religion, to a measure which involves vast expense, will largely demoralize the community, and is open clearly to the charge of fomenting one of the worst passions of the human mind.

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THE  
**Eclectic Review.**

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JUNE, 1852.

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**ART. I.**—*The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr ; with Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Loebell. In two vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

WE have here very ample private records, illustrative of the character of a remarkable man, and set off by what is so honourable to him, the devoted zeal of accomplished personal friends. Everything that friendship could do to make him loved and admired has here been done; nor can it be complained that we have not full materials for judging of his social, spiritual, literary, and political qualities. In a correspondence so large and long continued, from a mind engaged simultaneously in occupations so diverse, much variety was to be expected. If few among us can take equal interest in all his topics, no intelligent persons can fail to find much that is important. We have sentiments of love and of friendship, filial and parental thoughts, social economy, moral and theological contemplations, patriotic anxieties, antiquarian allusions, controversial discussions, criticisms on individual works or character, literary advice, notices of political revolutions in progress, numerous political theories crossing our path,—to be approved or reprobated; and through all a pure, generous, and feminine character, preserving its individuality and grave self-possession in the presence of princes and in the service of a despotic court.

N. S.—VOL. III.

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Yet we cannot pretend that these volumes have raised our previously conceived opinion of Niebuhr. Delightful as were his virtues, they were solely such as belong to private life; while his defects, however little they might impair personal affection in his intimates, were in our judgment quite fatal to his public utility. Like a lovely lady, he was made to be the ornament of a house and the pride of his nearest friends: but he could no more bear contradiction than a sovereign: if any one undervalued his literary performances, he replied by insulting their mental faculties (*fools, blockheads,* &c., are his familiar weapons): his prejudices were so intense against races of men and in favour of antiquated and now impossible arrangements, that he could endure no modern reforms whatever, but played into the hands of tyranny, while making high professions of liberality. His political economy was such, as must have made his finance-operations a doubtful benefit. His splendid faculties were so divided among a thousand subjects, that he does not appear to have thought out one single topic thoroughly; and his want of logical patience, with his extreme self-confidence, made him in everything incoherent and unconvincing.

The translation of the letters seems to be a most successful and reputable performance. Niebuhr's historical style is notoriously difficult; and though his letters must not be compared to his history, yet the moment he begins to reason or philosophize, the elements of the same difficulty recur. Nevertheless, the English is simple and unaffected, flowing, idiomatic, without any unpleasant tinge of Germanism. We cannot speak for the faithfulness of the translation from any personal acquaintance with the originals: but we fully believe in it, both from the internal characteristics of the letters, and from the extraordinary zeal that has been manifested by all Niebuhr's friends, to secure in every translation *that* fidelity to him which he was among the first to exact and uphold.

The external life of Barthold George Niebuhr, may here be briefly sketched. He was born in 1776, at Copenhagen: he went to the University of Kiel in 1794; in 1796, when not yet twenty years of age, he became private secretary to Count Schimmelmann, Danish minister of finance. Finding himself more in company than he liked, he gave up this post early in 1797 for that of 'supernumerary secretary in the royal library,' with permission of foreign travel. It sounds incredible that Schimmelmann offered to him in August, 1797, when he was barely twenty-one years of age, the place of 'consul-general in Paris:' through indecision he lost the appointment, but visited England and Scotland in 1798 and 1799. In 1800 he was appointed

‘assessor at the board of trade for the East India department,’ and ‘secretary and head clerk of the standing commission of the affairs of Barbary:’ and married Amelia Behrens, whose widowed sister, Mrs. Hensler, had become his intimate friend.

In 1801 he was present at Copenhagen when our fleet under Nelson made its deplorable assault on that city. In 1804 he became first director of the bank, director of the East India department, and *member* (instead of *secretary*) of the standing commission above-named. In 1805 he was solicited to abandon the Danish for the Prussian service, and in 1806 accepted the offer of becoming joint director of the first bank in Berlin and of a privileged company called the *See-handlung*. The Danish government, which had heaped such premature honours and emoluments upon him, was much mortified to lose his services.

He entered Berlin in 1806, nine days before the dreadful defeat of Jena, which was followed so rapidly by others, that the Prussian executive was soon all but dissolved, and he became a fugitive with his young wife. From 1806 to 1814 was a dreary period of misery or uncertainty. Yet in 1810 Niebuhr, having refused to act under Count Hardenberg as premier, turned his exertions into a new channel. The University of Berlin had been just opened. Niebuhr had never forsaken his old classical studies, and obtained leave to deliver a course of lectures on the history of Rome. From 1810 to 1813 was his first period of professorship. But after Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, when the great uprising for freedom broke out in Germany, Niebuhr was called back into public life, and assumed the high position of representative of Prussia to foreign powers in financial affairs. In June 1815, his beloved Amelia died. The next year he was appointed ambassador to Rome, in order to negotiate a concordat with the Pope, concerning the management of the Romish churches in Prussia. He was to be accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hensler and her niece Margaret; but this was strangely altered by his marrying the young Margaret in less than a year after the death of Amelia, and while his heart was quite unconsoled for her loss. In Rome and Italy he remained near seven years, and returned to Germany in August, 1823. He selected Bonn as his place of residence, and in 1825 resumed the duties of a literary professor, which he continued till his death. This took place in 1831 from an apparently slight inflammation of the lungs.

On reading such an outline, the first feeling may be that of surprise at the very early promotion which is possible in Denmark and Prussia,—a promotion hardly allowable in England to the sons of our oldest dukes, and surpassed only in the case of the prime minister, Pitt. Carsten Niebuhr, the father, was

a celebrated Arabian traveller, and from him the son had imbibed a taste for eastern languages. The accomplishments of the young Niebuhr were something frightful. In the year 1807, when he was thirty-one years old, a letter of his father describes him as acquainted with *twenty* languages,—viz., German, Low German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Slavonic, Bohemian, Polish, Illyrian, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, English, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Latin, Greek. Some of these differ but slightly from others, and we may make allowance for fatherly pride in the enumeration. But there is no doubt that he was a *master* of the following tongues for all the purposes of life—German, Danish, English, French, Italian, besides his eminent scholarship in Latin and Greek. Some of his friends deprecated his study of language as a waste of his powers; but the very fact of his being carried into so eccentric an effort shows the extreme facility with which he learnt, and everything combines to persuade us that this was the real department in which he was born to excel. His wonderful memory was an eminent part of the talent, and was applied not only to languages, but to a variety of miscellaneous reading. Besides history, travels, and modern politics, jurisprudence, mental philosophy, chemistry, and other modern science, attracted his interest; to say nothing of poetry, light literature, and the fine arts. But his remarkable attainments would not have sufficed for his very early promotion, had there not been in him a premature gravity and sobriety of deportment, which, indeed, at one time involved a shyness and awkwardness better suited to the *bureau* than to English public life. Perhaps to the last he may be described as shy, and deficient in that ease which is almost universally acquired in the highest circles.

The foundation of his moral character is described as ‘tenderness and truth.’ With these primary qualities were connected a vehement love of knowledge for its own sake, and an eminent purity of passions. Of the animal nature, he may seem to have had even too little, and possibly this is not accidentally connected with his want of some needful masculine qualities. His whole cast of mind was ‘naturally spiritual’ (if our readers will allow the expression). From earliest youth, without any definite system of religious *doctrine*, he nourished the purest resolves, severe self-judgment, and an earnest practical piety. His affection to his friends was of so tender and lively a cast, that it was liable to run into jealousy if for a moment he suspected it not to be adequately returned. In those studies for which his name is best known in England,—historical research,—his eminence chiefly depended on his pas-

sionate desire to realise facts to his imagination in a concrete form. He could not bear to accept words for truths, but he desired to get to the bottom of the practical reality. He never studied for money or for fame, but for the knowledge itself; and this is the spirit which alone can be expected to open new truth in any department.

For a German and man of letters, we presume that he must have early received a rather ample income; but he had no taste for show or material enjoyment. He exercised secret generosity towards friends in need, and for literary objects he would not spare expense. As an ambassador at Rome, he abhorred ceremony and pomp, and only gave one splendid entertainment. His straightforwardness and unshrinking truth might have seemed to unfit him for diplomacy, but it was not so. Having a mission entrusted to him in which there was nothing to conceal, none but honourable objects to aim at, he was soon understood by other diplomatists, and appears to have had full as much success as, in a question involving Romish interests, the craftiest veteran could have gained. In the corrupt atmosphere of cardinals and courtiers, in Italy or in Germany, he remained the same simple-minded and pure-hearted man. On his journey into Italy, in passing through the Tyrol, he made a point of going to see the brave peasant, Speckbacher,—a worthy successor of Hofer,—who had so withstood the Bavarians, then allies of Napoleon. Noble qualities, in every rank of life, except in constitutionalists and reformers, touched Niebuhr's heart, and drew him into intimacy. He did not forget that his own grandfather was a Hanoverian peasant proprietor; and for this class of society he had always a warm regard.

In fact, this relationship with peasant-proprietors,—who abounded also in his native Ditmarsch,—and the ancient customs of the township, gave a great zest to his study of the small republics of antiquity. If we mistake not, the disappearance of local rights in the greater part of Europe made him more passionate in love of all that remained, and also of the old Roman plebeian life. But we observe that on his return from Italy, in passing through St. Gall, in Switzerland, he is disgusted at the smallness of the republic, and the consequent official dignity often put on the poor. His complaint, however, is so mixed up with that of the *newness* of the constitution, ('everything here,' says he, 'dates from 1803 and 1814,') that we suspect his intense hatred of revolutions to have somewhat affected his judgment.

To give connectedness to our farther remarks, we shall speak

separately of Niebuhr in regard to theology, literary study, political finance, politics, and history.

We think it detracts somewhat from his mental greatness, that his CREED THEOLOGICAL is so arbitrary, unintellectual, and indeterminable. His mind is such, that we could not have been surprised at his becoming Puseyite, or Romanist, or pagan, or deist: all alike might have suited him. In this and in some other points he reminds us of Wordsworth. His human sympathies appear to have overpowered his masculine judgment. Goodness under every creed he so heartily acknowledged and loved, as to be capable of overlooking the deformity of the creed itself, and perhaps of being attracted to it. His own consciousness of total perplexity is well expressed in the following words (Dec. 13th, 1817):—‘I have still less idea how any improvement is to be brought about in religious than in civil affairs, *unless we have a new revelation*. A religion in which people cannot stand firmly on their feet, but must hold on by their hands, while their feet are suspended in the air, cannot long maintain itself.’

In no letter, perhaps, is so elaborate a statement made of his belief, as in one to V\*\*\*, dated 12th July, 1812. He informs us, that his intellect early took a sceptical direction, since he had ‘miserable religious instruction.’ In riper years, the discrepancies of the gospels showed him the impossibility of drawing ‘*even the outlines of a tenable history*’ of Jesus. In the Messianic allusions of the Old Testament, he could find no prophecies nor anything difficult of explanation. Nevertheless, the real holiness of Jesus was a certainty to him, and miracles a fundamental fact, which it was absurd and unphilosophical to doubt. Still (he adds) he cannot claim to be a genuine Protestant Christian, nor would Luther admit him; and (says he) ‘I am far from having as firm a faith in these objects as in those of historical experience. *They are still only in and among my thoughts; not external to, and above me.*’ The only interpretation we can put on this is, that he regarded miracles in theory to be an undeniable fact, which yet, somehow or other (for, as he says at the beginning, ‘Faith is not given to every nature’), he was aware he did *not* believe. In 1817, when his first child, Marcus, was born, of his second wife, he informs Mrs. Hensler, that in his terrible anxiety, he prayed most earnestly, and *entreated his deceased wife for help*. This, as a momentary venting of feeling might be better forgotten, only that Niebuhr mentions it three times, as if with complacency, in this letter. In the very next, before the child is a month old, the father has begun to study how to educate him,



and enunciates the following:—‘I wish the child to believe all that is told him. . . . While I shall repeat and read to him the old poets in such a way, that he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him at the same time . . . that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him from his infancy a firm faith in all that I have lost or feel uncertain about.’

We cannot but be amazed at this. Here is a truth-loving man, who abhors everything like priestcraft and deception, and yet purposely teaches his child to believe what he himself thinks to be false! The man whose intellect cannot deny the miracles, and whose imagination cannot believe them, can yet pray to his dead wife, and urge his living one to expect aid from her. Why, but because he was accustomed to such thoughts in a Romish atmosphere? There is no self-standing strength of mind in all this. Manifestly, Niebuhr’s heart and intellect were not in concord. In order to gratify the yearnings of his soul, he has to make a sacrifice of his understanding. When once a man is in this position, he cannot haggle about a little more or less. It costs no more to step into a belief of the infallibility of the church than of the Bible, if it is to be done by shutting the eyes; to believe in saints is as easy as to believe in Christ. It might seem that he was intending to throw ridicule on a very grave matter, when he simultaneously plans to teach the little Marcus that the gods of Homer are real beings, and that the letter of the Old Testament is really true, while the father distinctly disbelieves both.

The moral side of Niebuhr’s religion is generally pure and discriminating. His deep disapproval of some of Goethe’s writings would be treated by Mr. Carlyle with supreme contempt; but in all such matters, he had the judgment of a Christian, not of a pantheist or pagan. To the same head we refer his great distaste for Plato, of whom he complains mournfully and sorely, in the tone of a man who would speak more vehemently, but that he knows Plato to be so much admired by some of his friends. Only on one subject do Niebuhr’s moral views appear to us out of harmony with the New Testament, and not without hurt to himself: we refer to his inability to conceive any circumstances which could ever have made him base. This is fully discussed in an interesting letter of March, 1811 (No. 134). Undoubtedly the tender-minded or generous man is unable to conceive influences which might have made him gratuitously cruel or grasping and miserly. But as each nature has its strong side so has each its weak;

and, waiving all inscrutable influences of divine grace, we see not how to doubt, that by circumstance and temptation duly applied to that weak part at a sufficiently early age, every human soul might be totally corrupted, not indeed all into the same sort of baseness, but all so as to be really base. And we doubt whether one who believes this impossible concerning himself, can avoid to mingle a Mohammedan *scorn* with Christian *pity* for the wicked. Moreover, the exasperating sharpness of Niebuhr's attacks on moral and intellectual character seem to us to be naturally accounted for by this defect in self-knowledge.

In the same letter he is engaged in defending himself from the charge of an excessive harshness of judgment, dictated by party feeling. His reply is, that party feeling would surely lead him equally to an unwarrantable palliation of faults, of 'which he is certain he will not be accused. It does not seem to occur to him, that the omniscience which he assumes will account for his impartial censoriousness.

Probably the self-confidence, natural to all young men of such quick talent as Niebuhr, was fostered by his early promotion, his secluded habits, and the warm admiration of his select circle of friends; though Mrs. Hensler has the courage to tell him plainly of his faults also. Be this as it may, it is very plain, and it is lamented by his biographers, that he often distressed even his dearest friends by his severity against them (which he redeemed by affection, never by apologies), and naturally he must have made many enemies in the same way. Probably no one reads even his 'Roman History' without surprise at his power of censure against men of whom nothing but the names were supposed to be known.

It is the more serious drawback on his character, that, while so slashing against others, he is so *thin-skinned* himself. His friend Bunsen calls his 'immoderate vexation,' when he was undervalued, his chief failing. It does not appear to us so serious a failing, as his scorn for others; but, we are sorry to add, Bunsen religiously adopts a tone of the same kind. To this we must afterwards recur.

On the subject of LITERARY STUDY, a letter was written by Niebuhr to a young man, in 1822, full of interest, and clearly showing, by the way, the course of Niebuhr's own mind. The remarks on Style flow out of, and admirably illustrate, his truthfulness. His suggestions as to classical reading indicate how he himself made the great aim of study, to imbibe from it substantial wisdom and noble sentiment. On this account he disapproves of the reading of Satire, as quite unsuited to young

men, tending to lower their moral tone, and undermine their faith in virtue. Of Horace's 'Satires' he speaks with a melancholy pity; Juvenal, except a few fragments, he totally dissuades. He advises to 'let critics and emendators alone for the present.' All this is in the tone of the classical scholars of the 16th century, who studied Greek—not for the language, nor as a cultivation of taste, but to imbibe wisdom. If this can no longer be done—barely because there is now more of wisdom in modern literature—it is surely high time to select for equally devoted study some standard writers of the moderns. But to read the ancients for taste, and the moderns for thought, is apt to involve an enormous waste of effort.

The reader of these letters will find them to abound with paragraphs which appertain to literary criticism; but our limits warn us not to tarry on them. We proceed to remark on Niebuhr's POLITICAL FINANCE.

His admiration of peasant-proprietors put him into vehement discordance with Adam Smith, of whom he speaks with an aversion bordering on contempt. In these volumes we find two, and only two, passages which seem to indicate that he had any clear insight at all into what we call political economy: on his doctrines and proceedings as a banker, no light is thrown.

Jan. 27th, 1810. . . . 'I presume you will admit that commerce is a good thing, and the first requisite to the life of any nation.' [If we had said this, we should have feared to incur from him some ugly name.] It appears to me that this much has now been palpably demonstrated, that an advanced and complicated social condition, like that in which we live, can only be maintained by establishing mutual relationships between the most remote nations; and that the limitation of commerce would, like the sapping of a main pillar, inevitably occasion the fall of the whole edifice, and also, that commerce is so essentially beneficial, and in accordance with man's nature, that the well-being of each nation is an advantage to all the nations which stand in connexion with it.'

So, July 3rd, 1810.—'Pray for free trade; for if you could export your wheat, barley, and oats to foreign countries, you would be saved; just as in that case East Prussia might also recover from the war in the course of a few years.'

Such passages might imply that he would have cordially agreed in action with the school of Adam Smith. In fact, we find him lamenting over the increase of population in a tone absolutely Malthusian (vol. ii. pp. 262, 289), and predicting a series of 'fearful pestilences,' which will infallibly bring back the population to its ancient thinness. On the other hand, he clashed rudely with all our economists in his doctrines concerning prices, interest, and land. He not only desired a system

of peasant-proprietors for its moral effects, but he speaks of it as ruinous to allow the peasants either to mortgage or to sell their land (vol. ii. p. 282), or to leave it to more than one successor (p. 288). His occasional invectives against *English usury* (as p. 364) suggest that his notions of a banker's duties would be thought anything but enlightened in Lombard-street, where interest is probably lower than in any other spot in the world. In vol. i. p. 395, Niebuhr broaches the theory, that it is only a little state which can have 'as such' a national debt. Since the debts of France, Austria and England were already vast in 1813, we presume him to have meant, that if the creditors of the state are citizens and not foreigners, the debt was no evil. No sense that we can assign to it will show him as a wise financier. Nor only so, but he writes as follows concerning the prices of wheat:

'The price would have risen to forty with us, as the fore-stallers and regrators set no bounds to their audacity, but that a counter-speculation was set on foot. Meanwhile, that forestalling is an honest trade, to which the state can offer no opposition—that by these high prices and their profits large capitals are created, which contribute much more to the increase of the national wealth, than the pennies trickling through the poor man's purse for his daily wants—has been proved to satisfaction by political economy: *for which science there is unfortunately no teacher*. . . . *Our forefathers, however, would have drowned the teachers of this wisdom, and my old Romans would have banished them still more rigorously than the Greek sophists, or at least would have ordered them to cease from their ludus impudentie.*'—p. 80.

In this ignorant, absurd, and presumptuous passage, he imputes to economists, that they teach—1st, That national wealth is increased by the high prices of scarcity; 2nd, That the profits of the trade are then greater; 3rd, That large capitals are fostered by them; 4th, That these are the justification of high prices: all of which propositions are totally alien from the school which he attacks. This single paragraph suffices to show, that if Niebuhr was a useful finance-minister, as his friends tell us, he was so by chance: for his doctrines are so incoherent, that no one can guess whether, when put into office, he would turn the black or the white side of his shield to the public. He calls out, 'Trade ought to be free: go ye forth, and sell your wheat, barley and oats; but be not so audacious as to sell it at the price it will fetch in the market, or you will deserve to be gibbeted; and if the people duck you in the horse-pond, I shall rejoice.' While so indecently assailing the honour and morality of men who have devoted their lives to a study which his mind was too illogical to pursue or (it seems) to

understand, it evidently had never occurred to him to ask, either by what index the *proper* price of wheat is to be fixed, or how any management of price could bring the same number of loaves to the consumers' mouths in scarcity as in plenty. The 'counter-speculation' which kept down price to the desirable limit, he is really so ignorant as to impute to a piece of good luck which could not have been counted on. So, too, while forbidding a peasant-proprietor to sell his ground, he does not see the difficulty and injustice to the community of maintaining in possession an idle and worthless man who cumbers the land.

We believe the truth to have been this. Niebuhr lived in a time, at which princes, statesmen, economists and reformers, had generally abandoned as an evil and stupid prejudice of antiquity those institutions in which Niebuhr gloried as the great source of order, virtue, and patriotism; namely, local rights and customs, entails of land, and peasant-proprietors. The last, indeed, were introduced into Prussia by his friend Stein, as a political measure. Economists undoubtedly deprecated them as wasteful of labour. Niebuhr saw *moral* advantages in these institutions, and was irritated to hear *material* and *pecuniary* reasons urged against them as decisive, by those who did not pretend to enter into the moral question. He at once jumped to the conclusion, that such reasoners were a sophistical plague against whom he had a right to use vituperation instead of argument. Hence, instead of increasing his wisdom from them, and superadding his own, so as to rise above them, he merely dropt into folly.

His POLITICAL position and doctrines deserve still closer attention. It has often seemed to us wonderful, that a man of so much liberality of sentiment, so full of sympathy with popular liberties, so keen in reproof of tyranny (at least of tyrannous aristocracies), so warm in approbation of revolutions which established liberty, so remarkably plain spoken and even passionate in his utterances, should have been able to retain the favour of a despotic court, and avoid all personal collisions. We lament to say that these volumes explain to us the phenomenon too clearly. The English translator (Preface, p. ix.) 'hopes that Niebuhr will not be misunderstood in England, and that those who occupy themselves with political questions will lay his words to heart.' Probably many of his words deserve to be laid to heart—those which speak of the importance of local liberties, local executive (as opposed to centralization), and culture of the soil by those who have permanent right in it: but as to the course and tendency of Niebuhr's own political action, we feel that there is, alas! no possibility of thinking that we *misunderstand* it. In short, his theories

were liberal, but notoriously impracticable, even in his own judgment: of the two parties contending in Europe, he condemned *both* in theory, but he energetically hated liberal measures, despised the liberals, and assisted the despots. Our readers will suppose this to be an exaggeration, if we do not add details in proof.

Not one popular movement took place in Europe which Niebuhr did not regret, depreciate, or even slander; not one unjust aggression of tyrants to which he alludes, except in approbation. The great French revolution, drawing after it the unspeakable calamities of the empire, no one will blame him for shuddering at: its benefits were hardly as yet visible. After this, at the interval of more than twenty years, followed the reform of the Sicilian constitution (1812), under the auspices of the tory English government. Of this mild, moderate, necessary reform, which did but strengthen hereditary liberties, dating as far back as those of England, against the machinations of an Austrian queen, who was the link between the king and the two despotic courts of Paris and Vienna,—of this reform Niebuhr speaks as follows:—

October, 1812.—‘Are you not startled at the Sicilian constitution? Don’t you see that it is *altogether the work of the aristocracy*? It is true that many grievances are cleared away at a stroke, over which travellers have lamented for the last forty years as hindrances to prosperity, and the island may become wealthy; *but how can there be tranquillity?* Every thing will go on *seething and fermenting*. England sends forth in all directions, probably quite unsuspected\* by the ministers, a *spirit of republicanism*, which will make that country as much disliked by all sovereigns and governments as it is already by their subjects, for its conduct with regard to their commercial and manufacturing interests.’

If this had been shown us as a letter of Prince Metternich, we should have felt no suspicion against its genuineness. Forsooth, to find fault with the Sicilian reform, because it was ‘altogether the work of the aristocracy,’ and because it was recommended by England! If it had been ‘altogether the work of a democracy,’ what would he have said then? It is to change, *as such*, that he here objects; to a change, which he admits to be beneficial,—which he sees to be carried in the most desirable and safe of all methods, by the initiative of an ancient peerage, with the zealous support of a whole nation, under the direct protection of conservative royalist England—a country whose past revolutions Niebuhr (in theory) admires and

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\* This, no doubt, alludes to the popularity gained by Lord William Bentinck, whose noble character so attracted the Sicilians and others, to the great displeasure of ‘the sovereigns.’



defends. He disapproves of this beneficial, lawful, constitutional reform, solely because he distrusts English 'republicanism,' and expects it will make people hanker for farther changes. And this is the advocate of plebeian liberties!

In the same year, 1812, while Joseph Bonaparte was kept up as a nominal king of Spain by his imperial brother's force, the heroic Spaniards, by the obstinate defence of their towns, and the English forces under Wellington, by their disciplined valour, drove back the veteran armies of France, and bit by bit regained the national liberties. While Ferdinand was still in French captivity the Spanish Cortes met and proclaimed the constitution of 1812, which was signed by the regents, and acknowledged by the allies of Spain. Of this constitution Niebuhr never speaks but in terms of exasperated scorn. On April 19th, 1814, he called it 'a senseless anarchy.' On the 5th February, 1820, he writes: 'However deeply we must abhor the tyranny in Spain,' (where Ferdinand had violently overthrown the constitution of 1812,) 'no immediate redemption can be expected from a revolt followed by the proclamation of the most senseless constitution that was ever hatched, but only misery and civil war.' On the 25th March, he calls the constitution 'a monster of anarchy.' On the 6th May, he declares that 'there are no elements of freedom in Spain,' (at the very period at which the constitution was victorious,) and assures his correspondent, as 'a certain fact,' that when Ferdinand, in 1814, violently overthrew the Cortes, so great was the zeal of the Spaniards for 'absolute monarchy,' that there were 'universal rejoicings.' Of a piece with this is his feeling all along. The machinations of the Spanish priests, who were enraged at the abolition of the inquisition and of the monastic orders, and at the sale of the monastic lands, stirred up civil war on the frontier of Portugal. But in March 1822, in spite of the intrigues of the French court, tranquillity was restored, moderate men were in ascendancy, and Spain seemed about to take its place as a constitutional monarchy. The 'holy alliance' had hoped to destroy it by intrigue and internal division; but when that appeared hopeless, Russia, Prussia, and Austria commissioned the French king to destroy the Spanish constitution by force. At this crisis, what were Niebuhr's feelings? Did he retract his former suspicions? Did he rejoice that things had turned out better than he had feared? When the Spaniards had crushed what he himself called a horrible tyranny, and had established order and moderation, did he hope that Spain would be left to enjoy her hard-earned freedom? No; but he was full of alarm lest mischief-making England should support the Spanish constitu-

tion of 1812, which she had solemnly recognised, and which had at least equal right to exist with her own.

February 9th, 1823.—‘England must choose between two futures. Has she the will and the power to adopt a manly and virtuous policy? Then she will occupy herself with the moral reformation of society; *she will renounce the project of domineering over and weakening the continent of Europe; . . .* she may deplore a war with Spain, but *she will not give a mortal blow to the restoration in France.*’

Thus, according to Niebuhr, it was ‘manly and virtuous policy’ in England to drive the French out of Spain when led by Napoleon; but when led by the Duke d’Angoulême, then to oppose them would be unendurable hatred of order, and a desire ‘to weaken Europe;’ nay, an absurd inconsistency. For we, who had forced a Bourbon dynasty on France, might give a mortal blow to this excellent work, by opposing Bourbon despotism over Spain!

We must be more concise. Niebuhr felt nothing but vexation and fear from constitutionalism in Sicily, in Naples, in Spain. Concerning Rome, he writes (May 6th, 1820):—‘Thoroughly bad as the government of the priests is, I declare with full conviction, that if the power were to fall into the hands of other classes here, the state of affairs would be incomparably worse.’ So zealous is he in cruel contempt of the Italians, that he becomes quite ridiculous in his invectives. He declares that they are a very ugly people; that they cannot sing,\* but only screech (vol. ii. p. 64), and that no nation can be less musical (p. 149). Of course they are liars, and thieves, and cowards; and, as usual, he has a very free vocabulary for all practical reformers. Not only so, but he says that ‘Italy was always an infernal pool’ (vol. ii., p. 216), even during her age of freedom, wealth, and glory, and that he ‘entirely defends Machiavel’s ‘Prince,’ taken in its full and literal acceptation, even as he certainly wrote it in the bitterest earnest. *How much there is which we may not say aloud for fear of being stoned by the stupid good people!* There are times in which every individual must be sacred to us; *others in which we can and ought only to treat men in masses.* All depends on a true understanding of the times. . . . To talk of freedom in Italy in our days is what none but *a fool or a villain* could do.’ Truly we do not remember to have read anywhere a more coolly savage defence of murderous usurpation than this whole passage. At the Ger-

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\* This will naturally raise the question, Had Niebuhr a musical ear himself? It is amusing to hear him complain of the ugly shapes of the Alps, and prefer the round hills of Heidelberg (vol. ii. p. 269). The Alps are ‘painfully rude and misshapen, jagged, inharmonic!’

many, it will be remembered that her deliverance from Napoleon was won by the enthusiasm of the people, wrought upon by royal promises of restoring the constitutional liberties of which the nation had been robbed by old perfidy. The king of Prussia was eminent in promising; Prussia was as eminent in suffering and in exertion; but when the goal was reached, the king falsified his word, the people were discontented, the young men talked loudly, the government dealt cruelly with them, Niebuhr grieved and pitied the sufferers, but reprobated their folly, and marvelled at his ever having admired them in the crisis of zeal for freedom.

But we have not told the worst, the Chevalier Bunsen reveals to us what, if we had read it from an anonymous pen, we should have thought a slander; we mean, the part which Niebuhr played in the Neapolitan revolution of 1820-21. 'This revolution,' Niebuhr tells us, 'though accomplished apparently with unanimity, and without acts of violence, as great pains are taken to report' (he does not venture to deny the truth of the report), 'is a dreadful and melancholy occurrence. . . . It has been effected by ambitious officers, and by the lodges of the Carbonari, who are in every respect the wildest and most execrable class of Jacobins.' Unhappily the Neapolitan revolutionists, instead of conciliating Sicily into federal union, went along with the court which resolved to constrain it into obedience. Sicily rose and claimed her only legal constitution of 1812. The Neapolitan armies, all disciplined and equipped, came down upon the Sicilians before they could organize themselves; Palermo capitulated, but not without extorting a treaty, which, to avoid further civil war, referred the dispute to the national representatives. This treaty was shamefully annulled by the parliament and king of Naples; which leads Niebuhr to moralize on the wickedness of 'these revolutionists,' and to justify the Sicilians, who 'had asked nothing more than their established right.\* Oct. 28th, 1820. They would have gained their rights, their freedom, their old laws, but for the Austrian invasion of 1821; and we now learn from the Chevalier Bunsen (p. 439), 'that when the Austrian army was on its march to put a †bloodless (!)

\* He here takes the part of Sicily, where it enables him to vituperate the Neapolitan liberals; but in the very same cause, we have seen how differently he spoke when the king was the sole opponent to be feared by the Sicilians.

† Niebuhr seizes the opportunity of invective against the innate Neapolitan cowardice, because the Neapolitan armies made little resistance to the Austrians. But the same armies, under the same general, had fought heroically in a bad cause, against Sicily, where Niebuhr laments the bloodshed as horrible. It is evident that the regular army was under royal and priestly influence. The populace and the Calabrians have again and again shown obstinate bravery in the cause of freedom.

end to the revolution, the military chests were found to be exhausted. Some hundreds of thousands of florins were absolutely necessary, if operations were to be carried on. The house of Torlonia offered the money, if Niebuhr would sign bills on the See-handlung for the amount. *He had no orders from Berlin*; but 'he recognised the urgency of the case, and undertook the responsibility without hesitation; nay, in order to obtain the full amount required, *he took up a considerable sum on his own personal credit.*' The emperor was delighted with him, and presented him with the grand cross of the Leopold order: the court of Berlin approved his sound judgment: the freedom of Naples and Sicily was destroyed, and Bunsen records his friend's achievement with sympathy!

We now read some words of Bunsen (p. 438) with new eyes. 'The frank appreciation of Niebuhr by distinguished statesmen gave him great pleasure; although *it sometimes pained him to find himself better understood, and his views regarded with greater sympathy, in England and France than in Germany and among Germans.*' Naturally: the French and English, who only read some speculations of Niebuhr, fancied him to be a friend of freedom: but the Germans, who knew him closer at home, found that his freedom was in the clouds of an irrecoverable antiquity, while his bigotry was a solid and dangerous reality walking on the modern earth.

Niebuhr admired the revolutions of ancient Rome and of modern England, because they were gradual, and built on historical foundations. The reform of the Sicilian constitution *had* these peculiarities; yet he suspected it, condemned it, and lent money to the Austrians, which (unless he was blind) he must see would overthrow it. So long as England supported the Bourbons, and winked at the overthrow of freedom under the foot of princes, Niebuhr admired her: but from the day that Mr. Canning broke with the Holy Alliance, and acknowledged the South American republics, Niebuhr imbibed dislike and contempt of England. From the growing spirit of freedom among us in 1828, he infers (March 14th) 'England's rapidly accelerating decline:—a mortal sickness for which there is no remedy. *I liken the English of the present day to the Romans of the third century after Christ.*' Indeed! but what said he sixteen years before, when our liberties were far more prostrate? (vol. i. p. 351). 'England sends forth a spirit of republicanism. . . . H. is certainly wrong in asserting that the English will end with an absolute monarchy. They are much more likely to try a republic.' In p. 365, he adds, 'that in consequence of usury, idolatry of gain, and Irish immigration, the English *middle-class is becoming quite extinct, between wealth and abject*

poverty.' This is among the things which he 'announces with the most absolute conviction of their truth,' his usual way of making up for want of proof and reason.

So wholly theoretic and unreal is Niebuhr's admiration of freedom, that his hatred to revolutionists vanishes when they do not attempt to establish constitutional forms (p. 385). Any who set up an out-and-out despotism by violence, like Cæsar, he applauds (p. 217); but of those who establish constitutions he writes as follows, in a paper which deliberately discusses the question of resistance to tyranny:—'We (royalists) agree that revolution is rebellion, and that, of the most ruinous kind; and we despise the liberals beyond all expression for their shallowness and wickedness. But I do not thereby abrogate my conviction, that it is only the despotism now inseparable from it (owing to the monstrosity of the ruling ideas of the present day), which renders revolution so utterly execrable, that it can bring forth nothing but evil, and that a sensible man ought to risk everything, even for a bad government, rather than submit to it.'

Here is a Proteus. Despotism, he says, is the horrible evil. Against despotism, oh, how wisely can he write! how fiercely can he thunder! Liberals, ye are despots! This, and this only, is your wickedness; this is your shallowness. This justifies sweeping you away, as if you were not men, but bundles of lighted straw. Well, but what of a *royal* despot? What of a usurping Cæsar? Oh! the case is changed! The royal tyrant, who overthrows the law of the land, who neglects the law of God and his own oath, *he* must be submitted to; and the violent usurper, if he be clever and energetic, and keep clear of constitutionalism, is to be highly praised in spite of his despotism. Who does not see that all this is the sophistry of a man who likes to *talk* for freedom and *act* for tyranny?

Niebuhr fainted with horror at the Polish insurrection of 1830, though he was savage against England for not adequately supporting the Greek insurrection a few years before: so utterly void of all principle were his views. In the last month of his life, when the revolutions of Paris, Brussels, and Poland had broken out, he predicted, with oracular certainty, not once, but many times and in many forms, that all Europe was going back into barbarism; the muses and science would take to flight; prosperity, freedom, civility, knowledge, would be annihilated; Europe had fallen into the times of the Gracchi; 'he who thinks the question has anything to do with freedom is a fool, (Nov. 1830): after the revolution in Poland, 'not even a miracle could save Germany from ruin.' The thought of emigration to America presented itself; but he said, he would

rather see his children Germans under a Russian rule than Anglo-American. (The reader will have guessed that this disgust at the American republic is something unutterable.) Now, considering that it is hard anywhere to find more false political prophecies and wild mistakes of fact than in these two volumes, it is rather odd, that his friends seem to allow his claims of extraordinary discernment and foresight. Yet the Chevalier Bunsen tells a story which shows how blind Niebuhr was to other men's minds, even when he was in close contact with them. Once only he gave a great entertainment in Rome, to introduce Prince Hardenberg to the Roman nobility; and imagining that he should afford a high treat to all the company, procured sixteen singers to sing in choir the sacred music of the Sistine Chapel. But this was so exceedingly disagreeable, that some of the visitors abruptly left the room, and most were made uneasy and displeased. Bunsen alludes to the swine and pearls; but it seems to escape his notice, that one who so ill judged of the taste of the Roman nobility, could have no insight into the desires and probable actions of masses of men.

Niebuhr's own frank claims of foresight seem to be adopted by his biographer. The former, for instance, writes (Feb. 19th, 1823):—‘In reasoning on the future, I have asked myself, what should I do in Mr. Canning's place, *with his principles and character?* [Italics in original.] Will you be one of those who would now accuse me of attributing reckless audacity to him with injustice? I think not. It was by similar chains of reasoning, that *I always used to divine the projects of Napoleon, and even the plans of his campaigns.*’

The biographer (vol. i. p. 16) informs us that young Niebuhr, in the early progress of the French revolution, divined ‘the progress of the war, the direction which popular movements would take, the plans and objects of revolutionary leaders; the results of the measures adopted. . . . With equal correctness and certainty did he guess the plans of the commanders during the war, from the marches and positions of the armies, in which his exact and detailed geographical knowledge served as a guide to his judgment. He retained this faculty to a considerable extent during the whole of his life, but he possessed it in a higher degree in his earlier years,’ &c.

The absurdity of this at once appears if we consider the necessary deficiency in *knowledge of fact* under which he was as to the quality and temper of the troops, the supplies of provisions, &c., the state of roads, the feasibility of safe marches in regions which he knew only from maps: to say nothing of the political side of the matter. The biographer covers his retreat, by allowing that this faculty *decayed somewhat* in later



years ; because all Niebuhr's recorded divinations are miserable failures. But this credulity warns us how large deductions must elsewhere be made on the score of personal partiality.

Niebuhr's hostility to practical freedom was not limited to parliaments. He equally abhors such defences against tyranny as JURIES. (Dec. 19th, 1830.) 'Above all, from a code of criminal law, may God preserve every\* country! *even if the jury were not to be immediately introduced in criminal cases, which is, however, an immediate consequence of the principles of these people.*' We need hardly add, that he abhors cheap literature, which, he says, necessarily makes science superficial.

We must, in conclusion, touch on his Roman History, a subject in itself needing an article. To go into details is wholly impossible; but we may and must say, that Niebuhr totally mistook the duties of a historian. He supposed it was his place to dogmatize, and *make no attempts to convince the understanding of his reader*; and if any one made objections, reply that he is an ignorant blockhead, and evidently incompetent to judge; and that no one *can* judge of such a subject, who has not first gained an eye for seeing it, equal to Niebuhr's. His self-confidence must be named a disgraceful arrogance, unless signally justified by the ultimate agreement of all the soundest scholars. That we do not misrepresent him, will appear by a few extracts:—

Dec. 7th, 1816.—'I am as certain of the correctness of my views [in Roman history] as I am of my own existence. . . . He who presumes to pronounce a judgment on this subject without knowing more than the current opinions on it, has really no voice at all in the matter. Further, it is not to be expected that every one, or even that many, should have that faculty of immediate intuition which would enable them to partake in my immovable conviction: for which I should be ready even to die.'

May 23rd, 1822.—'Of the old Roman constitution, it is plain that Cicero had only the most confused conceptions. . . . It is only a piece of good luck, that no passages occur [in Cicero's newly-discovered treatise] which the *blockheads* could seize as express evidence in favour of the old trivial opinions.'

April 29th, 1827.—'The principles [of my book] are now immovably fixed for all ages. I do not hesitate to say, that the discovery of no ancient historian could have taught the world so much as my work, &c. &c.'

July 1st, 1827.—'The second volume . . . is one of my finest achievements. . . . I have brought out a history worthy of full reliance, although it *deviates essentially* from the statements of our historians.'

Aug. 4th, 1830.—'A very impertinent review of my history has appeared in the *Débats*, . . . no doubt by that *empty sciolist* Villemain,

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\* Qu. Except ancient Rome?

whose *weak head* has been turned by the plaudits of the public. This man, *like other fools*, who will make themselves heard, always goes back to the earliest times, and he in particular tells me that it is nothing new to refuse to regard these as historical. *These people are actually unable to understand, that the value of my exposition consists in my having shown why and how each circumstance has been invented.*

Surely every writer of history is bound to commend himself to men of average knowledge and understanding, not to those only who already are his equals in insight. The plain fact is, that Niebuhr wrote a very learned, very suggestive, very crude, shockingly ill-reasoned, very obscure and very unconvincing book; and then, if a reader remonstrates, he replies, by invective and by vehement re-assertions, that he will stake his life he is right. The extreme absurdity of this is manifest in the fact, that '*his views*' are a heap of isolated propositions, of which some may be true and some may be false, and to speak thus confidently of them collectively is self-condemning. In fact, Niebuhr is generally most confident when there is least cause for it: one may measure his errors by his arrogance. Professor Loebell admits (p. 241) that some learned men still '*controvert almost all Niebuhr's opinions.*' But, he says, all have appropriated to themselves '*his critical method;*' and '*that this alone would secure a high position in all ages for Niebuhr's efforts in the development of science.*'

It is pity that Professor Loebell has not explained what this '*method*' is. We find in Niebuhr much activity in combination, much ingenuity in fancying; but certainly no new organon of reasoning, unless his unendurable garblings\* of authors are to be so called; when he cuts a sentence of Livy or Dionysius into pieces, and assures us that half of it is from an elder writer, whose words these authors have preserved without understanding them. We believe that all of Niebuhr's admirers are ashamed of this '*method,*' and silently disown it; although he is as dogmatic about it as about everything else. In the last extract we see that Niebuhr makes the chief value of his researches to consist in that which cannot be proved, and is of exceedingly small importance in itself. For instance; the Romans thought Tarquin the elder to be an Etruscan, and Servius a Latin: Niebuhr will have it that Tarquin was a

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\* His quotations are often real garblings, highly deceptive. This had at one time shaken our confidence in his integrity. But we have no doubt that it rose out of his abominable practice of trusting his immense memory, instead of referring to the book. The consequence is, that his memory retained only so much as countenanced his theory, and forgot the clauses which positively refuted it. In such ways the self-confident hare is outstripped in the race by the tortoise. No student should ever trust a quotation made by Niebuhr.

Latin, and Servius an Etruscan; and adds, 'that the value of his discussion is in its explaining how the false tale was invented!'

It is often said that Niebuhr is the first who showed how to create an artistical history out of apparently worthless materials. This is a mistake: Gibbon, before him, not only showed how to do it, but did it. Niebuhr has not done it. He has *not* fused his materials into harmony and lucid order. His logical powers were not equal to the task of giving coherence to the mass of erudition and conjecture which he accumulated: hence the exceeding obscurity and the dulness of his book. Nor had he at the beginning of a chapter a clear view of all he was about to write. Thus Grote justly says of his discussion concerning the Pelasgians, that he begins it with disgust and despair, and ends it with full confidence and satisfaction.

In conclusion, we must complain of the tone of invective which the Chevalier Bunsen adopts against those who see his friend's defects in graver colours than he does. He writes:—

'Niebuhr's incomparable superiority to all the critics of modern times . . . had long been acknowledged; but the pure human greatness of his noble heart . . . has raised that esteem to personal attachment. . . . Well may we Germans term this joy a sorrowful one, when we turn our eyes to the *disgraceful* efforts of *little-minded* men, who, *humbled beneath the grave and piercing glance of genius, have fallen a prey to their own mean passions, and conspired with the disciples of impiety to spy out the weak points of a great man with malicious joy, and use them with Mephistophelian address,*' &c. &c.—vol. ii p. 452.

To use vituperation and vehement assertion in place of argument is one of Niebuhr's marks of weakness. His friend will not mend the matter by repeating the offence; and we are sorry that such a paragraph should close the volume. In spite of Bunsen's rod, we must avow that a man who employs genius to strengthen tyranny, under pretence of a higher liberality, is a bad citizen; and a critic who uses dogmatism instead of argument is a bad teacher. He may suggest thought; we may even learn from his errors; yet there is a limit to reasonable panegyric on him.

ART. II.—*Women of Christianity, Exemplary for Acts of Piety and Charity.* By Julia Kavanagh. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE regions of fiction are peopled with heroes and heroines: and, captivated by the brilliant drapery of the marvellous, we have perhaps often suffered ourselves to become all but believers in the pictures of romance, and the exaggerations of poetry. There is an enchantment in their deeds and daring, a magic in their power over the mind, and a latent and lingering thought that the sphere of their activity is nobler than that of the every-day realities of our existence. We could almost defy the dullest individual to be entirely insensible to these representations. They touch some of the most sensitive parts of our mental constitution, and move us, whether we will or not, to tears or transports. It is true the impression in general is but temporary, and not very frequently followed by beneficial effects. With the volume we dismiss these tears and transports; and it is well we do, for they are not fitted to promote the practical purposes of life. It is the baser passions that are usually appealed to; or, if the calling forth of the better order of feelings is the professed aim, few who present these subjects to us have the skill or the principle to unfold the true ground of virtue, or to display the tender yet powerful tie that binds it to a pure religion.

To condemn all works of fiction or romance is, however, very far from our intention. This we could by no means do, for many reasons, especially for two; first, that the mind of man being endowed with various faculties, designed and adapted to promote his *enjoyment* as well as his *improvement*,—and there is a moral utility in the former as well as in the latter,—the imagination may claim its opportunities and indulgences as well as others, and, when restrained within proper limits, is surely entitled to its freehold of pleasure and possession. It was not bestowed, any more than powers of a different order, to be unemployed in connexion with them, or to be disused in its own independent range of operation; nay, its actions are important instruments of stimulating the other faculties, and of combining them into the highest manifestations of thought and genius. Without imagination, man would be a mere drowsy plodder on the great plain of being, devoid of aspirations, and endowed to little purpose even with the keenest sensibilities of his spiritual nature, for it is by this he penetrates the depths of truth and eternity. This mental energy, therefore, is bestowed by the Creator for the sublimest ends, and even in its

lowest exercises is capable of much good by a wise and careful cultivation. It is the abuse and not the use of this faculty that is to be deprecated; and we therefore feel it to be no matter of conscience to renounce the ministrations of fable, allegory, and historical romance. We are certainly not prepared to burn our Æsops, and Shaksperes, and Walter Scotts, any more than we could consent to demolish our sofas and our summer-houses for bodily recreation.

The second reason why we could not repudiate fictitious productions of every class is, that we have scriptural authority for them. Although the specimens of this class of writing are few in the sacred books, and these of a brief and very pointed order—with one great exception, however, the Song of Solomon—the principle of such compositions is sufficiently recognised. But there is one peculiarity to be observed here, as the basis of all that is written, namely, that the aim is to communicate truth,—pure, unsophisticated, exalted truth. Embellishment is not the first or the last object; it is simply the golden cup in which the divine hand presents the nectar of salvation. Still, as we do not condemn mere intellectual prowess in the pursuit of the exact sciences, or in the play of ratiocination or the flight of conjecture, because the holy volume does not teach mathematics or metaphysics, so neither do we decry those talented performances, the offspring of a vivid fancy, which have simple entertainment in view, when unsophisticated by error, and unvitiated by immorality of sentiment or tendency.

From the region of fancy it is grateful to descend, if we should not rather say *ascend*, to the region of fact, from shadows to realities, and from the heroes and heroines of romance to the men and women who have adorned human life. There is a romance, indeed, even in life itself; and it is notorious that actual occurrences have been as remarkable, and real beings as extraordinary, as those which have figured in the world of imagination. The truth is, that what we call the creations of the imagination are only living beings a little transformed, and events a little modified or exaggerated, and brought into unusual combinations, so that the writer, like the painter of an ideal landscape, is only throwing into his sketches some stronger colours, or bringing into one view what is characteristic of many scenes,—true, in one sense, to nature, but blending with it the ideal.

But neither the ideal of fiction, nor the real of secular history, can rival those grand exhibitions of character which belong to Christianity. It is under this influence alone that human nature can attain its highest perfection, or produce a genuine assemblage of the pure and exalted virtues. Those which are

so called, and which appertain to an unsanctified humanity, are but shadows to the substance, or rather perhaps we might say the shapes and forms, which, like the imitative automaton, are wanting in the vital principle. 'A Christian is the highest style of man.' We admit the existence of splendid specimens of manhood, or womanhood, in the heathen world, and from these we cannot withhold our admiration; nevertheless, a broad line of distinction is to be drawn between what is noble and what is holy, between the product of earthly and heavenly principles, between the wild flowers of the heath and the fruits of the tree of life. Nature has its charms; but, whatever poets may say, Christianity alone has its graces. In elevating humanity in general, it has raised the female character in particular; first delivering it from slavish subjection, and then invigorating it with power and clothing it with beauty. The woman of the Christian religion is free born; she is the servant only of Christ, and the companion of man; the partner of his life; the sharer of his spiritual principles and privileges; the heir with him of an immortal inheritance. Christianity spoke, and the chains of her oppression fell off; she was captive and prostrate no more; she came forth from her degradation to participate the toils and sweeten the very joys of existence, to illuminate the domestic scene, to join the voice of praise in the sanctuary, and to mingle in the fellowships of devotion.

It is observable that the world has run into two great extremes respecting the proper treatment of women; nor could all the philosophy of the best ages of its history, or its wisest ages, discover the right course, or generate the right sentiments. The first extreme was that of treating woman as an inferior being, and reducing her to the condition of a slave; a slave to minister to the pleasures or do the bidding of man. She was not her own, but formed for him. His will was her law; and the despotism was not to be disputed. The ancient Egyptians decreed it to be indecent for women to go abroad without shoes, while they deprived them of the means of wearing them, by threatening with death any one who should make shoes for a woman. Odin excluded from his paradise all who did not, by some violent death, follow their deceased husbands. Homer and subsequent writers show that women were subjected to those restrictions which indicate their being regarded among the Greeks only as the property of men. Hence they were bought and sold, made to perform the most menial offices, and subjected to all the misery and degradation of concubinage. Before marriage, they were kept in entire seclusion, and after marriage were not only excluded from mixed society, but



prevented from having any knowledge of their husband's affairs. Even Xenophon declares there were few friends with whom he so seldom conversed as with his wife. The Athenians possessed the power of selling their children and sisters. Solon prohibited their taking eatables out of the houses of their husbands of more value than an obolus, or carrying a basket more than a cubit in length. The Romans required their wives to avoid inquisitiveness, and to speak only in the presence of their husbands. The ancient laws considered children as slaves, and women as children, who ought to remain in a state of perpetual tutelage. Wives had no right to make wills, nor durst they prefer any complaints against their husbands; and, according to Dionysius Halicarnensis, a husband could put his wife to death even for excess in wine. Whoever looks into the history of the various nations of Europe will find innumerable proofs of the moral degradation connected with the ill-treatment of women. Among all the Slavonian nations, wives and daughters have always been kept in seclusion; brides are purchased, and instantly become slaves. The lower classes are doomed to constant labour, and are compelled to submit to the utmost indignities. We need not advert particularly to notorious facts in relation to Russia, Turkey, and Greece; nor need we bring forward special evidences of what every one knows in general respecting the countries of Asia, the islands of the Southern Ocean, the aborigines of America, or the tribes of Africa. One vast wail of woe may be heard from distant ages echoing along these plains and shores.

The other extreme to which we referred betrays in some instances astonishing caprice, and withal super-eminent folly. It consists not in the enslavement, but in the adulation of woman. There is something really strange in the fact, that many of the Pagan nations, and even the enlightened Romans, while usually treating their women with oppressiveness, insult, and barbarity, frequently paid to the female sex the most extraordinary honours. Vacillating between contempt and worship, women were alternately degraded to slaves and raised to goddesses, showing that men had no fixed principles of moral action; or, perhaps, we should rather say they *had* a fixed principle—that of a base, ungenerous, and universal selfishness. The world has rung with the history of chivalry; but even that chivalry at once deified and degraded the sex. The very knights who bowed the knee, and traversed the earth to contest the point of beauty and virtue with sword and lance in hand, who swore to the cause of woman at their installation, and made them umpires at the public tournaments in which

they fought and bled for her smile, were neither faithful to their wives nor careful of their daughters. Their devotion was without love; it was simply a fashion and a folly.

What we are especially concerned to notice is the effect of these extremes of conduct upon character. What did slavery and chivalry, despotism and devotion, respectively make woman? The former undoubtedly debased the soul, prevented all noble aspirings, and subjected it to all the baser and meaner passions; the latter corrupted the whole heart, while it abused the understanding. Those who, with all their natural charms were possessed of common infirmities, being treated as goddesses, were only made fools, and in the excesses of vanity and passion lost the dignity of their nature. Nothing good or great, could be expected of them, both were prevented, by flattery, and generally being set up as idols, women became as senseless as their prototypes. Knowledge and true virtue were lost in the offerings of pride and low ambition. Chivalry, which had no love in it, did but adorn its victims like animals garlanded for the sacrifice.

All these considerations tend to show that genuine excellence can only be looked for under the influence of Christianity, while that influence alone is competent to produce it in its highest manifestations. Nothing else can form the social and spiritual being and the exalted heroine: nothing else can achieve a moral martyrdom, in which the grandeur of religion consists. We do not refer now to the power of voluntarily dying for the truth, to the glory which has not unfrequently distinguished the very weakest and most naturally timid even of the female sex, when going with unshrinking fortitude to the stake, but to a martyrdom still greater than this, because often purer in principle, and more continuous in action. Without any disparagement of those who have passed through the fiery ordeal with unflinching fortitude, it may be suspected that there was sometimes a mixture of worldly ambition, and that the thought of the million eyes which were upon them, both of friends and enemies, and anticipations of posthumous fame which seemed to culminate in the distance, urged them on, and that, by such an influence, the spirit might have been assisted to gather up its energies for the critical and awful moment—a suspicion which may well be generated by the view of that eagerness for martyrdom which was displayed by many of the early Christians, where submission only was requisite and more natural; without, however, we say, disparaging these exhibitions of character, which, with whatever interminglings of misconception or frailty, will be handed down as eternal monuments of true greatness, yet the daily, the

hourly self-sacrifices of a whole life, in all the domestic and social relations, combined with religion itself in the stricter sense of the word, exhibits a sublimer martyrdom still, which Christianity in its vital power alone can accomplish. In this—in the constant fulfilment of the duties and charities of life—in the power of principle over selfishness—in an activity of piety that asks no applause—that displays the purified affections—that subjugates the meaner passions—that aims at the good of others and the glory of God—that is full of gentleness, meekness, forgiveness, and charity—that soars to things above, and tramples on the world—we see what the religion of Jesus is, what it can do, and whither it tends.

It may be regarded as a rule, that practical religion surpasses the niceties of denominational distinctions, for it can co-exist with them all. It is not ecclesiastical but moral. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant, church nor dissent. It is not the child of party, but of principle. Summarily, it may perhaps be comprehended in the two terms employed in the title-page of this volume—piety and charity; but then we must understand the latter term in a sense which includes far more than almsgiving, even in its widest and self-mortifying sense, to which it seems limited by our authoress; and it is necessary also to understand it as signifying that essence of religion which is more than what is usually affixed to the idea of piety. There has been a devotedness passing under this name in the solitude of the desert and the seclusion of the cloistered cell; and a faith without works assuming the same distinction, though in reality the mere nominalism of a creed, or the mere boasting of fanaticism. This is evidently the notion pervading the pages of Miss Kavanagh. But true piety is delight in the will and service of the Most High, as unfolded in the principles of the gospel of Christ; and true charity is the love of God; from whose conjoint influence flows the great stream of Christian benevolence and holy character. In commemorating the virtues which have rendered individuals illustrious in the eyes of mankind, and stamped their names upon the pages of history, we must be careful, therefore, to inquire into the origin of those imputed excellences which have made them great, and discriminate between false and true motives in religion. Passion and principle, superstition and religion, are surely distinguishable, and to separate in our estimate of character the pure gold from its adventitious adhesions, to clear the diamond from the baser matter with which it is encrusted, is worthy of the best efforts of those who dig into the mines of the past. Herein consists the essential defect of this production, whose specimens of

task of visiting the various places where the sisterhood had been established, and of seeing that the members remained faithful to the spirit of their institute. Such a person he found in Mademoiselle Legras, a wealthy widow, who, through the influence of a friend, obtained his counsel as her confessor; for in that age of directors, when the excess of priestly influence finally justified the "Tartuffe" of Molière, Vincent of Paul showed a most determined aversion to the delicate task of directing the conscience of great ladies. The exception which he made in favour of Mademoiselle Legras proved the source of infinite good.

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\* In the year 1627, Vincent proposed to Mademoiselle Legras to visit the charitable sisterhoods which he had established in the country. She eagerly consented, and, accompanied by several ladies of equal zeal and piety, she undertook every summer a task which her delicate health rendered extremely fatiguing. . . . The good she thus accomplished was surprising: everywhere her arrival was hailed as a blessing, and when she left, whole towns and villages followed her with benedictions and regrets. She spent the winter in Paris, and was then as eager in the practice of good deeds, as if the summer had been devoted to pleasure. Vincent was often obliged to moderate her zeal, and to conjure her to spare her health. Her heroic ardour shrank from nothing: she once attended on a sick girl lying ill with the plague, and issued unharmed from the trial.

\* Seventeen years had elapsed since the establishment of the first sisterhood in Chatillon, when Vincent perceived with regret that these charitable associations were no longer animated by their original spirit. The greatest ladies in France had indeed become members; some through piety, some because it was the fashion; but they did more harm than good. The husbands of these ladies objected to have their wives exposed to the danger of breathing impure air, and of bringing home the contagion of disease; their own zeal flagged; they hired servants to fill their places; the sick were neglected; and the sisterhood, in Paris especially, daily declined. Vincent thought the mischief lay in the choice of the servants. He reflected that many poor and pious girls, who wished not to marry, and yet were too poor to enter convents, might, for the love of God, far more than for the sake of salary, undertake to attend on the sick poor, and gladly fill the places left vacant by the caprice and repugnance of wealthier ladies. The plan was tried, but answered indifferently. Those "servants of the poor," as they were called, were often unsuited to their task: above all, they wanted the unity which springs from a common spirit, and gives association its mighty power. Still Vincent was not discouraged. In the year 1633, he found three or four girls whose solid piety promised well. He placed them under the guidance of Mademoiselle Legras, who kept them for some time in her house, and then sent them forth on their arduous labours. Their modesty and zeal, the purity of their life, the fervour of their piety, edified the parishes to which they had been sent. Their numbers increased rapidly. Vincent still gave them their original name: the people called them "sisters of charity." St. Vincent of Paul had never thought of founding a religious order; but

when he saw that the thing was in some sort done, that the new order had won both the faith and the affections of the people, he sought to establish it on a secure foundation, and favoured its increase. Mademoiselle Legras and her disciples took the vows, which sanctified their duties, but could scarcely add to the ardent zeal with which they fulfilled them.' —pp. 183-188.

The chief portion of the work before us is divided into four periods, after an Introduction respecting the early martyrs, the virgins and widows of the primitive church, and a sketch of the rapid progress of the faith. The first period embraces the Roman Empire; the second the middle ages; the third, the seventeenth century; the fourth, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the latter, Hannah More and Elizabeth Fry shine with pre-eminent lustre. Their biographies are condensed from the larger works, so as to retain the most important features of their lives and characters. We rejoice to meet them anywhere, but we should have been better pleased to have seen them in a company more free from false ideas of the nature and claims of Christianity. The concluding sentences respecting Mrs. Fry present a correct and impressive portraiture:—

'All that was mortal of Elizabeth Fry now rests by the side of her little child in the Friends' burying-ground at Barking; but her name, her deeds, her spirit, are with us still. Who shall estimate not only the good which she did, but that to which her example led? How noble, how generous, was the use she made of the personal beauty, exquisite voice, ready eloquence, and many talents with which she was gifted! The extremes which met in her character gave her greater power. Timid, daring, prudent, enthusiastic, practical, equally alive to the beautiful and to the humorous, Elizabeth Fry was eminently fitted for her task. She possessed an insight into character and a power of control which enabled her to influence almost every one who came within her sphere.

'This was not simply the result of her earnestness; for others as earnest have failed; but of exquisite tact and judgment. In the year 1835 she chanced to visit the penitentiary at Portsea. The inmates were assembled in the parlour when Mrs. Fry entered it; two were pointed out to her as peculiarly refractory and hardened. Of this she took no notice; she sat down and addressed a general exhortation to all. When it was concluded, she rose to depart, and, going up to these two, she held out her hand to each of them, saying, in her simple Quaker speech, "I trust I shall hear better things of thee." The manner, the tone, had a power more deep than admonition or reproach; they both burst into tears.

This same tact guided her in everything, and made her feel at home everywhere. She was as much at her ease in the palaces of kings, amongst the courtly and the polished of foreign lands, before committees and public assemblies, as in the humblest meeting held in a stocking-

weaver's room, with homely "Friends sitting on the stocking-loom for want of chairs," and the mistress of the place "getting up during the meeting to attend to dressing the dinner."

'But however much Mrs. Fry owed to her natural endowments, to penetration, tact, and eloquence, "to the silver tones of her voice, and the majestic mien with which she delivered the message of God,"\* we do not mean to say that there lay the secret of her power. We think we can trace it more surely in the confession which she made to a friend during her last illness. "Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first thought being, how best I might serve my Lord."—pp. 442-444.

The volume, though somewhat attractive in the style of its composition, contains Romanish errors, and many things not at all to our taste. The term *saint*, so prevalent in the Roman-catholic church, to designate persons regarded as pre-eminent in piety, sounds very strangely but significantly in its continual application. It is, indeed, a word employed in the New Testament in a collective sense, as descriptive of communities or of the peculiar people of God, but is not used to elevate one above another. It is not a term of classification *within* the church, but of distinction as between the church and the world. There are too many instances, also, of what may be called an exaggerated, we will not exactly say a spurious, charity. Our notions of the duties of religion do not extend so far—and we thus repeat what we have already intimated in part—as to applaud as the noblest exhibitions of its spirit, a boundless and indiscriminating almsgiving, an ambition to sacrifice parental or filial obligations at the shrine of a wild enthusiasm, a zeal to trample on the proprieties of life, or to court the face of danger, by kissing the leper and making him a bed-fellow, and incurring self-ruin by a prodigal expenditure. We do not believe that the religion of Jesus is best exhibited in this romance of charity; and there may be more of pride than piety in it. Not that we utterly condemn all extraordinary manifestations of character in this respect, though we fear that the merit of good-works is too frequently a predominating sentiment, even in some Protestant communities. What Christianity requires is, that all the virtues should exist in proportion and in harmony *with* its principles.

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\* Memoirs of W. Allen, p. 462.



ART. III.—*Memoirs of Sarah Margaret Fuller, Marchesa Ossoli.* Edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson and W. H. Channing. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1852.

ANY one who runs his eye over the monthly catalogue of a London bookseller will find ample proof of an intellectual activity among our Transatlantic brethren, which bids fair to rival, what seems among ourselves to give a pretty full illustration of the proverb, that of making books there is no end. English literature—or, if the term is not sufficiently distinctive, the literature of the English language—has received not a few note-worthy contributions from America within the last few years, and, engrossed as we are with the constant and constantly increasing product of the home book-market, we may, perhaps, be charged by those who have begun to avail themselves of it more regularly, with something like a culpable neglect of their claims. Never were the most prominent contributors to American literature so well known in this country as they now are; never, perhaps, were they so well entitled to notice, except when Cooper and Washington Irving were producing their best works, and then it was scarcely possible for fictions on a novel series of subjects, and published, too, in this country, to escape attention. While these two names have now come to be regarded as familiarly as those of the most popular of our own novelists and essayists, and have been classed, indeed, with the best of them, five years have scarcely elapsed since others who are now in the front rank of their many successors—the most successful and best known among their countrymen—began to be known even to the critical portion of readers among ourselves. The only novelists besides Cooper, whose names were previously familiar to us were Brockden Brown, Dr. Bird, Kennedy, and Ward, and at least three of these may almost be said to belong to the last generation. A much more vigorous and original class of writers has arisen within the last ten years, and with these, although they have all reached the zenith of their fame at home, we are only beginning to form an acquaintance. Every facility is afforded us for doing so. An American book worth knowing cannot now be many weeks published ere we have it reproduced for us, and placed upon our tables in one or other of the forms which the cheap publication movement is taking. Those who are acquainted to any considerable degree with American literature as it is now introduced to us by Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, Mr. John Chapman, or Mr. Bohn, can scarcely fail to have been struck with the

intellectual activity of the female sex as evinced in the varied character of its contributions to the long lists of American works which these publishers so frequently bring under our notice. To our mind, it constitutes rather a remarkable feature in the civilization of the New World that the number of literary women of note is considerably greater in America than it is among ourselves. True we do not find a Mrs. Somerville, a Joanna Bailie, nor even a Harriet Martineau among them, but in poetry, fiction, and criticism, as well as in the weightier forms of literature, there are many names which deserve to be ranked among the highest of our female writers—names as distinguished, perhaps, as any of those of the living writers of the other sex in America. Some of them have done good service to womanhood throughout the world by eloquent and judicious counsels, which amply compensate for the aberrations of Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, while others, of whom we need only mention Mrs. Sigourney, Alice Carey, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland (the discreet and amusing 'Mary Clavers'), and Mrs. Osgood, have given works which will bear comparison with any in English literature of the classes to which they belong.

Few American writers of either sex are better known in this country than Margaret Fuller, Marchesa d'Ossoli, and certainly few have done so little to be known out of a mere local circle. It may be presumed, however, from the fact of a writer so well known as Ralph Waldo Emerson coming before the world as her biographer, that her character and her life had some features of interest to more than the friends among whom the most active part of her brief career was spent. Our Transatlantic brethren have a *penchant* for magnifying the merits of mere local celebrities; but from what we already know of Mr. Emerson, it may be inferred, we think, that he would scarcely consent to rank among the trumpeters of a Jefferson Brick. The three volumes in which he and Mr. Channing (the nephew and biographer of the celebrated Unitarian preacher and writer,) have given us a record of the remarkable life of their countrywoman Margaret Fuller, will be read, we believe, with great interest, even by those who have hitherto known little or nothing of the subject. The work may, indeed, be considered as, in some sense, a tribute due by Mr. Emerson to one of his most devoted disciples, and we have only to regret that a departure from his ordinary subjects of discourse has been so little of a departure from the hazy style in which he has been accustomed to present such subjects to his readers. There is so little of what we desiderate in a biography to be found in his share of the work, that we are disposed to consider his efforts to make some com-

compensation for the admiring criticisms of Margaret Fuller as in the main abortive, so far, at least, as the reader's interest in the book is concerned. The narrative of a life so full of incident, and the gossip with which it is spiced, must, nevertheless, be interesting, despite of Mr. Emerson's heavy and obscure commentaries ; and, regarding the letters and the journal as the best parts of the book, we propose in the outline which we are about to give, to let the accomplished, and in many respects remarkable woman who forms the subject of it, speak for herself. That her lips were closed in death when one of the most interesting periods of her brief existence had just closed, must be deeply deplored by all who knew anything of her energetic temperament, her lively sympathies, and her strong, though but partially developed mind. Much that would now have been valuable, perished with her in the remorseless sea, and in considering her life and labours we feel that we must speak of both as merely indicating what might have been, that we are not tracing the career of a successful writer, but the existence of a remarkable woman, spoiled in a great measure by early training, and taken from the world just when she was beginning to see her true position, and to be emancipated by her experiences from the cold philosophy of those among whom not a little of her life was spent.

Margaret Fuller was born at Cambridge in Massachusetts, in the year 1810. Her father, a lawyer, and for some time a member of Congress, ultimately retired to a farm in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and divided his attention between the prosecution of agricultural improvements, and the education of his family. His ideas in regard to the latter were, unfortunately, peculiar ; and Margaret, the most promising of his children, was unhappily destined to become the victim of an ill-judged attempt to make a prodigy of her, and to fill up the time which ought to have been spent in the sports of youth with Latin verses, philosophy, history, and science. At an age when ordinary children are usually employed in mimicking the serious drama of their future years with the Dutch doll and its tiny wardrobe, poor Margaret was forced to sit with aching head and weary eyes, poring over some musty tome, the leaves of which too soon began to impart their yellow shade to her tender cheek. The details she gives us of this period are painfully suggestive of the misery arising from an unnatural tampering with the growth of the human plant. She looked back upon these days of premature mental excitement and nights of horrible dreams and spectral illusions, the consequences of that excitement, with a kind of shrinking terror, deploring in a tone of affecting pathos that she had no natural childhood. We read this passage of the book before us with pain, and with a feeling of apprehension lest in our educational

zeal we forget that something must be left to nature, and that, in our eagerness to diffuse the blessings of intellectual culture, we render these worse than useless by neglecting the development of the real germ of all sound manhood and womanhood. The history of Margaret Fuller's youthful years is that of all who have been the victims of such mistaken views of education. A spirit naturally lively and buoyant was crushed beneath the weight thus laid upon it, and the effect of a departure from the path of nature in her childhood was but too obvious in the oddities and sentimentalities of her opening womanhood. By far too large a portion of the book is taken up with the record of this poetical and eccentric period of her life. Here and there we have glimpses of what she was afterwards to become—indications of a strong and subtle mind, struggling out from among the sickly rhapsodies and outpourings of a not very characteristic enthusiasm, which fill page after page; but we have too much of this. The only object which such a picture can serve is that of instruction and warning, and the lessons could have been given in a third of the space. Mr. Emerson and his associate in the work have obviously thought, however, that they were called upon to give to the world all that they respectively knew of Margaret Fuller; and with very little order or systematic arrangement they each take up the narrative when the subject of it was nearest themselves, and most frequently in their society. Thus Mr. Emerson describes, in his own style, her first visit to Concord, and the share he had in directing her to the proper objects of study, referring with something like a sneer to her 'raptures about scenery, and her attempts to describe its varying aspects,' while Mr. Channing contributes his share of the biography just as he has had opportunities of gathering materials for it.

We do not consider it necessary to follow Margaret Fuller through the changes in her early life. Except occasional criticisms to be found in her journals, letters to her friends, and sketches of certain small celebrities to be met with in the society into which her talents introduced her, there is little that can be interesting to the general reader in the first part of the book. Suffice it to say, that at the time the young authoress (for she had already become known by her contributions to sundry periodicals) was contemplating a journey to Europe, her father died, leaving his family in circumstances somewhat different from those in which they had previously lived. Margaret met this reverse of fortune with a composure which sufficiently indicated her strength of mind, and at once set herself to provide for the wants of her family by literary labours and by teaching. In 1843 she made

a journey to Lake Superior and Michigan, and afterwards published her impressions of the scenery, and a narrative of the incidents in her travels in a work entitled, 'Summer on the Lakes.' Besides this she translated 'Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe,' and the 'Letters of Gunderode and Bettine,' the latter unquestionably the best of the three translations now known to the public. For two years she conducted an Emersonian periodical, entitled 'The Dial,' contributing to it some of her best essays, afterwards published under the titles of 'Papers on Literature and Art,' and 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' both favourably known in this country. Of her other literary undertakings the most noteworthy were the articles that appeared in 'The Tribune,' which she assisted for some time in conducting.

The highest estimate which can be taken of Margaret Fuller's writings will not place them above the staple of periodical contributions. Her style, though often forcible, is rough and irregular; and although her essays abound with evidences of a well-stored mind, many of them are marked by the obscurity and the turgidity which characterize the works of those with whom she was so closely associated in her literary undertakings, and with whom she so thoroughly sympathized. As a conversationalist she has had few equals. It was well said by one of her own countrymen, that Margaret Fuller combined with the natural loquaciousness of her sex, the affluence of a highly cultivated mind, and the vigour of an imagination which the reader of her works knows nothing of, and can scarcely imagine. In the literary circles of America she was chiefly known as a wonderful talker; and Mr. Emerson gives a long account of her conversational gifts describing the style of her monologues with a good deal of candour. To a stranger she appeared overbearing, and might almost be said to be disagreeable. Our own recollection of her manner, as it at first impressed us, is by no means pleasing. There was a show of knowledge in all she said, and a vaunting of experience which seemed almost to contradict itself. The abruptness and cynicism soon gave way, however, before the warmth and fulness of her sympathies, as, in the felicitous language of her biographer, she 'made green again the wastes of commonplace.' The originality and the richness of her eloquence are brought back to us by many passages from her diaries given in these volumes, and we recal with a feeling of melancholy pleasure the occasion of our last meeting with her. It was at the house of one who, differing widely from her and all her sympathizers on many important subjects, yet prized her society, and that of those whose earnestness and intellectual vigour are suffi-

ciently known to the world. Let the reader imagine a select circle in which a lady of by no means prepossessing exterior, but who at once strikes you as being no ordinary person; a sad-visaged man, with melancholy yet often fiery eyes, and another, of a rougher but still remarkable aspect, are the principal objects of interest. The state of Italy—the emancipation of Italy—is the theme of conversation. With a sweep of speech worthy of such a theme does that large-brained and large-hearted woman discourse on the traditional glories and the republican instincts of the Italian people. Herself a republican, she gathers up from all the epochs of their history great memories with which to magnify the principle, and to strengthen her argument for its modern application. The dark eye of her silent Italian listener glows as he hears his own ideas expressed thus eloquently by such lips; and ere many weeks are over, he gives to the world a grand and striking illustration of their truth which, but for the perfidy of a sister republic, would have gone far to secure for Italy her proper place among the nations and to have changed the face of Europe. But to return to the narrative.

In the summer of 1846, Margaret Fuller came to Europe, and in her letters to her friends at home, we have lively accounts of her travels, and of the remarkable personages to whom she was introduced, and in whose society she frequently mingled while in this country and in France. There are notices of visits to Wordsworth, Joanna Bailie, De Quincy, Carlyle, and others, interspersed with graphic descriptions of the scenery through which she passed, and her impressions of English and French society. Her studies, and her literary friendships at home, had made her an admirer of Carlyle; but that her admiration was not altogether indiscriminating, we gather from some observations upon one of his books which occur in a letter to Mr. Emerson, and the justice of which must appear obvious to all who have read the more recent works of the Chelsea Cynic. 'Carlyle's book,' she says, 'I have read, it has no valuable doctrine in it except the Goethean,—*Do to-day the nearest duty*. He ends as he began. Everything is bad. You are fools and hypocrites, or you would make it better.' We are not sure that the spirit of Carlyle's writings could have been better expressed. Though a sympathizer with him in many of his ideas, some of the very worst of them, perhaps, Margaret Fuller's heart was still too much of a woman's heart, and her charity too broad and lively to admit of her giving her assent to such doctrines as those of the 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' which were then appearing. She regarded him, not without reason, as the chief exponent of a new dynasty of



thought: and yet the accounts she gives of her interviews with him, indicate that she felt such thought to be but a sad and sorry thing for the world after all. One sketch she gives shows the modern Diogenes in rather an unamiable light; but it is, perhaps, the most truthful record that could be given of his style of conversation, and his prevailing mood of mind, although it is introduced by one more warmly coloured.

‘I was quite carried away,’ she writes, ‘with the rich flow of his discourse, and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk now and then enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening, he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry; of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told, with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer or artizan in the country, who on Sundays lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the essays and looking upon the sea. I left him that night, intending to go out very often to their house. I assure you there was never anything so witty as Carlyle’s description of ——. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion. The second time Mr. C. had a dinner party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of man, author of a history of philosophy, and now writing a life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in more acrid mood, and, though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected everything he said. For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry; and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmasters had taught him that it was great to do so, and has thus, unfortunately, been turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, turned from his vocation. Shakspeare had not had the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose, and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after a while. The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the French Revolution of the *sea-green*. In this instance it was Petrarch and Laura, the last word pronounced with his ineffable sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not ever help laughing when Laura would come, Carlyle running his chin out when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor Laura! Lucky for her that her poet had already got her safely canonized beyond the reach of this Teufelsdröckh vulture. The worst of hearing Carlyle is, that you cannot interrupt him.

I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down.'—pp. 97-9.

After visiting Scotland, losing herself for nearly a whole night among the mist on Ben Lomond, making the acquaintance of Dr. Chalmers, David Scott the painter, and others, Margaret returned to London, and from thence set out for Paris, where she visited George Sand, of whom she gives the following graphic and characteristic account:—

'I have seen George Sand—Madame Sand, as the Parisians call her. I called upon her yesterday. The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterwards told me, her god-daughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as '*Madame Saleze*,' and returned into the ante-room to tell me, "*Madame says she does not know you.*" I began to think I was doomed to the rebuff among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, 'Ask if she has not received a letter from me.' As I spoke Madame Sand opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure. She is large, but well formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste; her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and lady-like dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood.) All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power, that pervaded the whole—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, '*C'est vous*,' and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study. We sat down a moment; then I said, '*Il me fait du bien de vous voir.*' . . . She looked away, and said, '*Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante.*' This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another.'—pp. 112-113.

Having visited most of the interesting scenes in the South of Europe, Margaret Fuller arrived at Rome in the Spring of 1848. She continued to reside there, making occasional journeys to Florence, Milan, &c., during the whole of the recent revolutionary epoch of European history, and was intimately connected with the gallant defenders of Italian liberty. She saw the beginning of the movement which terminated in the flight of the pope and the proclamation of the Italian Republic; and her warm friendship with the soul of the Italian struggle, Joseph Mazzini, while in London, led her into the very centre

of the movement of which it was the result. Ties of a tender personal kind conspired with political sympathies to bind her to the Roman cause. In circumstances of a somewhat commonplace character, while waiting for a carriage, in fact, to convey her from St. Peter's to her lodging in the Corso, she met a stranger, the young Marquis Ossoli, destined to be her future husband. The chance meeting led to many interviews, and an offer of marriage followed. The offer was declined for the time, and Margaret set out with some American friends for Venice and Milan. She soon afterwards returned to Rome, however, and was married to Ossoli. For family reasons, the chief of which was the risk which her husband had incurred through his union with a Protestant, of losing his property in Italy, the marriage was for a time concealed. Inspired by the enthusiasm of his wife, Ossoli enrolled himself on the side of Roman liberty, and was actively engaged in the brief but glorious struggle, taking his station with his men on the walls of the Vatican during the protracted siege of the Eternal City, while Margaret laboured day and night as assistant to the Princess Belgioso in the hospitals for the wounded. Writing to Mr. Emerson amid the terrible days of the bombardment, she again and again refers to the heroism and the wisdom of Mazzini. 'There is one,' she apostrophises, 'who understands thee, Mazzini—who knew thee no less when an object of fear than of idolatry; and who, if the pen be not held too feebly, will help posterity to know thee better.' Those who do not know enough of the brave Italian exile have cause to deplore that the record of his career in Rome, which that pen had prepared, perished with the large-hearted woman who used it so vigorously, and that the only account of her experiences during the brief days of the republic, as well as her opinions on the subject of Italian liberty—a subject as momentous now as ever it was—is to be found in the hurried but eloquent and glowing epistles published in the volumes before us.

All Margaret's hopes fell with the hopes of Italy; and fully did she share in the sorrows and privations of those whom the re-fastening of the chain upon their stricken country had driven once more into exile. When the French were entering Rome, 'the good lady,' as the bleeding soldiers whom she had tended so gently were accustomed to call her, sat with Mazzini in the upper chamber of a private house to watch the scene beneath. 'The triumvir had passed many nights without sleep,' she writes; 'in two short months he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted; his eyes were all bloodshot; his hair was mixed with grey: but he had never quailed; had protested in the last hour against surrender; great and calm, but full of a more fiery purpose than ever.' And now, while

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she is thus writing about others, came the crowd of poor Margaret's own sorrows. Ossoli, whose brothers were officers of rank in the Papal service, had renounced all his worldly prospects for the liberal cause, and had been so far compromised as to be forced to seek his personal safety by flight. Alone, deprived of her child, too, her little boy Angelo, and racked by a thousand fears for his safety and that of her husband, Margaret writes to her mother and her friends at home the whole history of her secret marriage and her sufferings:—

'My husband,' she says, 'is a Roman, of a noble but now impoverished house. His mother died when he was an infant; his father is dead since we met, leaving some property, but encumbered with debts, and in the present state of Rome hardly available except by living there. . . . He is not, in any respect, such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant; and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that has passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfailing, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame, a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is only to be compared with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E——. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together; in the sympathy with natural beauty—with our child—with all that is innocent and sweet. I do not know whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become in a few years more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously.'—p. 225.

There is something peculiarly touching in the lines with which she closes this letter to her only parent. 'Write the name of my child,' she says, 'in your Bible—Angelo Ossoli, born 5th September, 1848. God grant he may live to see you, and may prove worthy of your love.' An allwise Providence had otherwise decreed. After a sojourn at Rieti and at Florence, quiet, tranquil, and happy, even amid poverty and the remembrance of shattered hopes, rendered memorable, too, by acts of kindness and benevolence, Margaret, with her husband and the little Nino, set out for the home of her youth, now her only home. The chapter in which Mr. Emerson opens for us the 'last scene of all, that ends this sad, eventful history,' is one of touching interest. It was the spring in Italy. 'Spring, bright prophet of God's eternal youth, herald ever eloquent of heaven's undying joy, had once more wrought its

miracle of resurrection on the vineyards and olive-groves of Tuscany, and touched with gently-wakening fingers the myrtle and the orange in the gardens of Florence.' 'I am homesick,' Margaret had written years before, but where is that home? The sad family took ship with many misgivings. An Italian fortune-teller had warned Margaret to 'beware of the sea,' and the voyage was undertaken with many presentiments of danger. It was disastrous from the very outset. The captain died on the voyage, and the mate either mistook his reckonings, or was bewildered by the currents that disturbed the ship's course. The little Angelo was seized with severe illness, and all grew dark around them. Again it brightened; the child recovered, but only to share the melancholy fate of his father and mother. The vessel struck upon the beach near Long Island, while the passengers were in bed. They were brought on deck with much difficulty. The captain's widow and some of the crew were saved by planks and by swimming. Still no effort was made to save the others by those who had collected on the beach, eagerly looking out for, and carrying off, the valuables which were washed ashore.

'Now came Margaret's turn. But she steadily refused to be separated from Ossoli and Angelo. On a raft with them, she would boldly have encountered the surf, but alone she would not go. Probably she had appeared to assent to the plan for escaping upon the planks, with the view of inducing Mrs. Hasty to trust herself to the care of the best man on board; very possibly, also, she had never learned the result of their attempt, as, scated within the fore-castle, she could not see the beach. She knew, too, that if a life-boat could be sent, Davis was one who would neglect no effort to expedite its coming. While she was yet declining all persuasions, word was given from the deck that the life-boat had finally appeared. For a moment the news lighted up again the flickering fire of hope. They might yet be saved—be saved together! Alas! to the experienced eyes of the sailors it too soon became evident that there was no attempt to launch or man her. The last chance of aid from shore, then, was gone utterly. They must rely on their own strength, or perish; and if ever they were to escape the time had come; for at noon the storm had somewhat lulled; but already the tide had turned, and it was plain that the wreck could not hold together through another flood. In this emergency, the commanding-officer, who until now had remained at his post, once more appealed to Margaret to try to escape—urging that the ship would inevitably break up soon; that it was mere suicide to remain longer; that he did not feel free to sacrifice the lives of the crew, or to throw away his own; finally, that he would himself take Angelo, and that the sailors should go with Celeste, (a maid-servant,) Ossoli, and herself. But, as before, Margaret decisively declared that she would not be parted from her husband or her child. The order was then given to 'save themselves:' and all but four of the crew jumped over, several of whom, together with the commander, reached shore alive, though severely bruised and

wounded by the drifting fragments. . . . Of the four seamen who still stood by the passengers, three were as efficient as any among the crew of the *Elizabeth*; these were the steward, carpenter, and cook; the fourth was an old sailor, who, broken down by hardship and sickness, was going home to die. These men were once again persuading Margaret, Ossoli, and Celeste, to try the planks which they held ready in the lee of the ship, and the steward, by whom Nino was so much beloved, had just taken the little fellow in his arms with the pledge, that he would save him or die, when a sea struck the forecastle; and the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it. The steward and Angelo were washed upon the beach both dead, though warm, some twenty minutes after. The cook and the carpenter were thrown far upon the foremast, and saved themselves by swimming. Celeste and Ossoli caught for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave swallowed them up. Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. It was over; that twelve hours' communion face to face with death! It was over; and the prayer was granted, "that Ossoli, Angelo, and I, may go together, and that the anguish may be brief."—pp. 329-330.

Thus perished one whose gifts and acquirements might have shed a lustre around her name, and contributed worthily to the honour of her country by raising the character of its literature. America has much to regret in the early death of Margaret Fuller. Undeveloped as her intellect in its natural tone may be said to have been, it was sufficiently obvious that there was that in it which is no every-day product. What she has left us in her literary labours was but a promise; her life-labour—her enthusiasm—her high-hearted devotion to truth and nobleness—the strength of character which is born of suffering, was more. If ever there was an earnest liver upon this earth it was Margaret Fuller, notwithstanding all that dreary deadening cramming in her childhood, and that speculative vagueness—that Emersonianism into which she was afterwards dragged. Her large true heart was ever reaching above and struggling to get beyond these, and that her rough share in the battle of life would have enabled her to fight up to a position beyond them, we have no doubt whatever. 'Too soon, too soon was she called from the field,' say we in our blindness; but it was not too soon, for God's voice called her. It is not for us to pierce the veil of the mysterious future. Yet, in our honest admiration of such rare abilities and energy, we look with sad regret on the poor preparation which Emersonianism affords for either the struggles of life or the issues of death, while it turns away with irreverent scorn from Him who has 'brought life and immortality to light.'



ART. IV.— *The Rhododendrons of Sikkim Himalaya; being an Account, Botanical and Geographical, of the Rhododendrons recently discovered in the Mountains of Eastern Himalaya, from Drawings and Descriptions made on the spot, during a Government Botanical Mission to that Country.* By Joseph Dalton Hooker, R.N., M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Edited by Sir W. J. Hooker, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., Vice-President of the Linnæan Society, and Director of the Royal Gardens of Kew. In three Parts. London: Reeve and Benham. 1850 and 1851.

ORNAMENTAL GARDENING may be justly regarded as one of the most important of the 'fine arts,' one which exercises a benign influence on the mind and morals in all ranks of life, and in every condition of society, and, moreover, one which tends more than any other to lead to a love of nature, and to a contemplation of the interesting and beautiful phenomena presented to notice in the world around us. It is therefore desirable, that we should occasionally devote a page or two to note the progress of a pursuit, which (to the happiness of our land) has become a *national* amusement; and it gives us peculiar satisfaction to introduce to our readers' notice, at the present time, a contribution to the literature of gardening so decidedly important as Dr. Hooker's magnificent work on the 'Rhododendrons of Sikkim Himalaya.' The discoveries which it is its purpose to detail have been the 'topic of the day' amongst horticulturists of all ranks for more than twelve months, and the recent publication of the concluding part of the work has gratified perhaps a keener anxiety than was ever evinced before in Britain in respect to a horticultural or botanical work.

It is a remark of Humboldt, that the multiplied means which painting can command for stimulating the fancy and concentrating in a small space the phenomena of sea and land, are denied to our plantations in gardens or in hothouses; but it is the opinion of the same illustrious observer of natural phenomena, that the inferiority in general impression is compensated by the mastery which the reality everywhere exerts over the senses. When, in a palm-house, 'we look down from the high gallery, during a bright noonday sunshine, upon the abundance of reed-like and arborescent palms, a complete illusion in respect to the locality in which we are placed is momentarily produced. We seem to be actually in the climate of the tropics, looking down from the summit of a hill upon a

small thicket of palms. The aspect of the deep blue sky, and the impression of a greater intensity of light are, indeed, wanting; but still the illusion is greater, and the imagination more vividly active, than from the most perfect painting: we associate with each vegetable form the wonders of a distant land; we hear the rustling of the fan-like leaves, and see the changing play of light, as, gently moved by slight currents of air, the waving tops of the palms come into contact with each other. So great is the charm which reality can give. The European forms of vegetation are familiar to all of us, both from our own observation and from the essays of the artist's pencil; but not so those more gorgeous forms developed under the favouring climatic conditions afforded in the tropics. Our nature-loving artists have not studied nature in her grandest aspects, where she appears in the fulness of grace and beauty. 'He who, with feelings alive to the beauties of nature in mountain, river, or forest scenery, has himself wandered in the torrid zone, and beheld the variety and luxuriance of the vegetation, not merely on the well-cultivated coasts, but also on the declivities of the snow-crowned Andes, the Himalaya, or the Neilgherries of Mysore, or in the virgin forests watered by the network of rivers between the Orinoco and the Amazons, can feel—and he alone can feel—how almost infinite is the field which still remains to be opened to landscape painting' in tropical countries; and how 'all that this department of art has yet produced, is not to be compared to the magnitude of the treasures of which, at some future day, it may become possessed.' In the present age, therefore, we look to gardening as the only available source (save that of toilsome foreign travel) whereby we may be supplied with a knowledge of those remarkable and characteristic traits of vegetable physiognomy which give birth to the gorgeous and diversified scenery of different regions of the globe. The principal gardening establishments of Europe each represent, more or less perfectly, the physiognomic features of those regions presenting the most diversified climatic conditions. But there is, perhaps, no region of the globe whose vegetation is more imperfectly represented in its physiognomic character, in our hothouses and gardens, than the Himalayan range of mountains, whose lofty character, inducing most remarkable and excessively vicissitudinal climate, is well calculated to give birth to a peculiar flora. We therefore regard the discoveries of Dr Hooker—made during a botanical mission on behalf of the British government—as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the geographical features of the earth's flora, and of a kind which was universally felt as a desideratum to science. Seeds of the Hookerian rhododendrons

have been liberally distributed from Kew Garden to all the horticultural and botanical establishments of note in Britain, and in the course of a few years we may enjoy the delight of beholding, in all their native magnificence, some of the most gorgeous plants that are found in *any* region of the world.

We are informed in the preface to the first fasciculus of Dr. Hooker's work that Darjeeling, in the Sikkim portion of the Himalaya, the native country of the rhododendrons figured, is situated in latitude  $27^{\circ}$  N., and in the same longitude as Calcutta, from which it is about 380 miles distant. Its elevation above the sea level is 7,200 feet, and its mean yearly temperature about  $53^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. About 60 miles distant, a snowy range extends, in which the prominent peak of Kinchin-junga rises to an elevation of nearly 29,000 feet, the highest mountain at present known in the world.\*

Here is Dr. Hooker's depiction of the physical aspects of the Indian rhododendron region:—

'Much as I had heard and read of the magnificence and beauty of Himalayan scenery, my highest expectations have been surpassed. I arrived at Darjeeling on a rainy, misty day, which did not allow me to see ten yards in any direction, much less to descry the snowy range distant sixty miles in a straight line. Early next morning I caught my first view, and literally held my breath in awe and admiration. Six or seven successive ranges of forest-clad mountains as high as that whereon I stood,† intervened between me and a dazzling white pile of snow-clad mountains, among which the giant peak of Kinchin-junga rose 20,000 feet above the left point from which I gazed. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere the snow appeared to my fancy but a few miles off, and the loftiest mountain at only a day's journey. The heavenward outline was projected against a pale blue sky; while little detached patches of mist clung here and there to the highest peaks, and were tinged golden yellow, or rosy red, by the rising sun, which touched these elevated points long ere it reached the lower position which I occupied. Such is the aspect of the Himalaya range at early morning. As the sun's rays dart into the many valleys which lie between the snowy mountains and Darjeeling, the stagnant air contained in the low recesses becomes quickly heated, heavy masses of vapour, dense, white, and keenly defined, arise from the hollows, meet over the crests of the hills, cling to the forests on their summits, enlarge, unite, and ascend rapidly to the rarefied regions above—a phenomenon so suddenly developed that the consequent withdrawal from the spectator's gaze of the stupendous scenery beyond looks like the work of magic.'—Part I. Preface, pp. 5-6.

Such are the scenes amid which the gay rhododendrons flourish.

These plants 'form conspicuous features in the Himalayan landscape over many degrees of longitude, and through a great

\* The next measurement is stated at 28,172 feet.

† 8000 feet.

variety of elevation, and clothe a vast amount of surface. They require a warm and damp climate, where the winters are mild. A certain degree of winter cold and perpetual humidity are necessary; but the summer heat is quite tropical where some of the species prevail, and snow rarely falls, and never rests on several of those peculiar to Sikkim.' The Sikkim Himalayas must be regarded as the centre of distribution, or (to avoid involving theoretical views) the head-quarters of the genus *Rhododendron*.

The progressive extension of our knowledge of the earth's flora, as illustrating the progress of botanical science, is well shown by a reference to the history of the genus *Rhododendron*. The total number of species that had become known to science up to the close of the eighteenth century, was eleven,—one (*R. ponticum*) a native of Asia Minor, and interesting on account of its poisonous qualities; two of the European Alps; two of Siberia; one of Austria and Piedmont; one of the United States of North America; one of Lapland and the Arctic Regions; one of Behring's Straits; one of the Caucasus; and one of the mountains of India. Many additions to this list have been made during the present century, botanical research having disclosed the hidden treasures of India, Java, and the Rocky Mountains, all of which have yielded up valuable additions to the *Rhododendron* family. In the year 1839, De Candolle was enabled to describe in all thirty-two species from different parts of the world. Dr. Hooker, however, has eclipsed *all* former discoveries in this department, for during his short sojourn in Sikkim he added no less than thirty-two species totally new to science, thus exactly *doubling* the number which the researches of botanists throughout all parts of the world had made known up to the period of De Candolle's publication to which we have alluded. And Dr. Hooker's discoveries are not to be valued alone for their interest in a botanical point of view. Many of the species introduced by him are *most valuable* additions to the ornamental shrubs and conservatory plants of our gardens, and as such shall be speedily spread over the length and breadth of Europe, wherever that pioneer of the fine arts, ornamental gardening, is recognised.

We cannot find space to enter into any detail of the various species of *Rhododendron* described in the work before us, more especially as the information conveyed is chiefly of that statistical kind calculated to be more useful to the student of science than to the general reader. We shall, however, notice one or two of those remarkable kinds which afford points of general interest.

One of the most gorgeous of the Sikkim rhododendrons is *R. fulgens*, aptly styled the '*Brilliant Rhododendron*,' the

corolla of which is of a deep, bright blood-red, highly shining. It occurs at an elevation of 12,000 to 14,000 feet, producing its superb flowers in the month of June. It is thus described by Dr. Hooker:—

‘This, the richest ornament of the Alpine regions of Sikkim-Himalaya, in the month of June, forms a very prevalent shrub at the elevations assigned to it; not yielding in abundance to its constant associates, *R. æruginosum* and *R. Maddeni*, and like the former, pushing forth young leaves of a beautiful verdigris-green in July and August. The foliage is perennial, and gives a singular hue to the bleak snowy mountain-faces, immediately overhung by the perpetual snow, contrasting in August in broad masses or broken clumps with the bright scarlet of the Berberry, the golden yellow of the fading birch and mountain ash, the lurid heavy green of the perennial juniper, and the black raw brown of the withered herbage. Whether, then, for the glorious effulgence in spring of its deep scarlet blossoms, which appear to glow like fire in the morning sunlight, or the singular tint it at other seasons wears, this is among the most striking of the plants which lend to those inhospitable regions the varied hues which are denied to the comparatively habitable, but gloomy forests of the temperate zone on the same mountains.’—Part iii. tab. 25.

Should this species prove an easily cultivated one, it will form a ‘grand’ acquisition to the garden. The peculiarities of a Himalayan climate, however, are not easily imitated in Britain, and it remains to be seen in how far cultivators will succeed with the Sikkim rhododendrons. We examined the seedling plants at Kew very carefully last summer, and have had opportunities of seeing them in other establishments, at *all* of which they are thriving well.

One of the most curious little plants in existence is *rhododendron nivale*, the Snow rhododendron, a singular species, which attains a higher elevation on the mountains than any other shrub in the world. It is a low growing, shrubby plant, spreading horizontally on the loftiest bare slopes of the mountains in the Thibetan frontier, at an elevation of 16,000 to 18,000 feet. It flowers in the months of June and July, and diffuses an odour like that of Eau de Cologne. The Snow rhododendron is dwelt upon with evident delight by our enraptured author:—

‘The latest to bloom and earliest to mature its seeds, by far the smallest in foliage, and proportionably largest in flower, most lepidote in vesture, humble in stature, rigid in texture, deformed in habit, yet the most odoriferous, it may be recognised, even in the Herbarium as the production of the loftiest elevation on the surface of the globe—of the most excessive climate—of the joint influences of a scorching sun by day, and the keenest frost at night—of the greatest drought followed in a few hours by a saturated atmosphere—of the balmiest calm alternating with the whirlwind of the Alps. For eight months of the year it is buried under many feet of snow; for the remaining four, it is frequently snowed and

sunned in the same hour. During genial weather, when the sun heats the soil to 15°, its perfumed foliage scents the air; whilst to snow-storm and frost it is insensible, blooming through all, expanding its little purple flowers to the day, and only closing them to wither after fertilization has taken place.'—(Part iii., tab. 26 B.)

From the above account this species would appear to be ill suited for garden culture; the excessive climate which seems so ungenial to vegetable development, is no doubt necessary for its growth.

One feature in the natural history of the *Rhododendron* is worthy of special remark—viz., the production by some species of a *poisonous* 'honey,' which is secreted by the flowers. The *Rhododendrons* are thus distinguished, in a marked manner, by their properties, from the other plants belonging to the natural order *Ericaceæ*, or heath family, none of the true heaths being poisonous, nor do they even exhibit any trace of deleterious properties. The honey, which gave rise to symptoms of poisoning in the Greek soldiers during the celebrated Retreat of the Ten Thousand mentioned by Xenophon, is recorded to have been obtained from *Rhododendron ponticum* and *Azalea pontica*, two ornamental shrubs much cultivated in our gardens and shrubberies, and recommended for this purpose by their early flowers. It is recorded that those who partook of the honey fell down in a stupified state. According to Major Madden (whose researches in Oriental botany have recently been, in part, brought prominently before the botanical public), the leaves and flowers of *Rhododendron arboreum* (one of the richest of our conservatory plants) sometimes poison the cattle which partake of them, along with the surrounding foliage and herbage, in the mountains of Kumaon. Several other species are narcotic, and produce poisonous honey, while others yield a resinous matter having a powerful and oppressive odour. *R. setosum* is the *Tkalu* of the Sikkim Bhoteas, and Thibetians, who attribute the oppression and headaches attending the crossing of the loftiest passes of the Eastern Himalaya to the strongly resinous odour of this and *R. anthopogon*, the *Palu* of the natives.

The species certainly abounds to within a few miles of the summits of all the passes, and, after hot sunshine, fills the atmosphere with its powerful aroma, too heavy by far to be agreeable, and it is indeed a sad aggravation to the discomforts of toiling in the rarefied medium it inhabits. Covering, as it does, extensive moorland tracts and rocky slopes, the brilliant red purple of its flowers renders it a charming and most lovely object. In its late flowering and early fruiting, it is eminently typical of the briefer and more distinctly circumscribed summer of those elevated regions, and no less so are its powerfully strong odour and copious resinous secretions, of a drier climate than any, except a very few, of its congeners enjoy.



The hand, on being passed over the foliage and branches, is imbued with the clammy exudation, and long retains the scent. An useful volatile oil, of no less marked character than that of the American *Gaultheria procumbens* (the oil of wintergreen used by perfumers and druggists), would probably be yielded by distillation of the foliage.'—Part ii., tab. 20.

Some of the poisonous species, however, seem to possess useful properties. A Siberian narcotic species (*R. chrysanthum*) has been used to allay pain in rheumatic and neuralgic affections; and the oil procured from the buds of the Swiss *Rhododendron* (*R. ferrugineum*) is said to possess the property of soothing pains in the joints when applied externally.

We rise from the perusal of Dr. Hooker's work with great pleasure. The drawings are *excellent*; and our only regret is, that *the work is published at such a price as to be beyond the reach of many cultivators into whose hands it ought to fall.*

The concluding part exhibits a certain *tendency* towards 'hair-splitting,' to which the Hookers have never been addicted. An occasional awkwardness of expression in some of the descriptions we attribute to the circumstance of the two first fasciculi having been published from Dr. Hooker's notes previous to his return to England.

ART. V.—1. *The History of Liverpool.* By Thomas Baines. 8vo. Liverpool. 1850-1.

2. *Pictorial Relics of Ancient Liverpool.* By W. G. Herdman. Folio. Liverpool. 1843.

Two effects, to follow unquestionably upon Mr. Ewart's law to facilitate the foundation of public libraries, have not yet obtained due attention in the various estimates made of the usefulness of the law. These libraries are regarded in some quarters with an indifference only to be accounted for by an unconsciousness of their value. The time, then, is fitting for a careful examination of every argument in favour of a measure adopted almost with acclamation in Parliament.

The two peculiar effects in the establishment of public libraries here alluded to are—first, the more careful preservation, and secondly, the more extensive using, of vast stores of intelligence, scattered in all quarters, and in many forms, in public and private repositories of our written memorials, and of our mouldering historical monuments. In very numerous cases indeed, these are either perishing in our hands, or they are

little known, and, therefore, only slightly appreciated, or, if well known, it is with extreme difficulty that they are accessible. A cathedral could be named where two good libraries were long disused, and the books piled like broken-up bales in a deserted warehouse, although one of them was subscribed for by the whole county two centuries ago. Unique maps and early editions of costly works were rotting with damp, and the whole, naturally enough, shut up close from censorious visitors. Our forefathers, however, when they *chained* up their literary benefactions, did so to secure the use of the books to *all* readers.

'I wull,' said Judge Littleton, in 1481, in his bequest of the '*Gesta Romanorum*' to the convent of Halesowen, 'that the volume be bounden with an iron chain in the church, so that all priests and others may see it, and read it *when it pleaseth* them.'

In those days churches were usually kept open. To the chain prudently provided for safe custody of the volume, thus left free to all comers, there is now added the locked door, so that no comers at all can read *at pleasure*. Important collections of books abound, attesting the zeal of our forefathers in furnishing means of instruction; and these collections will, of course, in many cases, be made the foundations of the proposed public libraries. Their preservation and easy accessibility secured, they will be turned to account in the enlightenment of many parts of the country now less advanced than more favoured localities, solely for want of intellectual culture.

A little inquiry into the character of our provincial literature will show the extent to which the trouble of preserving literary stores from decay will be rewarded.

No corner of the land is without attractions, traditional, natural, or industrial. But there is generally wanting to the local student, and the passing stranger, a common centre at which proper access may be had to whatever they are diligently seeking. Private collections, guide-books, reports of societies, newspapers, and catalogues, do much to remove difficulties. With all this, however, a very industrious inquirer, after spending much time profitably any where, will discover that he has had but a glimpse and mere outside view of many local treasures of knowledge. These public libraries will fully supply his need by offering, in numerous cases, complete collections of existing materials, and in all, a convenient way to such as are not yet confided to public custody.

County histories show the great value of local stores, and, imperfect as these histories for the most part still are, they possess peculiar charms wanting to general history—an individual romantic spirit, like that of biography, in materials for

which they so much abound. Henry V. and Owen Glendower, in the 'History of Monmouthshire and Herefordshire,' and Lady Jane Grey, preferring her books to the deer-hunt at Bradgate, as the story is told in that of Leicestershire, are gems of great value; and give familiar views of those celebrated historical personages, which leave only the regret that such traces of their private lives are not more extended. Sir Philip Sidney, at the Grammar School at Shrewsbury, and again when threatening his father's secretary, somewhat rashly, with his dagger for looking at his letters, are interesting even in comparison with his display of humanity to the wounded soldier at Zutphen, which history records. Sir Francis Drake tracking the fresh-water springs of Dartmoor to Plymouth at the heels of his wizard horse, is at least as instructive in our sanatory days, as his brilliant buccaneering on the Spanish main, of which historians so eagerly tell the tale. General history gives Hampden too exclusive honour for resisting ship-money, when county records prove this same principle to have been maintained by other men at the same hazard. Of these one of the most remarkable was Colonel John Moore, who was sent to the Tower for vindicating the liberties of Englishmen, and afterwards became one of the judges of Charles. Again, the boy Clive climbing the steeple of a country church, is more daring, and more innocent too, than the conqueror of India at Plassy.

The like instances might be multiplied without end, and without wearying, from the annals of Cornwall to those of the Orkneys.

County histories, too, have in themselves much of the picturesque, as they are useful guides to it in natural scenes. White's 'Selborne' and Isaac Walton's 'Angler,' are only fine monograms, as it were, of our local literature. Poo Roby's\* 'Traditions of Lancashire,' and Mrs. Bray's 'Volumes on Devon,' Mrs. Hall's 'Irish Scenes,' and Mr. Howitt's English ones, are all of the same class, full of the beautiful of nature, and of passion in private life as exhibited in spots which the tourist seeks the more eagerly after having enjoyed them in description.

These local histories have another, and a higher source of interest. The annals of industry and science, and of social life, do not always show the distribution of fame to be according to well-deserving: and although it may be ungracious to deprive the meritoriously successful of high honours, it is common justice to award a late reputation to the more meritorious, who did not realize the fair hopes of their lives of toil. The

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\* Mr. Roby was drowned in the Orion steamer in 1850.

proofs of unrewarded merit lie scattered among the retired corners of the land for considerate collectors, just as an invaluable painting has often been discovered in an old curiosity shop, or a rare volume upon a stall in a country town. Arkwright may deserve his millions for bold and judicious combinations in cotton manufacture, and Crompton may have been wisely rewarded by parliament for his improved cotton machinery, but it is to Charles Wyatt, of Birmingham, to Thomas High of Leigh, the father of *Jenny*, whose name at least seems to be perpetuated in the art of spinning cotton, and to his fellow-townsmen John Kay, and to James Hargreaves, of Blackburn, all ill-enough paid when living, that the voice of the country gives a late credit for inventing the machines which made other men rich. True fame may often be found out of the Herald's College.

There have also been strange coincidences in regard to important discoveries and inventions, and the evidence of such coincidences lie hidden among local records.

There are, further, some opinions, disregarded in times past, which are now better appreciated. Those opinions may have taken refuge, in the days of their discredit, in county history, when they ought to have graced the national literature. The historian of Manchester, Dr. Whitaker, is a famous example of this, in regard to his sound judgment on the sources of the English tongue. His 3000 *British* words which were laughed at in the last century for an etymological blunder, are now recognised by the highest authorities as a moderate estimate of the true sources of our language.

It is, finally, in those bye-ways, that striking examples of great popular progress in letters or science are often met with. Such an one is the anecdote published in a Sunderland journal, and copied into half the newspapers of the country, to the effect that the best customers to the booksellers in Northumberland for works of abstruse science are coal-miners; and a pendant to it may be offered in an incident that occurred some years since at Litchfield. A lame mechanic was cheapening 'Saunderson's Mathematics' at a bookseller's in the presence of a dignitary of the cathedral, who, with a stranger, struck, like himself, by the wistful looks and regret of the student at the price beyond his means, willingly contributed the difference. He was afterwards known to make excellent use of the gift.

Local literature may, in fact, be called the *raw material* skilfully collected, of much of our social history; and which able writers, like Thierry, in France, and our Macaulay, know how to use with effect.

In the 'History of Liverpool,' of which the title stands at

proofs of unrewarded merit lie scattered among the retired corners of the land for considerate collectors, just as an invaluable painting has often been discovered in an old curiosity shop, or a rare volume upon a stall in a country town. Arkwright may deserve his millions for bold and judicious combinations in cotton manufacture, and Crompton may have been wisely rewarded by parliament for his improved cotton machinery, but it is to Charles Wyatt, of Birmingham, to Thomas Highs of Leigh, the father of *Jenny*, whose name at least seems to be perpetuated in the art of spinning cotton, and to his fellow-townsmen John Kay, and to James Hargreaves, of Blackburn, all ill-enough paid when living, that the voice of the country gives a late credit for inventing the machines which made other men rich. True fame may often be found out of the Herald's College.

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the head of this article, the author, Mr. Thomas Baines (a son of the late member for Leeds, who himself wrote a capital work on Lancashire), has elevated the annals of a great emporium of trade to the rank of general history, by illustrations of local progress, drawn from the most extensive commercial experience over all the world. Connecting the characteristics of this port with whatever at home and abroad may have contributed to its rise, he points out the peculiar influences to which that rise is traceable; and he has ably interwoven his respective illustrations with a narrative of facts belonging to general as well as to local history. Nowhere is the contrast better shown than in Mr. Baines' pages, between the ancient desolation of the northern counties, at the sight of which *conquering soldiers stood aghast*, and the flourishing condition of the east and south of England at the same period. Nowhere is the rise of the manufacturing and commercial wealth of the same northern counties more clearly traced to the water power supplied by an inexhaustible atmosphere, and shed through multitudinous mountains and valleys, to the far greater power of canals, coals, and steam, all tending to fill an admirable harbour with commodities from half the world beyond sea. He then presents us with a luminous view of that half world, America, and British India, whose commerce belongs so largely to Liverpool.

Mr. Baines has made great and judicious use of antiquarian lore, of which a single short extract must here suffice.

Sir Edward Moore, the son of the patriot of the commonwealth Colonel Moore, already mentioned, succeeded, at the restoration of Charles II., to a dilapidated estate. He left it, improved with great care, to his son; and, as was common in that age, he also left him *a testament of advice*, for his governance in life. This document contains curious details of manners, and striking proofs of the sagacity of the writer. Among other matters, he expatiates on the advantages his family can derive from the enlargement to be expected of the town of Liverpool, where he himself much encouraged building. New streets were named by him; and, says Mr. Baines—

‘*Fenwick-street*, in Liverpool, was so named from the feeling of conjugal affection for an excellent wife, who made her husband's home happy, and twice saved him and his family from ruin. The following is a touching and eloquent summary of the reasons which induced Sir Edward Moore to name *Fenwick-street* after this wife, the daughter of a brave old Loyalist.

“The reasons,” says Sir Edward, in his testament, “why I named this street *Fenwick-street* were four; the first of which is, that your mother was one of the co-heirs of Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon Hall, in Northumberland, by whom I came actually possessed of £700 a-year, or of



inheritance, for my third part. The second is, for that by her fortune I disengaged £10,000 of a debt contracted by my unfortunate father in the service of the Parliament in those late unhappy wars. The third reason is, for that my whole estate was confiscated for my father's fault, dead fifteen years before; and notwithstanding, on the petition of my wife to the Lords, they ordered four earls to go with it to the King, to acquaint his Majesty that the sense of the house was, the petitioner was a fit object of mercy, in regard that her father was an excepted person from pardon by the late usurper, and had lost, from his loyalty to the value of £100,000, a third of which should have been hers! Besides, she herself endured much hardship by imprisonment and other things for her loyalty. So the King was graciously pleased to grant my father's estate to such feoffees as she should name. Thus, under God, you see she and her fortune saved your estate in Lancashire twice. The fourth reason why I named this street so is, that, to add to all those mercies which God was pleased to make her an instrument in, to sweeten them the more to us, he hath been pleased to bless us with four sons and two daughters."

Then, turning from the son for whom these curious papers were especially written, the good old man addresses himself with an author's commendable pride and some solemnity to the stranger who might at some future day be interested in the story:—"These reasons considered," he says, "I hope, whoever thou art that reads the same, thou would not condemn my gratitude to God Almighty for predestinating such an instrument to match into our family." ('History of Liverpool,' p. 329.)—Very far indeed from that; on the contrary, all will join heartily in Mr. Baines' tribute of respect to the worthy father of the great seaport for thus doing affectionate homage to the excellencies of his spouse. It is worth a journey to Lancashire to read on the spot so valuable a record of county history, only just printed nearly two centuries after it was written.

The history of Liverpool narrates the past events of two thousand years in this busy corner of Britain; and it follows up the little fishing hamlet upon a creek in the Mersey, through a curious succession of scenes, in which Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman, were separate actors, until a combined people raised the rich work of civilization before us, far too much still mingled with the degradations of extreme poverty. This history of prosperous enterprise offers great lessons to the reader; and some remarkable facts demonstrate that the lessons are needed. The enormous blunders of filling up *two* land-locked, naturally wet docks, of cutting down a magnificent grove of *sheltered* trees, and of bringing down a crumbling old tower of a church upon the congregation in spite of warning, are strong proofs of the need the local authorities have had of *flapping*; and the risk that Liverpool and its prodigious docks run at this moment of being destroyed by the explosion of ill-placed pow-

der magazines, which the corporation is reluctant to remove, shows that the leaven of old blundering prevails still.

The 'pictorial relics' of Mr. Herdman attain the same object of instructing his reader, but it is through the medium of a correct and highly cultivated taste, in a volume of fine drawings.

The local artist, familiar with the place of his early days, and with its history, invests his subject with a poetry that relieves the streets of Liverpool a little from the intolerable desecration of unceasing smoke. Mr. Herdman has two passages, for one of which visitants fortunate enough to fall upon brilliant Lancashire days of sunshine will be thankful; but they must be early risers to enjoy them. It shows the details of a magnificent view from the heights of Everton, a view extending north to the Isle of Man, Rydal, and the Yorkshire hills; eastward to Derbyshire; Cheshire, and Wales, South and West.

The second passage, relative to the *Ladies' Walk*, constitutes a standing charge against the authorities, of Vandalism in destroying a chief grace, and at the same time the very lungs of a great town.

'From the east side of Bath-street, near the Old Fort, to Old Hall-street, was formerly a favourite promenade, called the "Ladies' Walk," the destruction of which has been much regretted. The following is the description of it in the unpublished MS. reminiscences of Mrs. Hargreaves: At the end of Old Hall-street, says that lady, was formerly a fine walk with a double row of trees on each side, much frequented by the respectable inhabitants, and especially by merchants, who found it a good post of observation from which to note the approach of their vessels to the port. The direction of the walk was towards the shore, where it terminated in a flight of steps, opposite the old baths. The destruction of this beautiful walk, with its fine avenue of trees, was cause of great lamentation at the time. The whole site is now occupied by coal-yards, while the baths and fort, to which it conducted, are occupied by the Regent's Dock. The Ladies' Walk has been destroyed perhaps above thirty years. A hawthorn transplanted from it when demolished is now flourishing at Broad Green. What was called Maiden's Green (near VULCAN-street) was, with the surrounding neighbourhood, formerly an open place with grass, on which the young people were accustomed on holidays and summer evenings to meet to enjoy a merry dance.

'The WISHING Gate, near Mile-end Rocks, was also a favourite resort of the relatives of seamen, *who hastened* thither to wave a last farewell to the departing mariner. The site of this *Wishing* gate is now occupied by the Clarence Dock.'

It is a charming thought of Mr. Herdman to have preserved drawings of these 'relics;' and the authorities of Liverpool at present think that the time is come to repair out of the resources of their prodigious trade the damage done by it to the old

adornments of their town. Last year, architects and artists were invited to send in plans of large improvements for Liverpool and its neighbourhood. Liberal prizes were given for two of these plans, the whole of which were exhibited at the Town Hall. One of them took up the correct idea of harmonizing the elements of vegetable and animal life by the careful distribution of *planted* spaces over and about all the town. The success of Sir J. Paxton's palace of crystal has also produced proposals for similar constructions in Liverpool on a large scale, *with horticultural additions*, which the circumstances of the place render quite practicable; and the beautiful arrangement of the park of Birkenhead on the opposite shore, also Sir J. Paxton's, justifies a sanguine hope, that 'VULCAN streets' will no longer be allowed their disastrous monopoly of space on the shores of the Mersey. We need not attempt to put them down by indictment, like Mr. Muspratt's famous soda-ash works; for commerce can afford from its gains to provide, in the free enjoyment of pure air and clean walks, a compensation for its too frequent deductions from our comfort.

Mr. Herdman records the details of the fatal incident, already alluded to, with its lesson. In 1810, the spire and tower fell through the roof of the old church, and killed twenty-three young girls of a school, and three women already assembled. He adds with earnest propriety,—'This terrible disaster might, in all probability, have been avoided, information having been given to some of the authorities about the church by an elderly person, who had observed the situation of the stones forming the lower arch of the tower, that it would be dangerous to ring the bells. This advice was not attended to, though urged a few minutes previous to the time of ringing.'—p. 39. Probably the 'authorities' did not go to afternoon service, and so were deaf to the notice!

Local history, as illustrated by institutional records and by biography, offers another topic in Lancashire of superior interest. It concerns the foundation of the Liverpool asylum for the blind, in 1790, the first of such institutions in England. In reference to it a question has arisen, whether it was adopted from one previously founded in France by the brother of the celebrated Houty, and which had a German origin,—or whether it sprang from a purely British source. The latter seems probable; as a common spirit of intelligent benevolence prevailed throughout Europe at that time, and common efforts of reform and improvement may have been made on many points without concert. This conclusion is confirmed by the positive testimony of the report of the Liverpool asylum for the blind, in

1793, in which it is asserted, that it had then, three years after the founding of the institution, been discovered that a similar one existed in Paris.

But a second question raised is, to what Englishman we owe this first step in a line of philanthropy that does the age honour? Five names have been put forward as claimants—viz., 1. Henry Arnold, of Ormskirk, a *blind* man, whose improvement under care qualified him to be an organist, and then to acquire independence in a reputable business. 2. The Rev. Henry Dannett, an eminent benefactor to this asylum in all ways. 3. John Christie, also a blind man, whose musical acquirements were remarkable. 4. The late Pudsey Dawson, a great friend of the institution; and lastly, *blind* Edward Rushton, of Liverpool—a man of rare talents and rarer character, sustained under great afflictions through a life of social heroism. A newspaper of old date contains his own account of this controverted matter, to which are here prefixed a few words respecting this remarkable man.

When a very young seaman—an apprentice—he saved his ship after the captain had abandoned the command in despair, and the helmsman his post. Seizing the rudder, he called the crew to their duty, and brought all safe into port. In the West Indies his own life was saved in a wreck by a negro, grateful for his many kindnesses, and who perished in the noble act.

In a slaver, at nineteen, he lost his sight by dressing the ophthalmia-stricken cargo of negroes, when no other officer would go to them in the hold. With his prospects thus ruined in youth, and with a blindness that lasted thirty years, he struggled against many difficulties; but he overcame them. He acquired independence as a bookseller—a condition that suited his literary taste; and recovering sight dimly by a skilful operation, he closed, in 1814, an active career of benevolence and public spirit—a foremost man in the good old cause of liberty in days when its friends were few, and their rewards scanty. His literary knowledge was extensive; his style in prose and verse above mediocrity. His sea-songs are among the best in the language.

Mr. Rushton's account of the foundation of this asylum is conclusive, and as it is only to be met with in an old Liverpool newspaper, it will be acceptable here both as a production of this good and able man, and also in reference to our suggestions of the advantage of carefully collecting the scattered materials of local interest within the new public libraries. This letter, too, has a more practical value. Asylums for the blind require extension and improvement, and the suggestions of their

originator in England may still be consulted with advantage for both purposes.

The paper is entitled 'A Few Plain Facts relative to the Origin of the Liverpool Institution for the Blind.'

'Early in the year 1790,' says Mr. Rushton, then himself a *blind man*, 'I regularly attended an association, consisting of ten or a dozen individuals, who assembled weekly for the purpose of literary discussion; and one evening, the conversation having turned on the recently established Marine Society, it was observed by a member of that body that the committee for the management of the marine fund had declined the acceptance of any small donations. It immediately occurred to me, that if an institution could be formed in Liverpool for the relief of its indigent and numerous blind, the small donations thus declined by the marine committee might be brought to flow in a channel not less benevolent, and prove of essential service in the establishment of a fund for the benefit of that unfortunate portion of the community.

'Forcibly impressed with this idea, I mentioned my design on the moment, and soon after produced two letters on the loss of sight.

'The second of these letters contained the outline of an institution, by which it was hoped that the pecuniary distresses, and consequently the gloom of the sightless, might, in some degree, be alleviated. My plan was briefly this:—that an association should be formed, consisting entirely of blind persons, that the names of females, as well as males, should be registered, and that each individual should contribute a small matter weekly, or monthly, with which, and the benefactions of the humane, such a fund might speedily be established as would afford to each a weekly allowance in case of sickness, superannuation, &c. This attempt I knew to be singular, and that I had no personal influence to recommend it; yet, as the sufferings of the indigent blind were great, and as good might be the result, I was resolved to persevere. There was also another stimulus: the Liverpool Marine Society had originated in a conversation between two individuals at the close of a convivial meeting, and the effects of this society were likely to prove highly beneficial; nor had I forgotten the invigorating remark of Shakespeare,—“Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might gain, by fearing to attempt.” Encouraged by these reflections, my letters on the blind were submitted to the opinion of our little community, in which, some months before, had originated the Liverpool Marine Society, and the idea of mitigating the misery of those hitherto neglected unfortunates was unanimously approved. It was deemed advisable, however, not to insert the letters in the Liverpool papers till the sanction or patronage of certain leading characters could be procured, and in this advice I thought it expedient to acquiesce. Among the members of our small, but interesting society, was a respectable musician of the name of Lowe, who was himself in a sightless state. Pleased with the plan, and having intercourse, in the way of his profession, with several affluent families, Mr. Lowe requested that he might be furnished with copies of the letters, in order to leave them in the hands of a few wealthy individuals, among whom he was

confident he could soon procure patrons for so novel, yet so benevolent an undertaking. The copies were accordingly made out, and Mr. Lowe had them in his possession for several months, during which they were shown to many respectable characters, and at length, about the middle of October, they were presented by Mr. Lowe to the Rev. Henry Dannett. This gentleman expressed himself warmly in favour of the design, inquired after the author of the letters, and sent a message by Mr. Lowe, requesting my company to breakfast on the following morning. But before I proceed it will be necessary to mention a circumstance which may prove of considerable importance in ascertaining the origin of the Liverpool Institution for the Blind. Some years previously to this period, a fellowship in misfortune had brought me acquainted with Mr. John Christie, musician, and this acquaintance his modest worth and ingenuity had ripened into friendship. To him, therefore, I communicated my design soon after it was formed, and by him that design was not only warmly approved, but he endeavoured to promote it by showing the copies of my letters whenever he thought they could be communicated with any prospect of success. Some months, however, had passed away, and little had been done towards furthering my plan of a beneficial institution. Mr. Lowe, indeed, had obtained some splendid promises, but not one particle of real support, when, about the beginning of September, my friend John Christie mentioned to me, for the first time, the happy idea of having a place appropriated for the use of the blind, wherein, by gratuitous musical instruction, they might soon be enabled to provide for themselves, which, to a well-disposed mind, must ever prove a source of the highest satisfaction. This judicious and humane idea, which I firmly believe to have originated with John Christie, was afterwards, at his request, expanded in a letter addressed to his benevolent friend Mr. Edward Alanson, surgeon, of Liverpool.

‘In the course of a few days, several manuscript copies of this letter were made, and, by the advice of Mr. Alanson, put into circulation. I was invited to dine with Mr. Dannett to discuss the subject, and there were present, exclusive of Mr. Dannett, Mr. Roscoc, the Rev. J. Smyth, Mr. Carson, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Christie, and myself. Immediately after dinner Mr. Dannett commenced the business by reading my two letters, and that of Mr. Christie’s, no other manuscript or document whatever being produced. A sheltering establishment for the indigent blind appeared the ardent wish of all. There was, indeed, some difference of opinion as to the scale on which it should commence, and as to the employments which would prove the most suitable, but not a syllable was uttered against the thing itself. The ideas contained in John Christie’s letter were discussed by the name of Christie’s plan, and the beneficial scheme as mine; and here it may be observed that by this meeting the beneficial fund was incorporated with the design, and actually forms a part of the first printed documents, though it has never yet been carried into execution. With the suggestions of John Christie as a ground-work, several rules and regulations were committed to writing during the afternoon, and to these Mr. Roscoe appeared particularly attentive. It was late in the evening before the company separated, and in order that the infant scheme might benefit by the observations which had been made during the discussion, it was



agreed that the second meeting should not be held till after the interval of a week. Accordingly, on the following Monday, another meeting was held at the house of Mr. Dannett; the regulations formed at the first meeting were deliberately read, and, after some little alterations and emendations of little moment, the documents were left in the hands of Mr. Dannett in order that they might be committed to the press.

If this forgotten provincial document were not acceptable in itself as an illustration both of the subject of this article, and of a most interesting branch of philanthropy, a melancholy excuse for it would be found in a recent very sudden event, the decease of Edward Rushton's son, for twelve years the universally respected police magistrate of Liverpool. This worthy son of a worthy sire was a man of pre-eminent qualities, high-minded and eloquent, an earnest patriot, and kind-hearted in all the relations of life. If it be a rare mark of superiority of character to bear an adverse lot with dignity, it is perhaps more rare to be equal to prosperous fortunes. In this remarkable family both sorts of eminence were exemplified in an extraordinary degree for three quarters of a century. The elder Rushton lived an unshrinking advocate of liberal opinions when their sincerest professors were too often exposed to contumely: the younger had his reward, and never abused it. There were points of strong resemblance in their career. The father was an enthusiastic friend to the negro race; the son ably promoted negro emancipation. The father's letter of remonstrance to Washington on the subject, although a production of great merit, is surpassed by the son's brilliant appeal to the American people to do themselves honour by giving the slave freedom.

The father was a powerful pleader for the seaman, whose best qualities his own brief career on the ocean nobly exemplified. The son pleaded with more effect for the criminal, whom it was his duty as a magistrate to condemn. When cut off prematurely, he was engaged, with every prospect of success, in establishing the only institution calculated to reform the young culprit, and to narrow extensively the influence of early crime—industrial schools, and profitable employment.

The north is justly proud of the Rushtons, the Roscoes, and their like. Home travel has no more delightful roads than those leading to the scenes such men have adorned; and our new public libraries, among many branches of usefulness, will have none more useful than in becoming depositories of minutest memorials of our worthies. As in the case of Sir Edward Moore's testament, it is often after a long lapse of years that circumstances are favourable to their publication. In the meanwhile, it is most important to have proper provision made for their safe custody.

Our local history abounds in the like characteristics of our people ; and those characteristics are more precious than the newly-revealed gold in Australia. Since the foregoing pages were penned, a very remarkable illustration of the value of such libraries as Mr. Ewart has planned, occurred in the discovery of some of the writings of *the founder of the Bank of England*, William Paterson. Something more is due to him, than to be mentioned in our popular literature, as ‘the ingenious and *restless* Scotchman *said to have* PROJECTED the Bank of England.’ —(‘Athenæum,’ 24th April, 1852, p. 147.)

Not only, however, did William Paterson project this great establishment, but he perfected it, and was one of its first chartered directors. It was by the dint of genius alone, that the unfriended, fortuneless Scotchman did this important public service to England at a most perilous crisis.

He also planned, and carried out, *as far as lay in him*, the noblest scheme of trade and colonization ever devised for Great Britain. His Darien Colony, the failure of which disgraced the reign of King William III. as deeply as the Massacre of Glencoe, was a small part only of that scheme ; and so far from its being exclusively Scotch, the king himself ultimately acknowledged its general utility.

But more than this ; there is preserved in the British Museum two other admirable productions of the genius of Paterson. One is an essay full of interest, upon the advantages of *Free Trade*, and containing designs for bringing it to bear effectually in support of the advancement of the good of mankind at large. The other is, the catalogue of a library of trade and finance, founded by Paterson in 1703, in Westminster, and the argument upon which he was led to found it. What became of this library is not yet ascertained ; but after seeing the ‘Marlborough Despatches’ and other treasures of the olden time brought to light, we need not despair of being able to raise up, in the works of William Paterson, a monument worthy of the man who was the real founder of the political economy of modern times. His character, too, proves, upon closer investigation, to be as deserving of our homage as his great talents. With much sagacity Mr. Warburton has, in his recent romance of ‘Darien ; or, the Merchant Prince,’ given a portraiture of his hero, verified by the strictest examination of the career of the man.

It is not sanguine to expect that Mr. Ewart’s *libraries* will become the attractive repositories of many such treasures now mouldering in garrets or cellars, and often consigned by mere neglect to irretrievable decay.

ART. VI.—*History of the American Revolution.* By George Bancroft.  
In three volumes. Vol. I. London: Bentley.

MR. BANCROFT'S '*History of the United States*' takes up the narrative where the third volume of the former series left it—that is, in the year 1748. We believe that some objections to the title, as not being strictly accurate—the former volumes being a history of the British North American Colonies before they were United States—have led the author, or the English publisher, to give this volume, as the first of a new series, the name of the '*History of the American Revolution.*' The objection was more specious than real, for a history of the United States naturally implies their history from their first foundation, and the present volume still belongs to the same classification as the former, being not a history of the revolution, but of the expulsion of the French population from Acadia, and the conquest of Canada.

The volume might with great propriety be styled '*A History of the best Method of Losing a Colony.*' It is a volume most *à propos*, and profitable to be read at the present juncture, for it bears a singular coincidence with the history of government here at this moment. We behold in it a whig administration tumbling to pieces from sheer decrepitude: a set of vain, weak aristocrats, with no real knowledge of business, with not a man of commanding genius amongst them, yet too proud to receive instruction from men of lower rank, but of real talent and of thorough experience. We behold them rapidly swamping the honour and the resources of the empire; irritating the colonists of America instead of governing them; blind to the bold and independent character of those colonists, and, spite of perpetual failures, attempting to tax them without their consent, without any representation, and solely to glut with plunder their swarms of relatives and dependants. Newcastle, Bedford, Townshend, Halifax, Bute, and such men figure at the head of the misrule and the disaster which closed round England at this period. These men made England corrupt at home and contemptible abroad. The French set us at defiance in America. From Canada, they extended themselves along the lakes; secured Forts Ticonderoga, William, Henry, and Niagara; seized on the Ohio Valley, and contemplated, from Canada at the one extremity and New Orleans and Louisiana at the other, drawing a regular military *cordon* along the whole west of the States, and eventually driving the English from the continent.

If this had depended on the whig aristocracy of England

alone, they would certainly have done it. But in the way of this result there stood a brave population of American-English amply capable, as they soon afterwards showed, of defending their native soil. The imbecility of the commanders, Braddock and Webb; the defeat and massacre of the one with his army, the cowardice of the other, portended the speedy downfall of British power on that continent. But at this moment arose from the people a man without name, and without fortune, to whom the feeble whigs, after a long combat with their vanity and their aristocratic jealousy, were compelled to resign the helm, and to call on him piteously to save the country. This man was William Pitt, afterwards the celebrated Lord Chatham.

The moment that he assumed the direction of public affairs, they began to wear a new aspect. With far-seeing sagacity, with an intuitive recognition of able instruments, with more sense in his own head than the old government possessed in its whole body, he immediately set to work to restore the prosperity and fame of the nation. He allayed the fears of the Americans as to arbitrary impositions, and called upon them to assist in defending their native soil, leaving to them to raise the necessary funds as they thought best. The call was obeyed with universal alacrity, and the same active energies which were afterwards exerted to drive the English from their shores, were now employed to expel the French. The colonists exhibited a genius for warfare, and a spirit and endurance that astonished all Europe. The French were speedily driven not only from the Ohio Valley, but beyond the St. Lawrence. Thither Pitt pursued them, and, by the agency of Wolfe, proceeded to make himself master of Quebec, and to transfer the Canadas from the French to the British crown. He did not rest here, but took Guadaloupe and Havana in the West Indies, Senegal and Goree on the coast of Africa; and gave that support and stimulus to Clive in the East Indies which laid the foundation of our power there—a foundation on which has been gradually built our present magnificent oriental empire.

This the genius of Chatham achieved, and when it was done, he was unceremoniously dismissed, and the aristocracy once more assumed the reins, only to cover the country again with a long career of disaster, disgrace, and ruin, which substituted the contempt of Europe for that homage which Pitt had compelled from it, and which ended by the total loss of our noble American colonies.

These are things which, we repeat, it is profitable to rest and ponder on at the present moment, when the affairs of the Cape

are again exhibiting the constant characteristics of whig colonial management, and when a serious exposition of the state of India must necessarily take place in parliament, in order to the consideration of the renewal of the company's charter. Such an exposition, if it be made fully and fairly, if it be not, by government and India House influence, shrouded in a great measure from the public gaze, will show the results of our constant wars there, in the accumulation of the debt which this country will some day have to take to, in the condition of the natives, and in the whole internal economy of the peninsula, which must make all lovers of their country anxious for a second Chatham to save the nation from the wretchedness of aristocratic rule.

The family features of whiggery are so curiously permanent, that we must take a slight sketch or two of the men who ruled England in that day, before going further.

'In April, 1724,' says Bancroft, 'the seals of the southern department and the colonies had been entrusted to the Duke of Newcastle. His advancement by Sir Robert Walpole, who shunned men of talents as latent rivals, was owing to his rank, wealth, influence over boroughs, and personal imbecility. For nearly four-and-twenty years, he remained minister for British America, yet to the last, the statesman who was deeply versed in the statistics of elections, knew little of the continent of which he was guardian. He addressed letters, it used to be confidently said, to "The Island of New England," and could not tell but that Jamaica was in the Mediterranean. Heaps of colonial memorials and letters remained unread in his office; and a paper was almost sure of neglect, unless some agent remained with him to see it opened. His frivolous nature could never glow with affection, or grasp a great idea, or analyze complex relations. After long research, I cannot find that he ever once attended seriously to an American question, or had a clear conception of one American measure.'—p. 9.

When America was entrusted to such hands, where is the wonder that it was lost? But how completely was his mode of management the counterpart of much that we have seen in our own time, and for which the country will soon have a heavy bill of solid millions to pay:—

'Newcastle had no system, except to weaken opposition by bestowing office on its leaders. He was himself free from avarice; but having the patronage of a continent, in colonies where consummate discretion and ability were required, he would gratify his connexions in the aristocratic families of England by entrusting the royal prerogative to men of broken fortune, dissolute and ignorant, too vile to be employed near home; so that America became the hospital of Great Britain for its decayed members of parliament and abandoned courtiers. Of such officers the conduct was sure to provoke jealous distrust, and to justify perpetual opposition. But

Newcastle was satisfied with distributing places, and acquiesced with indifference in the policy of the colonists to keep the salaries of all officers of the crown dependent on the annual deliberations of the legislature. Placed between the lords of trade, who issued instructions, and the cabinet, which alone could propose measures to enforce them, he served as a non-conductor to the angry zeal of the former, whose places under such a secretary became more and more nearly sinecures, while America, neglected by England, and rightly resisting her rulers, went on her way rejoicing towards freedom and independence.'—p. 21.

But to appreciate the full force of aristocratic capacity for national ruin at this period, we must add Bancroft's contrasted portraiture of the Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford:—

'Of the two dukes, who, at this epoch of the culminating of the aristocracy, guided the external policy of England, each hastened the independence of America. Newcastle, who was childless, depended on office for all his pleasures. Bedford, though sometimes fond of place, was too proud to covet it always. Newcastle had no passion but business, which he conducted in a fretful hurry, and never finished; the graver Bedford, though fond of "theatricals and jollity," was yet capable of persevering in a system. Newcastle was of "so fickle a head, and so treacherous a heart," that Walpole called his name "Perfidy." Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, said 'he had no friends, and deserved none; and Lord Halifax used to revile him in the strongest terms as "a knave and a fool." He was too unstable to be led by others; and from his own instincts about majorities, shifted his sails as the wind shifted. Bedford, who was bold and unbending, and would do nothing but what he thought was "indisputably right," was "always governed," "and was also immeasurably obstinate in an opinion once received," being "the most ungovernable governed man" said Henry Fox, and the most faithful to the vulgar and dissolute "bandits" who formed his political connexion. Neither was cruel or revengeful, but while the one had no rancour or ill-nature, and no enmities but freaks of petulance, the other carried decision into his attachments and his feuds. Newcastle, with no elevation of mind, no dignity of manner, lavished promises, familiar caresses, tears, and kisses, and cringing professions of regard, with prodigal hypocrisy; Bedford, whose hardy nature knew no wiles, was too haughty to practice concealment, and was blunt, unabashed, and, without being aware of it, rudely impetuous, even in the presence of his sovereign. Newcastle was jealous of rivals; Bedford was impatient of contradiction. Newcastle was timorous without caution, and rushed into difficulties which he evaded by indecision; the fearless, positive, uncompromising Bedford, energetic without sagacity, and stubborn with but a narrow range of thought, scorned to shun deciding upon any question that might arise, grew cholerick at resistance, and was known throughout America as ever ready to vindicate authority.'—p. 22.

Mr. Bancroft seems especially qualified for the office of historian by his remarkable freedom from prejudice, and by the generous qualities of his mind. In his details of the injustice



practised by this country towards his own there is no feeling of pique or resentment. He surveys all events from a certain liberal and philosophical elevation, and is ever as ready to do justice to the bravery or ability of an enemy as he is to applaud the successes of his friends. To French, English, or Americans he distributes the awards of his judgment on their proceedings, with a candour and fairness that no historian, even of a nation totally unconnected with those concerned, could exceed. Besides this, there is a fine benevolence, a love of whatever is liberal and progressive, and a spirit of poetry that feels the grandeur of the events recorded, and of the great actions of the chief personages of the story, and that kindles into enthusiasm at the contemplation of the magnificent lakes, the solemn primæval forests, and solitary mountain wilderness amongst which the heroic combat of freedom was fought out before the world. But by far the highest proof of the liberality and high moral tone of the author's mind is, as an American, that he boldly avows his conviction of the curse of negro slavery, a terrible touchstone not only to all writers on American affairs but to all visitors of high pretensions to its shores, as even Father Mathew and Kossuth have been made to feel.

The opening chapter, in which the author traces the progress of liberty, knowledge, and social union which led to the American revolution, is peculiarly expressive of the intellectual qualities we have thus given him credit for, and is at once eloquent and true. He says:—

'The authors of the American revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers, and all bondsmen for one another. All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for the federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged union of the race.'—p. 4.

These are sentiments worthy of an historian, and Mr. Bancroft has executed his task so far with an ability equal to the breadth of his views. Of the magnificence of his subject he gives as clear a conception in a very few words:—'Astonishing deeds,' he says, 'throughout the world, attended these changes. Armies fought in the wilderness for rule over the solitudes which were to be the future dwelling-place of millions. Navies hunted each other through every sea, engaging in battle, now near the region of ice-bergs, now amongst the islands of the

tropics. Inventive art was summoned to make war more destructive, and to signalize sieges by new miracles of ability and daring.' In the energetic spirit, and with the pictorial power which these passages indicate, Mr. Bancroft has traced the progress of the movements of this period—a period of contest more of principles than of arms, and preparatory to the mighty struggle which was to break the yoke of England for ever from the great western states.

We see the governors and generals of England following in the track of its miserable ministers at home, and for the most part equally imbecile. They seem to have but one feeling, that of securing their salaries, and one object, that of compelling the inhabitants to submit without question to the arbitrary dogmas and exactions of the feudalism of England.

We cannot present a more striking or eloquent view of the social scenery of the American states, at the commencement of this great conflict, nor of the religious spirit to which Bancroft traces the victorious ascendancy of the American colonists, than the following:—

'In the settlements which grew up in the interior, on the margin of the greenwood, the plain meeting-house of the congregation for public worship was everywhere the central point; near it stood the public school, by the side of the very broad road, over which wheels enough did not pass to do more than mark the path of ribbons in the sward. The snug farm-houses, owned as freeholds, without quit-rents, were dotted along the way, and the village pastor amongst his people, enjoying the calm raptures of devotion, "appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of the flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun." These are the words of Jonathan Edwards; and Mr. Bancroft adds—"In every hand was the Bible; every house was a house of prayer; in every village all had been taught, many had comprehended, a methodical theory of the divine purpose of creation, and of the destiny of man!"

'Child of the reformation, closely connected with the past centuries, and with the great intellectual struggles of mankind, New England had been planted by enthusiasts who feared no sovereign but God. In the universal degeneracy and ruin of the Roman world, when freedom, laws, imperial rule, municipal authority, social institutions, were swept away—when not a province, nor city, nor village, nor family was safe, Augustin, the African bishop, with a burning heart, confident that, though Rome, tottered, the hope of man would endure, rescued from the wreck of the Old World the truths that would renew humanity, and sheltered them in the cloister, among successive generations of men, who were insulated by their vows from decaying society, bound to the state by neither ambition, nor by allegiance, nor by the sweet attractions of wife and child.

'After the sighs and sorrows of centuries, in the dawn of clearer days, an Augustine monk, having also a heart of flame, seized on the same great

ideas, and he and his followers, with wives and children, restored them to the world. At his bidding, truth leaped over the cloister walls, and challenged every man to make her his guest; aroused every intelligence to acts of private judgment; changed a dependent, recipient people into a reflecting, inquiring people; lifted each human being out of the castes of the middle ages to endow him with individuality, and summoned man to stand forth as man. The world heaved with the fervent conflict of opinion. The people and their guides recognised the dignity of labour; the oppressed peasantry took up arms for liberty; men revered and exercised the freedom of the soul. The breath of the new spirit moved over the earth; it revived Poland, animated Germany, swayed the North; and the inquisition of Spain could not silence its whispers among the mountains of the Peninsula. It invaded France; and though bonfires, by way of warning, were made of heretics at the gates of Paris, it infused itself into the French mind, and led to unwonted free discussions. Exile could not quench it. On the banks of the Lake of Geneva, Calvin stood forth the boldest reformer of his day; not personally engaging in political intrigues, yet, by promulgating great ideas, forming the seed-plot of revolution; bowing only to the invisible; acknowledging no sacrament of ordination but election, no patent of nobility but that of the elect, with its seals of eternity.

Luther's was still a Catholic religion; it sought to instruct all, to confirm all, to sanctify all; and so, under the shelter of principalities, it gave established forms to Protestant Germany, and Sweden, and Denmark, and England. But Calvin taught an exclusive doctrine, which, though it addressed itself to all, rested only on the chosen. Lutheranism was, therefore, not a political party; it included prince, and noble, and peasant. Calvinism was revolutionary; wherever it came, it created division; its symbol, as set upon the "institutes" of its teacher, was a flaming sword. By the side of the eternal mountains, and the perennial snows, and the arrowy rivers of Switzerland, it established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. Fortified by its faith in fixed decrees, it kept possession of its homes among the Alps. It grew powerful in France; and invigorated, between the feudal nobility and the crown, the long contest, which did not end till the subjection of the nobility, through the central despotism, prepared the ruin of that despotism by promoting the equality of the commons. It entered Holland, inspiring an industrious nation with heroic enthusiasm; enfranchising and uniting provinces; and making burghers, and weavers, and artizans, victors over the highest orders of Spanish chivalry, over the powers of the inquisition, and the pretended majesty of kings. It penetrated Scotland; and while its whirlwind bore along persuasion among glens and mountains, it shrunk from no danger, and hesitated at no ambition; it nerved its rugged, but hearty envoy to resist the flatteries of the beautiful Queen Mary; it assumed the education of her only son; it divided the nobility, it penetrated the masses, overturned the ancient ecclesiastical establishment, planted the free parochial school, and gave a living energy to the principle of liberty in a people. It infused itself into England, and placed its plebeian sympathies in daring resistance to the courtly hierarchy; dissenting from dissent; longing to introduce the reign

of righteousness; it invited every man to read the Bible, and made itself dear to the common mind, by teaching, as a divine revelation, the unity of the race and the natural equality of man; it claimed for itself freedom of utterance, and through the pulpit, in eloquence imbued with the authoritative words of prophets and apostles, spoke to the whole congregation; it sought new truth, denying the sanctity of the continuity of tradition; it stood up against the middle age, and its forms in church and state, hating them with a fierce and unconquerable hatred.

'Imprisoned, maimed, oppressed at home, its independent converts in Great Britain looked beyond the Atlantic for a better world. Their energetic passion was nurtured by trust in the Divine protection; their power of will was safely entrenched in their own vigorous creed; and under the banner of the Gospel, with the fervid and enduring love of the myriads who in Europe adopted the stern simplicity of the disciple of Calvin, they sailed for the wilderness, far away from "Popery and Prelacy," from the traditions of the Church, from hereditary power, from the sovereignty of an earthly king—from all dominion but the Bible, and "what arose from natural reason and the principles of equity." The ideas which had borne the New England emigrants to this Transatlantic world were polemic and republican in their origin and their tendency, and now had the centuries matured the contest for mankind.'—pp. 170—4.

But before the great and final contest came, there was a deed of darkness perpetrated against a whole people which has scarcely a parallel in the annals of the earth. It is a suitable specimen of whig mercies as they were exercised during the reign of George II. We allude to the forcible deportation of the French population of Nova Scotia, then called Acadia. The reader will recollect that this is the subject of Longfellow's beautiful poem of 'Evangeline,' but what might be supposed in that composition to have been heightened for poetic effect, is exceeded in intensity of barbarism in the plain prose narration:

'Acadia,' says our historian, 'that peninsular region abounding in harbours and in forests, rich in its ocean fisheries, and in the product of its rivers, near to a continent that invited to the chase and the fur-trade, having in its interior large tracts of alluvial soil, had become dear to its inhabitants, who beheld around them the graves of their ancestors for several generations. It was the oldest French colony in North America. There the Bretons had built their dwellings sixteen years before the pilgrims reached the shores of New England. . . .'

'At length, after repeated conquests and restorations, the treaty of Utrecht conceded Acadia, or Nova Scotia, to Great Britain. . . . The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had subdued, hardly conscious that they had changed their sovereign. They still loved the language and the usages of their forefathers, and their religion was graven upon their souls. They promised submission to England; but such was the love with which France had inspired them, that they would not fight against its standard, or renounce its name. Though conquered, they were French neutrals.

'For nearly forty years from the peace of Utrecht they had been forgotten or neglected, and had prospered in their seclusion. No tax-gatherer counted their folds, no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records, and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled amongst themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pastures were covered with their herds and flocks, and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows thus reclaimed were covered by richest grasses, or fields of wheat, that yielded thirty and fifty-fold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly constructed, and comfortably furnished, and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom, their women made of flax from their fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg, in return for fur, or wheat, or cattle.

'Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality, and in the abundance which they drew from their native land. They formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity. Love was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. The neighbours of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land. Their numbers increased, and the colony which had begun only as the trading station of a company, with a monopoly of the fur-trade, counted perhaps sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants.'—p. 220.

Such were the people whom the British Government determined to drive out in a wholesale and indiscriminate eviction from their peaceable possessions. The English were in full and undisputed power in the country. No resistance was to be found. The Acadians were submissive and ready to take an oath of fealty to England, though not to pledge themselves to fight against France. France interceded, praying that they might be allowed to remove from the peninsula all their effects, but this was not permitted,—it had been determined upon, after the ancient device of Oriental despotism, that the French inhabitants of Acadia should be carried away captive to other parts of the British dominions, and that their flocks and herds should become a prey to the spoilers. To perfect the inhumanity, the population was not to be allowed to continue together in their banishment, but was to be broken up and distributed to various colonies on the continent:—

'To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice, therefore, was resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, "both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men

came together. They were marched into the church, and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, placed himself in their centre and spoke :—

“ You are convened together to manifest to you his majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in.” And he then declared them the king's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot ; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, and their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six ; in the whole, women and babes, and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden ; they had left home but for the morning, and they were never to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in their stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for the first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

“ The 10th of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners ; but nature yearned within them, and they could not be separated from their parents. Yet, of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth ? They had not one weapon ; the bayonet drove them to obey ; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying and singing hymns. The seniors went next. The wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrived. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away ; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers, before the last of them were removed. “ The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on slowly,” wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets ; “ the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them.” Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. “ Our soldiers hate them,” wrote an officer on this occasion, “ and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will.”

“ Did a prisoner seek to escape, he was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec ; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi and the region south of the Ristigouche ; some found rest on the banks of the St. John and its branches ; some found a lair in their native forests ; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of these famished people



were driven on board ships, and scattered amongst the English colonies from New Hampshire to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poor-house as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of settling themselves as labourers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

'The wanderers sighed for their native country, but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the Isthmus, were laid waste. Their old houses were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils, and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watchdog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest-trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

'Relentless misfortune pursued the exiles wherever they fled. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love of the spot where they were born as strong as that of the captive Jews, who wept by the side of the ruins of Babylon for their own temple and land, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting from harbour to harbour; but when they had reached New England, just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were turned once more from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, hatred with its worst venom pursued the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Ristigouche. Once more those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition to the Earl of Loudon, then the British commander-in-chief in America, and the cold-hearted peer, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be kept from ever again becoming troublesome by being consigned to service as common sailors on board ships of war. No doubt existed of the king's approbation. The lords of trade, more merciless than the savages and the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out, and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that "the zealous endeavours of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success."

'I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter and so perennial as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. "We have been true," they said of themselves; "to our religion, and true to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance." The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them, and was never uplifted but to curse them.'—pp. 230—35.

With this harrowing example of the conduct of our countrymen only about a century ago, we close our extracts. It is

certainly one of the most unchristian things in Christian history, and will never perish from the indignant memory of man. History and poetry have combined to imprint it in everlasting colours on the literature of the new world, and it will remain a blot on the British name as long as the woods and green fields of Nova Scotia last. Well would it be if it were a warning to those of our race who have still to bear rule in our distant colonies to remember that barbarity and oppression, though perpetrated in remote, and perhaps savage regions, yet in time reach the knowledge of civilized countries, and involve the honour of their native land.

What we have extracted will sufficiently indicate both the liberal and kindly spirit, the honest, sound principles, and the genuine ability with which this volume is written, and the deeply tragic incidents with which it abounds. The adventures of Washington, and other leading spirits in the wilderness, are episodes of real romance. But the coming volumes are destined to detail the crowning events, which for their magnitude, their exciting intensity of interest, and for their consequences on the fortunes of the human race, are not surpassed by any in the world's annals. These are in reference to them, but as the portico to the temple; and we await their narration by the same hand with corresponding impatience.

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ART. VII.—*Cosmos; Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.*

By Alexander von Humboldt. Vol. III. Part II. Translated under the superintendence of Colonel Edward Sabine, R.A., V. P., and Treas. R.S. London: Longmans; Murray. 1852.

THIS second part of M. Humboldt's third volume concludes his varied and comprehensive sketch of a physical description of the heavens. In our number for February we gave a brief outline of the first part of the volume, and we are happy to report the completion of this division of so great a work, and at the same time to lay before our readers an account of the contents of the concluding part. It opens with the following description of 'the nebulæ.'

'Besides the visible celestial bodies which shine with sidereal light,—either by their own proper light, or by planetary illumination, either isolated, or variously associated, forming multiple stars, and revolving round a common centre of gravity,—we behold also other forms or masses having a milder, fainter, nebulous lustre. These—which are seen in some instances as small, disk-shaped luminous clouds, having a well-defined

outline, whilst in other instances their forms vary greatly, their boundaries are ill-defined, and they are spread over much wider spaces in the sky—appear at the first glance, to the assisted eye which views them through the telescope, to differ altogether from the heavenly bodies which have been treated of in detail in the four preceding sections. As astronomers have been inclined to infer from the observed but hitherto unexplained movements of visible stars, the existence of other *unseen* celestial bodies, so the experience of the resolvability of a considerable number of nebulae has led in the present and most recent times to inferences as to the non-existence of any true nebulae, and even of any cosmical or celestial nebulosity whatsoever. Whether, however, the well-defined nebulae of which I have spoken be indeed composed of self-luminous nebulous matter, or whether they are merely remote, closely-crowded, and rounded clusters of stars, they must ever continue to be regarded as highly important features in our knowledge of the arrangement of the structure of the universe, and of the contents of celestial space.’—pp. 215—16.

Sir William Herschel estimated that these ‘nebulae’ occupy  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the entire surface of the heavens. The places of between three and four thousand have been determined. Their distance from us is beyond calculation. If they are clusters of stars, they obey some mysterious laws of gravitation. M. Humboldt traces the development of our present knowledge of the nebulae from the earliest use of telescopes to the magnificent labours of Sir W. Herschel and his son, and the triumphant discoveries of Lord Rosse. The apparent distribution of the nebulae is remarkable, being most numerous in the northern hemisphere, but more uniform in the southern. Their diversity of individual form is wonderful.

‘This is sometimes regular (spherical, elliptical in various degrees, annular, planetary, or resembling a photosphere surrounding a star), and sometimes irregular or amorphous, and as difficult of classification as are the aqueous nebulae of our atmosphere, the clouds. The normal form of the celestial nebulae is considered to be elliptical or spheroidal. With equal telescopic power, such nebulae are most easily resolvable into star-clusters when they are most globular; and, on the other hand, when the compression in one direction, and elongation in the other, is greatest, they are the most difficult of resolution. We find in the heavens gradually varying forms, from round to elliptic, more or less elongated.—(‘Phil. Trans.’ 1833, p. 494, Pl. ix., figs. 19—21.) The condensation of the milky nebulosity is always progressive towards a centre, or, as in some cases, even towards several central points or nuclei. It is only in the class of round or oval nebulae that double nebulae are known, and in these, as there is no perceptible relative motion of the individuals in respect of each other (either because no such motion exists, or that it is exceedingly slow), we are without the criterion which would enable us to demonstrate the reality of a mutual relation, and which, in the case of double stars, we possess for distinguishing those which are physically from those which

are merely optically double.' (Drawings of double nebulae are to be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions for 1833,' figs. 68—71; compare also Herschel, 'Outlines of Astronomy,' § 878, and 'Observations at the Cape of Good Hope,' § 120.)—pp. 233, 234.

The account of the rare 'annular nebulae,' the 'planetary nebulae,' the 'nebulous stars,' and the larger nebulous masses of irregular form, is followed by minute descriptions of the great nebula round  $\alpha$  Argûs, and other remarkable nebulae, including the 'Cape-Clouds,' and the section concludes with the following remarks on the additions which have been made to our knowledge of this department of science:—

'The consideration of the outermost and remotest strata of self-luminous worlds, the distances of nebulae, and all the subjects which have been crowded into the last of the seven sidereal, or astrognostic sections of this work, fill our imagination with images of time and space surpassing our powers of conception. Great and admirable as have been the advances made in the improvement of optical instruments within the last sixty years, we have at the same time become familiar with the difficulties of their construction not to give ourselves up to such daring, and, indeed, extravagant hopes as those with which the ingenious Hooke was seriously occupied between 1663 and 1665. There, also, we advance further and more securely towards the goal by moderation in our anticipations. Each of the successive generations of mankind is in its turn enabled to rejoice in the greatest and highest results attainable by man's intellect, freely exerted from the standing place to which art may then have risen. Without enumerating in determinate numbers the extent of space-penetrating power already achieved in telescopic vision, and without laying much stress upon such numbers, still our knowledge of the velocity of light teaches us that in the faint glimmer proceeding from the self-luminous surface of the remotest heavenly body, we have "the most ancient sensuous evidence of the existence of matter." '—pp. 257, 258.

From the heaven of fixed stars the author descends to our solar and planetary system. There is no *direct evidence* of dark bodies revolving round other fixed stars. Whether there be such analogous revolutions or not, it is probably not physically possible that they should be seen from our globe, and there is no unconditional necessity for assuming that they exist; for, as there are planets in our system without satellites—Mercury, Venus, and Mars,—it may be that there are also fixed stars without planets.

'If we pass from what is simply possible, and confine ourselves to what has been actually investigated, we shall be vividly impressed by the idea that the solar system, especially as the last ten years have disclosed it to us, affords the fullest picture of easily recognised direct relations of many cosmical bodies to one central one. In the astronomy of measurement and calculation, the more limited space of the planetary system, by reason

of this very limitation, offers, as compared with the consideration of the heaven of the fixed stars, incontestable advantages in respect to the evidence and certainty of the results obtained. Much of sidereal astronomy is simply contemplative; it is so in regard to star-clusters and nebulae, and also the very insecurely grounded photometric classification of the fixed stars. The best assured and most brilliant department in astrognozy, and which in our own time has received such exceeding improvement and enlargement, is that of the determination of positions in Right Ascension and Declination, whether of single fixed stars, or of double stars, star-clusters, and nebulae. Measurable relations of a more difficult class, but yet susceptible of a greater or less degree of accuracy, are presented by the proper motion of stars; the elements by means of which their parallax may be sought; telescopic star-gazings, throwing light on their distribution in space; and the periods of variable stars and slow revolutions of double stars. Subjects which by their nature escape from the domain of measurement, properly so called—such as the relative position and the forms of sidereal strata and annuli; the arrangement of the structure of the universe; the effects of rapidly transforming agencies in the blazing forth and speedily succeeding extinction of what have been called new stars;—all affect the mind the more vividly and profoundly from the wide scope which they furnish to the fascinating exercise of the imaginative faculties.’—pp. 261, 262.

Abstaining from the questions that respect the relation of our solar system with others, the author limits himself to ‘the home circle of the solar domain itself.’ This ‘solar domain’ comprehends (so far as we know) twenty-two planets—MERCURY, VENUS, EARTH, MARS; *Flora, Victoria, Vesta, Iris, Metis, Hebe, Parthenope, Irene, Astraea, Egeria, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, Hygeia*; JUPITER, SATURN, URANUS, NEPTUNE. EARTH has one satellite, JUPITER has four, SATURN has eight, URANUS has six, NEPTUNE has two; in all, twenty-one. The number of comets whose paths have been calculated is one hundred and twenty-seven; of those, the furthest point of whose distance from the sun is within the orbit of NEPTUNE, the remotest planet, there are six. Besides these planets, satellites, and comets, it is probable that the *ring of the zodiacal light* lies between the orbits of Venus and Mars, and that the *meteoric asteroids* intersecting the Earth’s path at particular points may be comprised within the solar system.—Here is a noble description of the sun itself as a central body:—

“The luminary of the world (*lucerna mundi*) enthroned in the midst,” as Copernicus terms the solar orb—according to Theon of Smyrna, the “all animating, pulsating heart of the universe,” is to our planet the great source of light and radiant heat, and the exciter not only of many terrestrial electromagnetic processes, but also of the greater part of the processes of organic vital activity, and more especially of those of vegetable life. The sun, if we desire to indicate its influence and effects with the greatest generality, may be said to produce changes on the surface of the earth, partly by attraction of mass, as in

the ebb and flow of the ocean (if we abstract from the whole effect the portion due to lunar attraction), partly by light and heat, exciting undulations (transverse vibrations of the ether) operating both directly, and also by the fertilising intermixture of the ærial and aqueous envelopes of the planet, effected through the medium of the evaporation of the liquid element from seas, lakes, and rivers. To the solar agency are also due those atmospheric and oceanic currents occasioned by differences of temperature, of which the latter have acted for thousands of years, and still continue to act, though with less energy, in modifying the form and character of the terrestrial surface, in some places by abrasion, in others by the accumulation of transported detritus. The sun's influence operates, moreover, in producing and maintaining the electro-magnetic activity of the crust of the earth, and of the oxygen contained in the atmosphere; it acts sometimes silently and tranquilly in forces of chemical attraction, and in determining the varied processes of organic life in the endosmose of vegetable cells, and in the texture of muscular and nervous fibres; and sometimes with more obvious and tumultuous energy, by calling forth in the atmosphere luminous processes, coloured flashing polar light, lightning, hurricanes, and water-spouts. . . . . But the luminous undulations act not alone on the material world, decomposing and reuniting its substances in fresh combinations; they do not merely call forth from the bosom of the earth the tender germs of plants, elaborate in their leaves the substance (chlorophyll) to which they owe their verdure, and in flowers their tints and fragrance, and repeat a thousand and again a thousand times the sun's bright image in the sparkling play of the waves of the sea, and in the dew-drops on the blades of grass as the breeze sweeps over the meadow; the light of heaven in the various degrees of its intensity and duration, also connects itself by mysterious links with man's inner being, with his intellectual susceptibilities, and with the cheerful and serene, or the melancholy tone of his disposition, *Coeli tristitiam discutit sol et humani nubila animi serenat.*" (Plin. Hist. Nat. ii. 6.)—pp. 267, 8.

The principal facts which astronomical calculations have established respecting the sun are these:—Its mean distance from the earth is *eighty-two millions and seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand miles*; its diameter is 812 times greater than the diameter of the earth; its mass is 359,551 times that of the earth; it has 600 times more volume than all the planets put together; 'if we were to imagine the globe of the sun entirely hollowed out,' it would hold the earth in its centre and leave room for the moon's orbit, even though 'the semi-diameter of the said orbit were to be increased by upwards of 160,000 English geographical miles;' and moves round its own axis in 25 days, 8 hours, and 9 minutes. According to the observations of Galileo, Cassini, Wilson, Bode, Schwabe, the Herschels, Arago, compared with the discovery of chromatic polarization, the sun is an opaque body, encompassed, first, by a vaporous envelope, then a luminous envelope, and beyond



this, a third envelope which is dark, or faintly illuminated. The openings in these envelopes are believed to be the causes of those dark appearances of portions of the sun's orb, which have been called spots on his disk. Further evidence of this view of the composition of the sun is very interesting, and will be found in this volume, and in Sir John Herschel's '*Outlines of Astronomy*.'

After the sun, the planets are exhibited in regard to their number, the dates of their discovery, and their comparative volume. Having given an elaborate exposition of the results of observation, M. Humboldt concludes his survey of the planets by saying:—

'In these general considerations respecting the planetary spheres, we have descended from the higher (probably not the highest) system—that of the sun—to the subordinate partial systems of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. As a tendency to generalization is, as it were, inborn in thoughtful and imaginative man,—as an unsatisfied cosmical anticipation seems to present to him, in the movement of translation of our solar system in space, the idea of an ascending relation and subordination; so, on the other hand, the possibility has been suggested, that Jupiter's satellites may, in their turn, be the central bodies around which revolve other secondary cosmical bodies, which remain unseen by reason of their smallness. Thus, individual members of the partial systems, which are principally found in the outer group of primary planets, would have other similar systems subordinated to them. Man's love of systematic arrangement is, it is true, gratified by repetitions of form in descending or ascending order, in images which are the creatures of his own fancy; but in severe and more earnest investigations, it is forbidden to confound an ideal with the real Cosmos, or to mingle the possible with the more sure results of observation.'—pp. 342, 343.

We must pass by M. Humboldt's interesting observations on particular planets, to present a condensed report of the results of observations on COMETS. After showing how the theory of intermediate gradations between planets and comets has been unsupported by later discoveries, and exposing the groundlessness of other ingenious suppositions respecting the origin of comets, he remarks:—

'It may not be without interest to reckon up the number of comets which have been seen in Europe with the naked eye during the last few centuries. The richest period was the sixteenth century, when twenty-three such comets were seen. The seventeenth had twelve, of which only two were in the first half. In the eighteenth century, only eight such comets appeared, whereas we had nine in the first half of the nineteenth. Of these, the finest were those of 1807, 1811, 1819, 1835, and 1843. In earlier times it has happened more than once that from thirty to forty years have passed without the record of such a spectacle having been once enjoyed. The years which appear poor in comets may, however, for aught we know, have been actually rich in large comets having their perihelions

situated beyond the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. Of telescopic comets, there are now discovered, on an average, at least two or three a year. In three successive months in 1840, Galle found three new comets; from 1764 to 1798, Messia found 12; and Pons, from 1801 to 1827, found twenty-seven. Thus, Kepler's expression respecting the multitude of comets in space ("ut pisces in oceano"), almost appears to be justified.—p. 398.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, be surprised to learn the important facts that the careful register of comets in China extends back through a period of more than two thousand five hundred years; and that the Mexicans had entered the comet of 1490 in their register 'twenty-eight years before Cortes appeared for the first time on the coast of Vera Cruz.' Among the more recent and established discoveries respecting comets, we may enumerate the following facts:—They are of various appearance, shape, brightness, and colour. The proportion of the shortest to the longest period of revolution, dependent on the length of the semi-major axis, is as 1 : 2670; while in planets, it is as 1 : 683. Their light consists partly of polarized, and therefore of reflected solar light. They have an imperfect transparency. Instances are known of a comet parting asunder, and forming two comets. All the interior comets hitherto discovered have, unlike planets and satellites of our system, a direct motion from west to east. They are all subject to the attraction of the central body.

The 'ring of the zodiacal light'—the mild pyramidally-shaped light, visible to the naked eye in the tropical regions, is supposed to be caused by a detached, vaporous, flattened ring, revolving freely in space between the orbits of Venus and Mars; and M. Humboldt regards this as 'the most satisfactory hypothesis which presents itself in the present very defective state of our knowledge.'

M. Humboldt has collected a great number of observations ON AEROLITES.—

'The falling aerolite affords the only instance of actual material contact with something foreign to our globe, "accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and submit to chemical analysis, metallic and earthy masses, appertaining to the world without"—to the celestial spaces external to our planet; and that we find in them our native minerals, rendering it probable, as was already conjectured by Newton, that substances belonging to one group of cosmical bodies, or to one planetary system, are for the most part the same.'—p. 421.

With that matured learning which this great writer so aptly applies, he traces, in the ancient Grecian explanations of these

falling bodies, the gradual development of the germs which at length produced the discovery of the laws of circular motion by Huygens. By comparing the 'radiation,' or 'points of departure' recently observed in these falling stars, he is able to present some most remarkable and interesting conclusions. From these it appears that a large proportion of these meteors radiate from the constellation Perseus than from any other quarter of the heavens; that some of them are periodical; that others are sporadic and variable; that the mean number of '*sporadic shooting stars*' is from four to five *per hour*; that they are of different magnitudes and forms; that the number of the *periodic* falls averages from thirteen to fifteen *per hour*; that they are most rare in January, February, and March, and most frequent in August and November; that their height above the earth varies from 4 to 210 geographical miles; that some few are green, others orange; one-seventh of four thousand observations were yellow, and two-thirds were white; and that their relative velocity is more than twice as great as that of our planet. 'The strongest evidence of a cosmical origin is afforded by this result, taken in connexion with the circumstance, that periodical shooting stars continue for several hours to proceed, independently of the earth's rotation, from one and the same star, although the direction of the star may not be that towards which the earth is then moving.'—p. 435.

M. Humboldt cautions his readers against identifying meteoric fireballs with shooting stars. These fireballs or meteoric stones have been chemically analyzed, with some curious results, belonging to the geological portion of this work, which is not yet published. The present volume concludes with the writer's views of 'the stability of the planetary system.'

'The principal elements of this stability are, the invariability of the major axes of the planetary orbits demonstrated by Laplace (1773 and 1781), Lagrange, and Poisson; the long periodical variation, restricted within narrow limits, of the eccentricities of two large and remote planets, Jupiter and Saturn, the distribution of the masses, since the mass of Jupiter itself, the greatest of all the planetary bodies, is only  $\frac{1}{1047}$  of that of the all-controlling central body; and lastly, the arrangement, that, by the primordial plan of creation, and by the mode of their origination, all the planets of the solar system move in one direction both in regard to translation and to rotation, in orbits of small and little varying ellipticity, and in planets having only moderate differences of inclination; and that the periods of revolution of the different planets have no common measure.

'These elements of stability, elements, as it were, of the preservation and continuance of the "life" of the planets, are attached to the condition of material motion within the interior of a circumscribed circle. If, by the arrival from the regions of exterior space of a cosmical body not previously

belonging to the system, this condition cease (Laplace, *Expos. du Syst. du Monde*, p. 309 and 391), then, indeed, there might ensue, as the result either of new forces of attraction, or of a shock, consequences injurious or destructive to that which now exists, until at last, after a long conflict, a new equilibrium should be produced. The consideration of the possible arrival of a comet in a hyperbolic path from remote regions, even though the smallness of its mass should be compensated by an enormous velocity, could only occasion uneasiness to an imagination which should be inaccessible to the re-assuring deductions of the calculus of probabilities. Those travelling clouds, the interior comets of our system, are as far from being dangerous to the stability of the system as are the great inclinations of the orbits of some of the small planets situated between Mars and Jupiter. That which must be designated as a mere *possibility* lies beyond the domain of a Physical Description of the Universe. Science ought not to pass from its true domain into the misty land of cosmological dreams.'—p. 451.

It is one of the disadvantages of M. Humboldt's method, that the reader is apt to be overwhelmed with the number and diversity of the facts brought before him, as well as confused by the want of that distinctness to which he may have been accustomed in the study of the separate sciences. But as a repertory of observations, and an epitome of physical literature, the entire work, we doubt not, will have a value all its own. It will probably become the means of exciting a healthy desire for exact information, and thus promote, to some extent, the real interests of science. On the one division of the 'Cosmos' embraced by this third volume, we avail ourselves of the extracts already given to suggest a few thoughts which, we hope, will not be unwelcome to readers whose habits would disincline them to elaborate and rigidly scientific discussions.

THE VISIBLE HEAVENS are spread around us, night and day, offering to the naked eye wide fields of space with an infinite variety of grandeur, brilliancy, and loveliness.

During the day our steps are guided by the familiar yet mysterious presence of *light*, touching every form as with an ærial garment, and painting everything with its own colour in an endless profusion of tints and shades, modified by passing through innumerable substances, bending back entire or unbroken from innumerable surfaces, and, by gentle touches of a delicate nerve, revealing to us the presence of things so near that we can touch them, or so far off that the practised intellect is strained to calculate their distance, and the wearied imagination folds its wing and gives up the attempt to follow it in thought. Our own earth, instead of being something contrary to the visible heavens, is *a portion of them*; so that we are as truly *in* the heavens where we are as we could be in any other point of space. One can hardly conceive of anything so perpetually assuring us

of the presence of God as this all-pervading luminousness. A world of blind men would, in all likelihood, associate their ideas of that Presence more vividly than we can understand, with the other entrances of wisdom; but as for us, the great Maker is perpetually showing us his curious, and exquisite, and ever multiplying works, by pouring everywhere around us the light of heaven, and endowing us with the glorious faculty of sight; and this faculty of sight—so manifestly bestowed for purposes beyond itself—for what purposes has it been given? If light is *made* for the eye, and the eye is *made* for light, are not both *made* for ulterior ends? Have we any means of learning what those ulterior ends are? One of them suggests itself at once. *The contemplative and reasoning mind is thus helped to commune with Him who is invisible.* As the mind cannot *directly* see the visible, and the eye is not the medium through which the *invisible* is apprehended, while yet there is an actual connexion between the two—between the physical phenomenon called sight and the spiritual act called apprehension—we cannot but conclude that there is something deeper than poetry in the images that diversify the sublime truth, ‘God is light.’ While to the eye, and through the eye to the mind, the majesty of his works is made known, the emotions excited by such discoveries are intended to arise to Him as the central fount of light, the creator of its properties, the disposer of its movements, the author of its harmonized subserviency to the complex purposes of infinite wisdom: thus does He become the object of thought, of devout admiration, of love, of worship, to the reflecting beholder of His works. As the light is not of earth, but radiates *or undulates* to it from the central orb of the solar system, the planets are rendered visible to us by their reflected light, and the sun itself shines on us with his own splendor. Confining our views, then, to the system to which our own planet belongs, with a brightness nearly two thousand times *less* than that of Venus, and nearly a thousand times *greater* than that of Jupiter and the remoter planets, we are able at all times to refresh the eye, the intellect, and the imagination with a panorama with which all the noblest works of man are unfit to be compared—the landscapes of earth—the ever-changing sea—the graceful and fantastic clouds—the silvery moon—the tremblingly brilliant Venus—the fiery Mars—and the majestic sun. With what feelings do we look on any part of this spectacle, so vast, so gorgeous, so infinitely varied? We blame the idolater who bows down to the celestial spheres in adoration; we rebuke the pantheist who imagines that all these sublime worlds are but the separate portions of the grand unity to which he gives the awful name of God; but have we no God beyond the precincts of our temples? Do we rever-

ently acknowledge in these dazzling lights of space the memorials and the proofs that He whom we cannot see is every where present, ordering their courses, kindling their fires, preserving their relations to each other, and to us, and to the boundless universe? Are we listening to the suggestions of the reason, the instincts of the heart, and the lessons of revelation? Men seem to forget that revelation appeals—from first to last—to these silent, yet constant witnesses of God's invisible perfections, and that in proportion to our habitual reverence of Him amid these witnesses, will be the depth, the solemnity, the humility, the devoutness of our affections, when His spirit teaches us from the Holy Book, or helps us in the unutterable yearnings of our worship. It is not possible to survey with calm intelligence the unveiled glories of the visible heavens without being either excited to devotion, or reproved by every cloud, and every sunbeam, and every planet, for our ungodliness. It is among the saddest reproaches of man, the severest proofs of that alienation from God with which the Gospel charges him, that while his philosophy saves him—if it *be* philosophy—from idolatry and from pantheism, he perverts the very perfection, and permanence, and amplitude of the divine operations into excuses for the practical ignoring of this presence.—It did not come within the plan of M. Humboldt to do more than describe the 'Cosmos,' and he has rigidly abstained from theological considerations. We are not presuming to criticise the wisdom of such a plan, or to judge of the religious emotions of one who has contributed so largely to our instruction and delight; yet we cannot forbear to animadvert on the habit which has become so prevalent of writing scientific treatises as though there were no God, and of so reading them as to forget him. We feel it to be not the least momentous of our own literary duties to do what in us lies to hinder this divorce of physical truth from theological belief and religious emotion. Deep as is our gratitude to those who teach us to look on the heavens with an intelligence that immeasurably enhances our admiration—to those especially who, by the aid of improved instruments, carry us so far into the depths of space with its endless successions of astonishing creations; while we regard the progress of astronomical science with profound interest and heartfelt joy; while we regard the conquests of reason and ingenuity and perseverance over ignorance, and prejudice and superstition with feelings allied to the triumphant;—we shudder at the impiety of contemplating these magnificent discoveries in cold abandonment of our noblest duty—the duty of acknowledging and adoring the Creator of all these wonders, and of the human powers by which they have been



explored for us, and expounded to us. Why expatiate on the beauties of a poem, and overlook the genius which produced them? Why lavish our admiration on the decorations of a temple without thinking of the architect? Still more—infinately more—emphatically, where is the sound judgment, the correct taste, the spiritual *wholeness* of the man who yields to the luxury of contemplation, or to the severer and purer satisfactions of the disciplined intellect amid the demonstrations of creating power and wisdom, without lifting up his heart in swelling praise to Him who puts forth all these demonstrations to awaken our attention and to win our love?

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ART. VIII. —*Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to consider the Bill intituled 'An Act for the Management and Regulation of Episcopal and Capitular Estates and Revenues in England and Wales.'* Ordered to be printed 25th of July, 1851.

2.—*Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment.* By the Rev. Robert Whiston. London: 1849.

3.—*Speech of Edward Horaman, Esq., M.P., on the Present State of the Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches.* London: Seeley. 1849.

IN a former article we exhibited and commented upon the disclosures made by the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners touching the revenues accruing to the bishops of the Established Church. In conformity with an intention expressed in that article, we now proceed to give some account of capitular property. Our design embraces the origin and purpose of the funds pertaining to cathedrals to which deans and chapters are trustees; an exhibition of the way in which such trusts have been fulfilled, neglected, or perverted; and a view of the effect of the entire system on the character of the church and the interests of the people at large. In prosecuting this object, we shall draw all our facts from the unimpeachable sources specified at the head of this article, without further acknowledgment or reference.

The property held by chapters originated with the destruction of Roman-catholic religious houses by Henry the Eighth, these estates having been alienated and vested in a new order of trustees, under the name of deans and chapters, for purposes most clearly and minutely stated in the statutes by which each

of these cathedral establishments is constituted. The ostensible ground for the alienation and re-distribution of this property was, according to the testimony of Burnet and Strype, and of the statute of Henry the Eighth, 27, c. 28, "the well-known abuses and violations of the trust reported and believed of them." We are much mistaken if the reader will not agree with us, before he arrives at the conclusion of this article, that the above reasons constitute a most fortunate precedent, in accordance with which these now immense properties may be very summarily appropriated and applied to their original intents. What these intents were may be clearly learned from the following passage in the preamble to the charters of foundation:—'That youth may be liberally trained, old age fostered with things necessary for living, and that liberal largesses of alms to the poor in Christ, and reparations of roads and bridges, and other offices of piety teeming over from them might thence flow abroad far and wide to all the neighbouring places, to the glory of Almighty God, and the common welfare and happiness of the subjects of the realm.'

Here is a fine field for the imagination of the philanthropist:—the liberal education and maintenance of youth, the support of age, the relief of poverty, the promotion of works of public utility, hospitals for the sick; in a word, every chapter the centre of a large circle of multifarious blessings,—of civilization, piety, and comfort.

Nor was the mode of carrying out these beneficent intentions left by any means indeterminate. A perfect scheme was drawn in the instance of every cathedral prior to its endowment. Of the different classes beneficially interested in those endowments, a brief extract from the statutes of Canterbury may be taken as a specimen of all those which regulate capitular property, and which, in the case of the other cathedrals, are for the most part in almost the same words. It is as follows:—'Of the entire number of those who have their sustentation in the cathedral and metropolitan church of Canterbury, First of all, we ordain and direct that there be for ever in our aforesaid church one dean, twelve canons, six preachers, twelve minor canons, one deacon, one sub-deacon, twelve lay clerks, one master of the choristers, ten choristers, two teachers of the boys in grammar, one of whom is to be the head master, the other second master, fifty boys to be instructed in grammar, twelve poor men to be maintained at the costs and charges of the said church, two vergers,' and so forth.

The next part of this arrangement which requires observation is that these various beneficiaries were designed to be boarded and maintained in the cathedral establishment, the funds of

which were intrusted to the dean and chapter for this express purpose; and accordingly we find the office of caterer, cook, under cook, butler, &c., with a definite salary allotted in every cathedral to each of these humbler officials. So also we find the mention of a common hall, in which all of these, including the boys of the grammar school, were daily to take their meals, in addition to which a number of students, proportioned to the revenues of the chapter, were to be supported at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Another most important feature in the constitution of capitular establishments is the strict proportion which was observed in the distribution of the revenues. No surplus was contemplated or provided for. No account was taken of future changes in the value of money, or in that of the estates with which cathedrals were endowed, as in relation to each other. The whole revenue was obviously designed to be absorbed by the charges upon it originally laid down, and the proportions in which it was allocated were to be strictly preserved. Thus, to take as an example the case of Canterbury, we have extant in the scheme for the foundation of that corporation a minute account of the charges for the dean, for each of the prebends, for each of the minor canons, for each of the twenty-four university students, and of the fifty boys at the grammar school, together with stated sums for a specified number of singing men, choristers, sextons, cooks, and a great variety of other subordinates, and the expenses of houses for the use of the preachers, amounting in all to £2543 3s. 11½d.; and at the foot of the account is added, 'and so the church to have, if it please the King's Majesty, in possession £2543 3s. 11½d.'

The same intention that a strict proportion should be maintained between the receipts of the various parties who were to divide between them the capitular revenues is further suggested by the fractional character of the allotted stipends. Thus we have, taking Ely as a specimen, each of the scholars and choristers appointed to receive £3 6s. 8d. per annum; each of the singing men and divinity students and the land steward £6 13s. 4d. per annum; each of the petty canons, the schoolmaster for the choristers, and the auditor, to receive £10 per annum; each of the prebends to receive £20 per annum; the like sum to be annually distributed in alms, and the same also to be employed in mending highways. These, and a variety of other charges apportioned with equal minuteness, are added together, and form a total of £995 1s. 5½d., immediately under which total we find in the original document,\*—'And so to bear

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\* A MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

all charges, and to pay the tenths and first fruits, it may please the King's Majesty to endow the church with £995 1s. 5½d.'

These may be taken as examples of the general design and allocation of cathedral property. Upon the face of all these deeds of constitution, three principles are clearly manifested. The first is, that the entire revenue of the property of each cathedral was *de facto* absorbed, and was intended to be perpetually absorbed by the officers and objects to whom and to which it was originally allotted; secondly, that an accurate proportion was originally instituted, and intended to be permanently maintained between the amounts to be distributed to those various beneficiaries and public objects whose allotted receipts in their aggregate just equalled the income of the chapter; and thirdly, that an especial and most solemn obligation was imposed on the trustees of these funds, especially to regard the interests of the humbler class of recipients, to whom a proportionate interest in these revenues was supposed to be granted in perpetuity. 'We will,' runs the statute of Henry the Eighth, embracing a number of the cathedrals, 'that there be for ever in our church of — fifty boys, poor, and destitute of the aid of friends, to be maintained out of the property of our church, with dispositions (so far as may be) naturally inclined and fit for learning.' By the same statute it is enacted, that the education and liberal maintenance of these fifty boys shall be continued for five years, until they have a competent knowledge of and are able to speak and write in Latin; and in successive authoritative documents we find strict injunctions as to the liberality of their maintenance in the common hall. Thus, in cap. 24 of Elizabeth's statutes, which relates to the duties of the dean, it is said, 'Let him also look after the health of the boys whose liberal bringing up, both in learning and at table, we commit to his honour.'

Nor was the care of youth at the expense of the funds of chapters to be limited to the period of their education within the precincts of the cathedral. For the statute of Henry the Eighth closes with the following paragraph:—'Moreover, we direct, that out of the whole number of grammar boys who have their sustentation in our church, there be for ever maintained of those who have made greater progress than the rest, ten\* students, where there are fifty scholars, in our university of Cambridge, and the same number at Oxford. To whom let the usual stipend be paid yearly for six years, unless they shall have gained a fellowship in any of the colleges.' Thus the benevo-

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\* The statute goes on to specify what proportion of youths are to be maintained at the universities where the number of scholars is smaller.

lent design with which these establishments were founded did not terminate, as far as the young were concerned, with the instruction of boyhood, but was designed to extend its influence over them until their education had been perfected by university learning, and their maintenance for life secured by university endowments.

To the fulfilment of these and all the other charitable provisions enjoined in the constitution of these establishments, deans and chapters have uniformly bound themselves by the following solemn oaths: 'I, A. B., who have been nominated, elected, and instituted a canon of this cathedral church of Christ, having in my hand the sacred and holy Gospels of God, swear, that I will keep all and every one of the statutes and ordinances of King Henry VIII. our founder, and will take care that they shall be kept by others, (so far as in me lies,) and that I will not hinder what may lawfully be done for the profit and honour of this church, but will study and promote its interests. All and every one of these things I will take on myself, so help me God, and these holy Gospels of God.'

The dean says in his oath—

'I call God to witness that I will well and faithfully observe all and every one of the statutes and ordinances of Henry VIII. our founder, and will take care that they shall be studiously observed by others so far as they concern them. So help me God, and these holy gospels of God.'

It must not be supposed that these oaths are, or ever have been, regarded as mere formalities; on the contrary, whenever it has suited the purpose of the deans and chapters, they have been put forward, as invested with the most solemn significance and obligation. Thus, Mr. Hope, in advocating these establishments in his place in parliament,\* declares that they must mean something very serious and grave; so, too, the counsel of the dean and chapter of Rochester declared on the same day in the House of Lords on the part of his clients, that they conceived that short of the duty of obedience to an act of parliament, nothing could relieve them from the obligation of those oaths. Nay, on the memorial of the chapters of England, July 19th, 1836, against the supposed suppression of certain canonries and prebends; we find the following language, 'It is submitted that the proposed suppression is wrong in principle, involving as it does the subversion of ancient foundations, which have not ceased to be of service to the church; the violation of statutes *which are still observed*, and the more *serious question of conscience* as it regards the *solemnity* of oaths which have been

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\* Mirror of Parliament, 24th July, 1840.

taken as well by *visitors* as by *members* of cathedral establishments, and of which *the obligation is deeply felt and the sanctity revered.*' But the chapter of Canterbury speak in a tone of still deeper solemnity, for in addressing the ecclesiastical commissioners, they adopted the language of Archbishop Whitgift in reference to the same trusts, and adjured them, 'as *they* expected comfort at the last day, to dispose of the church's lands for Jesus' sake, as the donors intended.'

From such language as this, the reader will naturally be led to suppose that the beneficent regulations of the various founders have been strictly observed. He would imagine that as the design of the foundation was ostensibly one of christian charity, especial regard would be had to the claims of the more needy and unprotected beneficiaries. In comparing such establishments with ordinary hospitals, alms-houses, and the like, he would naturally argue, that if in the latter cases the trusts are faithfully administered, though by men whose station in life affords the only guarantee of their integrity, with how much more sacred fidelity and tender consideration would charitable endowments be administered by men to whom the trust is confided, on the very ground of their profession to be moved by the most sacred impulses, to take on themselves the duty of enforcing upon others the claims of truth, righteousness, and charity. Let us see how the facts tally with these natural anticipations.

In illustration of the mode in which the designs of founders ought to be fulfilled, Mr. Whiston instances the conduct of the dean and chapter of Westminster, the provost and fellows of Eton, the warden and fellows of Winchester, the masters and fellows of Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, and the governors of Charter House School. Without reciting the language of the various charters of incorporation or statutes of these collegiate bodies, it may be sufficient to state in general, that they are similar to those enjoined upon chapters for the regulation of cathedral schools in general, and further that the stipend allowed to the scholars and choristers was about of equal value in all cases. Thus, at Eton, it amounted to £3 6s. 8d. per annum, which is the exact amount allotted in the statutes of Chester, Durham, and Ely; tenpence a week also is allowed to each for commons, alike in Eton and Canterbury; eightpence at Winchester, and a shilling at Trinity College, Cambridge. Now what has been the course pursued in the exceptional cases referred to. At Eton, the actual worth of a foundation scholarship, instead of £3 6s. 8d., is not less than fifty-five pounds a year. At Winchester, where eightpence a week was allowed for the commons of each boy, and an allowance of cloth for a suit at christmas, £50 a year is a low esti-



mate of the cost of each scholar. At Westminster, where the yearly allowance was originally £3 14s. 2d. we now find a corresponding expenditure of £77 per annum. Again at Trinity College, Cambridge, the statutes allow to each foundation scholar, 13s. 4d. a year for stipend, 13s. 4d. for livery, and 1s. a week for commons, in all £3 18s. 8d. a year for a year's residence; yet this allowance of £3 18s. 8d. is raised to £64 7s. 8d. for a year's residence, while the annual allowance of £1 4s. for the foundation sizars has been raised to nearly £70 a year.

The reverse of the picture shall now be presented, as sketched by the hand of Mr. Whiston. Now, he says,—

‘If every such augmentation is only just, and required by an honest and conscientious regard to the intentions of a founder, what is to be thought of those chapters who, after all their professions about the obligations of statutes, and the “deeply felt sanctity of solemn personal oaths,” which require them *faithfully* to observe those statutes, and which statutes require them to find a *maintenance* for their foundation scholars; what, I would ask, is to be thought of them, if, after all this, they refuse to increase their scholars’ stipend at all, and augment their own thirty-four fold, from £20 to more than £680, as has been the case with the dean and chapter of Rochester? And if our condemnation of such conduct be instantaneous and irrepressible, what will it be on hearing that of this very body, one received for the seven years ending 1834, no less than £1426 6s. 2d. a year, instead of £100 as in 1544; and two others £680 19s. 8d. each, instead of £20, while their foundation scholars, during some of those seven years, were in number only five instead of twenty, and receiving £1 each, instead of £2 13s. 4d.?—a number, indeed, which was afterwards reduced from five to one.

‘For conduct like this, indignation can scarcely be too strong; it is, indeed, “but a generous emotion against the only deformity in creation— injustice and wrong.” But when we look at Canterbury, this feeling will be mixed with another, that of wonder and exceeding surprise; for, in their memorial of Nov. 26, 1836, the dean and chapter of Canterbury assert, “We are subjected to deduction from our dividends which *leaves* us by *no means* in the relative position to the church at large originally held by the chapter.” Now, these words may have a *double entendre*: an *esoteric*, or veiled meaning for the initiated, and a natural one for the ignorant. There are various reasonings for thinking so: (1st.) Because the founder (page 10) originally assigned £230 a year for the grammar school, and £491 15s. for the prebendaries; but the average cost of the grammar school for the seven years ending with 1834, was only £192 2s. 6d.; while the average yearly receipt of the twelve prebendaries for the three years ending 1831, was not £491 15s., but more than £12,000. (2nd.) Because, while a prebendary originally received £40 2s. 11d., a grammar boy had £4; whereas, for the three years aforesaid, a prebendary took more than £1010 a year, and left the poor boy £1 8s. 4d. (3rdly.) Because, out of the original revenue of

£2543 3s. 11½*d.*, the dean and chapter took only £781 15s.; whereas, for the three years aforesaid, out of £21,551, they took £14,377; *i. e.*, instead of one-third, they had about two-thirds.

‘With these facts before us,’ Mr. Whiston adds, with amusing irony, ‘it would really be quite wrong and foolish to maintain, that the dean and chapter of Canterbury were, in 1836, even after their deductions from their dividends, left in their original position relative to the “church at large;” and therefore it is, perhaps, better to admire their assertion for its ingenuity, than to condemn it for its inaccuracy. One would scarcely say that it is not quite true!’—(‘Cathedral Trusts,’ pp. 84—86.)

The case of Worcester is still worse. Instead of the stipend of £2 13s. 4*d.* originally allotted to each boy, he now gets only 5s. 10*d.* a year; while the stipend of the dean has risen from £100 to £1486 11s. 9*d.*; and that of each prebendary from £20 to £626 3s. 1*d.*

To revert for a moment to Rochester, it appears with regard to the masters, foundation scholars, and exhibitioners, that if the dean and chapter had increased the sum allotted for their alimony rateably with their own stipends, it would have amounted annually to £1812 13s. 4*d.* During the following years the payments devoted by the dean and chapter to these objects stands as follows:—

		£			£
1831 ...	...	9		1835 ...	6
1832 ...	...	6		1836 ...	3
1833 ...	...	5		1837 ...	1
1834 ...	...	5		1838 ...	1

At last, in 1839, there was no school at all. The dean and chapter pulled the building down, sold the site, and there was no scholar forthcoming to receive anything whatsoever.

An examination of almost all the chapters of cathedrals of the new foundation brings out an equally disgraceful result: thus at Peterborough, while the stipend of the dean has increased from £100 to £1166, the stipend of the poor grammar boy stands as in the year 1542, at £2 13s. 4*d.*; while at Ely, where the dean’s salary has swollen from £120 7s. 6*d.* to £1357, the allowance for the scholar is still the miserable pittance of 1542; with the further aggravation, that only seven boys receive it instead of twenty-four, as originally ordered. Instead of pursuing this examination, we will present a general view of the distribution of cathedral funds in the following table, drawn up by Mr. Whiston:—

CATHEDRALS.	Expenses of grammar schools per annum.		Net receipts of Deans and Chapters per annum.	
	In 1542.	Average of for seven years ending 1834.	In 1542.	Average of for seven years ending 1834.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£	£
Canterbury . . . . .	230 0 0	182 2 6	782	9830
Bristol . . . . .	20 0 0	85 14 6	220	3382
Carlisle . . . . .	13 0 8	20 0 0	209	3302
Chester . . . . .	131 6 8	114 16 0	220	1067
Darham . . . . .	76 13 4	340 2 0	674	32,160
Ely . . . . .	104 13 4	40 19 0	280	6419
Gloucester . . . . .	20 0 0	36 7 10	220	4027
Christ Church, Oxford .		30 0 0	260	14,738
Peterborough . . . . .	76 0 0	82 19 0	220	4401
Rochester . . . . .	99 18 6	120 13 1	220	5511
Winchester . . . . .			572	9139
Worcester . . . . .	120 12 8	240 7 10	393	7749
Westminster . . . . .	192 0 0	1307 6 1	571	17,555

In one word, the large sums specifically designed, and now available for the board and education of the deserving children of the poor, and to the minutest fraction of which, doled out to the cathedral school, we owe some of the greatest names that adorn the ranks of the learned professions, have been fraudulently alienated in defiance of the most solemn oaths, and the most touching claims of humanity and justice, to augment the luxury of lazy pluralists and sinecurists, whose habits of life, useless for the most part where they are not injurious, would reflect dishonour upon any corporation whatever. Assuredly, the declaration of Archbishop Crammer—‘That commonly a prebendary is neither a learner, nor a teacher, but a good viander,’ is what the Bishop of Exeter would call a ‘catholic truth.’

But the youthful beneficiaries of cathedral funds are by no means the only parties who have to complain of the unprincipled cupidity of deans and chapters. ‘The minor canons,’ says the Bishop of London, ‘do the greater part of the duty in all cathedrals.’ Let us see how they have fared amidst the vast increase of wealth which has befallen their superiors. At Canterbury, the income of a minor canon was appointed by the statutes as one-fourth of that of a prebendary, or canon. In 1819, while the canon enjoyed £1010 per annum, the more laborious functionary was allowed only £80. At Rochester, where the statutable proportions was as two to one, the canon had, in 1818, £680 19s.; the minor canon, £30. At Peterborough, where the minor canon is entitled to one-half, the

canon had at the same date £539, the minor canon £52. At Worcester and Bristol, where the statutable proportion is the same, the canon in 1840 had an income, at Worcester, of £626; the minor canon having only £36; and at Bristol, £415, the minor canon having £40.

Indeed, the fraud and rapacity of chapters appears to increase in proportion to the humble and unprotected condition of those beneficially interested in the funds. In each of these cathedrals, it is ordained by the statutes that a specified number of poor men are to be maintained at the cost and charges of the church; at Canterbury twelve, at Durham eight, at Peterborough and Rochester six; and so of the rest. These are specially designated in some of the statutes as persons decayed in the royal service; while in others, they are only mentioned as persons reduced to poverty and want. The stipend allotted to each of these pensioners is, in almost all cases, just one-third of that of a prebendary; though at Canterbury, where the income of the prebendary is double the ordinary amount, that of the bedesman, as they are called, is one-sixth. Let us see how much the contemplated objects of the founder's bounty are benefited by this considerate arrangement. If their proportions of the funds had been preserved to them, they would each be now in the enjoyment of an income in the case of Canterbury of about £170 a year; whereas the pittance of £6 13s. 4d. per annum remains unaugmented. At Rochester, where a proportionate increase would have raised the bedesman's stipend to nearly £230 a year, the benefaction has been altogether discontinued beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant; while, as if to parade their abominations, a farce has been enacted until a comparatively recent date, which, but for the disclosures recently made, would be absolutely incredible. On the day appointed for distribution, the last recipients of the dole, who had been in their graves for many years, were called upon by name, thus—

‘Thomas Smith stand forward and receive your alms!’

‘John Featherstone stand forward and receive your alms!’

Yet it is this very chapter of Rochester, who, in a memorial addressed to the House of Lords in 1836, assert that the suppression of useless prebends was wrong, as involving ‘*the violation of statutes which are still observed*, and the more serious question of conscience, as it regards the *solemnity* of oaths which have been taken as well by *visitors* as by *members* of cathedral establishments, and of which *the obligation is deeply felt, and the sanctity revered!*’ And it is these same Canterbury gentlemen who warned the ecclesiastical commissioners ‘as

*they* expected comfort at the last day, to dispose of the church's lands, for Jesu's sake, as the donors intended !'

The case is much the same in the other cathedrals. Thus, at Peterborough, instead of six persons each with an allowance of £180 a year, we find that number cut down to two, and the stipend confined to £6 13s. 4d., as granted in the year 1542. The same sum at Ely stands in the place of £210 a year, which represents the humbler beneficiaries' proportionate share of the fund. At Chester, the same amount is all that is received of £170 per annum; while at Durham, £20 is the actual amount of a benefaction, which in all equity should be no less than about £460 a year.

Nor should we omit to notice, that some of the means by which the wealth of deans and chapters is thus aggrandized, are as illegitimate as the spoliation of the poor and the unprotected is infamous. No small amount of their large stipends arises from the division of fines on the renewal of capitular leases, upon which their statutes are either silent altogether, or else mention them in the way of absolute prohibition, or in a third class of cases, forbid their appropriation by deans and chapters, and command the strict reservation of them for the general purposes of the church. On this point we shall not enlarge; we only adduce it as an additional instance of the systematic violation of the intention of the founders, on the part of the dignified clergy.

But even this is not all, the deans and chapters of our cathedrals are frequently the managers *ex-officio* of various hospitals, that is, alms-houses, situated in the cathedral city, and more or less richly endowed for the benefit of the poor, the aged, and the infirm. As a specimen of the way in which this trust is commonly fulfilled, Mr. Horsman, in his speech on the present state of the cathedrals and the collegiate churches, on the 16th of May, 1848, takes one of the hospitals of Canterbury, endowed with an estate of about two hundred acres, as an example: his statement is as follows:—

'It appears that the nomination of the poor brethren rests with one of the chapter, Archdeacon Croft; who, instead of always nominating poor people who are residents of Canterbury, has named several of his own parishioners of Saltwood, and servants or dependants of his own. Another gentleman, said to be one of the most wealthy in Canterbury, a gentleman who held the office of surveyor to the dean and chapter, with a salary of £500, and who was also wood-ranger and seneschal, and as such managed the whole estates of the dean and chapter, has been appointed by Archdeacon Croft one of the poor brethren. This gentleman's name is Austin, and he not only has been nominated a poor brother, but also prior of the hospital. This is not all, for there are several other

members of the Austin family quartered on the charity. Let the House remember that the hospital has been founded for decayed and poor old men and women, and yet they find upon it a family of some of the wealthiest people in the city. (Hear, hear.) But I have not told you the worst. The prior has the management of the estate of the hospital, and how does Mr. Austin manage it? I am informed that he let it privately to his own son, whether at a real or nominal rent, no one in Canterbury can discover, but the whole place felt scandalized by the transaction. (Hear, hear.) One word more in reference to the patron and manager, Archdeacon Croft. The archdeacon is the son-in-law of a late archbishop, and in respect of his emoluments he is not a bad sample of the old system. His stall in the cathedral is worth £1000 per annum, his archdeaconry £500, as rector of Cliffe he receives £1300, and as rector of Saltwood £784, so that he is receiving altogether about £3,584 per annum, and yet he has not hesitated thus to interfere with the due course of charity and benevolence.'

Now we beg the reader to contract into one view the facts which we have thus stated, and which, did our space permit, we could multiply indefinitely, and we challenge him to produce a parallel to them from the most comprehensive catalogue of wrongs and impostures, public or private, within his reach; only excluding from his inquiry two sources of information, to wit, the financial statistics of the Church of England, and the 'Newgate Calendar.' If these abuses are to be tolerated from a conservative regard to a deep-rooted system, whose very shade is pestiferous, to be punned away as *clerical* errors, or joked about as loaves and fishes, and the prizes in an ecclesiastical lottery, what are we to think of the fate of Dr. Dodd and Mr. Fauntleroy?

We now come to the important inquiry, what duties do the capitular bodies perform in return for their plethoric revenues, and what is the effect of the system upon the church and the people? And here we shall confine ourselves to the testimony of Mr. Horsman, who is at once a laborious and accurate investigator of facts, and a zealous churchman, though an earnest ecclesiastical reformer. In calling him as a witness, however, we cannot help expressing our surprise and regret at the querulous tone in which he frequently refers to the successful efforts of dissenters to instruct and evangelize those whom the church neglects:—

'Wherever,' he says, 'these venerable cathedral establishments are seen to raise their heads, there the church is always found to be weakest, and there dissent will be found to be most active and most rife. This, though a strong statement, I am prepared to prove, not by any general averments, but by a detail of the different cathedral establishments of the country as they now exist. I am prepared to take the House from



diocese to diocese, and to show, from one end of the country to the other, that they, in every instance, as now administered, tend to the weakening rather than the promotion of Christianity.'

Now we think that Mr. Horsman, in making this statement, ought to have expressed some of the pleasure which we feel in reading it. If dissent flourishes in the cathedral towns of the provinces, it is certainly the only thing which does, and we can only account for its growth on horticultural principles,—that is, from the putrescent richness of the soil. There is a wonderful amount of ammonia in a cathedral; indeed, this may supply the reason why the inhabitants of Lichfield, and Wells, and Ely, and Peterborough, do not spend their lives in what doctors would call a comatose condition. They are kept awake by the sneezing and lachrymation,—the chronic catarrh occasioned by the pungent exhalations from the chapter-house. Most of our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with a necropolis of this kind; and if they have read Washington Irving's 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' they will connect the two together by a natural association. The tradesman at the door instead of being behind the counter; the street so still that one may hear the buzz of the summer insect; the very dresses of the male inhabitants, lounging coats and garden hats; the schools as empty as the streets; the sparse population of the former being nourished solely by rations of Eton Latin Grammar and Church Catechism; the inane gossip; the spirit of *caste* exhibited in the form of the lowest *flunkeyism*; existence itself a monotonous negation—the not being dead—and all the business of life transacted in plain chaunt,—all proclaim the residence of a dean and chapter. They remind the classic reader of Ovid's 'Cave of Sleep,' or of the description from the pen of Tacitus of a scene after a Roman victory: *ubique silentium; nemo exploratoribus obviis*; or perhaps of the language of a British classic: 'The enemy (*videlicet* the chapter) needs not to proclaim his triumph; it will be felt in the more expressive silence of extended desolation.' We repeat that if, in such a moral wilderness, there are found some untitled Christians who are in so far successors of the apostles that they 'attend to the neglected, and remember the forgotten,' this should be with Mr. Horsman a matter of the most hearty gratulation.

But our present business is not with earnest Christians, but with deans and chapters. With respect to these, two systems appear to be prevailing concurrently. Those whose ecclesiastical patronage bears a date anterior to 1840 appear to have an unlimited licence to hold a plurality of benefices in the gift of the chapter. Indeed, the Commissioners of Inquiry

in 1836 recommended that all such preferments should be compulsorily divided between members of the chapter, the most deserving of the neighbouring clergy being excluded from all participation in them.

‘In the See of Canterbury,’ says Mr. Horsman, ‘the act of 1840 has reduced the number of stalls in that cathedral to six. Its revenues are about £20,000 per annum, of which £8000 is divided among the chapter,—the dean taking two shares, and each of the canons one share. Now, besides the estates from which this revenue is derived, the dean and chapter are patrons by themselves, or their nominees, of about forty livings, and by law they may present themselves to these livings, each canon being permitted to hold one benefice in conjunction with his cathedral stall. At present most of the canons hold several livings; but passing by those held in plurality, and selecting only the richest one held by each, I find that seven members of the chapter hold among them seven benefices (to several of which they have been presented by other patrons), of the annual value of £9200; so that, under the law as remodelled, there being nothing to prevent their holding seven such livings, the dean and chapter of Canterbury may divide amongst them £17,000 per annum.’

Now, our first inquiry respects the effect of this costly arrangement upon the cathedral services, the due and solemn performance of which it professedly contemplates. Mr. Horsman informs us that he has ordered a census to be taken of the attendance on the services at our provincial cathedrals on days promiscuously selected. We subjoin a few of the returns indicating the proportion between the congregation and the clergy, and others attending officially at Canterbury. The average was found to be—In the morning, twenty-one officials, with a congregation of twenty-five; in the afternoon, twenty-two officials to a congregation of fifty-three. This is, however, an unusually favourable instance. The attendance in a few other cathedrals we will exhibit in a tabular form:—

	Officials.	Congregation.
York . . . .	23 . . .	50
Durham . . . .	32 . . .	4
„ . . . .	33 . . .	37
„ . . . .	33 . . .	11
„ . . . .	32 . . .	25
„ . . . .	33 . . .	6
„ . . . .	32 . . .	28
Peterborough . .	12 . . .	7
Wells . . . .	19 . . .	22
Carlisle . . . .	17 . . .	9
Rochester . . . .	22 . . .	14
Oxford . . . .	15 . . .	18
Lincoln . . . .	24 . . .	8

It must, therefore, be admitted, that so far from giving the public great advantage from week-day services, there is not, in that respect, much return made by these richly-endowed establishments, and it is evident that the inhabitants, instead of availing themselves of these services, actually shun them; because it cannot be doubted that a great part of these congregations consists either of visitors, attracted to the cathedral by the beauty and antiquity of the edifice, or of the families of the dignitaries residing. In Canterbury and other places mentioned, comparing the population and attendance, I find the following table as the result:—

PROPORTION OF CATHEDRAL WEEK-DAY ATTENDANCE TO POPULATION AND OFFICIALS.

	Population.	Average Attendance.	Proportion to Officials.
Canterbury . . . . .	15,000	39	Not double of Officials.
York . . . . .	30,000	50	24 of Officials.
Durham . . . . .	13,000	18	One half.
Peterborough . . . . .	7,000	6	One half.
Carlisle . . . . .	20,000	8	One half.
Wells . . . . .	4,000	22	About the same.
Rochester . . . . .	12,000	14	Two thirds.
Oxford, exclusive of University.	23,000	18	About equal.
Lincoln . . . . .	13,000	8	One third.

This 'beggarly account' need awaken no surprise. The disgustingly perfunctory manner in which these services are performed, and the mechanical gabble in which the sublimest passages of scripture are rattled over, presents the whole thing to the view of thinking men as a mere farce,\* and this coupled with the facts which we have already stated, and are about to relate, and which are necessarily more notorious in the cathedral cities themselves than elsewhere, sufficiently accounts for the fact, that the daily services are 'shunned' by the inhabitants.

But it will be asked, what are, *bona fide*, the duties of these officials? In reply, we will give all the information that the ecclesiastical commission succeeded in obtaining from them. The question, 'What are the duties attached to your office of dean?' elicited the following instructive reply: 'The duties

\* Rapidity of enunciation is regarded as a cardinal accomplishment, and a well-known member of the University of Cambridge commonly passed by the name of Pontius Pilate, from his having challenged any reader in the university to race him through the Apostle's Creed, giving him a start of the words, 'Suffered under Pontius Pilate.'

attached to my office of dean are the usual duties of a cathedral dean.' From this functionary the commissioners turned to the sub-dean, with the inquiry, 'What are the duties attached to your office?' The sub-dean replied, 'My duties are to act for the dean in his absence.' This highly satisfactory consultation of the capitular oracle will remind the reader of the old story: 'What are you doing, Tom?' 'Nothing, Sir.' 'What are you doing, Jack?' 'Helping Tom, Sir.' From the sub-dean, the commissioners turned to the chancellor, and begged to know what were the duties of his office. The response was, 'The usual duties of a cathedral chancellor.' At length, an intelligible statement was obtained from the precentor, who, in reply to the usual question, stated, that his duties were to superintend the choir and to preach once a year.

'Now,' Mr. Horsman observes, 'the superintendence of the choir by him is purely nominal; the choir is left to the management of the singing-master; and I believe that the precentor usually knows as little of music as of navigation, and no more interferes with the duty of singing-master than he would with the cooking of the chapter dinner. His duty of preaching once a-year was intelligible and specific, though it may be found somewhat arduous. In fact the whole duty of the dean is to reside eight months in the year in a house provided for him; and the canons have to reside three months each, and to preach occasionally on Sundays while in residence, but to take no part in the daily service of the cathedral.'

In the debate in the House of Commons on church extension, on the 1st of July, 1851, Sir Benjamin Hall made the following statement, respecting the duties performed by deans and chapters, taking Rochester as a sample:—

'The dean preached twelve times from December 1 to April 1, and attended service four times; his income was £1400 per annum. One canon preached twelve times in two years; has a residence, with income of £680. Another, with £780, preached twice last December, but had not preached since, though he had an additional £100 a year, because it was represented to the ecclesiastical commissioners that the duties were so laborious! He is also vicar of Chadham, with a population of 16,000, and three villages in Dorsetshire. Another canon has not been in Rochester for three years, and has sold off all his goods and gone off. Up to the month of June, 1851—up to yesterday—no canon preached on any Sunday, not even Whitsunday, with the exception of Ascension Day. Minor canons did all the work, with no additional pay; two of them got £150 per annum, the others £30. In a few days the cathedral will probably be closed, and then they might go and enjoy themselves, as they generally did. The bishop receives from £5000 to £6000 a year; the dean, £1400; the canons, £680 each, and £100—£3500; making a total of £10,900. The dean and five canons hold additional incomes to the amount of £7740; total, £17,640 per annum.

Let us now cross the precincts of the cathedral, and see how far the neighbouring parishes of the town and county are benefited by the staff of rich ecclesiastics stationed in their midst. On this, as on former topics, our facts must be confined to one or two dioceses, which may be taken as fair illustrations of the system. In the debate above referred to, Sir Benjamin Hall made the following statement, with reference to the parishes in the diocese and Isle of Ely:—

‘The value of the living at Wisbeach was—St. Peter’s, £1311 10s.; St. Mary’s, £879: total, £2190 10s. Vicar, absent about six months in the year, is also prebendary of Ely, £700; and vicar of Waterbeach, £500. The total income was £3390 10s., which he obtained because he was son-in-law to Bishop Sparkes! In the adjoining parish of Walsoken, the rectory was worth £1293. The rector was non-resident. The rector of Levington (value £2099) was non-resident; he was also canon of Ely, £700, and rector of Gunthorpe, £534: total income, £3333. Mr. Sparkes, the rector, was the son of a former bishop. The vicar of Emneth (value £2990) was non-resident; he was also prebendary of Brecon. The rector of Tydd, St. Giles, £1200, was resident in Germany; he paid his curate £120; the population was 900; very few attended church. The rector of Tydd, St. Mary’s, £1200, was also non-resident; he was prebendary of Lincoln, £1000, and rector of Woolbeding, £227: total income, £2327. Here were five clergymen receiving £11,143, and not doing any duty, and one clergyman receiving £3390, and doing duty when it suited his convenience.’

It would be easy, did our space permit, to go through all our cathedrals *seriatim*, and develop in each a similar state of things. We will only add the instance of Lincoln, which Mr. Horsman has investigated with great minuteness. There are twenty-seven livings in the patronage of the chapter. Of the eight richest Mr. Horsman says, ‘The first was, till lately, held by the son of the late dean; another by Mr. Pretymann, the chancellor, and son of a former bishop; two more by a relative of Mr. Pretymann’s, who holds two other preferments in the diocese, making four in all; another by a son of this same pluralist; another by another son; and two by an old incumbent, who has no connexion with the chapter.’ These are the richer livings. But, now, look how the poorer ones are filled. It is needless to say the chapter do not present themselves to *them*, and they are indeed in a most melancholy state. Of the whole twenty-seven livings, only eleven have residences upon them; of the thirteen poorer ones, only two have residences; of these thirteen, four are held by minor canons of the cathedral, one of whom holds no less than three; a fifth by a former master of the grammar school; a sixth by the present master: of the others, two are held by one individual, and two others in

plurality. The result of the whole twenty-seven livings is as follows:—The twenty-seven are held by twenty-one incumbents, of whom twelve are non-resident, and nine have other duties to perform, independent of the livings they hold from the chapter.

After this we are not surprised at the following testimony from a Lincolnshire clergyman, which was read by Mr. Horsman to the House. ‘The churches and parishes, where deans and chapters are the appropriators, are almost without exception through this country, in a most forlorn, wretched condition, with a starving parson, a falling church, and for want of schools, a people degraded both morally and intellectually.’ Mr. Horsman next gives a return of the attendances at the established churches and the dissenting chapels of Lincoln, taken on the same Sunday. In the thirteen churches, only nineteen services are performed; in ten dissenting chapels, there were twenty-one services. The largest number present at the churches collectively at one service, was 1075; at the dissenting chapels, three times that number.

And now with respect to the circumjacent parishes of this rich cathedral—

‘I have a return,’ says the same authority, ‘of seventy-five parishes within ten or twelve miles of Lincoln, almost every one of which has been personally visited, and regarding which I am furnished with the most minute details. I will give the House a mere summary of the result of this inquiry. In the whole seventy-five parishes, there are only thirty resident incumbents and twelve resident curates; and there are thirty-four of them without a clergyman of any kind resident in their boundaries. In eight cases the officiating clergyman lives at Lincoln, either in consequence of connexion with the cathedral or some other cause. In twenty-two cases the minister who officiates on the Sundays lives in some more or less distant parish. Of the seventy-five livings, forty-four are held in plurality, forty-five are held by non-resident ministers, forty-two are without any parsonage-house, and sixty have only one service in the day. It is impossible to conceive any district in a state of greater neglect than that immediately around the parishes I have referred to. I will not go minutely into the state of the clergy themselves. I could show their poverty, their privations, their sufferings; I could show cases that have occurred where it would not be too much to say, that clergymen have died in a state of destitution bordering on starvation; I could show from the letters of gentlemen of the highest character resident in those districts, that there could not be a more harrowing tale than the sufferings of these clergy.’

To make this case complete, we need only add that it is since these facts were exposed in parliament, that the Marquis of Blandford has brought forward in the same House his motion for church extension, and his appalling statement of what he



calls the spiritual destitution of this country. Quoting the report of a commissioner, he says, 'It has been ascertained by your majesty's commissioners appointed to inquire into the practicability and mode of subdividing all densely peopled parishes in England and Wales, that there is a pressing demand for the creation of 600 new churches, which should in most cases have parishes assigned to them, and these, of course, involve the appointment of one clergyman at least to each; 600 additional churches, therefore, with as many clergymen attached to them, is the first great want towards rendering effective our parochial system.'

His lordship further cites a number of parishes selected from all parts of England and Wales, in order to show for what proportion of the inhabitants there is church accommodation. In St. Ann's Limehouse, and Swansea, the proportion is one twelfth, in St. Martin's Birmingham, and St. George's Southwark, it is one eleventh, in St. Giles's Durham, and in Middlesburgh, it is one sixteenth. Again, reckoning 2000 as the largest number that a clergyman can effectually superintend, he adds, 'In thirteen great parishes of the metropolis, all of them with a population above 10,000 souls, and some of them four times that amount, containing an aggregate population of 762,383 souls, we find a body of 141 clergy, leaving a deficiency of 237, or 474,000 souls nearly uncared for.'

We confess we cannot altogether sympathize with the Marquis of Blandford's lamentations. In the spirit invariably engendered by a state church, he ignores to a great extent the labours of all other denominations than his own. Thus, his statement proves not the spiritual destitution of the people, but the spiritual inefficiency of the Church of England. It is only another sermon on the text, 'the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep.' Before we mingle our tears with his lordship's, we must know to what extent the lacking service of a perfunctory clergy is supplied by other denominations, through the agency of real ministers and of private Christians whose heart is in their work.

We have thus presented one more view of the effects which flow from the state endowment of religion. They cannot be too frequently published, or too deeply pondered. And it is the more imperative on a free press and a free parliament to perform this duty, inasmuch as it appears that some private persons cannot do the same without grievous detriment alike to their reputation and their fortune. Since we commenced this article, Mr. Whiston, who, for writing the admirable pamphlet before us, was deposed by the dean and chapter of Rochester from the head mastership of the cathedral school, amidst

the regrets of his pupils, and the indignant protest of the whole city, has appealed to a court, consisting of the bishop, Mr. Baron Parke, and Dr. Lushington. After a most luminous and triumphant defence, the delivery of which occupied seventeen hours and a-half, he was dismissed by his apostolical diocesan to the outer darkness of the Court of Chancery. But this desperate and demented struggle to exclude the light and silence the voice of truth and justice cannot last long. It is the beginning of the end; and if the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the dawn, surely our Christian fellow-countrymen may at last cast some hopeful glances to the east.

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## Brief Notices.

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*Regal Rome: an Introduction to Roman History.* By Francis W. Newman, Professor of Latin in University College, London. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1852.

We are glad that Mr. Newman has come, with a discriminating judgment and competent learning, to the inexhaustible discussions relating to the early history of Rome. He divides his book into three parts. Part I., or Alban Rome, treats of Earliest Italy and Latium—the Latin language—and Rome before Numa. Part II. treats of Sabine Rome, including the Sabines—Sabine Institutions in Rome—and the Sabino-Roman Dynasty. Part III., on Etrusco-Latin Rome, contains five chapters, on the Etruscans—Tarquin the Elder—Reign of Servius Tullius—Tarquin the Proud—and Concluding Reflections. While adopting the scepticism of Perizonius, Raleigh, and Niebuhr, regarding the ancient Roman records, he has

applied his large acquaintance with languages, and with the spirit of the Roman people, to the elucidation of this obscure period of history. He differs from Niebuhr in many of his conclusions, and offers clear reasons for so doing. When certainty is unattainable, he simply uses the language of probability, generally stating the alternatives. It is worthy of observation that Mr. Newman traces the germs of all that made Rome what she was in her palmy days to the union of the Sabines and the Latins. 'Until the fatal destruction of her elective monarchy, she shoots up with vigour so astonishing, as to excite a momentary disbelief: and of this prosperity no better account can be given than that it was due to the rigid and self-devoting virtue of the Sabines, joined to the organizing genius of the Latins. The Sabine stamp is the deepest; but it was the kings of Latin blood, or Latin party, who gave comprehensiveness to the institutions, and expanded them to receive new and new citizens;—a liberal policy, of which Rome never had cause to repent.' Combined with 'highly energetic form of government' were the 'fixed law and stern discipline' which raised Sabine Rome to its high distinction among the states of Italy. We think Mr. Newman has succeeded in showing the great probability that the Etruscans, so much in advance of the other nations of Italy in the arts of civilization, emigrated from Lydia in Asia, and that with the Etruscan elements were mingled the Hellenic and the Pelasgian. His observations on the Etruscan *language* are at once ingenious and solid. The work exhibits such minute acquaintance with ancient and modern writers, so much calm discrimination, and is so admirably arranged and perspicuously written, that we have much satisfaction in strongly recommending it to all who would form for themselves an accurate conception of the outline and development of the great Roman constitution.

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*Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform.* Chiefly from the 'Edinburgh Review;' corrected, vindicated, enlarged in Notes and Appendices. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. 8vo. pp. 758. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume will receive a hearty welcome. Many thoughtful men will rejoice in its appearance, and will set themselves to an early and studious examination of its contents. The papers it includes are not so attractive as those found in some other of the *Edinburgh Reprints*, but the interest they awaken will be proportionably deeper, and they will leave a permanent impression on the more profound and metaphysical order of minds. It would in no way become us to attempt a critical analysis of the views propounded by the author. Our province is more humble, and we cheerfully restrict ourselves to it. In reporting, however, the fact of many of Sir William Hamilton's contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' being printed in a separate form, we cannot refrain from expressing our intense satisfaction. The readers of Jeffrey's, Macaulay's, Sydney Smith's, Stephens', Mackintosh's, and Rogers' contributions, will be grateful for the addition thus made to one of the noblest series in our language, and though some of them may find the present volume

*Secular Free Schools; a Nation's Policy. A Lecture delivered at Crosby Hall, June 5th, 1851, at the request of the National Public School Association, in reply to the 'Eclectic Review,' and the Arguments in general against Secular Free Schools and Government Aid in Education. By Edward Swaine.*

WE had intended to present at an earlier period a brief notice of the pamphlet before us, constituting a reply to an extended article which appeared in our pages. The subject, however, is far from having lost any of its interest to the public, and we shall probably have to refer to it more fully at no distant period. The few remarks, therefore, we have now to make on the pamphlet before us are not altogether unseasonable. We cordially attribute three great merits to Mr. Swaine's performance,—earnestness, sagacity, and candour. At the same time we must as frankly declare that he has failed to alter our opinions on the main question at issue. We cheerfully subscribe to his representations of the immense importance of secular education *per se*; and we further agree with him that it *may* be supplemented with religious instruction, by arrangements independent of the organization of the schools; though he has left untouched our position respecting the futility of the allotment of certain portions of the week for this purpose.

But above all, Mr. Swaine appears to us to have failed chiefly in meeting the fundamental objections to a governmental system of education;—such as, that the education of children devolves naturally, and of right upon parents, in the first instance, and secondarily, on those teachers who are the objects of their spontaneous choice: that all such organizations, educational or otherwise, are characterized by a rigidity and *inertia*, which render them insusceptible to the plastic operation of reform and progressive improvement; and that a scheme of compulsory and public support is evermore found to quench individual zeal. The introduction of a system thus abnormal is obviously only justifiable by the proved inefficacy of the more natural method. But this has by no means been proved. On the contrary, it appears that voluntary efforts have issued in the bestowment of a Sunday school and of a day school education on about one in eight of the gross population of England and Wales, while in Manchester accommodation has been provided for the instruction of the young (and that by voluntary means alone) far exceeding the largest demands of the population. To these striking facts we think Mr. Swaine has given too little weight. In admitting them he suggests that 'the instruction now given *may* be, to a considerable extent, very inferior to that which a National system, such as proposed, would secure.' But to this it might seem sufficient to object the contrary hypothesis, that the education under the proposed system *might* be very *inferior* to that now afforded; and this last supposition derives strong confirmation from a comparison of the methods of instruction, discipline, books, &c., adopted in our public foundations, with those which prevail in proprietary, and other voluntary, schools.

To this it may be added in conclusion, that the proposed organization would constitute a wide-spread mechanism, more easily constructed than destroyed, and which might be made subservient to purposes the most

*Commentaries on the Epistles of Paul the Apostle to the Romans.* By John Calvin. Translated and Edited by the Rev. John Owen. 8vo. Edinburgh: Calvin Translation Society.

It would be superfluous to speak of Calvin's merits as a commentator. They are admitted on all hands, and by the impartial of all sects. The labors of 'The Calvin Society' are therefore a public benefit, and will be estimated as such, whatever views may be held on his distinctive theology. The present volume is amongst the most valuable of his productions, and is happily presented in a form which renders it accessible to all classes. This *Commentary* contains, as professor Stuart correctly remarks, 'fundamental investigation of the logic and course of thought contained in the Epistle. Many a difficulty' he adds 'is solved without any appearance of effort, or any show of learning.' The 'Commentaries' of Calvin, like those of his age generally, contain little of verbal criticism, and his present editor has therefore judiciously added a large body of notes, in which the results of modern scholarship are collected for the benefit of the reader. We need not say to ministers, divinity students, and other persons interested in the *study* of this important and most difficult Epistle, that they will be wise, immediately to procure and attentively examine this masterpiece of the great reformer.

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*New and Popular History of England.* By Robert Fergusson, LL.D. London: John Cassell.

THE claim of the volumes before us to public patronage is based upon their adaptation to supply the masses of the people with sound historical knowledge, as far as our own country is concerned. Commencing with our earliest authentic annals, they narrate the story of the welfare and the woe of Great Britain to the present time. The narrative is clothed in a style suited to its avowed purpose. Without the majestic gait of the historic muse, and regardless of the fashion established by literary precedent, it commends itself chiefly to the perusal of the uninstructed. It has, however, the higher merit of an enlightened fidelity; and while it brings to light merits which are not emblazoned by the titles of rank and the prestige of a nominal legitimacy, it tears aside the purple that veils the vices of monarchs and the finery which disguises the depravity of courts. It is closely condensed, without abruptness, and pervaded by a spirit of impartiality and simplicity which constitute it a safe guide to those to whom has not been opened that "ample page rich with the spoils of time."

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*Historical Sketches; illustrating some important Events and Epochs from A.D. 1400 to A.D. 1546.* By John Hampden Gurney, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Mary-le-Bone. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

Four sketches of Joan of Arc—Caxton—Columbus—and Luther, accompanied by useful notices of their respective times—all done with a popular adaptation to the instruction of 'youths and maidens, and intelligent working men, and worthy, in our judgment, of a wide circulation.

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*Daily Bible Illustrations; being Original Readings for a Year, on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology, especially designed for the Family Circle.* By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Evening Series. Job and the Poetical Books. January—March. Edinburgh; Oliphant and Sons.

THE readers of the former series of Dr. Kitto's 'Illustrations' will be glad to learn that he has been encouraged to continue his labors in the department of biblical instruction, for which he is so pre-eminently qualified. The prevailing tone of his former volumes was historical, and the present series will derive its complexion mainly from those portions of the inspired record of which it treats. The volume now before us relates to the Book of Job, the Psalms, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. The construction of these books, their arguments, and various particulars respecting their history and teaching, are exhibited with much distinctness and skill, in a style admirably suited to instruct as well as interest an attentive reader. The second volume of the series will be devoted to the prophetic books, and the third and fourth to 'The Acts, Sayings, and Sufferings of our Lord and his Apostles.' A more suitable book for 'the Family Circle' does not exist in our language, and we specially commend it to intelligent and thoughtful young persons. The author is well furnished for his work, and disposes, with the skill of a master, of various questions which perplex youthful inquirers, and which are too commonly slurred over in a hasty and superficial manner.

*A System of Practical Mathematics; to which are annexed Accurate Tables of Logarithms, with Explanations and Examples of their Construction and Use.* By John Davidson, A.M. 8vo. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute.

A FAVORABLE reception of four large impressions of this work supersedes the necessity for criticism. The public have already expressed their judgment in an unmistakeable form, and we have no disposition to contest its soundness. As a comprehensive text-book on the subjects mentioned in the title-page, the volume merits the favor it has obtained, and Mr. Davidson has sought to render it as complete as possible. 'Considerable additions have been made wherever it seemed necessary or calculated to render the work more useful either to the teacher or the pupil; the mathematical figures have been re-engraved, and other important improvements adopted, while, notwithstanding the expense thus necessarily incurred, the price has been reduced *one-third*.' To those who are in want of a carefully prepared and cheap Text-book on the subjects treated, we cordially recommend Mr. Davidson's volume.

*Lectures and Addresses in Aid of Popular Education; including a Lecture on the Poetry of Pope.* By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. London: Longman and Co.

THIS publication forms the eighteenth *Part* of 'The Traveller's Library,' and consists, besides a lecture on the poetry of Pope, and another on the noble author's travels in America, of various addresses delivered before several educational institutions in the north of England. In their collected



opposed to the designs of its advocates. A question may arise—Why, if education may be provided by compulsory rates, religious education (as the most important of all by universal admission) should not *à fortiori* be so secured? And the entertainment of such a question in a country burdened with an established church would probably lead to results so injurious to public interests, both religious and secular, as not to be compensated by any extent, uniformity, or economy, of public instruction.

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*The School for Fathers; an Old English Story.* By T. Gwynne. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

'THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS' is one of the cleverest, most brilliant, genial, and instructive stories that we have read since the publication of 'Jane Eyre.' It is one of those volumes that you cannot dip into for a moment without feeling instantly that you are in gifted and accomplished company. The style is at once simple, vigorous and decisive. It places the scenes and circumstances with which it deals before you in the most striking and delightful manner, not by labored description, but by a few effective strokes. We do not know who T. Gwynne is, but the author is full of talent and of knowledge of life, both in town and country, at home and abroad. The sketching of the character of Sir Thomas Warren, the father of the story, reminded us strongly of Thackeray; he is a man of the world—a Major Pendennis without the major's heart.

The story is one which many fathers would do well to read and reflect on. It is that of a cold aspiring man of fashion, in the early part of George III.'s reign, who leaves his only son to the care of his fox-hunting brother in the country till he has arrived at manhood, and then is foolish enough to attempt, all at once, to metamorphose him into a political haunter of town saloons. The endeavour is, as may be supposed, fruitless. Honest Jack Warren has a heart of the noblest kind, but no talent for anything, except the enjoyment of the country and its sports. The process of trying to engraft fashionable airs, clothes, and notions upon him, would be infinitely amusing if it were not absolutely barbarous. Poor Jack is tortured by French language, dancing and fencing-masters, a French valet, fashionable tailors, hair-dressers, and the like; has his own fine head of hair shorn off, and is put into a powdered wig, a cocked hat, fashionable clothes, and red-heeled boots, to no purpose but to drive him to despair, and to make him show like a fool and a brute, all the while that he is sighing for the quiet country, the fox-hounds, and his 'dear Lydia,' the parson's daughter. The end is tragical, for the father, inexorable in his resolve to make a fine fellow of him, forces Jack into the pursuit of a fine lady of rank, which leads to a duel, in which Jack is run through the body, and killed. The remorse of the foolish father is finely depicted, but comes too late.

The snatches of domestic scenes, and peeps into the country, give a charm to this volume, which contains more matter than such works do in general, but is not burdened with a single page or passage that you feel a desire to skip.

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form they exhibit the zealous efforts of a public man, high in rank, for the intellectual entertainment and moral improvement of the humbler classes of his fellow-countrymen. A more useful and honorable service could not have been rendered by the noble earl; and we are glad to learn that his example has not been without influence on some members of his class. The publication is unique. We have nothing like it. It is a feature of the times most cheering and hopeful; and the Messrs. Longman have acted with much wisdom in including it in the 'Traveller's Library.' Apart from the rank of the author, the *addresses* here collected are worthy of attentive perusal, and well suited to aid the progress of popular education.

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*A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.* By Various Writers. Edited by William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the *Dictionnaire of 'Greek and Roman Antiquities,'* and of *'Biography and Mythology.'* To be continued in Quarterly Parts, and to form one octavo volume, illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. The articles will be written by the principal contributors to the former *Dictionaries*. London: Taylor and Co., and Murray. 1852. Part I.

It is not necessary that we should say more of this 'Part' than that, so far as it goes, it bids fair to sustain the high reputation of the editor and his *collaborateurs*, and to form a worthy companion to their former dictionaries.

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*The Religion for Mankind: Christianity adapted to Man in all the Aspects of his Being.* By James Spence, M.A. London: Snow. 1857.

A VOLUME highly creditable to the intelligence and practical sagacity of the writer, as presenting truths of great moment in a perspicuous and engaging style.

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*Literary Fables.* From the Spanish of Yriaste. By Robert Rockliff. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

DON TOMAS DE YRIASTE was a Spanish poet, who died above sixty years ago. These 'Fables,' designed exclusively for the castigation of literary offenders, we have read with what we hope is a commendable spirit of self-application, of which we promise our readers all the benefit. Mr. Rockliff translated some of these ingenious and witty satires for 'Blackwood's Magazine.' We think him very happy in his choice of a subject and very successful in the playful variety of his metres. The volume must amuse, can do no harm, and may do good to critics, who, notwithstanding their assumed infallibility, are not above the need of a little pleasant castigation.

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*The Infant Class in the Sunday School. An Essay, to which the Committee of the Sunday School Union adjudged the First Prize.* By Charles Reed. London: Sunday School Union. 1861.

We congratulate the Sunday School Union on having elicited an essay of so much practical worth, on a subject of which it is impossible to overrate the importance.

## Review of the Month.

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THE BUDGET OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was looked forward to this year with more than ordinary interest. Many circumstances contributed to this. The character of the ministry, their past professions and present policy, the solicitude universally felt to penetrate the mystery in which their intentions were enwrapped, the suspected incompetency of the Chancellor to deal with the financial difficulties of his office, the irreconcilable character of his theory with the facts claiming his attention and patent to all, these, with many other circumstances, tended to fix attention on his budget and to lead men carefully to mark how he acquitted himself. Mr. Disraeli was known as a brilliant writer and successful parliamentary orator. The basis of his reputation in the latter capacity was not honorable. Party passion in a season of intense excitement hailed his services. Hatred of the great man who had detected the hollowness, and renounced the confederacy, of the 'country party,' inspired the latter with a vindictive animosity which found appropriate utterance in the personal invectives and fierce diatribes of Mr. Disraeli. His oratory was, therefore, loudly cheered from the protectionist benches, and the venom of mortified ambition and disappointed hope was mistaken—in profession at least—for virtuous indignation and senatorial wisdom. The world did not so judge, nor were the inmates of St. Stephen's deceived. They saw through the masquerade; they knew it to be a piece of acting; but it answered their purpose, and the actor became in consequence their hero, and his bitterness and spleen were sacred in their eyes. Such were the antecedents, such the party position, of the minister on whom it devolved to expound the financial condition of the country on the 31st of April. The obligation was a trying one, and a less able or more scrupulous man, would have shrunk from the task. Not so, however, Mr. Disraeli. Forgetting for the hour his prognostications and invectives, he proved, beyond the possibility of rational doubt, the immense benefits which had accrued to the revenue and the country from the commercial policy of 1846. His speech was, in fact, a free-trade speech. It was nothing less than a triumphant vindication of the commercial policy he had denounced in opposition, an abandonment of the ground he had fiercely maintained for years, a giving up of the principles with which his political status was identified, and by the advocacy of which he had consolidated a party on whose shoulders he was raised to power. Of the ability displayed there can be no question. Inimitable skill was shewn in dealing with matters which are ordinarily dry and unattractive. His materials were disposed with consummate tact, and what was felt to be the least acceptable part of his statement was adroitly reserved to the close of his speech, and was made to wear the appearance of being indispensable to the policy from which such large results had

proceeded. There was to be no increase and no diminution of taxation. The income and property tax, with all its vexations, was to be renewed for another year, and an indirect mode of raising the revenue was preferred to the direct. Under other circumstances such a budget would have been loudly and extensively condemned; but the concessions of the Chancellor were so large, his vindications of the commercial policy recently introduced so triumphant, and his exposition of the prosperity of the country was so different from all he had hitherto affirmed, that the opponents of his government were disarmed—they forgave his sins in acknowledgment of the tribute he paid to their principles and measures. Mr. Labouchere might well say ‘he could not refrain joining his voice with those of so many other gentlemen in expressing the deep satisfaction with which he had heard the speech of the right honorable gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was with no feeling of party gratification that he said this; but, after having heard that speech, he, for one, was deeply convinced of the complete and final establishment of those principles and of that commercial policy which had already tended, and which were calculated permanently to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people of this empire. He rejoiced to see a man filling the high position which the right honourable gentleman now held, possessing the talent he unquestionably on all occasions displayed,—he rejoiced to see such a man enforcing and illustrating the soundness and the wisdom of those principles on which the commercial policy of this country was based.’

The House presented an extraordinary scene throughout the debate. One after another—men of all shades of liberal opinion, Sir Charles Wood, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Bright, Mr. Wakley—avowed the pleasure with which they had listened to the Chancellor’s speech; while to use the expressive phrase of Mr. Hume, it was received in a ‘glum manner’ by the supporters of government. The former were delighted beyond measure at the admissions made; the latter stood aghast, and could scarcely believe their ears. Such was the state of things at the close of the evening of the 31st of April, but it could not so continue. Dust had been thrown in the eyes of the people, and the trick succeeded for a day. But the protectionists were alarmed, their suspicions were aroused. They threatened mutiny unless reparation was made; and Mr. Disraeli sought to appease their wrath and recover their confidence, by unsaying on the 6th what he had said a few days before. A more bitter humiliation was never submitted to by English statesman. Had the *moral* of the Chancellor corresponded with the *intellectual*, he would have spurned the unworthy condescension, and thrown from him the men and the cause which demanded such ignoble sacrifice. It was not, however, in Mr. Disraeli’s nature to do so, and he therefore yielded to the alarm of his supporters, and sought to weaken his previous statement.

‘The right hon. gentleman,’ said Sir G. Grey, ‘told them that he had not on Friday evening said anything whatever with respect to our commercial policy. He had been equally discreet to night. But it was not, all, a matter of very great consequence. They relied not on the WE COL of the government, but on the facts which the right hon. gentleman brought forward. They were well aware of those facts before. rate the in.

They had been stated over and over again in speeches in that house, and in pamphlets out of doors. The accuracy of those statements had been impugned; but now they had one of the ministers of the crown coming forward and declaring that those facts were irrefragable, and illustrating them with a power and eloquence seldom equalled in that House.' This was sufficiently humiliating, but it was not all. He who endures one insult will not have to wait long for another, and the speech of Earl Derby at the Mansion House, on the 8th, supplied what was to be looked for. It is impossible to read that speech—the specific reference to the point omitted by the Chancellor, the doctrine of compromise propounded and argued for, and the facility with which a popularity-hunting minister, it is alleged, may 'scud before the gale, and congratulate himself upon the rapidity of his progress,' without feeling that Mr. Disraeli was in the premier's view, and that the latter was seeking to keep his mutinous crew together. Some who were present at the Mansion House assure us that Mr. Disraeli was ill at ease, and evidently felt the reference. Be this, however, as it may, nothing can be more obvious—nothing, in fact, is more glaringly visible—than the discrepancy between Mr. Disraeli the party leader and Mr. Disraeli the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No ingenuity can reconcile the one with the other. In the former capacity, he has been denouncing free-trade for years, drawing the most frightful picture of its effects, and availing himself of the ignorance, selfishness, and prejudices of the protectionists, for the overthrow of those by whom it was sustained. No sooner, however, does he pass from opposition to office, than he becomes instantly dumb on the themes about which he had been accustomed to discourse so eloquently, the condition of the country is represented as prosperous beyond example, and the pleas of his followers, without being named, are scattered contemptuously to the wind. Anything more flagitious, more adapted to destroy confidence in public men, we have never witnessed. History is rife with examples of official delinquency, but nothing which it records is more disreputable than this. Vastly different was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel. 'When convinced of the excellence of the principles of free trade, he went over to them—not only officially but personally—not merely as the first lord of the treasury, but as the leader of the great conservative party, the member for Tamworth, and the large landed proprietor. Poor Sir Robert moved altogether when he moved at all. Had he lived to take a lesson from his tormentor, he would have learned a new method, by which duty and inclination might have been conciliated. His ministerial support, as the servant of the nation, should have been given to free trade; his personal and partisan predilections should have been expressed as warmly as ever in favour of protection. However far he might have fallen short of abstract perfection, he would at any rate have come up to the standard of political morality, illustrated by the example of his unmerciful censor.'

The tortuous course of the chancellor is evidently that of the ministry. We are on the eve of a dissolution, and our rulers know that their protectionist sympathies are unpopular. They want, therefore, to delude the people, at the same time that their own forces are kept together. They blow hot and cold, decry free-trade one day, and profess deference for the popular will on the next; bitterly asperse the men who have emancipated



the people's bread, and then discourse, with apparent earnestness and joy, on the increased comforts and many social blessings which have resulted from the change. We think too well of our countrymen to believe that they can be deceived in this matter. A dissolution will probably take place this month, and, unless we have greatly miscalculated the signs of the times, the election that must speedily follow will decide this question for ever. We must not, however, over-rate our strength. There is nothing which our opponents will not do—no artifice they will not employ—no meanness to which they are not ready to stoop to compass their end. Already the order has gone forth, and there is scarcely a phase of political belief which they are not willing to adopt, if their chance of success can thereby be increased. A nondescript species of animals, termed Derbyite free-traders, is abroad, as though men could honestly advocate commercial freedom, and yet support an administration which consists of its most bitter and implacable foes. Let such men be treated as they deserve. Their profession is an insult to the common sense of the country, and should be met with derision and scorn. We are much of Sir James Graham's mind, when he says :—

'The approved definition of a protectionist is—a supporter of Lord Derby's government. The simple question, therefore, to be propounded by free-traders to candidates is this :—'Are you a supporter or an opponent of Lord Derby's government?' A plain answer to this question will dispel a cloud of mystery, and will render the choice of the electors both sure and easy.'

We would not pledge ourselves to every man who professes hostility to the Derby government ; but we should reject, without scruple or hesitation, any candidate who appears as its supporter. The former may be an unfit man ; the latter must be disqualified for an honest and intelligent discharge of the present duty of a British representative. We again say, therefore, to our friends, Make sure, in the first place, of the triumph of free-trade. Let nothing intervene to endanger this. Avoid dissension where there is the slightest chance of its being improved by the advocates of protection. Present a united front to the common foe, and raise up other questions, only where you have established, beyond the possibility of doubt, the triumph of commercial freedom. You will thus best discharge the duty of the hour, and entitle yourself to the respect and gratitude of your countrymen.

THE SECOND READING OF THE MILITIA BILL was carried, April 26th, by a majority of 150, the numbers being 315 for, and 165 against it. This majority was much greater than had been anticipated, though little doubt was felt by reflecting men of a majority being obtained. The late government, equally with the present, having admitted the insufficiency of our national defences, there was an air of factious opposition in the course pursued by Lord John Russell. What could have induced his lordship to break a lance with his opponents on this question we cannot imagine. There were, doubtless, differences between their measure and his ; but these were not of a nature to render it imperative that he should place himself in so questionable a position. Lord John is deemed a skilful tactician ; his experience in such matters has been usually adduced as amongst his leading qualifications ; and yet, there

never was a greater blunder committed than in his policy on this occasion. He has broken up his forces when it was specially important that they should be kept together, and has done this on a question which insured defeat, and which encircles with ridicule the profession of patriotism. Opposition to the Militia Bill would, of course have arisen from other quarters. Political economists, social reformers, and anti-war men would, as matter of course, record their votes against it, and Lord John should have been content to leave them to do so ; but unhappily for his fame, the temptation was too strong. He spoke and voted, and the triumph of his opponents has thereby been increased a hundred fold. The utmost skill will be required to repair this defeat, and we much fear that it will not be forthcoming. Lord Seymour, a member of the late government, voted for the bill ; and we are not surprised, looking at the matter from his position, at an honest man taking the view he did. 'Here were all parties,' said his lordship, 'quite agreed that some additional defences were necessary, yet, when the question of such additional defences was proposed to the House, all parties were found anxious not to defeat the enemies of the country, but to defeat the ministry of the day. The present government would not have a local militia ; his noble friend would not have a general militia ; so that between the two the country was to have no militia at all. One party would not have compulsory enlistment, because that would take all the industrious people from their work ; the other would not have voluntary enlistment, because that would take all the vagabonds from their no work ; but surely the militia must be made up, if at all, from the industrious or from the idle, unless it was proposed to adopt the example of the African potentate and enrol battalions of ladies.'

Had we been members of the House, our vote would undoubtedly have been recorded against the bill, as ridiculously futile for the purpose it proposes. Better have an addition to our standing army than such a force. But our present resources are equal to our necessities ; and we ask, therefore, that they should be skilfully disposed before additional burdens and great social evils are inflicted on the community.

The measure has been severely contested in committee. Clause by clause it has been sternly opposed, but the government has been supported by large majorities, for which it is not difficult to account. The same feeling which carried the second reading so triumphantly has enabled it to reject the several amendments which have been proposed. One great benefit, however, has resulted from the protracted discussion which has taken place. The country has learnt the futility of the plea on which the measure is based ; and is therefore in a condition to estimate, at its real value, the patriotism of their rulers. To provide for a danger already past may increase the patronage of the executive, but will not conciliate public confidence, nor strengthen good will towards the Derby administration. On the compulsory clause of the bill the ministerial majority was only 17, and we were glad to find the honorable member for Norwich, in opposing it, bearing witness—as no man is better qualified to do—to the thorough loyalty of the working-classes. 'There did not exist,' said Mr. Peto, 'any class of men more attached to the sovereign of this kingdom than the industrial artizans of this kingdom. On the celebrated 10th of April, he

himself received the adhesion of no less than 7000 men who were then in his employment, all of whom were prepared to fight for the defence of their country.' The bill finally passed through committee on the 21st, and the third reading is deferred till after Whitsuntide. Its passage through the Upper House will no doubt be rapid.

MR. LOCKE KING'S MOTION ON THE COUNTY FRANCHISE was again submitted to the House on the 27th of April, and the discussion and division which ensued are strikingly illustrative of the state of parties. The honorable member for Surrey moved for leave to bring in a bill to assimilate the franchise and procedure at elections in counties in England and Wales to those in boroughs, by giving the right of voting to occupiers of tenements of £10 a year; by limiting the polling to one day; and by restricting the time of proceeding to election to eight days. The bill was similar in all material points to that of last year, and the number of its supporters was considerably greater. Lord J. Manners, on the part of government, met the bill with a decided negative, and was supported by the ex-premier, on the ground that it was not advisable to deal with the franchise piecemeal. Coming from such a quarter, the plea sounds strange, for the earlier and most honorable part of his lordship's political life was spent in efforts to obtain partial reforms. To reject the practicable in pursuit of the theoretical is a folly which Lord John and his partizans have been accustomed to attribute to the chartists, and his opposition, therefore, savors more of party tactics than of enlightened statesmanship. Were his lordship guided by the latter he would secure what was within his reach, and use the vantage ground thus gained to obtain larger and more satisfactory concessions. But such — whatever may be alleged — is not the policy of either of the political parties, hitherto ascendant in this country. Of the working of the existing county franchise, there is no doubt. It was framed to sustain landlords' influence, and it has well accomplished its purpose. Lord John is as inimical as his conservative opponents to any change in this system, which does not involve a counterbalancing gain to the landed interest, and the people must look to themselves if they would have any improvement effected. The motion was rejected by a majority of 202 to 149. This result is vastly different from that of last year, when Mr. King's majority was 48, and we are not, therefore, surprised at its being asked by the 'Times' — 'Can it be denied any longer, that the constitution is safer from rash changes in the hands of a Derby than of a Russell?' The difference, however, in the votes of the two years is no criterion of party strength. In February, 1851, the conservatives left Lord John to suffer the mortification of defeat, by not voting on the motion. The division was, therefore, a small one, and the liberal cause obtained an unproductive victory. The case, however, is vastly different this year, and hence the majority of the Derby ministry. The 'Times' has stated the matter fairly, and we cannot do better than quote its words. Coming from such a quarter, they have greater weight than anything we could urge: — 'More than a hundred and fifty gentlemen, who last year connived, by their absence, at the proposal to swamp, as they think it, the county constituencies, have this year rushed to their rescue. Last year, they regarded with complacency the prospect of some hundred thousand £10

householders returning the so-called county members. This year, they are once more true to the CHANDOS voters. The victory, therefore, which we have trumpeted with all due formality, consists in the trifling little fact, that the gentlemen now in office and their friends will do for the sake of themselves what they would not do for their country; that, before they take the trouble to vote, they ask what interest they have themselves in the question, and be the cause ever so bad, if it answers their purpose that it should gain a temporary triumph, they will even let it so prosper. It is surely unnecessary to observe, that such conduct is factious and dishonest; still less necessary to observe, that all parties now-a-days are guilty of it.'

THE UNIVERSITIES OF SCOTLAND BILL has been thrown out on the second reading by a majority of 172 to 157. This occurred on the 28th of April, and furnishes another illustration of the *liberal* and generous policy which the Derby cabinet will pursue. We are not surprised. The premier's declaration on taking office prepared us for this, and our main object in noting it, is to fix attention on the inevitable tendency of his lordship's ecclesiastical measures. The object of the bill is to abolish certain tests required at present to be taken by the professors of Scotch universities, and it was opposed on the ground of its being 'subversive of the character of the Scotch universities, of the position of the Scotch church, and detrimental generally to the education of the youth of Scotland.' In reply to these objections, it was triumphantly urged by Mr. Moncreiff and others, that the tests were utterly inoperative, that the kirk had 'no sort of value for them, and no desire to retain them,' that they were originally framed to exclude Episcopalians when presbyterianism was supposed to be in danger from the corrupting influences of the south, that the Scotch universities were not ecclesiastical establishments 'and had no analogy in their origin, discipline, domestic life, powers, and privileges, with the universities of Oxford and Cambridge,' and that dispensing with the tests in question so far from being favorable, as was alleged, to irreligion, would operate otherwise by the removal of a public scandal. Notwithstanding all this, the bill was opposed on the part of government as a violation of the Act of Union, and—here the true reason oozes out—'secondly, that it must necessarily undermine the foundations of those ecclesiastical institutions which, in this country as well as in Scotland, or in any part of the United Kingdom, have been established for the education and instruction of youth.' In harmony with this, Sir R. Inglis, whose honesty is equalled only by his bigotry, affirmed that, 'when they told him that some protested against it (the test), he contended that, as against the vested right of the church of Scotland to teach the people, the claims of Sir D. Brewster or 500 Sir D. Brewsters, if it were possible, would be as nothing.'

Coming from such lips we know what this means; but when the sentiments of the member for Oxford are backed by the powers of the executive, we have good reason to bestir ourselves. Lord John Russell supported the bill, but his followers did not muster to his aid, and we have already stated the result. In 1845 the subject underwent considerable discussion in parliament, and we had hoped that the interval which has elapsed would have prepared our legislators to acquiesce in the equity

and wisdom of such a measure. There is nothing, however, in the shape of religious liberty, to be hoped for from gentlemen like Sir R. Inglis, or from governments like that of the Earl of Derby.

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE 29TH OF APRIL, THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD obtained leave to bring in a bill 'to Enable her Majesty further to Regulate the Duties of Ecclesiastical Personages, and to make better provision for the Management and Distribution of Episcopal and Capitular Revenues.' The temper of his Lordship's speech was, on the whole, admirable, his array of facts was comprehensive, the alterations he proposed merit the best attention of Church reformers, and his object clearly was to render the establishment a more efficient instrument of religious culture. We take, of course, a preliminary objection, but his lordship reasons as a churchman, and, viewed from this point, his labors do him infinite honor. His motives in bringing forward the measure were to enable the church to extend its ramifications through our rapidly increasing population, and to correct some of the practical abuses which are admitted to exist within it. His proposition for a churchman was a sweeping one, and was based on some glaring wrongs which recent investigations have brought to light. After referring to what had already been done, his lordship maintained, on a comparison of the population with the clergy list, the utter inadequacy 'of the present clerical staff,' and proceeded to show that the church had within itself the means of supplying much of the existing deficiencies. 'When, for example,' said the noble lord, 'he looked at the revenues from tithes of the chapters, and found the small proportion that was at present allotted to the clergy vicarially performing the spiritual duties in respect of which these tithes were paid, he saw considerable sums which might be derived from that quarter in augmentation of inadequate stipends, and in establishing benefices in destitute districts. One chapter he found derived £1022 from tithes, yet paying the incumbent, supposed to be represented by the tithes, only £88; the great tithes of another district were £1800, the sum paid by the chapter to the incumbent being £90; in another place the chapter received £713, and paid their representative, the vicar, £94.'

He proposed, therefore, to restore the chapters to their original character, as the bishop's council or court of assistants, and to constitute the bishop their head, by investing him with the office of dean, to promote a searching inquiry into the application of charitable bequests in each diocese, to remedy the sinecural nature of cathedral appointments, to create a new bishopric of Westminster, to separate the recently united sees of Bristol and Gloucester, and to grant permission for the gradual creation of several other bishoprics. He further proposed some reduction in the incomes of existing bishops, and a transfer of the management of church property to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Mr. Walpole, on the part of government, consented to the introduction of the bill, and was severely chided by Sir R. Inglis for the manner in which his assent was given. The representative of Oxford disputed at once the principles and the facts of Lord Blandford, declaring, that if his speech 'had been delivered from the highest mountain of the house he could better have understood it. . . . He deprecated with all his heart the principles which the noble lord had enunciated, and he disputed at once his conclu-



sions, and the premises on which they rested.' We do not anticipate any practical results from his lordship's measure, and are free to express our conviction that its reception would have been vastly different if the ministry had supposed there was any danger on this score. It will serve, however, an important purpose in leading men to think and talk of the character and working of the state church. This is in itself a good, and the more it can be effected the speedier will be the realization of our hopes.

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. BENNETT TO THE VICARAGE OF FROME has been the subject of frequent parliamentary discussions, which affords a sad and melancholy illustration of the state of things in the Established Church. The alleged facts of the case are familiar to our readers. They are, in brief, that Mr. Bennett, after having resigned St. Barnabas, and been reconciled to the Church of Rome, has been instituted to the vicarage of Frome by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. In the early part of April, Mr. Horsman proposed a committee of inquiry, which was refused, on the pledge of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that a *bona fide* investigation into the facts of the case should be instituted. From time to time Mr. Disraeli declined to answer questions which were put to him, alleging that the matter had been referred to the law officers of the crown; that their opinion had only just been received; and that time was required in order to its being considered. The question remained in this state until the 17th, when Mr. Disraeli announced that the legal advisers of the crown reported that her Majesty had no power to make an effectual inquiry into the case; and that under the law as it stood an effectual remedy existed, since by the Clergy Discipline Act, any parishioner of Frome who felt aggrieved by what had taken place might appeal to the bishop, who, if a *prima facie* case was made out, might institute an inquiry. The futility of this must be apparent to all, since the bishop himself is deeply implicated. To appeal, therefore, to him, is to constitute the criminal a judge, and that, too, in the very matter with which he is charged. As to the course of the government, there cannot well be two opinions. It is marked by the same chicanery and meanness as are visible in their other doings. Cabinets have existed before to-day which have condescended to artifice and duplicity, but the ministry of Lord Derby has reduced these to system, and seems impervious to shame. What others have blushed to confess, our present rulers adopt as their uniform policy. To gain time is an end which they deem worthy of every sacrifice. 'About a month elapsed,' said Mr. Horsman on the 19th, "from the time his motion was made, and three weeks from the time when the right hon. gentleman stated that the government was in possession of the opinion of the law officers of the crown, before the house were informed that the government had come to the determination to do nothing in the matter.'

Lord Castlereagh gave notice of his intention to put a question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 24th, but stated to the House on that day, that having been otherwise advised he should not do so. His lordship added, that he had received a communication from Mr. Bennett denying in the most positive terms the correctness of the statement in 'Battersby's Directory' of his having joined the Romish Church. So far the question is narrowed, but we greatly marvel, if such be the case, that



it had not been stated by the government. Their silence involves the matter in much mystery.

MUCH CURIOSITY WAS FELT TO ASCERTAIN HOW THE GOVERNMENT would deal with the four seats vacant by the disfranchisement of Sudbury and St. Albans. The course to be pursued was carefully concealed, while rumors were put in circulation to the effect that it would be so liberal as to set opposition at defiance. Considerable confidence was felt by the supporters of government that their proposition would be affirmed by a large majority, while the opposition were at a loss to judge of the probabilities of the case, from their ignorance of the plan to be submitted. Such was the state of things when the house met on the 10th, and Mr. Disraeli proceeded to move for leave to bring in a bill to assign the seats in question. A more nefarious and unscrupulous attempt to weaken the popular, and to strengthen the conservative, interest, was never made; and we are glad to report that it met with the reception it deserved. The seats, it must be remembered, belonged to the borough constituencies of the kingdom; and it might, therefore, have been supposed that they would be conferred on the most populous and important of the unrepresented towns. Such was the proposition of Lord Russell; and it was so evidently in accordance with the equity of the case that men were astonished when they found that even Mr. Disraeli's hardihood sufficed to propose an altogether different plan. The opportunity, however, was too tempting for the Chancellor and his colleagues. Deceived, apparently, by the forbearance of the house, they lost sight of the sufferance on which they lived, and hoped, by the remissness or misjudging patience of their adversaries, to transfer four votes from the ranks of the people to those of the landlords. The proposition of the Chancellor was to divide the West Riding of Yorkshire into two portions, and to give to one of these two of the vacant seats, and to apportion the others to the southern division of Lancashire. A more barefaced attempt to legislate for party interests was never witnessed. Had four county seats been vacant, and had a liberal government proposed to assign them to borough constituencies, Mr. Disraeli would fiercely have inveighed against the wrong; and we know no rule why a similar judgment may not be passed on his proposal.

Mr. Gladstone immediately moved that the house should pass to the order of the day, affirming that in the present state of the government such a question ought not to be entertained, and his amendment was carried by a majority of 86, the numbers being 234 to 148. In this decision we rejoice. It was a significant intimation to Lord Derby of his precarious position, and will serve to bring back his more sanguine supporters to a consideration of the unwelcome but real facts of their condition.

THE LONG-PENDING MOTION OF MR. SPOONER RESPECTING THE MAYNOOTH GRANT was submitted to the House on the 10th. The form it assumed is essentially different from that which it wore during the administration of Lord John, and the change is strikingly illustrative of the hollowness of the professions made by many of its supporters. The *repeal* of the grant was originally contemplated, but the party now in power eschew a vote on this point, and the motion, therefore, was for *inquiry* simply. When in opposition, they denounced the grant itself; but from the treasury benches, they ask only for information. In the former character

they vaunted their protestantism, and pleaded offence to conscience; but in the latter, they have an eye to the pending elections, and would gladly shift off the matter until their result is ascertained. Even in the modified form now assumed, the motion was deferred again and again, and would evidently have been put off, *sine die*, had the temper of the house permitted. This not being practicable, Mr Spooner moved for a select committee to inquire into the system of education carried on at Maynooth, and was met by an amendment from Mr. Anstey—‘That this House will resolve itself into a committee, for the purpose of considering the Bill for Repealing the Maynooth Endowment Act, and all other acts for charging the public revenue in aid of ecclesiastical or religious purposes.’ Mr. Walpole, on the part of government, opposed this amendment, but expressed concurrence in the original motion, affirming, that the subject had taken such hold of the public mind that it could not be evaded. Mr. Gladstone also supported the motion, but repudiated the spirit in which it had been introduced. He was for maintaining the grant, but as inquiry had been demanded, he counselled the friends of Maynooth not to commit themselves to opposition. The member for Oxford University could not fail to perceive the tendency of the change contemplated, and his avowal is strongly confirmatory of the view we expressed last month. ‘If,’ he said, ‘the endowment were withdrawn, the parliament which withdrew it must be prepared to enter on the whole subject of the reconstruction of the ecclesiastical arrangements in Ireland. He was not speaking of what was right or wrong, or what was to be desired or deprecated. For his own part, he deprecated the serious changes which such a course would precipitate; but he was speaking of the necessary consequences of it.’

The debate was adjourned to the 18th, when the government prevented the formation of a house; and on the following day an effort was made to adjourn it again till the 16th of June. Mr. Disraeli, on this occasion, disavowed any intention on the part of ministers, to abrogate the grant, and sought, though without success, to efface the impression made by the speech of the home secretary. The character of this proposal needs no comment. It was seen through at the instant, and was denounced in terms of strong reprobation. ‘It must be obvious,’ said Lord John, ‘that it would be *a mere mockery*, upon the 16th of June, to appoint a select committee,’ and the feeling of the house was strongly with his lordship. It was consequently resolved, on the 20th, that the debate should be adjourned till the morning sitting of the 24th; when it was further adjourned to the evening, and the formation of a house being then prevented, the possibility of a vote was precluded.

Anything more disreputable, even in parliamentary tactics, than the course pursued on this question we have never witnessed. The protean shapes of Mr. Spooner’s motion, the reluctance with which it was ultimately brought forward, the yea and nay policy of the government, the nefarious attempt to defer inquiry, and the unworthy manœuvre by which the subject was ultimately got rid of, destroy all confidence in the movement and do infinite disservice to the administration. ‘These circumstances,’ said Earl Grey, on the 21st, when referring to the conduct of the premier, ‘caused doubt as to the real intentions of the government, and the feeling of uncertainty was increased when it was found that persons holding offices of the greatest importance connected with the administration made election speeches

and issued placards, in which they distinctly pledged themselves to vote for the repeal of the Maynooth grant."

In the meantime, we rejoice to perceive the position taken by the great body of English nonconformists. To the Maynooth grant we are, and must ever be, opposed; but it is our deep solicitude to prosecute this opposition in harmony with our general principles. We believe we have done so, and no misstatement of our views, no perversion of our reasonings, no attempt to fasten on us consequences which we honestly, and, as we believe, consistently, disavow, will induce us to falter in our course, much less to alter it.\* We want no better exponent of our sentiments than the following resolution, adopted at the recent meeting of the Congregation Union of England and Wales:—

'That this assembly desires to renew its emphatic protest against all endowments of religious teachers, or religious institutions by the state, under whatever pretence, and in whatever form such endowment may be made. The assembly believes that the voluntary principle, if fully developed, is capable of supplying amply the spiritual necessities of mankind, and regards state payments for the professed support of religion as contrary to the truth of God, increasingly opposed to the most enlightened convictions of the public mind, and the tendencies of society, and condemned by the works, if not by the words, of the best members of those religious communities by whom they are received. On this conviction the assembly bases its protest against the continuance of any form of national support to the Roman-catholic College of Maynooth, in common with the *Regium Donum* to the Presbyterian churches of Ireland, and all other similar grants, believing such support to be a flagrant violation of a principle which it holds to be sacred, and fraught with the greatest mischiefs to society, and danger to the civil liberties of mankind.'

THE DEBATE ON WHAT ARE TERMED 'THE KNOWLEDGE TAXES' was resumed on the 12th, and the decision was unfavorable. We are not surprised, nor do we complain. The general feeling of the House was adverse to any change in the financial arrangements of the country, and considering the position of the government, we cannot much object to this, strong as is our wish to be relieved from the taxes in question. Our space prevents our doing more than record the numbers on the three divisions. They were—

For the abolition of the paper duty . . . . .	107	
Against it . . . . .	195	
Majority . . . . .	—	88
For the abolition of the stamp duty . . . . .	100	
Against it . . . . .	199	
Majority . . . . .	—	99
For the abolition of the advertisement duty . . . . .	116	
Against it . . . . .	181	
Majority . . . . .	—	65

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\* We are pained to refer to the 'Patriot' of the 20th inst., and in doing so will simply record our protest against the misapprehension and disingenuousness which characterize its critique on the first article in our last number. Religious journalism should be free from such things. Whether it is so, let intelligent readers of the 'Patriot' judge.

THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES OF THE PAST TWO MONTHS IN THIS METROPOLIS have been too numerous to allow of very specific reference to any. The impression which we have received from them is grave, not gloomy certainly, yet far from being sanguine. All our religious communities are passing through trials for which it is well if they are prepared. The grand impulse represented by the word methodism—in its largest application—seems well-nigh spent; and the organizations it produced are waiting for new life. There is now more independent thought, and there are more numerous centres of action than formerly; and it has become increasingly difficult to secure for any object the co-operation of a united body. As in general politics, so in ecclesiastical movements, men are inevitably drawn into new combinations. While, for example, the bulk of nonconformists agree with their fellow-protestants in opposing the encroachments of papal power—without limiting the freedom of the Roman-catholic, or any other church in the exercise of its religious faith and worship—others of them, not less earnest in their protestantism, decline to join the general outcry against popery as inconsistent with the claims of civil and religious liberty. We have never aspired to dictate to our readers. Our review is not the organ of a party. On this, as on other questions, it expresses the judgment of independent writers who do not always think alike, and it is supported in several quarters for this particular reason. Arguments and expressions are culled from our pages by parties who, on the one hand, represent us as enemies of religious liberty; or, on the other, as discouraging the true protestant spirit. These conflicting animadversions appear to us to nullify each other. A deep love of freedom renders us implacable in our hostility to the political despotism called popery, while our convictions respecting the kingdom of Christ are sternly opposed to the intermeddling of the state in its affairs. As Christians, we are protestants; as protestants, we are dissenters from the Church of England; as dissenters, we are for the separation of the church from the state. We profess no superior skill in determining exactly the relative importance of these successive developments of our one great principle: our aim is to avow it in all its applications plainly, consistently, seasonably, with all the respect for those who differ from us which comports with the dignity and sacredness of a religious belief.

We have here adverted, however, to only one of the many questions now pressing on serious men. The entire atmosphere of Christian thought and association is undergoing a most important change. A generation has come on the great field of life on whom devolves the delicate task—more difficult, probably, than at any former time—of blending reverence of the past with aspiration towards the future. The grand truths, not only of science and morals, but of revelation, are now viewed under aspects not familiar to our fathers. The institutions of religion, as well as of general society, are judged of by new tests. Amid the whirlpool of theories generated by the intellectual activity of our age, we are surrounded by fears and by hopes which we believe to be equally groundless. In such a state of incertitude and collision, we turn with not unnatural solicitude to the position of our British churches. We witness the divisions of the Anglican Church, the disruption of the Scottish Establishment, the contests of the Wesleyan Society, the am-

bitious struggles of the Roman priesthood ; we may say that we *feel* the ground-swell which agitates the most vital portions of the congregational bodies. We cannot mistake the apprehensions so frequently expressed and cheered at the late meetings, of a possible failure in our Nonconformist theology. Assuredly we stand much in need of men who will preach the ancient gospel in the practical spirit, and with the enlightened energy of our times, giving a bold and manly exhibition of the whole truth as a message from God, without the speculative refinements, whether old or new, which, however fascinating to the philosopher, are a grand impertinence in the preacher:—speaking freely to the people as the ministers not of churches, but of Christ. By the labours of such men, God would put new life into society, the truth would meet the wants, and gain the confidence of thousands of working men whom the pastors of churches do not generally reach, and a tide of living impulses, now dormant, would mingle with the great waves of human progress, carrying the gospel through the land, and through the British empire, with a steadiness and a power which cannot be acquired, as we believe, in any other way.

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## Literary Intelligence.

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### *Just Published.*

The Witnesses in Sackcloth ; or, a Descriptive Account of the Attack made upon the Reformed Churches of France in the Seventeenth Century By a Descendant of a Refugee.

Analytical Physics ; or Trinology. A new Theory of Physical Science. By Robert Forfar.

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Catherine Sinclair ; or, the Adventures of a Domestic in Search of a Good Mistress. By a Servant of Servants.

Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and of his brother James Alexander Haldane. By Alexander Haldane, Esq.

No Condemnation in Christ Jesus, as unfolded in the 8th Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. By Octavius Winslow, D.D.

On Mundane Moral Government, demonstrating its Analogy with the System of Material Government. By Thomas Doubleday.

A Treatise on the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics. By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq. 2 vols.

The Doctrine of the Manifestations of the Son of God under the Economy of the Old Testament. By the late George Balderston Kidd, of Scarborough, Edited by Orlando J. Dobbin, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

The Emphatic New Testament, according to the Authorized Version, compared with the various readings of the Vatican Manuscript.

The Four Gospels, edited with an Introductory Essay on Greek Emphasis. By John Taylor.

Memoir of Daniel Chamier, Minister of the Reformed Church. With Notices of his Descendants.

African Wanderings; or, an Expedition from Sennar to Taka, Basu, and Beni Amer. With a Particular Glance at the Races of Belled Sudan. By Ferdinand Herne. Translated from the German by J. R. Johnston.

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Museum of Practical Geology and Geological Survey. Records of the School of Mines and of Science Applied to the Arts. Vol. I. Part I. Inaugural and Introductory Lectures to the Courses for the Session 1851-2.

The Foreign Evangelical Review. No. I.

Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository. April, 1852.

Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark, and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, in 1851. Being the Third Series of the Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of the European People. By Samuel Laing, Esq.

The History of the Later Puritans, from the Opening of the Civil War in 1642 to the Ejection of the Nonconforming clergy in 1662. By J. B. Marsden, M. A.

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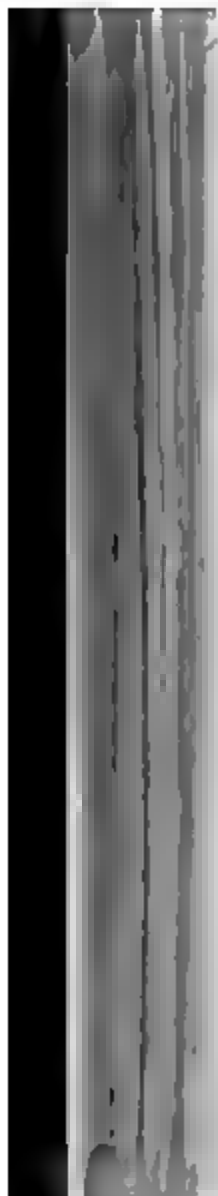
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